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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C. JANUARY 5, 1934 No. 1

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A NEW YEAR PRAYER

Oh, young New Year, take not these things
from me—
The olden faiths: the shining loyalty
Of friends the long and searching years
have proved—
The glowing hearthfires, and the books I
loved:
All wonted kindnesses and welcoming—
All safe, hard-trodden paths to which I
cling.
Oh, glad New Year, blithe with the thrill of
spring,
Leave me the ways that were my comfort-
ing.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

244847

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAI

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

Let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me.
Let me praise a little more
Let me be when I am weary,
Just a little bit more cheery,
Let me serve a little better
Those I am striving for.

Let me be a little braver
When temptations bid me waver,
Let me strive a little harder
To be what I should be;
Let me be a little meeker
With the brother that is weaker;
Let me think more of my neighbor
And a little less of me.

Let me be a little sweeter,
Make my life a bit completer,
By doing what I should do
Every minute of the day;
Let me toil without complaining,
Not an humble task disdaining,
Let me face the summons calmly
When death beckons me away.

—*Selected.*

THE NEW YEAR

We greet you with joy in the beginning of a New Year!

"Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back," said the wise Ulysses, "wherein he puts alms for oblivion." Days, hours and moments of the year that has just passed many would willingly contribute to this wallet of oblivion—days, hours and moments of heartaches, lost hopes, privations and frustrations. It has been a year of struggle and stress, of doubts and depressions, of extraordinary calamities and unforeseen misfortunes. But looking backward today can you not also find bright spots whose effulgence now illumines the path before you, as it dims also the shadows behind you.

Fresh-minted from the hand of Time, the New Year is spread out before you. A million golden minutes—a royal treasure. Our greatest care is to watch that it does not slip away through careless fingers. A New Year's resolution—there may be many, but here is one: Say to yourself every morning of the year, "Today I will make every minute count." This is the important attitude towards time in its flight. We have but one moment in life to call our own. The moment just passed into the score of time's count, or the moment the hand of the clock trembles toward—a hair's breadth yet to go—these are no man's to claim. One is gone forever, the other may mark the passage of the soul. The past is gone, the present only is ours, and short as it is, there is more in it and of it than we can well imagine. The person who can grapple it, and measure it and fill it with purpose, is doing a man's work, meeting his obligation in life. No man can do more, but thousands do less.

Our future is full of promise. Youth takes wings of fancy and flight of imagination in its dreams of achievement. Mid-age with great responsibilities resting upon its shoulders, visions a new and better day ahead. Age, looking back the lane of time, is thankful for a memoryy that recalls happy hours and reclines in the promise of a reassured faith. Providence has been good to the human race because hopes of youth, plans of mid-age and

memory's medium of the aged, lend enchantment to the present and makes life really worth while.

Last year had its successes and failures. We realized on many of our dreams and failed on some. Altogether it was a good year and we have stored away many sweet memories of those things which came into our experiences during the year. The New Year is young. It lies before us. But let that not entrance us into the belief that we have more than time to make sure of our purposes. Today only is ours.

Let us fare onward with hearty good cheer. A Happy and Prosperous New Year to every reader of The Uplift!

* * * * * * *

THAT BIBLE STORY

The Christmas season just passed, which no doubt found many worthy people with empty pocket-books, reminds us of the Bible story of Peter and John. They were going into the temple when a man sitting by the gate asked them for help. They answered: "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." And the man did.

Much has been said about the man who was lame from birth, and who suddenly walked. It was indeed a great thing for him. There is another side to the story—the side of Peter and John—which should be remembered every Christmas season. They gave "such as they had," and being sincere men surely were happy over the fact that the man walked. There was nothing lost, but much gained on both sides. Perhaps we who are without money should give that which we have, whether it be service, fellowship, happy thoughts, encouraging words, or what not. Maybe it would turn our misfortune into happiness. At any rate children, it seems to us, should be taught, at least through example, to get joy from quietly giving "that which they have" rather than loudly receiving from others.

RECOVERY AND REFORM

In a recent editorial, the Saturday Evening Post said: "Most sound business men—and we are in hearty agreement with them in this respect, too—do not believe that recovery must precede reform. They know that recovery and reform must go hand in hand. Crooked practices cannot be condoned, and they have no sympathy with them. But they believe that they must be corrected by law and by law that will cure, not kill. . . . ."

Any reform movement that is to honestly benefit the public must protect the innocent as well as punish the guilty. It is regrettably easy, in seeking to drive out the crooked practices of which the Post speaks, to hamstring legitimate endeavor at the same time to crucify the good business man as well as the industrial racketeer. And when that is done, the nation inevitably feels the adverse effects, and recovery, as well as real reform, receives a serious set-back.

It is a fact that American business, by and large, is honest, ethical and honorable. It is likewise a fact that an overwhelming majority of business men are whole-heartedly in favor of efforts to rid the nation and business of degenerating influences. These business men may be trusted to cooperate with any agency that has these purposes in mind. But business, and the thinking public, does oppose, and justly, laws and campaigns that mistakenly believe that reform can be achieved by lumping the wheat with the chaff, and damning industry, business or profession because of the dishonesty of a few within its ranks.

* * * * * * *

NOT TOO LATE TO MAKE NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

Some folks say: "What's the use to make resolutions on New Year's Day? You just break them anyway." Others seem to enjoy writing their resolutions out, to see how they look on paper, with never a thought of keeping them.

It is rather a good thing to review one's deeds and conduct as the old year passes out, and to resolve upon some improvement as the new year comes in. It is to be understood, however, that some

determination and will power is to be put forth in order to realize any benefit from those resolutions, for they will not keep themselves. Writing them out only refreshes the memory. A real physical effort must be put forth to carry them out.

"What resolutions have you made?" is a common question. Perhaps you have some very definite ones and perhaps you haven't. It is possible to want to do much better than you have done in the year now past, but not know what or how. If that is true, sit down and think it over. Here is a list that may help. Read it:

"I will obey my parents and teachers."

"I will study harder and not waste my time in school."

"I will not molest or tease children smaller than myself."

"I will be more tidy in my habits."

"I will always play fair."

"I will tell the truth and be honest in all I do."

"I will try not to wrong any one in act or word."

"I will help my mother in every way I can."

"I will read my Bible every day and pray often."

"I will be a better Christian."

"I will lead a clean life."

"I will be more prompt in attending Sunday school."

"I will stay for church every Sunday that I can."

"I will try to do as nearly as I know how what Jesus would have me do."

* * * * * * *

THANK YOU

In keeping with a custom which has prevailed since the organization of the institution more than twenty-five years ago, friends and well-wishers of the boys of the Jackson Training School again made it possible for them to enjoy a fine Christmas treat.

Our boys have never been forgotten at this glad time of the year, and they, together with the officials of the School, wish to

extend to each contributor grateful thanks for the thought of their happiness during the past Christmas season.

Following is the list of contributions to the Boys' Christmas Fund for 1934:

Sheriff R. C. Hoover, Concord	$ 2.50
Rotary Club, Concord	5.00
Mr. Charles E. Barnhardt, Charlotte	5.00
Welfare Department, Davidson County, Curry F. Lopp, Supt.	5.00
Mrs. J. S. Myers, Charlotte	5.00
Mr. W. R. Odell, Concord	5.00
Mr. C. W. Swink, Concord	5.00
Mrs. Walter Davidson, Charlotte	5.00
Mr. A. W. Klemme, High Point Glass and Decorative Co., High Point	5.00
Mrs. T. D. Ingold, Charlotte	1.00
Mr. Bernard M. Cone, Greensboro	10.00
Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin	5.00
Lions Club, Concord	10.00
Mr. Herman Cone, Greensboro	25.00
Juvenile Commission, Greensboro	4.00
Cabarrus Cash Grocery, Concord	5.00
King's Daughters, Durham, (By Mrs. R. J. Rutherford)	25.00
Mrs. Cameron Morrison, Charlotte	50.00
A Friend, Charlotte	2.00
W. F. Bailey, Director Parks and Juvenile Commission, High Point	3.50
Department Public Welfare, Burlington	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Boger, Concord	5.00
Doctors Buie and Branch, State Board of Health, Raleigh	(500 sticks Beech-Nut Gum)
Welfare Department, W. E. Stanley, Supt., Durham	15.00
Buncombe County Welfare Department	15.00
Anson County Welfare Dept., Miss Mary Robinson, Supt., Wadesboro	3.00
Mr. W. J. Swink, China Grove	50.00
Mrs. T. W. Bickett, Raleigh	5.00
	$ 281.00

F. M. Youngblood & Co., Concord (Merchandise)
Mr. Pat Ritchie, Concord (wire for stage curtain)
Mr. J. D. Kluttz, Concord (100 pounds roasted peanuts)
Mr. A. C. Sheldon, Y. M. C. A., Charlotte, (525 apples)

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

IT'S THE MOTIVE BEHIND THE GIFT

"It ain't the gift a fellow gets,
It ain't the shape ner size,
That sets the heart to beatin' an'
Puts sunshine in the eyes.

It's knowin' that it represents
A love both deep and true
That someone carries in the heart
An' wants to slip to you."

—o—

A losing bettor is better off when he is off betting.

—o—

In spite of all the publicity, chickens still cross the road.

—o—

The man who eats oysters in the hope of finding a pearl has to shell out a whole lot before he finds one.

—o—

Our friends are those who knew all our faults but like us in spite of them.

—o—

How can you say the Lord's Prayer if you do not forgive others—if you hope to be forgiven.

—o—

Fear is the great bugaboo in this country. There is nothing to fear, but fear.

—o—

May 1935 bring to you those things both material and spiritual which make for a better and fuller life.

—o—

This is a funny old world. So many people are unhappy because they don't have the things that make so many other people miserable.

—o—

Somebody is telling it that gum-chewing is an aid to beauty. It may aid, and be a thing of beauty, but it certainly is a jawy while it lasts.

—o—

Some one was thoughtful enough to send me from New York a French paper, the Courrier Des Estats-Unis. The only things I can read in it are the pictures.

—o—

You can very readily tell when a husband is not henpecked. If his wife lets him tell a story without correcting him, you may know he is not on the henpeck shelf.

—o—

It has been a common saying for time immemorial, when speaking of a person that "He is a chip off the old block." In this day and time many of them seem to be chips off of stumbling blocks.

—o—

California will have to do a lot of explaining of how to take sin out of Sinclair. A Socialist as a Democratic nominee, who could only be elected by the Republicans. Well—oh, fie on bootleg politics!

—o—

Some people may get through life with more than their share of luck.

But I know a small chap who is sure that the only reason his piece of toast didn't fall on the floor buttered side up is that he hadn't buttered it.

—o—

Ornithologists asser that the wlld goose keeps the same mate for her entire life. Some seem to think that is the origin of the phrase, "Silly Goose." That may be, but the wild geese seem to have more sense than a great many highfliers, and are not as wild as they are supposed to be.

—o—

The two little verses at the head of this column have a sweet and soothing ring. It is not the intrinsic value of a gift, or remembrance, that makes it precious. It is the thought that some one has taken this way to remind you that they are thinking about you, esteem you, and sort of acting out the things they really long to say and do. It's knowing that folks love you that makes you glad inside, and others seeing your joy are given a bit of joy, too. It's like lighting your neighbor's candle with your own.

—o—

Did you ever think about it in this way: The merchant—and every other business as to that matter—has to make a profit before he can buy the farmer's products, and the farmer has to have a profit before he can buy merchandise. So it goes all along the line. There must be a profit all round before all can prosper. This thing will all be straightened out after a while, then we can all buy and spend. This idea should run through this New Year, and the very thought of it should make all of us happy.

—o—

Government is precisely like an individual. Every citizen knows of useful things he would like to buy. He can't buy them because he hasn't the money. It isn't a case of what he wants to do—it is a case of what he can do with the means at his disposal. We have lost sight of that individualized idea of government spending—and states, counties and cities have been even worse offenders than the federal government itself. It is an unquestioned fact that investors are putting money into tax-free bonds, where it does nothing for the sake of industry, because of the fear that taxation will continue to take most of the profit out of private business. Jobs are lost, factories are closed, homes and farms are foreclosed, industrial development is brought abruptly to a halt—because of high taxes. These are facts, not hot air. Cost of government is our greatest and fastest growing problem.

—o—

In taking up my work for the New Year, and writing this, my first contribution in the year 1935, I do so with a profound feeling of gratitude for the blessings bestowed upon us by a grateful Providence, who has guided the hand and heart of our Chief Executive. Through an open mind filled with loyalty and devotion to his people, he has dispelled the dark thunderbolts of depression and gloom from the hearts of millions of his loyal countrymen who

have confidently and prayerfully followed his leadership and are now enjoying the blessings of a free country, peopled with a devotion and loyalty not surpassed by any nation. We have no serious disturbance in our beloved Country; neither are we fearful of the war clouds that appear to be hovering over some of our sister nations. To us, "The drying up of a single tear has more of honest fame than shedding seas of gore." We should at all times mindful of the blessings bestowed upon us by a gracious Heavenly Father.

ANOTHER YEAR

Another year is dawning,
  Dear Master, let it be
In working and in waiting
  Another year with Thee.
Another year of leaning
  Upon Thy loving breast,
Another year of trusting,
  Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,
  Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
  In the shining of Thy face.
Another year of progress,
  Another year of praise;
Another year of proving
  Thy presence "all the days."

Another year of service,
  Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
  For holier work above.
Another year is dawning,
  Dear Master, let it be
On earth, or else in heaven,
  Another year for Thee.

—Frances R. Havergal.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

(Selected)

With these words we cheerfully greet one another as together we cross the threshold of a new year. It is true the greeting may degenerate into a mere habit, but we want to believe that for the most part it is sincerely bestowed. For some upon whose ears this cheering salutation falls the past year may not have been a very happy or prosperous one. But hope springs eternal in the human breast and we look ahead with anticipations of better things.

We want others to be happy, even as we wish to be happy ourselves. But that desired goal is achieved only as we plan and study and work together, and this fact we do not seem to understand the way we should. It is one thing to wish a person happiness and stop there, as though that were all we could do about it. It is quite another thing to wish him happiness, and then give ourselves to the task of helping him realize all that our greeting contains.

We are coming more and more to see that the individual who supposes he can be happy alone is doomed to disappointment. If this quality of life which all of us crave is to be attained, it will be when we are able to forget ourselves in the joint enterprise of employing the days at our disposal in the endeavor to bring blessings into the lives of our fellowmen. We may rest content with being happiness winners, or we may go on to be happiness dispensers.

It is richly and abidingly suggestive that we may celebrate the birthday of our Lord one week before the dawn of the new year. And one of the oustanding messages of Christmas is joy and gladness. The angel herald of the Saviour said, "I bring you good tidings of great joy." This blessing is so bound up in the Babe of Bethlehem, and so completely expressed in His birth into the world, that it should not difficult for us, still in the glow of this festival, to wish our neighbors a happy new year, and to do it from the heart. It belongs to us who bear His name to do for others in our own way way what He would do were He here in flesh. What I mean to say is that the celebration of the nativity of our Lord should put a new song into our hearts and thereby prepare us in a very unique way to carry His spirit into the new year.

Sir Walter Scott, in one of his novels, portrays Old Mortality going through the country, visiting the graves of those long since dead, carefully removing the moss that had gathered on the tombstones, and chiseling anew their names in the stones so as to keep their memory fresh.

There is a debt we owe the past. We are sprung up from noble ancestors. Their shadows fall upon us. We revere their memory. Our thought of them is sure to spur us to nobler deeds. To forget them is to be untrue to the best that is in us. We are conscious that one of the obligations resting upon us is

that of keeping a spot green in our hearts for the names of those who have meant so much to us. The fourth commandment bids us honor our parents, and we do not feel the force of the injunction is broken when they are no longer with us.

This regard for the past extends farther than to relatives and friends. We are debtors to all who have had visions of God and have struggled for the truth, to all who have made any contribution to the welfare of the race. That applies to galley slaves and peasants, as well as kings and nobles. Neglect of the lessons that come from the past would set us back many generations. It would be like knocking the foundation from under a house.

And yet who of us does not know the futility of living in the past? We belong to the present, and our faces are toward the future. Satisfaction with the achievements of the past and morbid regret over its mistakes alike disqualify us for responding to that call to service which now sounds in our ears. To one would-be-follower of Jesus He said that putting the hand to the plow means keeping the eyes straight ahead.

I think it was Browning who tells of one who was known as the "Faultless Painter," who, at the height of his fame, pronounced himself a failure because he had reached the stage where he had no longer any ambition to improve on what he had already done. He was satisfied with the works of his hands. He did not further perfect his talents because the desire to push forward had gone out of his heart.

How different was that other painter who, when asked which of his pictures he considered the best, replied, "My next one." He refused to believe his skill had departed from him. The eye to see a picture more wonderful than he had yet put on canvas was undimmed. He was young and vigorous, no matter how many the years of his life, because he believed he had not yet reached the best.

It is our privilege to entertain the conviction that this new year is going to be superior to any we have yet known. It is God's new gift to each of us. He does not determine in advance its nature; that He leaves with us. We are not driven like cattle to this or that goal. The year is ours to employ as we will. We may consider it in the nature of a pound or a talent to invest for the glory of God and the good of our fellowmen. It was Emerson, was it not? who declared that the most serious thought he ever had was that of his personal responsibility to God. It is altogether fitting that we should harbor that thought at this season of the year. We may persuade ourselves that the days before us are no different from all the other days of the year, and there is a sense in which that cannot be denied; nevertheless here is where feeling rises above reason and lodges within the breast some sobering reflections as to the flight of the years and the need of our doing with our might what our hands find to do.

There has been considerable jesting about New Year resolutions. It

is the feeling of some that they are based on sentiment and are therefore broken almost as quickly as made. But there must have been some substantial ground for the origin of resolution-making at the birth of a new year. It could not have sprung from the brain of some jester. Be the result of making formal resolves what it may, we are inclined to believe that a secret impulse to live better is registered in the heart of most of us. It is altogether reasonable that such should be the case.

As we face the future let us think for a moment of three closely related statements, as links in a chain. They are: Wisdom is knowing what to do; skill is knowing how to do it; and virtue is doing it.

Wisdom is knowing what to do. But the wisdom of which we now speak is not human wisdom. We never can know of ourselves what is best for us either to have or to accomplish. But any one can see how important such knowledge is. Until we are in possession of it we are like those who beat the air, but never strike the foe. What would we think of the individual who started building a houuse without any clear idea as to the plans and specifications?

The wisdom we need for the building of a life comes fom God and may be had for the asking. Once we yield ourselves to the guidance of His good Spirit, we shall know the truth both as to our needs and the needs of the world. If we trust to our own wisdom, we shall probably seek what is selfishly attractive and satisfying; but if we gain the wisdom that comes down from above, we shall be spared the pain of present and final loss and be directed into the ways of truth and righteousness.

We do not know what the days ahead have in store for us, but if we know God through Jesus Christ we are wise indeed. We cannot fail. We shall live to some real purpose. The trouble with many of us is that we live in an aimless and desultory manner. We are in need of a definite goal, a reasonably clear idea of what we want to get done. Let us take time to think the situation over and decide upon that toward which our efforts shall be bent.

Skill is knowing how to do it. We are speaking much about skills these days. They are highly important. Everywhere they leave their marks of beauty and efficiency. They are reducing the number of bungled jobs. The principle of skill in working and skill in living underlies all our institutions of learning.

How much better off would we be if we were wise enough to know what we should do, but did not have the skill to do it? Wisdom without skill is is useless as skill without wisdom. The two stand or fall together.

Skill has its place in religion as well as in other fields of activity, though some people do not seem to think so. Here is a man, for instance, who has long since discarded the horse and buggy, and bought himself an automobile; but he does not see any reason why improved educational methods should be intro-

duced into the Sunday school.

When Paul wrote to Timothy, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth," he was making room in the sphere of religion for all the skill it is possible for a child of God to acquire. Sincerity is no substitute for intelligence. We have good reason to believe that the kingdom of our Lord moves forward according to well-defined spiritual laws, and that he increasee his worth in that kingdom who, other things being equal, is most familiar with these laws. Training for service in religion is not one whit less imperative than it is in many other avenue of endeavor. If we are to overcome our sins, we must know how to do it; the same holds true when we are face to face with teaching the youth, or intrepreting the Scripture, or making prayer effectual, or leading the unsaved to Christ. The Lord places a premium on knowledge and skill.

Virtue is doing it. There is a story about the great Danish writer, Hans Christian Andersen, to the effect that he was so afraid of being buried alive that every night when he retired, he pinned to the blanket which covered him, a card on which were written these words, "I guess I am only in a trance."

There are many people who know very well what needs to be done, and to all outward appearance, they have the skill to do it; but they seem to be in a trance or some worse state. The will to do must be added to both knowledge and skill. The Christian Church is laying many responsibilities on incompetent persons, because the competent ones are unwilling to make the necessary sacrifice in time and effort. It is an easy thing to stand off and criticize, but it is the manly thing to put one's shoulder to the wheel and help with the task. It is an easy thing to drift with the current, to follow the line of least resistance, but it is the Christian thing to say, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

Right here is where the habit of making resolutions enters. If we never make up our minds to do a piece of work, it never gets done. No one ever drifted into worthy achievement. It is when the fugitive thought passes into the sincere intention that waiting tasks are undertaken. At present we are being confronted everywhere with the slogan, "Buy Now." But how many are going to overcome the reluctance to spend their money except those who deliberately take themselves to the store where purchases can be made? There is no more important Christian trait than the will to do what one knows to be right. He is truly God's servant who stands awaiting his Lord's command.

As we turn from the old year to the new, can it be said of us that we know the nature of the work that confronts us: that we have been fitted by experience, study and training to do what falls to our hand; and that we are willing to give ourselves in full devotion to the carrying out of the program of the Church? Our answer to these questions determines everything.

This is a time for subdued feeling, for moral earnestness and thoughtfulness, a time to look within, and about, and up to God and Christ, and out to the ends of the earth.

THE NEW YEAR'S PROMISE

The old year is gone with its work and dreams;
  Its pattern is put aside,
With the perfect patches, the mended spots,
  The places we tried to hide.
But the New Year is here with a crown of gold
  And the trail is ever so fair,
As it starts on a quest through another year,
  Winding to anywhere.

"Come, let's rejoice," it seems to say,
  "For one other year to live;
For gold of the sunrise and rose of the dawn,
  The strength and right that we give.
There'll be soft-scented roses to blossom in June,
  There'll be snows and be starlight and dew;
Purple of vineyards to come in the fall,
  Laughing hours, times to be true.

"Flowers to bloom if you catch their perfume,
  Warm, growing things in the ground;
The mystery of rain on a small yellow pane,
  Woodlands where violets are found.
Of course, there'll be toil, but that is the way
  The flowers of happiness grow;
Laughter and mirth and friendships to claim,
  Glad scented breezes to blow.

"There'll be a dream that is perfect today,
  Once in awhile there'll be tears;
Maybe the vision will fade on the way,
  Sometimes you'll battle with fears,
The old year is gone with its work and love,
  Maybe your dream won't come true;
But the warp is shining and golden now,
  And all of the world is new."

—Exchange.

CASWELL TRAINING SCHOOL

By F. M. Register, M. D. Supt.

In my contacts with people all over North Carolina, both by personal contract and by corespondence I find that there are many erroneous conceptions about Caswell Training School. I want to clear up some of these impressions.

(1) A great many people think this school is exclusively a custodial school. That is not true. A great many of our girls and boys are capable of learning how to live, how to be honest and law-abiding. They will never be great scholars but they will learn how to make an honest living and take care of themselves with very little supervision. There are probably one hundred and fifty here who will be here as long as they live, and will never be able to learn very much, but being cared for here will relieve other members of their family from such a heavy burden and allow them to carry on in a much better way.

(2) Many people think this is a place for delinquents and expect grown mentally deficient delinquents to be cared for here. There is no place here for this class of people. There has never been any buildings or grounds prepared for this class and one delinquent can undo and upset a year's work. An article in one of our best magazines classed Caswell as a correctional institution along with Jackson Training School, East Carolina Training School and Morrison Training School. There is no other school in the State that Caswell can be compared with. The school is intended to take young children and "Bring them up in the way they should go."

(3) A great many people do not understand how the people who work in this school become attached to the children here. We find that a person who does not love and become attached to these children is a misfit and should become detached from the institution as soon as possible.

(4) There is an idea among some people that everything revolves around the employees and that the children are a secondary matter. This is not true. Children first, always. The school was built for the children and not to furnish employment for anyone.

(5) There is another idea prevalent that our children are not alert and do not remember things and do not appreciate what we are trying to do for them. Just the other day, a supposedly intelligent person said, "Why fool with getting toys and Christmas presents for these children, in five hours they will forget all about whether they receive presents or not." There is no greater fallacy than this. Santa Claus has no greater worshippers than the children here. He is their Patron Saint—forget him never. Call any of our children and ask them what Santa Claus brought them last year and they can name every article. Normal children grow up and would forget Santa Claus only for the fact that the children or some one else's

children keep them reminded of the fact that there is a "Santa Claus."

Our children never grow away from Santa Claus. He is the one person who is always kind jolly and never forgets a little child, no matter how poor or ragged, or how the years pile up. On the 25th of December, they know he has not forgotten for his gifts are in their stockings to verify the fact of his visit.

Many people, even Welfare Officers, cannot understand why they cannot understand why they cannot get children into Caswell. The reason is very simple, no room. When a vessel is full it cannot hold more without running over. There is only one Caswell in the State.

Liberty, when it begins to take root, is a plant of rapid growth.—George Washington.

SKETCH OF SAMARCAND

By D. H. Ives, in Biblical Recorder

Consisting of modern and commodious buildings, with ample acreage pleasantly situated, Samarcand Manor has nothing about it to suggest a penal institution, nor is it such, though widespread opinion seems to have so classified it.

What then is Samarcand? Primarily it is a place where underprivileged girls and those with unfortunate home situations who have come under court jurisdiction may receive under well-trained leadership such instruction as may fit them to take their rightful places in our social order; and while the material equipment is, perhaps, not all that might be desired, it is well adapted to the present need.

In addition to the variuos dormitories, there is the general administration building, a modern school building, chapel, hospital, and superintendent's home. Playgrounds and a little lake provide year-round recreational facilities. The large tract of land on which the the school is located makes possible the production of many necessities which otherwise would have to be purchased at considerable expense. Farm and dairy methods, household and industrial arts, as well as the regular school activities, are provided as helpful adjuncts to a carefully planned program of social development.

The major interests in this institution center around the individ-

ual. To quote Miss Grace Robson, the present superintendent, "Special effort is made to prepare the child for the more difficult adjustment to life on her return home. She is taught to become a useful citizen and not just to be a good child in daily institutional routine." To attain this end the co-operation and interest of all the workers is sought in an effort to bring to these children at least a substitute for the security which they lacked in their home situations, and to assist them in the development of self-control and self-determination. In fact, all training and treatment in this institution organzes its efforts toward the preparation of these children for successfully meeting life's duties and responsibilities.

The achievement of this is sought through what we may call a program of re-education. New ideals and new attitudes are substituted for the child's old ideas and former training. The actual method is by "Classification Procedure," the major principle of which is the immediate preparation of the child for return to normal family life and later self-maintenance in any community. This procedure is based on good social case work practice, and consists in general of three phases: First, diagnosis, in which the child is under observation, and the opinions of all contacting workers are correlated in setting up goals for attainment. The second phase, or treatment, seeks to help the child attain the goals set and to prepare the community for the child's return. The last is parole, which consists of a pre-parole review to determine eligibility; a check on social attitudes, education and general progress, and then giving assistance in the readjustments necessary during the parole period. Unfortunately, this brief summary can hardly give the reader an adequate view of the comprehensive program of social development which is undertaken.

While caring for the physical and intellectual needs, the spiritual welfare of the Samarcand girls is not neglected. Sunday-school is conducted regularly, and ministers of several denominations conduct worship service in rotation. For a number of years Baptists have provided the Bible school literature, though other religious groups have also contributed various periodicals. A more attentive and interesetd congregation could hardly be found than these girls during the worship hours. For more than a year there have been several professions of faith in Christ each month, all having come on their own initiative. It has been the writer's privilege to baptize over forty of these girls and there are now, at this writing, forty more awaiting the ordinance.

The question is frequently asked, 'Are not these girls infected with social diseases?" In answer we are frank to say that some of them are, but it is reasonably certain that the percentage of those so afflicted is hardly more than would be found in a cross-section of the same social stratum anywhere in our State. Furthermore, at Samarcand all are under expert medical care and the most advanced remedial practice is utiliz-

ed for the amelioration of their condition. For this reason, they are far less a social menace than many individuals in local communities. It would be hard to find a happier looking, healthier group of children anywhere than you may see at Samarcand, and with the training there received, most of them will make useful citizens wherever they go. It is ours to see that no reproach is brought upon these who, often through no fault of theirs, have had institutional care.

We would not conclude without special tribute to the lat Dr. Delia Dixon-Carroll, whose pioneering efforts and unremitting labor made Samarcand Manor a reality; to the past and present directors for their progressive attitude, and to Miss Grace M. Robson, its present superintendent, for her interest in the individual welfare and development of all under her charge.

Whatever your opinion of Samarcand may be at present, you cannot visit the school and see what is being done there without giving thanks for the institution and its splendid work in behalf of the unfortunate and underprivileged.

A CLEAN PAGE FOR THE NEW YEAR

Here is a clean, white page for the New Year.
Write each day whatever betide,
Be it happiness, trouble, or worry,
Or heartache, or fear, no matter.
Then read these carefully at the end of the year,
And you will not only smile, but laugh at your fear.
Next year there'll be more sunshine than clouds.
You'll count the rose instead of the thorn.
Though the bush is covered with thorns,
'Tis also covered with the beautiful, fragrant roses.
Then look for the rainbow of promise
Instead of the storm.
All through the summer the birds and flowers
Repeat the message of promise, saying,
"Children, God loves you."
They who keep the window of their soul open to the sky,
Will surely see a beautiful star of hope
That will guide, comfort, and cheer
Every weary pilgrim on the way Home.

—Mary Louise Suter.

JANUARY BIRTHDAYS

(Reidsville Review)

Probably no month marks the birthday anniversary of more famous people than does January. Among those born in the first month of the year were the following distinguished Americans:

Paul Revere, Revolutionary patriot; Lucretia Mott, Quaker preacher and pioneer and suffragist; Stephen Decatur, naval commander; Cyrus Hamlin, famed missionary; Charles Sumner, abolitionists; Israel Putnam and Ethan Allen, Revolutionary commanders; Alexander Hamilton, first secretary of the treasury; William James, psychologist; John Winthrop, colonial governor; John Singer Sargent, painter; M. F. Maury, pathfinder of the seas; Benjamin Franklin, printer, scientist, journalist and statesman; Daniel Webster, statesman and orator; Robert E. Lee and T. J. "Stonewall" Jackson, Confederate generals; Edgar Allen Poe, author; John Hancock, statesman; Joseph H. Choats, diplomat; Samuel Gompers, labor leader; William McKinley, president; Robert Morris, financier of the Revolution; President Franklin D. Roosevelt, and others.

A few British notables whose birth occurred in January are General James Wolfe, hero of Quebec; Sir Isaac Newton, astronomer; Edmund Burke, statesman; James Watt, inventor; Francis Bacon, philosopher; Lord Byron, poet; Robert Burns, poet.

Great Frenchmen born in January include Marshall Joffre, World War commander; Pierre Loti, novelist; Moliere, dramatists; Andre Ampere, physicist; Francois Mansard, architect; Benoit-Constant Coquelin, actor.

German birthdays of the month include those of Jakob Grimm, philologist and publisher of fairy tales; Gotthold Lessing, dramatist; Frederick the Great; former Kaiser Wilhelm.

The great Austrian composers, Mozart and Schubert, were also born in January.

FOREWORD

This day is before me. The circumstances of this day are my environment; they are the material out of which, by means of my brain, I have to live and be happy and to refrain from causing unhappiness in other people.—Arnold Bennett.

UNCLE RICHARD'S NEW YEAR'S DINNER

(Selected)

Prissy Baker was in Oscar Miller's store early New Year's morning, buying matches, when her uncle, Richard Baker, came in. He did not look at Prissy, nor did she wish him a Happy New Year; she would not have dared. Uncle Richard had not been on speaking terms with her or her father, his only brother, for eight years.

He was a big, ruddy, prosperous-looking man—an uncle to be proud of. Prissy thought wistfully, if only he were like other people's uncles, or indeed, like, what he used to be himself. He was the only uncle Prissy had, and when she had been a little girl they had been great friends; but that was before the quarrel, in which Prissy had no share, to be sure, although Uncle Richard seemed to include her in his rancor.

Richard Baker, so he informed Mr. Miller, was on his way to Navarre with a load of pork.

"I didn't intend going over until the afternoon," he said, "but Joe Hemming sent word yesterday he wouldn't be buying pork later than twelve today. So I have to tote my hogs over at once. I don't care about doing business on New Year's morning."

"Should think New Year's would be pretty much the same as any other day to you," said Mr. Miller, for Richard was a bachelor, with only old Mrs. Janeway to keep house for him.

"Well, I always like a good dinner on New Year's," said Richard Baker. "It's about the only way I can celebrate. Mrs. Janeway wanted to spend the day with her son's family over at Oriental, so I was laying out to cook my own dinner. I got everything ready last night. I won't get back before one o'clock, so I reckon I'll have to put up with a cold bite."

After her Uncle Richard had driven away, Prissy walked thoughtfully home. She had planned to spend a nice, lazy holiday with the new book her father had given her at Christmas, and a box of candy. She did not even mean to cook a dinner, for her father had had to go to town that morning to meet a friend, and would be gone the whole day. There was nobody else to cook dinner for. Prissy's mother had died when Prissy was a baby. She was her father's housekeeper, and they had jolly times together.

But as she walked home she could not help thinking about Uncle Richard. He would certainly have but cold New Year cheer, enough to chill the whole coming year. She felt sorry for him, picturing him returning from Navarre, cold and hungry, to find a fireless house and an uncooked dinner in the pantry.

Suddenly an idea popped into Prissy's head. Dared she? Oh, she never could! But he would never know—there would be plenty of

time—she would.

Prissy hurried home, put her matches away, took a regretful peep at her unopened book, and then locked the door and started up the road to Uncle Richard's house, half a mile away. She meant to go and cook Uncle Richard's dinner, then slip away before he came home. He would never suspect her of it. Prissy would not have him suspect her for the world; she thought he would be more likely to throw a dinner of her cooking out of doors than eat it.

Eight years before this, when Prissy had been nine years old, Richard and Irving Baker had quarrled over the division of a piece of property. The fault had been mainly on Richard's side, and that very fact made him all the more unrelenting and stubborn, so that he had never spoken to his brother since, and he declared he never would. Prissy and her father felt very badly over it, but Uncle Richard did not seem to feel badly at all.

Prissy had no trouble in getting into Uncle Richard's house, for the woodshed door was unfastened. She tripped into the hostile kitchen with rosy cheeks and mischief sparkling in her eyes. This was an adventure —this was fun! She would tell her father all about it when he came home at night, and what a laugh they would have!

There was still a good fire in the stove, and in the pantry Pissy found the dinner in its raw state—a fine roast of fresh pork, potatoes, cabbage, turnips and the ingredients of a raisin pudding. She could cook them as well as Mrs. Janeway could, if that was anything to boast of.

In a short time the kitchen was full of bubblings and hissings and appetizing odors. Prissy enjoyed herself hugely, and the raisin pudding, which she rather doubtfully mixed up, behaved itself beautifully.

"Uncle Richard said he'd be home at one," said Prissy to herself, as the clock struck twelve, "so I'll set the table now, dish up the dinner and leave it where it will keep warm until he gets here. Then I'll slip away home. I'd like to see his face when he steps in. I suppose he'll think one of the Jenner girls across the street has cooked his dinner."

Prissy soon had the table set and she was just peppering the turnips when a gruff voice behind her said:

"Well, well, what does this mean?"

Prissy whirled around as if she had been shot, and there stood Uncle Richard in the woodshed door!

Poor Prissy! She could not have looked or felt more guilty if Uncle Richard had cauught her robbing his desk. She did not drop the turnips, for a wonder; but she was too confused to set them down, so she stood there holding them, her face crimson, her heart thumping, and a horrible choking in her throat.

"I—I came up to cook your dinner for you, Uncle Richard," she stammered. "I heard you say—in the store—that Mrs. Janeway had gone home, and that you had nobody to cook your New Year's dinner for you. So I thought I'd come and do it, but I meant to slip away before you came home."

Poor Prissy felt that she would

never get to the end of her explanation. Would Uncle Richard be angry? Would he order her from the house?

"It was very kind of you," said Uncle Richard, dryly. "It's a wonder your father let you come."

"Father was not home, but I am sure he would not have prevented me if he had been. Father has no hard feelings against you, Uncle Richard."

"Humph!" said Uncle Richard. "Well, since you've cooked the dinner, you must stop and help me eat it. It smells good, I must say. Mrs. Janeway always burns pork when she roast it. Sit down, Prissy. I'm hungry."

They sat down. Prissy felt quite giddy and breathless, and could hardly eat for excitement, but Uncle Richard had evidently brought home a good appetite from Navarre, and he did full justice to his New Year's dinner. He talked to Prissy, too, quite kindly and politely, and when the meal was over he said:

"I'm much obliged to you, Prissy, and I don't mind owning to you that I'm sorry for my share in the quarrel, and have wanted for a long time to be friends with your father again, but I was too ashamed and proud to make the first advance. You can tell him so for me, if you like. And if he's willing to let bygones be bygones, tell him I'd like him to come up here with you tonight when he gets home and spend the evening with me."

"Oh, he will come, I know!" cried Prissy, joyfully. "He has felt so badly about not being friendly with you. Uncle Richard, I'm as glad as can be."

Prissy ran impulsively around the table and kissed Uncle Richard. He looked up at his tall, girlish niece with a smile of pleasure.

"You must promise to come and cook my New Year's dinner for me every New Year we live near enough together," said Uncle Richard.

And Prissy promised.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH

A year of wealth, a year of health,
  A year that knows no need.
Since great my love, oh, long-away
  Most for thy good I plead
The hearthfire burns, thy chair is set
  And this my wish shall be;
Safe journeyings and safe return
  And home a haven for thee,
And every hour, upon thy way,
  God's blessings full and free.

—Selected.

HONOR ROLL FOR DECEMBER

ROOM No. 1

—A—

Glenn Connor, Homer Smith and Bryant Williams.

—B—

Hubert Gray, Joe Jennings, Wilson McLean, Troy McPherson, David White, Harvard Winn, William Ballew, John R. Davis, Glenn Ennis, Russell Ferris, Willie McDade, Albert Parker and Mell Russ.

ROOM No. 2

—A—

Dave Lee, Thomas Brooks, Sam Belk, Paul Eason, Warren Medlin and Ed Southern.

—B—

Allen Barrett, Ed Grier, Warren Holloman, Robert Clark, Lewis Hanna, Everett Lassiter and Charles Mounce.

ROOM No. 3

—A—

Morris Staley, Dallas Hodge, Bill Barrett, Douglas Carter, Joe Stockton, Harding Kluttz, Carlton Campbell, Richard Adkins, Roy Wyrick and William Barber.

—B—

Ernest Anderson, James Johnson, Raymond Irvin and Clarence Deal.

ROOM No. 5

—A—

Clarence Douglass, Boyd Barringer, William Byrd, Boyd Baker and Gilbert Murray.

—B—

Clinton Keen, Tooney Poole, Andrew Powell and Harvey Watson.

ROOM No. 6

—A—

Ansel Byrd, Carrol Hoyle, Julian Holloman and John Caddell.

—B—

Charles Williams, Adolph Watson, Bobby Orrell, Frank Cobb, Virgil Cecil and William Peeden.

INSTITUTION NOTES

On Sunday Dec 23, Mr. A. C. Sheldon, Boys' Work Secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., had charge of the afternoon service at School. Following the opening exercises Mr. Sheldon presented Rev. W. W. Boyce, pastor of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church, Charlotte, who talked to the boys on "God's Gift To Men." For his text the speaker chose John 3:16—"For God so loved the world, that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

In the course of his remarks Rev. Boyce stated that the spirit of love was the very heart of Christmas. Love prompts giving, for at this time God gave the world the greatest gift it has ever known. He gave his Son for the purpose of lifting us up and helping us.

CHRISTMAS AT THE SCHOOL

While the Christmas season has passed it will long be remembered by the boys of the Jackson Training School as a week of unbounded joy and happiness. An air of good will seemed to have found its way into the hearts and minds of our entire group, consisting of nearly five hundred boys and fifty members of the staff.

The week preceeding this happy holiday season was one of much activity in all departments. Preparatiion for Christmas seemed to be under way way everywhere. In going about the campus we noticed groups of boys and officers busily engaged in putting up decorations; then a trip to the auditorium would reveal another group rehearsing the Christmas play and still another practicing those beautiful old Christmas carols; upon visiting the bakery we noticed our baker and his wife, together with a group of boys, icing and decorating a number of huge cakes, in fact everywhere we went it seemed that everyone had caught the spirit of Christmas and were all entering whole-heartedly into the preparations for making this Christmas season a most happy occasion.

In passing along the National Highway at night one was impressed by the beauty of living Christmas trees at each end of our campus, adorned with huge electric stars and great clusters of colored lights, shining out the message of "Peace on earth; good will towards men." Quite a number of the cottage homes were also beautifully decorated.

On Sunday, December 23rd, our good friend Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., who has served the School so faithfully for many years, had charge of the afternoon service, at the close of which he presented each boy a huge red apple. This has been Mr. Sheldon's custom for several years and we appreciate his kindness in remembering our boys at this time.

At seven o'clock on Christmas Eve we assembled in the auditorium where the annual program was rendered. An immense Christmas tree resplendent with an array of colored lights was the first thing to greet our eyes as we entered, and a beautiful sight it was, and to those who arranged the decorations we extend hearty congratulations.

To open the exercises the entire assemblage sang "Star of the East." For many years this has been a popular solo number, but this is the first time it had been our privilege to hear sung in chorus, and we could hear favorable comment from all present on the splendid manner in which our boys rendered this beautiful song. This was followed by the recitation in chorus by the entire student body of the story of the birth of Christ as found in the second chapter of Luke, and a Christmas prayer led by Troy McPherson of Cottage No. 11.

Suprintndent Boger then introduced Dr. W. E. Davis, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Concord, who spoke to the boys on "What the First Christmas Meant or the Difference Christmas Has Meant to the World." In his very interesting ad-

dress Dr. Davis told his audience to just suppose some Roman citizen who lived in the days before Christ was born, could come back to the world today, and try to picture his thoughts as he compared the things of the modern world with those of his day.

First he called attention to the good roads we enjoy. The Roman citizen would tell us that he, too, built good roads which are still in use. They lasted all these years because they had solid foundations.

We might then take him to one of our great theatres. He would be bored, for he had witnessed spectacles in huge arenas that have not yet been surpassed in our day.

Show him one of our athletic games. He would be really amused; he would think we were a weak race indeed. Men in his day created records which amaze us as we read of them, and he would think little of our games.

After showing him these things in which people of his day excelled, we might then conduct the Roman through one of our hospitals. He would find there something people of his time paid little attention to, for the Romans made no provision for the health of their people. They had few doctors and facilities for caring for the sick. All of which we owe to Christ whose coming into the world taught us to care for those less fortunate than ourselves. This is a decided improvement in conditions known to the Romans, and we owe to Christ who taught the ministry of healing, our grateful praise for the fact that in our country today even the poorest citizen can obtain just as good treatment as the rich.

Dr. Davis concluded by saying that as we celebrate the natal day of the Savior of the world, he wanted us to pause for a moment and consider what a dull, hopeless place the world would be today had not Christ been born.

Following the splendid address by Dr. Davis, the boys sang "Oh Christmas Tree," an ancient German carol.

A most interesting feature of the Christmas program was the rendition of a three-act play, Dickens' famous "Christmas Carol." This play was given under the direction of Mr. G. L. Barrier and Miss Virginia Smoot, members of our staff, the characters, both male and female, being portrayed by the boys, each one playing his part in an excellent manner. While all these boys did exceedingly well, we especially congratulate Hubert Gray, Jim Kellam, Homer Smith, Clyde Kivett and Urban Hill, who played leading parts. The manner in which these youngsters put this rather difficult play over was indeed very pleasing.

Following is the cast of characters:

CHRISTMAS CAROL—By Charles Dickens

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Ebenezer Scrooge, a miserly old man ..... Hubert Gray
Bob Cratchit, Scrooge's clerk ..... James Kellam
Fred, Scrooge's

nephew ..... Homer Smith
Marley's Ghost, Scrooge's
former partner ..... Urban Hill
Spirit of Christmas
Past
Spirit of Christmas
Present ..... Clyde Kivett
Spirit of Christmas
Future
Ebenezer Scrooge at the age
of twelve years .... Charles Webb
Fezziwig ..... Edgar Lee White
Mrs. Fezziwig ..... Kester Supthin
Scrooge's Fiancee ..... Floyd Causey
Mrs. Cratchit ..... Glenn Stewart
Martha Cratchit ..... Norman Owens
Tiny Tim ..... Ivan Morrozoff
Fred's Wife ..... Floyd Causey
Robinson Crusoe ..... J. B. Murray
Ali Baba ..... Urban Hill
Boy of the
Street ..... Charles Webb

The boys then sang that ever popular old Christmas Carol, "Silent Night," and after singing three verses they softly hummed the air as all lights were dimmed except the large star at the top of the tree, the effect being very impressive.

Betty, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs J. H. Hobby, members of the Training School staff, then recited a little Christmas poem in a very charming manner.

After the singing of two more songs, "Santa's Never Failed Us Yet" and "How Can anybody Sleep at Christmas Time?" a few closing remarks from Superintendent Boger informed the boys that during their absence Santa Claus had visited their cottage homes, and upon returning each boy would find that a well-filled bag at his place in the sitting room, this having been made possible by the generosity of interested friends throughout the State.

On Christmas Day, aside from the performance of necessary duties, the morning was given over to opening boxes received from friends and relatives at home and the playing of various games.

The outstanding event of the day, of course was the Christmas dinner. We watched the youngsters all morning as they disposed of good things found in the bags given them the night before or in boxes from home, and when we saw the dining room, tables heavily laden with good things to eat, it seemed there had been enough prepared for several meals, but upon viewing the same tables after the meal was over, we reached the conclusion that we knew nothing about a boy's capacity for "eats," for it had all disappeared. The menu for this dinner consisted of

Chicken and Noodles
Rice with Gravy
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Cold Slaw Pickles
English Peas
Cake Peaches
Milk

The afternoon of Christmas Day and the following three days were given over to various amusements. When the weather permitted, the boys indulged in outdoor games, while at other times they remained indoors where they amused themselves by playing games, read-

to the boys' happiness at that time we wish to tender herewith our deepest appreciation.

—o—

Among the paroled boys to visit friends at the School during the Christmas holidays were:

Harold Torrence, of Kannapolis, who was paroled five years ago. Harold informed us that he is now employed at the Cannon Manufacturing Company and is getting along very nicely.

Sidney O'Briant, now living in Winston-Salem where he is employed by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company.

Paul Kimrey, a former house boy in Cottage No. 3. Paul was paroled about twelve years ago, and is now living in Norwood where he is working in a cotton mill.

Troy Thompson, formerly of Cottage No. 2. Troy is living in Rockingham and is employed by the Sonoco Paper Products Company.

Ramsey Glassgow, of Winston-Salem. Since leaving the School several years ago Ramsey served one enlistment in the U. S. Marine Corps. He is now driving an armored truck for a transfer company.

R. D. Shropshire, formerly of Cottage No. 2, is employed by a drug store in Greensboro and lives with his mother in that city.

Nathan Gant, formerly of Cottage No. 4, is now living in Gastonia.
prayer he presented Mr. Stahlee Funderburke, who rendered two vocal numbers, "The Ninety and Nine" and "Seal Us O Holy Spirit," with Mr. Frank Settlemire accompanying at the piano.

Jack Parker, formerly of Guilford Cottage, who was paroled about a year ago, is now employed in a cafe in Fayetteville.

Eunice Byers, a former member of Rockingham Cottage family, visited us last Tuesday. He was paroled in 1924. Eunice informs us that for the past two years he has been employed in a dry cleaning plant in San Francisco, Calif., and will return there after spending a few more days with relatives in Salisbury.

—o—

We recieved Christmas greetings from the following paroled boys:

Horace McCall, New Bern; Bill Jackson, Durham; A. J. Allen, Cramerton; Milton Hunt, Long Island, N. Y.; Hayes Creary, U. S. Marine Corps, San Diego, Calif.; Robert McNeely, Fort Bragg; Edgar Rochester, Charlotte; Fred Harris, Mount Gilead; Vernon Jernigan, Selma; Goley Kimrey, Graham; Jack Palmer, Greensboro; Charles Hardy, Hendersonville; Franklin Beddingfield, East Flat Rock; Lester Spain, Kernersville; Willie Martin, Mount Airy; Howard Keller, U. S. Navy; David Brown, Charlotte; Clifford Stephens, Erwin; Rufus Wrenn, Philadelphia, Pa; Johnnie Holmes, New York City and Constantine Meena, Charlotte.

—o—

Mr E. J. Sharpe, of Kannapolis, was in charge of the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. After making the opening ing or listening to radio programs.

Yes, sir the Christmas season at the School was a huge success, and those who in any way contributed

Mr. Sharpe then introduced Rev. Walter Goodman, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Kannapolis, who read the Scripture Lesson from the fourth chapter of Hebrews. Choosin as his text, Hebrews 4:15, "For ye have not a high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin," Rev. Goodman made a very interesting talk to the boys. Speaking of temptation, Rev. Goodman called special attention to the fact that Jesus understands us because He too was tempted just as we are, but is still without sin. The speaker stated that a good many boys and girls go bad because their fathers and mothers do not understand them, while others follow along the paths sin because they just feel they are misunderstood at home. We see great contrasts—in some homes boys and girls disobey their parents and are driven away from home rather than being shown the right way by Christian parents. Then on the other hand we see young people coming from home devoid of the Christian spirit and yet they often become Christian leaders, either taking to the ministry or missionary work. He then told of two classmates who, while they were in school lived so that people actually thought they were crazy, yet one of them became a minister of the Gospel and the other a teacher in Bible school, proving that Jesus understood them and was the controlling influence in their lives. As we endeavor to lead Christian lives, said the peaker, we sometimes become discouraged because a certain class of folks ridicule us, but we can always gain much comfort from the fact that Jesus, in His ministry on earth, had to endure more than that. While we are sometimes dismayed when or efforts to live as Jesus would have us live seem to be failures, but we may always feel sure that He knows our weaknesses and the hardships which confront us, and will understand us and we shall be rewared according to the efforts we have made to follow in His steps. Rev. Goodman concluded by telling his audience that it is no sin to be tempted, but it is a sin to yield to temptation, and admonished the boys to remember throughout this new year to fight against temptation and to remember that Jesus is ever willing to help them.

Following this splendid talk by Rev. Goodman, Mr. Funderburke led us in prayer, after which he rendered another solo entitled "Nothing Between My Soul and My Master."

These good friends of ours from the "Towel City" have become great favorites with both the officials and the boys of the School. For several years past they have provided many enjoyable programs at our Sunday afternoon services, which have been highly appreciated, and as we enter another year we wish to take this opportunity to tender our very best wishes for their continued success and prosperity, assuring them at the same time that we shall be glad to have them visit us whenever they find it convenient to do so.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 12, 1935 No. 2

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WHEN GOSSIP TALKS

"Talk is cheap if you get it from a gossip," says an exchange.

But it isn't!

Talk that comes from a gossip is expensive. It kills time, it kills truthfulness, it kills decency and it kills morality.

A reputation that has been built up by a lifetime of correct living may be blasted in a day by the talk of a gossip.

The milk of human kindness is curdled when it comes in contact with the tongue of the gossip.

The gossip sees but little that is good and much that is bad in human nature.

And gossips will talk, and people will listen, and believe, and condemn.

It is not only expensive, but it is demoralizing and degrading.—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAI

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

"Instead of saying that man is the creature of circumstance, it would be nearer the mark to say that man is the architect of circumstance. Our strength is measured by our plastic power. From the same materials one man builds palaces, another hovels; one warehouses, another villas; bricks and mortar are mortar and bricks until the architect can make them something else. Thus it is that in the same family, in the same circumstances, one man rears a stately edifice, while his brother, vacillating and incompetent, lives forever amid ruins, the block of granite which was an obstacle in the pathway of the weak becomes a stepping-stone in the pathway of the strong."

—Carlyle.

MEETING OF THE TRUSTEES

The new year's meeting of the Board of Trustees of Stonewall Jackson Training School, having in attendance Messrs. L. T. Hartsell, Concord, chairman; D. B. Coltrane, Concord; Paul C. Whitlock, Charlotte; Herman Cone, Greensboro; Mrs. Cameron Morrison, Charlotte; Mrs. R. O. Everett, Durham, and Miss Easdale Shaw, Rockingham, met on Thursday, January 5th, in the Cannon Memorial Building.

The members of the Board greeted the boys as they assembled in front of the Cannon Memorial Building, after which the meeting was continued.

The work of the past six months was reviewed and plans were discussed for a better scope of activities for the boys during the remainder of the biennium, ending June 30, 1935.

The boys know the Trustees of this institution have their interest close to their hearts, and look forward with pleasure to the quarterly visits of this fine body of men and women.

* * * * * * *

ARCHIBALD JOHNSON

The death of Archibald Johnson, editor of Charity and Children, was received at the Jackson Training School by those who knew his gentle spirit with a note of the keenest sadness.

He loved the child, and gave a life of unstinted service for the benefit of the orphans of the Baptist Church.

He possessed the fine qualities of mind and spirit and used them with the hope of developing womanhood and manhood.

He leaves to the State a rich heritage, a life of service to humanity,—one truly worthy of emulation.

Yes, he was a man who never commercialized his talents, but used them for the glory of the Master and the reward beyond the realm of life—"To make a life" instead of just "making a living" is the highest ideal of Christian manhood. This was the consuming passion of Archibald Johnson.

"If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity."

* * * * * * *

TOWARD BETTER LEGAL PROCEDURE

The American Bar Association is carrying out a five-point educational program directed both to lawyers and to the general public. The points included are: Enforcement of professional ethics; Criminal law and its enforcement; Legal education and admission to the bar; unauthorized practice of the law; Selection of judges.

As a start, the Association sent letters, pamphlets, questionnaires and informative releases to the 1,400 bar associations of

the country, explaining the scope and purposes of the campaign. This was followed by a radio program, designed to give the public a knowledge of the work. The program has been on the air each Saturday night.

The Association believes that the public, at the moment, is particularly receptive to proposals for reforms in criminal law, and this phase of the project has been emphasized. Acting directly, the Association is now co-operating with the International Association of Chiefs of Police in an effort to secure more efficient police personnel, and to improve the standards of departments throughout the country.

Here is a work in which every citizen has a vital interest—it affects his home, his property, the very lives of himself and his family. Strengthening and improving the law, and the practice of the law, is one of the great needs of the time—and the Bar Association, in pursuing its program, is performing an invaluable patriotic duty.

* * * * * * *

CHARACTER BUILDING

This remark was made by a teacher, "the far-reaching cry is to teach character, and I agree with Mr. ———— I will have to ask how to handle the subject." This remark silenced speech, and put the brain cells to work.

"Surely," we thought, "character building is easy if one has the will, but hard if every desire of humanity is to follow in the trail of easy living. Because what we will ultimately build."

In this issue we take pleasure in calling attention to an article taken from the Orphan's Friend, "The Formation of Character Is The Great Aim," because it gives a formula, emphasizing heredity, environment and will.

The article shows the result of many forces and influences in building character. If possible to broadcast thoughts of such high appeal, and eliminate other non-essential programs, perhaps character building would be easier and bcome a part of those who have the youths of the state in charge.

MUSIC IN THE SCHOOLS

There are some people who think that teaching music in our public schools is a useless course, and time wasted in the teaching. This is quite an erroneous idea, when you analyze the matter. The Bible is full of admonitions to "sing praises." Singing is the voice of God's love and is co-existent with His being. To the completion of a well-rounded life, every voice, and especially the young of this generation, should be cultivated. Into the soul of childhood and youth it pours a tide of redeeming influence. Music sweetens the cup of bitterness, softens the hand of want, lightens the burden of life, makes the heart courageous, and the soul cheerfully devout.

Music is a healthful exercise. When rightly used, its effects, physical, intellectual and moral, are good, very good, and only good. People will love their homes better if there is music in them. Songs learned in childhood are like birds nestling in the bosom; their notes will be heard and loved in after years. The hymn sung by mother to her little boy may in after days be a voice that will recall him from ruin.

The world needs music today to tide it over its perplxing troubles. We do not think there is too much of it in the schools—and elsewhere. Tune the minds of the young to the songs of nature and the spheres. Oh! tell us where music is not! It is in all the elements. The water ripples with music; the air is always whispering melody, and the bountiful earth ceases never its songs of praise. The trickling rain-drops sing as they fall; the crowded leaves answer to the pipes of the birds; the sun sets the day to singing, and the Almighty hath made man to sing songs of praise to Him, throughout eternity. A few sweet notes bring with them hours of pleasure to the weary and world-forsaken. Encourage the study of music in schools and in the homes. It is a divine gift.

* * * * * * *

WHO OWES WHO A LIVING?

After it is all said and done, any recovery program depends upon business, industry and agriculture.

Every government expenditure is financed by money that is taken from the earnings or reserves of business, industry or agriculture. With no earnings to be taxed, government must go bankrupt.

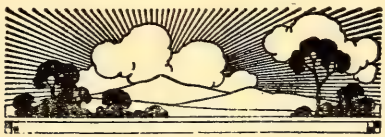
It is useless to blind ourselves to the fact that today industry is afraid of radical legislation, radical labor policies and radical taxation.

Under the guise of "social service" plans a lot of people are being made to think that somebody owes them a living. That's the "grasshopper theory." It works fine until winter comes.

The fad of social service can live on existing "crops" (productive wealth) until it has eaten it all up like the grasshopper did the seasonal crops and then the beneficiaries of the "service" plans die like the grasshoppers unless they rustle some food. It's just the law of nature. Try to beat it and see where you land—out in the cold like the grasshopper.

Conferences are being held in this nation to devise means of promoting social security to lessen fear of unemployment, deprivation and dependence. All men regard that goal as most desirable. The great danger is that overly enthusiastic theorists will allow their hopes to dominate their good judgment and smother the virtue of individual thrift.

At such times they should be guided by the lowly grasshopper who found out that no one owed him a living and that if he wished to share in the stored labor of others he had to fiddle for the food he received.



RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

GLORIFY HIS NAME

"Father let me dedicate
All this year to thee
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have me be;
Not from sorrow, pain or care
Freedom dare I claim;
This alone shall be my prayer
Glorify Thy name."

—o—

Many a man settles down who is not able to settle up.

—o—

Love, sausage, hash and the ways of the average politicians are mysteries of life.

—o—

If the American dollar has to go abroad I hope it will bring back a good lot of company.

—o—

Depression has revealed the fact that we can get along without depressions—and in spite of them.

—o—

The hardest thing a young lawyer has to contend with in the practice of his profession is breaking the will of a girl.

—o—

Of course the nickel is not so good as the dollar, but it goes to church oftener and has a wider experience in church services.

—o—

The production of automobiles is increasing so rapidly that it would not be a bad idea to change our national flower from goldenrod to carnation.

—o—

There is a vast difference in thinking for yourself, and thinking of yourself. The former tends to progress and thrift. The latter to selfishness, dissatisfaction and unhappiness.

—o—

It seems to me that the columnist doctor who tells us what to eat to be healthy in winter, would also do a healthful thing if he would suggest to many girls to put on another dime's worth of underwear.

—o—

Senator Carter Glass recently declared: "I am a Democrat still!" He is a Democrat all right, but as to being still. Well, that's out of the question with the fiery little Virginian.

—o—

It is said that a Californian has invented an automobile that can jump 50 feet. It's bad enough for an automobile to run up on you, but to have one jump 50 feet at you—the Lord preserve us all from the jumps.

—o—

A great many people take a wrong view of the world and the benefits of labor. The divine edict was to the effect that man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. That is the common heritage of us all. It is not what the world has to offer you, but what you have to offer the world, that makes you a success or

a failure. A determined soul can do more with a rusty monkey-wrench than a loafer will accomplish with all the tools in a machine shop.

—o—

The man who said: "Opportunity knocks at every man's door but once," was wrong, for opportunity knocks at your door every day. It's born anew with the rising sun. It's yours, to grasp if you're awake to your chance.

—o—

No one person can set the whole world right, not all the people in it. He must have help. You cannot do the work of years in just a single minute. But keep one little corner straight by humble, patient labor, and do the work that each hour brings, and help your neighbor.

—o—

There is an old saying that "Peter borrowed to pay Paul." It seems now that Peter has stopped borrowing from Paul, and both of them, with a horde of others, have turned to borrowing from Uncle Sam. But a pay-day is coming sometime.

—o—

It is somewhat remarkable that ministers who seek to explain why men lived to so great age in the Old Testament times neglect to recall that there were no automobiles in their day; and no hit-and-run drivers, or drunken chauffeurs, and no gasoline to kindle fires.

—o—

A Professor at the University of Nevada, it is said, will start a course on marriage and divorce. I am thinking Reno is furnishing a course sufficient for all purposes in the State of Nevada—and the world at large as to that matter. But it would be interesting to know which should be taught first.

—o—

Nothing would add more to the joy of attending the movies than to be permitted to turn around and annihilate the fellow in the rear who cuts loose and sneezes so that the victim ahead cannot escape the full benefit of his contribution. And treat in the same way the fellow who always reads out loud the titles on the screen.

—o—

I hear of a teacher who was somewhat surprised, when she asked one of her pupils when Columbus discovered America, and he could not tell, and she asked him what the chapter-heading said. "Columbus 1492," replied the boy. "Well, son, isn't that plain enough. Ever seen it before?" "Yes, ma'am," replied, the boy, "but I always thought it was his telephone number."

—o—

There is an old saying: "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." That axiom is most important today, because freedom faces it greatest danger in times of stress. If we are to maintain our fundamental liberties—of speech, of action, of press, of church—we must pay for them in the coin of vigilance. We must not trade permanent blessings for temporary benefits—no matter how desirable those benefits seem at the moment. We must hold steadfastly to the Democratic principles upon which the United States was

built, and with whose aid it grew great. Many sincere persons, carried away by their wish to better conditions, would permit our institutions to be weakened and perhaps destroyed, believing that they are no longer able to cope adequately with the problems of the modern world. The best answer to that lies in the examples of other great nations, which jettisoned individual and coroporate liberties—with disorder, bloodshed, revolutions, as the results. Freedom is a sacred trust. It is the duty and the privilege of every American to discharge the great obligation it imposes.

Long life is denied us; therefore let us do something to show that we have lived.—Cicero.

THE FORMATION OF CHARACTER IS THE GREAT AIM

By Walter A. Quincke, in Kansas Masonic Digest

Character is the result of many forces and influences. There are, three principal factors, however, which determine it. They are heredity, environment and will. Just where the one stops and the other begins cannot be definitely determined. Character is a matter of growth, a process of slow development. It is never formed overnight. It belongs to a lifetime. It is generally developed unconsciously, but manifests itself in every thought, word and deed. It expresses itself in act and attitude. It represents the sum total of one's being. Without a good character life is not worth living. It is the highest good, the richest treasure—and is worth more than all other riches combined. When it is lost, then all is gone. It cannot be purchased with money nor redeemed with gold. It does not come ready-made, but everyone can have it for the striving. It must be achieved and is the crown of all our efforts. It can readily be forfeited and is the most brittle of all our possessions. It knows no rank or race, no class or creed. It flourishes in every clime and in every time. It is the most sensitive part of our personality and is affected by everything that touches us. It is purely a personal possession and cannot be conferred in any outward way from one individual to another. It is our very life.

Character is formed by heredity. We come from afar. Our parents and grandparents have lived before us. From them we have received not only our bodies, but also tendencies and inclinations. Character

registers itself in the corpuscles of the blood. The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge.

A person's character begins to form a hundred years before he is born. We inherit tendencies and these influence our lives for good or evil.

The power of heredity is tremendous. It determines in large measure our statures, our looks, the color of our hair, our length of days our resistance, our attitudes and actions. One reason why one scholar outstrips another in class is because he is more highly organized, mentally and physically. The reason one horse outruns another in a race is due to the different corpuscles in his blood. So the blood of our ancestors courses in our veins, and helps to make or mar our character.

Character is formed by environment. The influence of heredity is great, but environment is still greater. Our surroundings, associations and relationships have much to do in the shaping of character. These can even overcome the forces of heredity. Sometimes a child is born of good parents, has good blood in his veins, but his life is thrown into bad environment and he goes to the bad in spite of good parentage. Many children have broken the hearts of fathers and mothers because they yielded to the inflence of evil associations.

The place where one lives has much to do with the formation of one's character. It is exceedingly difficult to be good when the surroundings are not wholesome. Pure air, good food, sanitary homes are great aids in character building. School life and books and companions have a mighty influence on character. One's occupation affects character. Silently and secretly these factors enter into his soul and make or unmake the individual. The daily routine of life, the things we see and hear, the hours of sleep, the food we eat—all have a direct or indirect influence on character.

Now it is a certain fact that we cannot change our ancestors. We cannot choose our parents. We cannot determine the influence of heredity, but we can to a large extent control the environment in which we live. We can help to make the world in which we live an ideal world. We can change our surroundings. We can change our living conditions. We can control some of the forces around us, and the result ought to be better men and better women.

Character is formed by the will. This is the strongest and most determinative factor of all. It has the power to overcome the forces of heredity and environment. It is our supreme endowment. It occupies the throne room of the soul and its mandates are final. It is the arbiter of destiny and stamps every act with value. An act has no more value until the will has responded. The power of choice is our highest prerogative. It distinguishes us from the lower animals and declares our kinship with God. It is the gateway of our responsibility. What we will we ultimately

become. Therefore, we are the makers of our own characters. We can choose the highest and best things in life.

To will, however, is not the same as wilfulness. Wilfulness denotes stubborness, selfishness, unreasonableness. To will means to exercise the power of choice, and our choices ought always to be the best of which we are capable. Character is a permanent possession. It is the only thing we shall take with us to the other side. The moment comes when we must give up our homes, books, friends, and work. We have brought nothing into the world and we shall take nothing out of it. Character, however, goes with us. Life was given for that purpose. It will withstand the shocks of time, the wrecks of the world, the terrors of death, and will determine for us the weal or woe of all eternity. And this does not contradict the fact that eternal life is the gift of God. We cannot enjoy that gift unless we have a Christlike character.

God is the poet; men are but the actors. The great dramas of earth were written in Heaven.—Honore de Balzac.

WE NEED THE SABBATH

By J. Serman Wallace, in Young People

Jesus declared that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. How many times we have misinterpreted His words! Truly He meant that we should not be slaves to the ceremonials which men have built around the Sabbath, ceremonials that would sometimes hinder our best welfare, but He also meant that the Sabbath has been given to men because they cannot get along without it.

We need the Sabbath for worship. In worship men cultivate their consciousness of God. It seems that Jesus recognized a need for this in His own soul. How much more do we! The man who is least conscious of God needs most to give himself to worship, that his capacity to know one may train his emotions and his will in their relation to the will of God. Without the Sabbath it would be almost impossible to have public worship, and most persons who cease to worship God in public soon lose the inclination and the power to worship Him in private.

We need the Sabbath for Christian teaching. The Sunday-school is today the most important institution in the world. The religious life, knowledge, and character of the future depend on it. Without the Sabbath day the church school would be impossible. Business is suspended. The world is quiet. Work-

ing clothes are laid aside. People feel cleaner, more respectable, more free from care. They are more ready to listen while the Scriptures are read, their truths made clear, and their applications explained. During the week most of us are so engrossed with business or school work that we have little time to think beyond our immediate interests. It is on the Sabbath that we learn most about the needs of others in our own community, in our country, and in other lands. We are lifted out of ourselves, and our souls grow large as our interests become wide.

We need the Sabbath for rest. We are in great danger of losing this fundamental purpose of the Sabbath. When we use it merely as a holiday we are apt to return to our tasks on Monday more tired than when we left them on Saturday. Even those who keep the Sabbath most religiously are in danger of attempting so many things in the name of religion that the body and mind and soul are exhausted at the end of the day. We need a time to rest our bodies, our minds, and our spirits. We need time to be still that we may hear the voice of God.

Meditation has almost become a lost art. We are so busy rushing from one thing to another that we have little time to understand the significance of any of these things. The picture-show, the recreation resort, the automobile, and the radio all may give pleasure without happiness. They have their proper place in our activities, but when they monopolize the Sabbath with its opportunities for meditation and prayer, they rob life of its finest joys and its richest meanings. We need the Sabbath as a time in which we may forget the things that are temporary and transient, enter into the throne-room of the Almighty, and bathe our souls in His eternal spirit.

"It's no trick to grow old," says Edgar A. Guest, popular American poet. "Anyone can do it—if he has the time."

Behind the humor is an implication which Mr. Guest invariably hastens to make clear . . . Time."

Possibly the loneliest men on earth are those who have lived many years, selecting for the target of their efforts not others, but themselves. They are the men who have regarded their vocations as merely means for profit, not as a trust for serving society. They are the men who have had no time, in the words of wise old Dr. Johnson, to keep their friendships in constant repair. They are the men who have not learned the delights of a hobby nor the thrill of a majestic sunset.

They are, in short, the men who cannot say, as did Robert Louis Stevenson shortly before tuberculosis ended his days, "During my life I have not been bored. All experience has been to me interesting."—Rotarian Magazine.

THE MOST PROSPEROUS VILLAGE IN THE WORLD

By Edith C. Waltner, in The Girl's World

In the mountain valley of the Ammer, in upper Bavaria, is the little village of Ober-Ammergau. Many of the houses are adorned with quaint frescoes and Biblical subjects. The inhabitants are mainly engaged in toy-making and wood-carving. But the interest of Ober-Ammergau to the outer world is derived from the Passion Plays which are performed here every ten years by the people of the village.

The Passion Play, or dramatic representation of the sufferings of Christ, is not a survival of an old medieval mystery-play. It has its rise from a promise made when the black plague was raging in Europe, in the year 1633. If the village was anything like it is today, with its natural sanitary advantages and inherent cleanliness, it was not any wonder that they escaped the plague.

Naturally, the good people did not see it that way. They considered it a special providence of God that they were spared. A year later they gave the first performance of the play that was to make their village known throughout the world. The fame of the early representations spread through the surrounding towns. People thronged to see them. The news spread farther and farther, so that each succeeding presentation brought greater throngs. The coming of visitors brought money into the village. The lodging and feeding of the visitors and the sale of wood-carvings increased the income.

In 1814 Rochus Dedler, the village school master, composed music for the play. The monks of the Benedictine monastery at Ettal had already written the text. With each succeeding performance the play has improved. About seven hundred actors are required, and all are from the village. The principal parts are hereditary in certain families. They are assigned with regard to moral characters as well as dramatic ability. The villagers regard the play as a solemn act of religious worvor and artistic instinct of these ship. The combined religious fer-Alpine peasants has brought fame and fortune to their village. It is the most prosperous village in Bavaria, perhaps the most prosperous in the world.

The year 1934 will be the three hundreth anniversary of the first presentation of the Passion Play. They already are preparing for it. The play was originally given in the open air with natural scenery for a background. Three times the theater has been enlarged. It is now roofed in to protect the audience. The orchestra plays on a wheeled platform so that in case of rain it can be readily run into shelter. The performances begin in May and end in September. There are sixyt-five performances in all. From all sources the receipts of the village of Ober-Ammergau every ten years probably exceed a million dollars.

Visitors can but marvel at the wonderful orderliness, cleanliness, and beauty of Ober-Ammergau. The simplicity of the villagers in their native costumes, and the spotless homes with their frescoed exteriors, speak of the piety, industry, and intelligence of the people of Ober-Ammergau.

The frosts of autumn therefore, do not mean death. They merely put nature to rest when her proper bedtime comes, and winter soon after tucks her away under a fleecy blanket until the call of spring awakens.—E P. Roe.

IS GRACIOUSNESS A VIRTUE?

(Advance)

"To see some things differently" and to be tolerantly and magnanimously decent about it means more as an evidence of deep and sincere religion and constructively social attitude than is commonly supposed. The measure of a man's (and even of a young man's) radical convictions is not found in the extent of his studied discourtesy toward his more conservative contemporaries, but in the courage, fidelity, and unselfishness with which he lives up to what he himself professes. When a young minister, as in a letter recently offered for publication, refers to much present-day preaching as "the purrings of senile felines," and specifically links with the phrase the names of two distinguished preachers, it is not the willingness to be gratuitously impolite that one challenges so much as the right of the young man to sit in judgment. Has he won his spurs? Is he so elf-confident and so sure of his own attainment that he can dismis so lightly men whose ministry has been deep, sincere, and really influential, though it may not have been directed toward some matters about which he —and we ourselves—are deeply concerned? It is startling to find the number of men who were fire-eaters in their youth who develop a remarkable taste for humble pie in middle age. In our speech and attitudes, as in the grosser temptations of life, there is need that he that thinketh take heed lest he fall. If men and movements call for honest criticism—as we think they do—let it be in forthright fashion, and not in ill-mannered and contemptuous references and asides. We are not making any plea for polite fictions or for fictitious politeness; but even in criticism the highest type of attitude, and the most forceful, is that of patient honesty and magnanimity, that avoids the easier and more plausible way of wisecracks.

OUR PIONEER ANCESTORS

By Mrs. Charles P. Wiles

It was Edmund Burke who said, "People who never look back to their ancestors never look forward to posterity."

Some of the strongest spirits of Europe were driven by persecution to the New World. They came by thousands for nearly a century, heroic, brave, enduring, "owing a duty only to their own consciences."

But courage to the nth degree and industry were both needed to redeem the wilderness. At the very beginning land could be had for the clearing of it. A little later it could be bought at the rate of two shillings to "one pound the acre." But, in a comparatively short time, as more thousands of courageous men came, agriculturalists seeking land, the prices became high for pioneer days. "But things are costly in the New World," was the information given. "Therefore take tools and raw iron. Clothing and blankets. Seed. Dishes. Kitchen gear. Books. Harness and saddles. Naught else. Passage, seven pound. Each passenger is allowed eight hundred weight of gear and hundred of food for the passage." There were few cabins on the small ships and to be sure, no dining service. Each one faced two months' cramped misery, with danger from storm, from pirates and possibly hunger. After that—the wilderness.

Upon reaching shore they shouldered their packs and swung off in high spirits. "There will be no oppression here from the prelates," was their thought. Heavy two-wheeled wains carried the bulky baggage as far as there were roads through the forests. Children and aged ple rode. Civilization was soon left behind and nothing but unbroken forests stretched before them. Here and there, by the way, a family dropped off, seeking a location.

There were but three counties in Pennsylvania at this time, Philadelphia and Bucks. which extended in a northwesternly direction, and Chester, which extended to the foothills of the Alleghenies.

Some pleasant surprises awaited the newcomers. They came to know the taste of strawberries, of corn meal, hominy, squirrels and venison. They learned camp-fire cooking, as well.

When their land was located, trees were felled and logs prepared for the house. Soon deer-hides were curing for clothing and hickory set to season for looms and furniture. The neighbors helped one another and their log houses with huge fireplaces were soon completed.

The winter was not spent in idleness. Ground was cleared, so that, with the coming of spring, crops could be planted. Flax was grown, spun and woven, each girl in the family taking her place at the spinning-wheels.

Early in the nineteenth century there was a period of transition in the kitchen. Cook stoves were introduced. "I have never enjoyed my food so much since we began cooking on a stove," I was told when a child.

Each large farm had its bake-house with an oven built of brick which was used for years after stoves had been introduced. In my childhood, baking days, twice a week, were red-letter days. There were a dozen or more huge round loaves of bread baked in round steel pans, flutey-edged pies, sweet and juicy, and sugary-topped rusks. During harvest and hay-making additional pies were baked daily in the oven of the cook-stove which stood in the bake-house.

Our great-grandmother, when they wanted a cake, prepared it under, what to us, would seem difficult circumstances. In the first place, she purchased her sugar in the form of a huge cone, hard as a rock. This she must beat to a powder before it could be used. With salt it was the same.

This was great-grandmother's recipe for coffee making:

"Pick your coffee over and clean it by shaking in a colander to remove particles of dust. Some prefer washing it.

Roast, gradually to a chestnut brown.

Grind, put in a bowl with some white of egg and enough water to merely moisten it.

Mix well. Put in coffee-pot, one cup (or more) to each person and one for the pot. Boil two minutes, let stand and settle. (May add quarter cup of cold water to aid the settling.) Pour into heated urn and serve very hot."

And seed cakes of those days:

"Beat one pound of butter to a cream.

Add one and a quarter pounds of sugar, two and a half pounds of flour.

Whisk well.

Add a half pint of milk—no more.

Two teaspoons saleratus (soda) and one tablespoon of caraway seed.

Knead to a smotth dough. Roll thin. Cut with a round cutter, (inverted tumbler will do) and bake in a moderate oven."

Reacting from the hardships and crudities of frontier life, our grandmothers and great-grandmothers, as soon as they had time for a little leisure, began to cultivate what was known in those days as "social delicacy." "In the presence of ladies," says a book on etiquette dated 1822, "smoking should be prohibited as not one lady in ten can endure the the smoke of a cigar."

But the women of those early days in America had a real problem confront them when they endeavored to introduce a degree of culture into their daily lives. Yet plenty of rules found in the old manuals of "perfection of conducts" hold today:

"Eat quietly.

Take care not to stand between two people who are conversing.

Rise when a lady enters the room.

Cough into a handkerchief.

Listen courteously while another is speaking.

Remember to pass the sugar.

Treat young persons with the same courtesy extended to older persons."

Some of the old rules, however, are superfluous today:

"If possible, do not convey food with your knife.

As a guest, never find fault with the food.

For natural purposes, use a handkerchief instead of a napkin.

Maintain a sober countenance at a funeral.

If you meet an acquaintance carrying a package, do not inquire what is in it.

Take cherry stones from your mouth slyly.

When a young man proposes, say 'No!' at first."

In pioneer days the people were more neighborly than they are today. The settlers helped one another to burn brush, pull stumps, husk corn or raise the frame-work of a barn. A "raisen" was an affair in a community. If one were ill, neighbors took turns in assisting in the nursing. When a death occurred, neighbors took charge of all household duties as well as the feeding of the stock.

Every diversion from the constant round of daily toil was welcomed. There were husking bees and quilting parties, in Pennsylvania German communities, snitzing parties and apple-butter boilings, besides butcherings when each neighbor received a "metzel soup" or share of the fresh pudding, sausage and spare-ribs.

At the time of the settling of the colonies, many of the people believed in the influence of the heavenly bodies upon mundane affairs. The right time to plant potatoes, cut timber, kill pigs, cut hair and even take medicine, was determined by the phases of the moon. This was particularly true in German localities. The invisible world was a real world. People lived in fear of ghosts and scarcely a community but had its haunted house. And when a cow or pig became sick or butter would not come in the churn, it was believed to be the work of witches.

As the colonies prospered, log houses gave place to roomy houses of wood, brick or stone. A few of these old colonial houses, with their heavy oak timbers, low ceilings and massive stone fireplaces, still stand, firm and secure, mute reminders of the past.

Whittier, in his "Snow Bound," presents a picture of the contentment of the old-time family gathered around the glowing fireplace, the heart of the home, on a winter's evening:

"What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearthfire's glow."

The starting of each day is always the hardest task we have to perform, yet, if someone with a pleasant smile, says "Good-Morning," then our day becomes a pleasant success from the start.—Selected.

TREES THAT TELL THEIR OWN STORY

By Ruth Mathea Herberg

The history of silk culture has an interesting although comparatively little known chapter in the annals of our own country. From earliest days people living in every section of the world have at some time or other made efforts to introduce this fascinating industry, but it fell to Virginia's lot to be the place where the first American effort was made.

Were you to walk along the quaint old streets of Williamsburg, Virginia, today, you would see here and there great ancient trees, so old and gnarled that you would think they could never again respond to spring. But each year they send out their delicate new leaves as they have for over two centuries since they were planted there in obedience to an edict by King James of England.

They are white mulberry trees, the very trees which the king ordered the Earl of Southampton to send over to Virginia. Together with the trees were sent silk worm eggs and printed instructions as to silk culture. The first lot of trees, were sent over in 1609, only three years after the Jamestown settlement and were lost in a shipwreck, but the second consignment, made in 1619, came safely across the Atlantic, and it is those trees that today shade the streets of Williamsburg, the first capitol of our country.

So anxious was the king to make silk culture profitable, that he imposed a penalty upon each planter who did not set out at least ten mulberry trees for every hundred acres of land in his possession. At the same time he offered premiums to those who should produce and export the greatest amount of silk, raw or wound. Poems and essays, describing the joys and profits of silk culture, were written for the encouragement of the planters. They are very amusing to us now, with their lengthy and quaint phraseology.

For a time the industry flourished, as it fitted in well with the Virginia Cavalier's love of extravagrant clothing and luxury. One planter is reported to have had as many as 70,000 white mulberry trees on his lands. Considerable silk evidently was exported, for the coronation robes of Charles II, who followed James to the throne of England, were made of silk from Virginia.

However, nature would not be forced, and the most optimistic supporters of the industry saw at last that the climatic conditions were unfavorable to the continuance of the industry. One by one the planters went back to the growing of tobacco as their main crop, and most of the white mulberry trees died from neglect.

Those few that are left standing are today probably the only living things that heard the hoofbeats of Lord Cornwallis' horse when he returned from nearby Yorktown after surrendering to General Washington. Belles and Beaux of old Virginia have sauntered under their spreading branches, and these trees

have witnessed many a stirring and romantic event in colonial history.

Could we but interpret the rustling of their leaves, what delightfully intimate stories they could tell of the days that are gone.

Some people, instead of trying to drown their troubles, take them out and give them swimming lessons.—Billy Sunday.

TRIED BY FIRE

By Agnes M. Biddle-Dell

In a bare stone-floored kitchen Farmer Tyrell and his seventeen-year-old daughter, Margery, sat before a log fire. The night was dark without; and within, firelight and one solitary candle left much of the big kitchen in gloom.

"Spring cometh late," Margery said, drawing nearer to the fire. "Easter is past, and still—"

"Hist, daughter! Was that a knocking at the door?"

A low tapping was distinct now.

"Who comes so late?" Peter Tyrell demanded.

"Thy friend John," a voice whistled through the keyhole.

Instantly the door was unbarred, and John Wycliffe the Preacher slipped within, noiseless as a shadow.

"I've but a moment to stay," he said, resisting Margery's efforts to draw him to the fire. "Friends, I am a hunted man. Far worse, the Word of God is hunted. The bishops have resolved to destroy it."

"Not the blessed Bible thou and thy clerks have so long labored over?"

"None other. I have committed the writing to such safe-keeping as I could find: a part here, a part there. I pray all may not be lost. Only this small portion of Gospel now remains with me," Wycliffe said, taking a folded parchment from his breast. "This I both hope and fear to leave in thy custody."

"Wherein should you fear, sir?"

"Because both fire and sword may await any harboring God's Word."

"Then for me that peril is less than for many. Since the last war laid waste my land, I hold my farm under debt to the Lord de Lacey. Sore hath it irked me to lie under debt to a Frenchman, but now that same mishap may serve God and thee. Lord de Lacey will not fire crops that shall pay his dues, nor slay the man that farmeth the same."

"I pray God thout art right, friend. Now are my enemies welcome to burn my poor body, so they leave God's Word in the English tongue with the English people."

Again as a shadow, Wycliffe's tall figure slipped from the house and

was absorbed in the night.

Margery and her father debated long where to conceal the treasure committed to them. At last a stone was pried from the floor, the parchment placed beneath it, and the surface sanded over.

"This is between me an thee, daughter," said Peter Tyrell. "Thy sister Alice is but half thy age; too young to be burdened with such a weighty matter. And Mistress Elizabeth is too old and talk-easy. Pray God that we act with prudence, and may He bless our endeavor to preserve this fragment of His Word."

* * *

"Help! Help!"

It was little more than a moan, but it reached the ears of Margery and Alice Tyrell as they gathered spring flowers in the forest next day.

The sound struck terror to their hearts. But two weeks ago Hall the woodman's pretty Nan, had answered such a cry, only to be snatched up by a laughing soldier, and she had not since been seen.

The girls stood as though rooted to the ground, scarcely daring to breathe, until a nearby rustling of leaves stirred them to action. As they turned to run, the cry came again.

"Help me! O gentle Christ, help me!"

That checked their flight.

"Of a truth he suffereth some hurt," Margery said in a low voice. "I must lend him aid. Flee thou homeward sweetling."

"Nay, sister, nay. The evil man—"

"Alice, can he be so evil when he calleth on the gentle Christ? And said not good Master Wycliffe that a wounded man was as Christ's own self wounded? Run, sweetling, run."

Left alone, Margery looked cautiously around a giant oak, and on the ground she saw a lad lying, his arm crushed beneath a heavy log.

"Thou art a sorry prisoner, sir," she said, approaching him. "When I lift the log, canst pull thy arm from beneath?"

"Yea, mistress. I'll try. O-oo-oh!"

The arm was evidently broken, and the agony of moving it drained every color from the young man's face, but he scrambled bravely to his feet with Margery's help.

"Art far from home?" she asked.

"Three miles and more, fair mistress. I am a swineherd of the forest, and make mine abode with Hal the woodman."

"Ah, then thou understandest why I came not at thy first call."

"Yea, alas! Because of poor Nan's misfortune, I feared thou wouldst leave me pinioned for the night, a prey for wolves."

"Forgive me, sir. I will now amend my ill conduct. I am Margery Tyrell, and my father's farm lieth within sight. I will take you to Mistress Elizabeth, our housekeeper, who is skilled in salves and the binding of wounds."

In England in the fourteenth century most women were skilled in binding wounds, for war seemed the principal occupation of the country. When not fighting Scotland or France, Saxon fought Norman, calling all upon their lands to fight with them.

While Elizabeth wa dessing the injured arm, Farmer Tyrell came and stood in the kitchen doorway. He looked first at his motherless Margery, so sweet and fair, as she deftly assisted the old housekeeper. Then he turned his eyes on the young swineherd.

"Who art thou, lad?" he asked.

"I am called David, sir, a serf of Lord de Lacey."

"Thy tongue twisteth strangely about thy words. Art French?"

"Nay. I am Scottish, sir—or so I believe. 'Tis said I was twelve years of age when brought prisoner of war from the north by the Saxon Baron Oswald. Nigh upon eight years I served him, and looked for my freedom. But, alas! the Lord de Lacey took me and others with the baron's land for debt."

"Thou hast had but scant justice, David. How long will the Norman lord hold thee in thrall?"

"That I know not, Master Tyrell. 'Tis said he is land and man greedy. It is his pleasure to hold a farm under debt, then he taketh it and such folk upon it as may serve him."

The farmer winced at David's words, remembering his own land's indebtedness to the Lord de Lacey, and he turned away. Yet, he was not so engrossed with his own troubles that he forgot hospitality.

"Margery," he called, looking back, "let the lad have lodging a few days, if need be. I perceive that his wound hath already fevered him."

For three days David tasted the joy of real home life. Some few hours he lost in delirium, when the fever ran high. Then he many times repeated his prayer, "O gentle Christ, help me." And he spoke often in a strange tongue, which Mistress Elizabeth and Margery decided must have been the language of his childhood's home in the far north.

By the third day the vigor of his young manhood had reasserted itself, and he knew he must return to his duties.

"If I can single out the swine that tripped me and caused that log to roll upon my arm, I will surely doff my cap to it," he said. "It was my benefactor in sending me to this haven of joy."

"Give David thy ribband, sister, to tie about the swine's neck," Alice laughed, snatching Margery's girdle from her waist.

"Nay," said David, folding the ribband to his hands, "no swine shall so much as look upon this. I myself will wear it as my lady's favor." And to Margery's embarrassment, he bowed and kissed her hand in true courtly fashion.

"Begone, young man!" Mistress Elizabeth exclaimed, pushing him away. "Thou art a pert varlet, and I would clout thee, but for thy wound."

"Mayhap I shall be strong enough tomorrow to take a clout," David sighed, with pretended sadness.

But when he came next day to have his arm dressed, a basket of cakes awaited him, instead of the promised clout.

He had brought a curious old metal box as a gift for Margery, and humbly asked permission to present it. The box was chased with

some device, scarcely discernible now, and around its sides ran some marking which might once have been words.

"Hath it some history?" Margery asked.

"I so believe. But I know not its story, and for that reason have woven many fancies around it. I must have brought it from my Scottish home, since I have treasured it as far back as my memory reacheth."

"David, I cannot take thine only treasure."

"It is mine to treasure more highly in thy hands, Mistress Margery, than in my own."

"Thou art a strange reasoner," interrupted Mistress Elizabeth. "Canst open the box?"

"Verily. I twist this small knob and press upon it, and, lo, the box openeth itself."

The interior was beautifully lined with blue velvet, and fitted with softly padded mats and most exquisitely embroidered.

"Perchance a queen once kept her jewels herein," Margery said. "Never have I seen anything so lovely."

"In my fairy tale it was my mother's jewel case. I found it amid the ashes of my home. That and one other fancy links me with fairy land."

"Thou hast another treasure then, David?"

"Yea and nay. 'Tis but the echo in my memory of a sweet voice that cried, 'O gentle Christ, help me.' That memory I have kept alive by frequent repetition of those words. Long years I hoped that prayer would bear me back to my mother and my home. Instead, those words gave thee courage to save my life, Mistress Margery."

"Alas!" exclaimed the old housekeeper, "I have broken thy box. I did but twist the knob, and it broke off between my fingers."

"Nay," laughed David. "Thou hast but locked the box and taken out the key. Now none can open it. Put in it aught you will, lock it, toss it in the fire, and it shall guard its contents from all hurt."

"Hast ever tested it?"

"Yea. Though it shames me to confess my manner of so doing. I took a very small painting from Baron Oswald's bedchamber. It was a picture of his mother, limned on parchment. Lucky for me, my box stood the test of a brickmaker's fire. The picture came out unhurt, even its colors were not dimmed."

"I like it not," said Mistress Elizabeth. "It soundeth too like magic. Margery, thou must have thy father's sanction to harboring such beneath his roof."

That night when Margery sat with her father in the firelight, she showed him David's gift.

" 'Tis nought," he said, pushing it aside. "I have heard of such things. 'Tis two boxes, one within another, and between them some cunningly mixed material, which same resisteth fire. Keep the toy, child, if it please thee."

Margery saw her father was in no mood to talk, and she troubled him no further.

"Tomorrow I go to Winchester," he said, after a long silence. "I

must sell Black Bess."

"Father, you cannot! She is your favorite horse. You love her dearly."

"'Tis true. But I love my children and my home more dearly. David's words about the Lord de Lacey set me questioning among my neighbors. Margery, it is known he hath set covetous eyes upon my farm. If I have not his dues ready at the week-end, he may take our home from us. But do not fear that calamity, dear heart. Black Bess will make up the needed sum."

There were tears in Margery's eyes as she watched her father set out next morning.

"Why do you weep, sister?" Alice asked. "Did you wish to go with father to the city?"

"To the city on baking day, little foolish one! Come, I will race thee to the kitchen. If thou win, I will make thee a gingerbread dog."

Soon Alice was called away to help Mistrees Elizabeth gather herbs, and as Margery kneaded and shaped her loaves, David burst into the kitchen, hot and breathless.

"Pardon my lack of manners," he panted. "I have this morning heard the Lord de Lacey and his soldiers yesterday searched Highlea Farm for writings of Master Wycliffe. They have wrought sad havoc, even to tearing up the floor. And 'tis said this house shall be visited today. I must carry the dire news at once to Master Tyrell."

"Alas! Even now my father rideth to Winchester."

"Alack-aday! But fear not, Mistress Margery. I will not leave thy side. I have but one fighting arm, but—"

"David, thou art thrall to the Lord de Lacey. Lift but thy voice against him or his, and he will slay thee without mercy. Go, David, go."

"That will I not! But I give thee my promise to raise no word or weapon, except one shall lay his hand upon thee."

"None will have a chance. Go, David, please."

"No! No! No!"

Margery looked helplessly around. Every moment was precious. She must get rid of David somehow.

"I see," she said in a low voice, "I must trust thee with a family secret. We have a hiding-place within these walls. There will Alice and I lie concealed, while Mistress Elizabeth doth entertain the soldiery. Go find my sister and Elizabeth. Go quickly. You peril us by delay."

At last David was gone. While contending with him Margery's mind had worked upon another problem: the safety of that precious Gospel fragment. If the floors of Highlea Farm were searched, would these floors escape?

In frantic haste she raised the stone, took out the parchment, and scuffed back the sand.

"Dear Lord, show me some safe hiding-place," she prayed.

She would have concealed the Gospel within her clothing and so taken it into hiding, but her father had forbidden her to peril her own safety or Alice's.

Remembrance of David's box flashed into her mind. Yes, she would risk it. She thrust the parch

ment within, shut and locked the box, and tied the strange key in a corner of her kerchief.

Then running to her kneading-board, she snatched a portion of dough, rolled it flat, and wrapped it around the casket.

It shaped not unlike the other loaves, and as she was putting it in the great bread oven, Alice and Mistress Elizabeth ran in.

"To hiding with you!" the old woman said, driving the girls before her. "I mind not a brush of wits with the soldiers, but I would they had chosen another day."

Margery and Alice stepped into the wide fireplace of the hall, and ascending a few sooty steps, they pushed open an iron door in the chimney, and passing through, shut it close against smoke, and barred it against intruders.

Then Elizabeth set a few logs upon the hearth, sprinkled them with hot embers from the kitchen, and soon a slow fire was smoldering upon the carefully littered hearthstones.

Above in their eerie between the chimney and outer wall, Margery and Alice listened intently. It seemed a long, long wait before the tramp of horses and men sounded below. Then came a babel of voices, sometimes raised in shouts of laughter. And presently the odor of new baked bread came in through a narnow grill.

Noon had passed before the welcome call told that all was clear, and the girls descended cautiously as Elizabeth swept the last ashes from the hearth.

Margery ran to the kitchen to secure her precious loaf.

There was no bread upon the cooking-table. And the oven was empty.

"Mistress Elizabeth, my bread! My bread!" she cried in alarm.

"Child, thou hast no bread," said the old servant. "The soldiers paid thee the compliment of waiting till it cooled, that they might carry it off."

Margery staggered back against the wall.

"They took it all?" she gasped.

"Verily. But let it not vex thee. I made the knaves pay for it. While the bread cooled I ordered them to repair the damage they had wrought, even to sweeping and new-sanding the floor, after they had replaced the stones dug out by their mischief. And the Lord de Lacey did approve my order. He rode around the farm awaiting—"

"What's to do here?" asked a stern voice.

Every eye turned to the doorway, where stood Peter Tyrell with Black Bess' bridle over his arm.

"Father, I must talk with you alone," Margery said, running to him.

With a gesture the farmer sent Alice and the old housekeeper from the kitchen. Then Margery told her story.

"Dear heart, we understand not the Lord's doings," said her father. "But the ways of the Lord are right. We will await what comes."

"And thou hast not sold Black Bess?"

"Nay. My friend was in London town. A stranger would have

bought her, but I must give Bess to a kind home, if I can! Perchance Lord de Lacey will claim her. Well do I know why he rode around my farm."

"Father, good Master Wycliffe said the Lord could turn the hearts of men whither He would, we will pray that He—Oh, look, look! The rider! It is he! It is the Lord de Lacey."

"Thou art right. Run, child, run away."

It was too late for escape. Lord de Lacey had galloped to the kitchen door, flung himself from his horse, and entered, carrying David's box.

"Where got ye it?" he demanded.

"It is mine," Margery said, stretching her hands eagerly toward it.

"Thou liest! I will jail thee for a thief. Tell me: where got ye it?"

Half-fainting, Margery felt her father's arm about her.

"Address thy questions to me, Lord de Lacey," he said.

"Nay! Address them to me," exclaimed David, pushing before the farmer. "That box was mine, and I gave to Mistress Tyrell."

"Thine! Who art thou?"

"Thy swineherd, lord. And lately serf to Baron Oswald. Eight years agone I came forth from a fire. Memory carrieth me no further. From that fire I brought this casket."

The Lord de Lacey drew David roughly toward him, staring closely into his face, while muttering something in a strange tongue. In an instant David answered him in the same language—the language he had spoken in the delirium of fever.

"How know you the Norman tongue?" the Lord de Lacey asked in great agitation. "Eight years agone I was summoned home from France by the sickness of my only son. But war reached my northern castle first. I found my wife slain, my home in ashes, and my son dead or captive, I knew not which. In vain I sought him, and at length grieved him as dead. Boy, art thou David de Lacey? Hast thou a scar across thy shoulder blade?"

In his haste Lord de Lacey tore David's tunic from his neck.

"Thou art!" he cried hoarsely. "Thou art my son!"

Presently out of the astonishment and confusion, and the rapid fire of Lord de Lacey's questions, David made a request.

"Father," he said, "if indeed thou be my father, wilt thou redeem this casket from Mistress Margery with a full quittance of any claim thou holdest upon her father's farm?"

"That will I, son. And because she aided thee in distress, I will not ask what parchment Mistress Margery took from that casket behind my back. Whatso it is, she may keep it. From this day, Farmer Tyrell, whoso troubleth thy house, troubleth mine."

As David took the casket from Margery's hands, he said in a low voice, "Anon I will bring my lady a better gift, which shall be with her to her life's end."

ABOUT OUR PRESIDENTS

(Reidsville Review)

Here are a few interesting personal facts about our Presidents: Washington was born on a Friday, and died in the last hour of the last day of the week, in the last month of the last year of the century.

Adams and Jefferson died on the same day, July 4, 1826. Van Buren was the first president not born a British subject. Taylor, being a regular army officer, never voted prior to his election as president. John Adams lived longer than any other president, more than 90 years. Tyler was a member of the Provisional Congress of the Confederate states, was a member-elect of the permanent Confederate Congress at the time of his death.

Lincoln was the first president to wear a beard. Grant was the first to wear a mustache, and also a beard. Buchanan was the only president wha never married. Cleveland was a bachelor when inaugurated, but married soon afterward. William Henry Harrison was the oldest president upon taking office, 68; Theodore Roosevelt, the youngest, 41. Five of our presidents married twice, Tyler, Fillmore, Benjamin Harrison, Roosevelt and Wilson. Seven married widows, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Fillmore, Benjamin Harrison and Wilson, the last three taking widows as their second wives. The wives of Jefferson, Jackson, Van Buren and Arthur died before their husbands became president. Washington, Madison, Jackson, Polk and Harding were childless. Tyler was the father of 14 children, seven by each of his wives.

William Henry Harrison was the father of 10, Hayes was the father of eight, Jefferson, Taylor and Theodore Roosevelt the father of six each. Two widows of presidents remarried. Mrs. Cleveland married T. J. Preston, Jr., a professor of achæology, in 1913, about five years after her husband's death. Mrs. Benjamin Harrison married James Blaine Walker, Jr., her third husband, in 1921, when she was 64 years of age.

The most unusual circumstance connected with the marital relations of any president concerned Andrew Jackson. Believing Mrs. Lewis Robards had been divorced from her husband, he married her in 1791, only to discover that the decree of divorce had not yet been granted. Later the decree was issued and Jackson remarried Mrs Bobards in 1794.

Martha Washington led a busy life. In one year she raised flowers, vegetables, chickens and turkeys, directed the household, ran the dairy, wove 40 yards of cotton, 815 yards of linen, 144 yards of linsey and 365 yards of woolen cloth.

Be not simply good; be good for something.—Thoreau.

THE CHARM OF YOUTH

By John L. Hill

The finest thing about youth, of course, is youth—healthy, happy, buoyant, radiant, daring, enthusiastic, vivacious, beautiful youth. "Let no man despise thy youth." Would you not like to write about a week on this subject? Well, there is room for just a paragraph or two on some outstanding qualities that account for youth's charm.

Youth is genuine. In such a superficial age as ours this shining trait stands out. Unspoiled by the questionable arts of many of his elders, youth believes in and practices openness, frankness, honesty; he despises hypocrisy and sham. The tone of the social order is lifted by the genuiness of youth.

Youth is loyal. If loyalty is not the finest quality of personality, it is next to it. Without loyalty there can be none of the invaluable relationships of life. Love, friendship, patriotism, consecration depend on loyalty. Youth is loyal to his dog, to his home, to his school, to his teams, to his friends, to his church, to his God. Upon the loyalty of youth we build the institutions of tomorrow.

Youth believes in ideals. The scoffing of practical (?) men to the contray, youth knows that ideals are the things that men live by, the things that brave men have dared to die for. Youth appreciates the fact that some man's vision or dream or ideal is back of every achievement which men take for granted today; youth would claim the adventue of making his own ideals real. The idealism of youth calls us from the superficial to the abiding.

Youth is reverent. Without it there can be no great personality. Youth is intelligent enough to feel genuine reverence for sacred places, for holy institutions, for great personalities for God's house, for God. Youth's spirit of reverence makes youth attentive and responsive. The reverence of youth deepens the spirituality of the atmosphere of our churches.

We rejoice in the charm of our boys and girls, our young men and young women; we are happy to greet them by the thousands. God's richest blessings upon the last one of them.

The sympathy that has the slightest touch of condescension in it has no touch of helpfulness about it. If you are aware of stooping to help a man, you cannot help him.

—Woodrow Wilson.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Three of our old boys, Theodore Wallace, Jimmie Fisher and Frank Stone, all of Fayetteville, called on friends at the School last Saturday. Theodore, a former member of our printing class, is now employed as shipping clerk in a rayon mill in Fayetteville, and Jimmie and Frank are employed in the same plant. These lads all stated they were having steady employment and getting along nicely.

—o—

Our school principal reports the winners of the Barnhardt Prize for the last quarter of the year 1934 as follows:

First Grade—Nelson Daubenmeyer, most improvement; Second Grade—Mason Caudle, best in arithmetic; Third Grade—Gilbert Murray, most improvement; Fourth Grade—Haynes Hewett, best in arithmetic; Fifth Grade—Braxton Grady, neatness in written work; Sixth Grade—Walter Beaver, best in memory test; Seventh Grade—Lewis Stinson, best in memory test.

—o—

It is very gratifying to report that in the midst of an epidemic of severe colds, influenza and pneumonia, raging in the county, our boys have thus far escaped. At this writing we have but one member of our large family confined to his bed, and in this case the youngster has developed tonsilitis. The officials of the School live in constant dread during the Winter months, of these epidemics, and even when speaking of our freedom from presence of same, we are superstitious enough to feel like "knocking on wood."

—o—

We have had quite a bit of rainy and foggy weather during the week, but between the showers the boys on the outside forces managed to clear considerable new ground on a farm adjoining the School. This kind of employment fits in extremely well with our order of work, as we need the wood for fuel and the boys also need occupation and exercise in the open air.

—o—

Leroy Shields, of Cottage No. 2, who had his knee badly wrenched while playing basketball last Saturday, and Myron Whitman, of the same cottage, who had the misfortune to injure his knuckle in a fall while playing, were taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, last Monday, returning to the School the same day. Leroy is now wearing a plaster cast and Myron is carrying a bandaged hand. Both boys are doing nicely.

—o—

Quite a few boys who have made

good records during their stay at the School, are being sent home this month, and we regret to report that that some who have not yet earned their parole have taken it upon themselves to go without permission. The latter group of boys consists largely of those who are too impatient to bide their time, not being willing to continue until the crest of the hll has been reached, but balk just before reaching the top, when just a little more effort—a little harder pull in the right direction, would have given them a good start towards reaching the goal.

—o—

Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read the 23rd Psalm, and in his talk to the boys called special attention to a part of the first verse, "I shall not want."

Rev. Arrowood stated that want, as mentioned in this beautiful Psalm, meant need rather than desire, and further said that a person who would follow the lead of the Good Shepherd would not want for anything really needed. He then cited many passages of Scripture telling of God's care for man.

The Good Shepherd, continued Rev. Arrowood, wants all men, whether great or small, to follow Him. A great many folks feel they are unimportant, but even the least of us has a place to fill.

The speaker concluded by saying that life could be compared to the performance of a great orchestra. When all instruments in a musical organization are in perfect tune, the result is pleasing to the ear, but a discord spoils the sound of an entire number. In our lives we should feel that we are as members of a great orchestra, with God as the director. Our part may seem unimportant to us, but failure to play it as we should causes a discord, and the great harmony is spoiled.

Rev. Walter Miller, pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, was also present at this service, making the opening prayer and pronouncing the benediction at the close.

He is the true hero and she the true woman with whom the impulses of kindess are most powerful and by whom the call for help is not unheeded; and they are the best fitted for usefulness who do not waste their sympathy in fruitless pursuit of useless excitement.—Selected.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 19, 1935 No. 3

LOOK UP

Bigness of achievement is not the only thing in the world. Perfection is not a matter of size. And here is a bit of verse that just fits:

"If you can't be the pine on the top of the hill,
Be a scrub in the valley—but be
The best little shrub by the side of the hill;
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

"If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail;
If you can't be a sun, be a star;
It isn't by size that you win or you fail;
Be the best of whatever you are."

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

A SOFT PILLOW

Thomas Guthrie, the celebrated Edinburgh preacher, and founder of the Ragged Schools, once said towards the end of his life that when he lay down to sleep at night he always found one part of his pillow made soft by the recollections of what he had done for helpless and homeless children.

It is a fine thing to go to bed at night and find one part of your pillow soft and made so by your thought of what you have done to ease the burdens and brighten the lives of others. Some men's pillow must be very hard when their head rests upon it, for not a single spot has been made soft by tender and generous acts for others.

It is so easy to secure in advance a soft pillow that one wonders more do not do it. A seat in the crowded car surrendered to womanhood or old age, a word of interest in the newsboy, a telephone call on an invalid, a turning aside for a minute or two on the street, leaving the hurrying throng to say to an acquaintance how sorry you are to hear of his loss, a smile or word of appreciation to your own at home—this is all it costs to have a soft pillow.

—Baptist Message.

MUSIC INSTRUCTION IN CABARRUS COUNTY SCHOOLS

It is gratifying to know that the Cabarrus County schools have adopted a program of music instruction that will mean a two-fold joy,—a delightful pastime for the child and a more colorful life for the rural homes of every community.

The object of the program is to eliminiate jazz by developing an appreciation of good music; to teach tone quality in singing,

part-singing and all kinds of chorus work; also to train bands with the use of different instruments, in this manner make children familiar with musical instruments of all kinds.

To know something of music makes to the development of well-balanced mentality, therefore, the introduction of music in the rural schools is suggestive of far-sighted leadership, realizing that a love of good music is conducive to refinement and order.

* * * * * * *

DEVELOPMENT OF GOOD CITIZENSHIP

The course for the development of good citizenship was charted by our forbears prior to the Declaration of Independence. It is fitting to stop here and say that we became American citizens on the day the delegates of the thirteen original states made us free and independent states, wherein the men on this date, July 4th, 1776, the date of the birth of a new nation, pledged their lives, fortunes and sacred honor "all for libetry, the pursuit of happiness and the privilege of living together peaceably."

It was thus that we started building citizenship. The privilege was given and the opportunity was grasped by our sturdy forbears under the most trying and adverse conditions. If we review the life of patriots like Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Franklin and numerous others it is easy to see they did not only build a country, but precept and example gave a model of the highest type of citizenship,—one of unselfish service to humanity.

The argument that money and equipment are essential for the development of the highest type of citizenship is refuted when we dwell upon the character and type of citizenship of the builders of our nation. At that time there were no modernized, electrified homes with luxuries, or magnificent school-houses as we have today. Despite hardships they left us traditions which every loyal citizen should endeavor to build upon and preserve all that has been placed in our care.

Honor, truth and loyalty to the best interest of the country, the rights of others, ceaseless industry, untiring perseverance, love

for God and humanity—were the elements of true citizenship passed down to posterity. Have we profited?

As man is, in the common parlance, judged by the fruits of his works, Lyman Abbott, a distinguished author, preacher and journalist, writes, "A nation is made great not by its fruitful acres, but by the men who cultivate them; not by its great forests, but by men who use them; not by its mines, but by the men who work in them; not by its railroads, but by the men who build and run them," therefore, the inference drawn is that a nation is not made great by the fruits of one's efforts but by the efforts of man himself."

* * * * * * *

NEVER GIVE UP

It takes a good stock of fortitude to go through this world. Every boy, when he enters school, should cutivate his courage, and allow it to increase and grow as he grows in the knowledge of books. Courage, by keeping the senses quiet and the understanding clear, puts one in a condition to receive true intelligence, to make computation upon danger, and pronounce rightly upon that which threatened one. As Shakespeare says, "Courage mounteth with occasion."

When Abaham Lincoln was a young man he ran for the legislature in Illinois, and was badly defeated. He next entered business, failed, and spent seventeen years paying up the debts of a worthless partner. He was in love with a beautiful young woman to whom he became engaged—then she died. Entering politics, he ran for Congress and was again badly defeated. He tried to get an appointment to the United States Land Office, but failed. He became a candidate for the vice-presidency and was again defeated by Douglas.

One failure after another—bad failures—great set-backs. In the face of all this, he eventually became one of the country's greatest men. When you think of a series of set-backs like this, boys, doesn't it make you feel kind of small to become discouraged just because you think you are having a hard time in life?

PARTIES FOR HEALTH OF YOUTHS

The proceeds of the president's birthday party last year, something near unto a million dollars, was given to the Warm Springs Institution, Georgia, for development and research work.

This year the funds will be divided, 70 per cent will go to local communities aiding infantile sufferers and 30 per cent for research.

The announcement is received that the municipal research laboratories of New York City have discovered a serum to immunize children against infantile paralysis. So one naturally concludes intensive research is necessary to perfect this discovery.

If the scientists succeed, then one of the scourges of childhood, and the enemy of the adults susceptible to the disease, can be abolished.

* * * * * * *

BOYS, YOU ARE WANTED

We want to whisper in every ear of the 500 boys in the Jackson Training School—and every youth in the land—you are wanted. You are wanted to make honorable, upright and oustanding citizens in the generation now coming on the scene of action. There are prizes enough for every successful worker, crowns enough for every honorable head that goes through the smoke of conflict to victory.

There is within every boy today and upspringing of lofty sentiments which contributes to his elevation, and though there are obstacles to be surmounted and difficulties to be vanquished, yet with truth for his watchword, and leaning on his own noble purposes and indefatigable exertions, he may crown his brow with imperishable honors. He may never wear the warrior's crimson wreath, the poet's chaplet of bays, or the statesman's laurels; though no grand universal truth may at his bidding stand confessed to the world—though it may never be his to bring to a successful issue a great political revolution—to be the founder of a republic whose name shall be a "distinguished star in the constellation of nations"—yea, more, though his name may never be heard be-

yond the narrow limits of his own neighborhood, yet is his mission none the less a high and holy one. The boys of today will be the leading business men of tomorrow.

Beautiful lives have blossomed in the darkest places, as pure white lilies full of fragrance on the slimy, stagnant waters. No possession is so productive of real influence as a highly cultivated intellect. It is only to the man of large and noble soul, to him who blends a cultivated mind with an upright heart, that men yield the tribute of deep and genuine respect.

Self-control and control over outward circumstances are alike the duty and birthright of man. Self-control is the highest and noblest form of dominion. "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city," sayeth the Scriptures.

Boys, you are wanted to be men among men. See that you acquit yourselves with credit for the honorable positions that await you!

* * * * * * *

HAVE WELL-GROUNDED BELIEFS

It is all important, in this life, to have your beliefs well-founded. It will spare you much trouble and worry. There is a verse in the Bible which reads thus: "There is a way which seemth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death"—(Prov. 14-12.)

Don't let your beliefs get on the wrong track. Many people hold to the idea that "It doesn't make any difference what one believes if he is honest in his belief." It does make a difference, if his belief leads him along wrong lines.

This idea reminds us of an account we read of a man who was on a railroad train. When the conductor looked at his ticket he said, "You are on the wrong train; this train is going south." The man had boarded the train at Chicago, having bought his ticket for a certain city farther north, where he had a very pressing engagement. He asked the conductor to let him off at the junction so he could get the right train. The conductor said the train was late and he could not stop. The man stepped out into the aisle

and said, "I must keep my engagement. Stop and let me off." The conductor looked into his determined eyes and without a word further pulled the bell rope and stopped the train just in time for the man to catch a northbound train which was waiting.

This man was sincere, but he was on the wrong train and never would have reached his destination had he not called a halt, as it were, and started in the opposite direction. So we see it is all important that our belief should be right.

* * * * * * *

DIDN'T CAPITAL STRIKE TOO?

There has been a good deal of talk about labor having been on a strike for higher wages or better conditions. How about the strikes of capital? We surely have been having a strike of capital in this country. While it seems to be getting better, in reality it isn't over.

There is another phase of the situation which is interesting, and this is that President Roosevelt, instead of being a radical, really is saving the system of private capitalism and personal initiative. We have no doubt that history will give him credit for doing this. It seems to us that bankers ought to be carrying bouquets to the White House every day. They owe him more than they can ever repay.

* * * * * * *

NO NEW SILVER LEGISLATION NEEDED

In a recent statement, Senator King of Utah, long a leader of the Senate's "silver bloc," said that no new silver legislation was needed, and forecast that the rising world price of the white metal presaged a day when it would be stabilized in its relation to gold and an international agreement would be worked out whereby both silver and gold will be basic money.

If that day comes, it will be a happy one. The trouble with legislative devices to stimulate silver is that they implant the fear of currency manipulation in many minds and thus lead to a feeling of uncertainity. If economic forces which are now in motion will stabilize the two great money metals, the entire world will benefit.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

SHARED

"I said it in the meadow-path,
I say it on the mountain stairs—
The best things any mortal hath,
Are those which every mortal shares.

The air we breathe, the sky, the breeze,
The light without us and within—
Life, it's unlocked treasuries—
God's riches—are for all to win."

—o—

Everything in this world has four dimensions, length, breadth, thickness and cost. Mostly cost.

—o—

While the New Year is still young, it is a good time to go back to the Golden Rule standard.

—o—

A prisoner in New York greased his handcuffs and escaped. It is presumed that he also greased the palm of his guard in the operation.

—o—

Some of the new automobiles of 1935 look like turtle shells. And they are liable to turn turtle if driven too fast.

—o—

A friend is one who agrees with you in an argument, and laughs heartily at your jokes, whether they are ancient or new.

—o—

A Chicago doctor has discovered that it is parents who talk baby talk. The supposition is that the babies do it to please papa and mama.

—o—

A historian says every great war gives us a new custom. It sure does. The last one gave us a debt custom never before equaled—and it seems, will never end.

—o—

Senator Borah is hoping to get the G. O. P. reorganized by the end of 1935. If he doesn't the Democrats will start to work on as much of it as he has ready.

—o—

A bull charged a West Virginia motor car, wrecked it, and injured the driver. When the animals begin to frown on fast driving, it is time to call a halt.

—o—

What the dispatches said was that NRA estimates that it costs industry $10,000,000 a year to "carry out the codes" and dinged if the printer didn't set it up "co-eds."

—o—

A health expert tells us that the daily use of the toothbrush improves a child's disposition. In the good old days a slipper was used for this purpose. And it was every effective, too.

—o—

It is being predicted that automobiles will eventually reach a speed

of 200 miles an hour. When that time arrives it will be the end of the world for the drivers and the occupants of the car.

—o—

Senator Carter Glass says his party is out of accord with him. Democrats say Glass is out of accord with his party. It is time to get this thing straightened out before there is a broken mirror.

—o—

The world would be better and brighter if people were taught the duty of being happy, as well as the happiness of doing their duty. To be happy ourselves is a most effectual contribution to the happiness of others. Try a smile or two today.

—o—

We must face life squarely, if we ask life to be square with us. We ought to have faith in life, and faith in those about us. If we discredit ourselves, then we shall discredit others, and that attitude will inevitably prove a boomerang. We receive from life what we give to life, and in proportion as we give.

—o—

Senator Vandenberg is fighting for the separation of politics from the postal service. Trying to keep the Republican office-holders in, eh? Well, Senator, your party has been in long enough, and gotten fat enough. "To the victors belong the spoils." I wonder why Senator Vandenberg didn't think of this when the Republicans were in power.

—o—

It is pleasant to report that all the signs point to major crime being "on the run" in this country. When it comes to crime, the United States has the unenviable distinction of leading the world by a wide margin. Each year crime accounts for the death of ten people out of each 100,000 of our population. The next country, Greece, is a poor second, with five. In England, but one out of each 100,000 dies of criminal undertakings. The greatest fight on crime ever attempted in this nation is now being carried on by the Federal govenment. So far the government has been extremely successful. Its agents have eliminated a number of underworld kings—have frightened others into hiding. The whole power of the Federal government, with its unlimited resources in money, men and equipment, is turned loose to effect the capture and execution of outstanding criminals. More power to its efforts to rid America of this undesirable class of citizens.

—o—

The United States Congress, and our own State Legislature, are in session. Each will, no doubt, discuss the subject of taxation. It is to be hoped that both will devise some measures to give us relief. When an individual spends more than he earns, he becomes insolvent. He loses his sources of credit. He loses something even more valuable the confidence and faith of others. He eventually goes bankrupt. It is a common fallacy that there is no end to the taxing power of government—that it has a limitless source of income. But when taxes soar money goes into hiding. It is de-

stroyed through business failures and shut-downs. Property is taken over by States and municipalities. Industrial developments stop, investments are curtailed. Men are thrown out of work and are unable to find other jobs. Government has the power to tax—but that is a worthless power indeed when there is nothing to tax. The American govermental units are not bankrupt. The chances are they will never be. But the way to remain solvent is to live within income—both individuals and as economic entities. The institution does not exist that can go on forever spending more than it earns.

In the long run men hit only what they aim at. Therefore, though they should fail immediately, they had better aim at something high.—Thoreau.

JOB OF THE SCHOOLS

(Reidsville Review)

Our school children are capable of producing a marvelous advance in our country.

The schools are like a mill that has to take in all grades of material. If that mill must utilize defecttive wool, cotton, and leather, it won't turn out any first class product. The school is forced to take the industrious and lazy, the willing and the unwilling. It is expected to turn out a uniform first class product of good citizens. which under existing conditions can't always be done.

Many of those growing minds are like young trees bent out of shape, which the good gardener may be able to straighten out. Innumerable children who made a wrong start, are trained by devoted teachers to stand erect in the garden of life.

America plants ambition in the heart of youth. It points to successful men and women who came from humble and depressing homes. "You can also rise," it says to every youth from a back alley.

Some boys dream that their place of fortune can be found over the slippery ways of a crowded path. If they stick to that belief, the school can do nothing for them. Modern education has a job other than that of teaching facts about verbs and fractions. It has to point out the path of industry, and convince youth that only by toiling up that path, which is sometimes steep, can he win life's prizes?

THE SOUTH'S GREAT EXEMPLAR

(Asheville Citizen)

It is said of Napoleon that he slept with a copy of Cæsar's Comtaries under his pillow.

"Read and re-read," he said, "the eighty-eight campaigns of Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Gustavus, Turenne, Eugene, and Frederick. Take them as your models for it is the only means of becoming a great leader, and of mastering the secrets of the art of war."

Today the people of the States which formed what was once the Southern Confederacy will pause to pay tribute to two great leaders of a Lost Cause. Is this pause a digression from the problems and duties which press so urgently upon us in these distracted times? We do not think so.

Napoleon, in the advice just quoted, spoke out of a full experience. As those who would master the secrets of the art of war, and qualify themselves to become great leaders in that art, must read and re-read, not try treatises, but the actual campaigns of those who proved themselves masters in war, so must those who would learn how to overcome in the stern difficulties of life read and ponder the lives of those who proved their ability to live grandly in spite of every difficulty and every obstacle.

No man in modern times—we say it on the considered judgment, not of his compatriots alone of the world—has lived more grandly than Robert E. Lee. Let us look, then, to his life with reverence, that we may gather fresh inspiration for our own lives.

Here we can deal, and that briefly, with but a single phase of the life of Lee. It illustrates the whole. It illuminates the whole. Let us reconsider, in the light of the experiences through which the world has passed in our own day, through which it is now passing, the influence which Lee exerted in the Confederate War and in the years that followed Appomatox.

.The Great War brought to students of war a fresh appreciation of Lee as a general. "I believe," declares Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice of the British Army, an outstanding authority in this field, "that Lee's reputation as a general, high as it was before 1914, will be found to be enhanced both by the information which has appeared comparatively recently and by a review of his achievements in the light of our recent knowledge of war."

This newspaper believes, speaking now for itself, that Lee's reputation as a man of the noblest character and the highest moral leadership, high as that reputation was before 1918, will be found to be enhanced if we could but contrast the aftermath of the World War with the aftermath of the War Between the States. Would that some one might do for this phase of the two greatest conflicts of the modern world what Sir Frederick Maurice has done so well for the military phase in his book reviewing the

achievements of Lee as a general.

The most striking thing about any study of the two most brilliant figures produced by the Confederate War is, we think, the fact that neither of them—neither Robert E. Lee nor Stonewall Jackson—is ever discussed without instantly bringing in the moral character of the man. It was true while Lee lived. It was true while Jackson lived. It has been true ever since and it is true today.

Lord Wosely, visiting the Confederate Army in 862, wrote of Lee: "He was the ablest general, and to me seemed the greatest man I had ever conversed with, and yet I have had the privilege of meeting von Moltke and Prince Bismarch. . . . General Lee was one of the few men who ever seriously impressed and awed me with their natural and inherent greatness."

General Maurice, writing sixty years after Appomatox, balances critically all of the estimates which have been made of Lee by his contemporaries and by students, quotes the glowing tribute of Theodore Roosevelt that Lee "will undoubtedly rank as without any exception the greatest of all the great Captains that the English-speaking people have brought forth," places him unhesitatingly above Wellington and in the company of the great commanders of all the ages, and says: "In surrender and defeat, as in victory, he asked himself only—what is right?"

Rhodes, the great Northern historian, said of Stonewall Jackson: "His communion with his Maker seemed complete. . . . With an unquestioning faith in a God who directed by continual interposition human affairs, his religion became a part of his being, influencing every act." Maurise says of Lee: "At any time of his life it would have given him more joy to have won a soul to God than to have gained a victory. I agree with Mr. Gamaliel Bradford that Lee had one intimate friend—God."

There are many to whom this phase of Lee's character and of Jackson's character will seem strange. We are living in an age when many, as Walter Lippman says, "no longer believe in the religion of their fathers." Neither Lee nor Jackson can be understood unless the deep religious conviction that colored their lives is taken into account There have never been, we venture to say, two military leaders a comparable greatness who so lived their religion as did Lee and Jackson.

Jackson, rigidly severe with himself as with others, was, with his agonizing conscience, more on the Cromwellian order. The religion of Lee was a religion of love. His courtesy which never failed him was but an expression of a heart in which there was malice toward none but instictive kindliness only. Of him it may be said, as Emerson said of another, "His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong."

Surely it would not be easy to exaggerate the influence which the life and character of Lee exerted

upon the post-war South, and gradually upon the nation, in binding up the wounds of war, in healing the bitternesses of the strife which had divided the nation, in reconciling the people of the South to the losses and hardships and humiliations which they were called upon to undergo, in steadying them to lofty standards in public and in private life.

There is, as we have said in these columns, more than once before, no more amazing fact in American history—than the fact that almost exactly twenty years after Lee's surrender at Appomatox the States of the Confederacy had a chief part in the election of a President of the United States and Southern men again resumed their places, not in Congress alone, but in the executive adminstration of the national government.

That was one of the greatest proofs ever given of the character of a government and the character of its people. It was a miraculous achievement, and the influence and example of Robert E. Lee, and of those who were inspired by his attitude, had much, perhaps most, to do with bringing it about.

It is 128 years today since Lee was born. It is 65 years since he was gathered among the immortals. The world during the intervening period has changed almost beyond recognition. In its political thinking the South of today has little in common with the South which Lee knew and loved and served. We of the South, like the nation at large, may have learned much, but we have forgotten much. Our backs are turned to some of the finest of the traditions of our fathers. The gold standard is not the only standard that has broken down. Standards of all kinds have been breaking down.

It will be a sadder thing for us, and a sadder thing for those who are to come after us, if the standards of which the life of Robert E. Lee was the embodiment and the exemplification are forgotten. While their recollection lives in him the pattern will not be lost. He knew how to endure, he knew how to withstand, he knew and fulfilled his every responsibility. Material catastrophe could not overwhelm him. Adversities but revealed his essential integrity, his genuineness.

The South has no richer legacy than the memory of this great man. It deserves, now and always, and truly honored it will possess, now and always, first place among the assets which were handed down to us. What else of those assets is so permanent, so enduring so eternally worth-while?

Do today's duty, fight today's temptation; do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them.—Kingsley.

THE KINDLY FRANKLIN

By Leah A. Kazmark

When January comes around once again this nation, and many others across the sea, honor the birthday of Benjamin Franklin whose good deeds the busy world does not forget. Though it has been two hundred and twenty-nine years the seventeenth of the month since he opened his eyes on the world, tenth child to be born to Josiah and Abiah Franklin, interest in him does not lessen. Inventor, student, writer, publisher, philosopher, patriot: well has he been termed a Jack of all trades who was master of all he undertook.

But the quality for which the world today honors Franklin was his ceaseless concern for the betterment of others. "When you're good to yourself, you're best to others," he recorded in his quaint little almanac, and the axiom was true of himself. Always he was thinking of others.

To him we owe the idea of the public library where one can enjoy more books than it is possible to own. Franklin persuaded his debating club, "The Junto," to pool the books of its members in one place where all could enjoy them. The plan worked. Soon afterward we find Franklin advertising in the tiny pages of his *Philadelphia Gazette* that he would like fifty persons to give one hundred pounds each to start a library, membership thereafter "to be ten shillings a year." The hospitable Louis Timothee offered them a room in his house, "in the alley near Boar's Head Tavern," and here was the library started to the delight of the town.

The library grew with Franklin giving it both money and time. Later it was lodged in historic Carpenter's Hall and in time, came into a building of its own. The idea caught the imagination of many cities, and libraries began to come into existence, like little seedlings from the one root planted by a thoughtful Philadelphia gentleman who cared that everyone had good books as his friends.

It was to him that we owe the founding of the first hospital when he advertised for persons to give two thousand pounds to start the needed institution. When the gifts came in from many who believed in what Franklin always did, he was able to get a bill passed through the Assembly for a like sum. And a hospital there was.

Likewise, when he saw the need for a higher school of education, he advertised for five thousand pounds to start an academy. With this sum given him, a house was rented and teachers secured, and the city had a school for older boys and girls who wished to continue with their studies.

Whether he was asking the town to pave and clean the streets or himself organizing a fire department eqiupped with "leathern buckets and stout baskets," he was always thinking of folk other than Ben Franklin. The letter which most reveals him

was written to a good friend, Benjamin Webb, who had written asking for a loan of money to meet an emergency. He might have written back what he believed: "Light purse, heavy heart;" but this letter shows better than any words the kindness of this man who made what he both saved and earned go so far to do good in the world.

"I do not prentend to give such a Sum, I only lend it to you. When you meet with another honest man in similar Distress you must pay me by lending this Sum to him enjoining him to discharge his debt with a like operation. This is a trick of mine for doing a deal of good with a little money. I am not rich enough to afford much in good works."

At his death he left two sums of one thousand pounds each to be used by the two cities of his life, Boston and Philadelphia, as loans to needy persons. The loans were to be paid back and reloaned again as there was need, a thoughtful plan indeed. In one hundred years half of the accumulated sums were to be used for public improvements while the other part would still do its bit to help folk in need. At the end of another hundred years this method was to be repeated. In 1913 the Boston fund had grown to the sum of $546,811, while Philadelphia boasted $186,807 in its fund for helping those in distress.

"If you would reap praise, you
must sow the seeds,
Gentle words and useful deeds."

So Franklin made his famous character, "Poor Richard," say, but it might have been written of himself. The anniversary of his birth will not pass unnoticed for his good deeds lose nothing with the passing of time. Rather do we of today appreciate more and more what this busy Philadelphia personage, who burned his candles early and late at work, did for us all.

AMERICANS ARE GOOD SPENDERS

In "Recent Social Trends" we find that we Americans spent in 1929 the following: for

Jewelry and silverware, 600 million dollars.
Cosmetics and beauty parlors, 700 million dollars.
Games and sports, 900 million dollars.
Moving pictures and concerts, 2000 million dollars.
Travel, (recreation other than automobile), 2000 million dollars.
Automobiles, (purchase and use), 6500 million dollars.
Religion, (all denominations), 840 million dollars.

—Selected.

GEN. MUHLENBURG, THE MILITANT CLERIC

By Vera Palmer

Clergy today, almost irrespective of denomination, are firmly asserting that if war should come again they will not participate, some saying that they would not even allow their churches to be used as stations for the making of surgical dressings. This decision, doubtless, is quite in keeping with public opinion in this second quarter of the twentieth century, although the truth of their statements remains to be proved. But it is far, indeed, from the attitude of the colonists when they were struggling for liberty and the Rev. Peter Muhlenburg was counted a hero.

It was this patriot, who, while pastor of the little Lutheran Church at Woodstock, Va., so dramatically threw off his cassock at the conclusion of his sermon and stood revealed to his congreation wearing the uniform of the Continental Army, his sword at his side. Then in a voice that echoed through the tiny edifice like a vast trumpet-blast, he cried, "in the language of Holy Writ, there was a time for all things, a time to preach and a time to pray, but those times have passed away; there was a time to fight and that time has now come."

This dashing patriot who became the right-hand man of General Washington was of sound German stock, for he was the eldest son of Henry Melchoir Muhlenburg, founder of the Lutheran Church in America, whose first parish in the New World reached from New York to Georgia. Although the tide of Germans to enter this country had been steadily rising since 1700, as late as 1740 there was not a single minister of the Lutheran faith in the colonies. This was not the fault of the German-Americans who had been beseeching their colleagues at home to send them a suitable man. That was the difficulty, for it was hard to find a man both suitable and willing to brave the wilderness, with all its hardships and dangers.

Finally, Muhlenburg was selected, and after arriving at Charleston in September, 1742, he reached his charge in Philadelphia the following November, having had a dangerous and disagreeable journey up the coast. His arrival was a source of unrestrained joy to the Germans, who now saw themselves shepharded by a parson consecrated to the service of God according to the forms approved by their forefathers. He immediately went about his task of healing dissensions and preaching the gospel to those who had so long been deprived. On the frontier his life was frequently imperilled by hostile Indians who more than once swept through his congregations with fire and tomahawk. Then the missionary-priest had to use his surgical skill in an effort to heal the victims of the savages.

He had to be a man, too, did this

elder Muhlenburg, for in New York it was sometimes necessary for him to preach in English, German and Low Dutch, all in one day, and to rivet the attention of a learned sysod or, as one biographer puts it, "to melt the heart of the wild frontier men." No wonder his name has come down to us as "Father Muhlenburg," for he not only established a great church on American soil, but he was truly the shepherd of his flock, many of whom were decidedly untamed. Today his memory is held in affection by all Lutherans, wherever they may be found scattered over this land.

With so fine a heritage, it is no wonder that the young Peter Muhlenburg carved for himself a unique career, which caused him to become one of the most colorful figures in the history of this country. His father had resided in the City of Brotherly Love from the date of his embarkation in 1742 until 1745, but the arrival of other ministers from Germany enabled him to give up his work there and devote himself to the general affairs of his denomination. The largest and most flourishing of the Lutheran congregations was at Trappe, in Montgomery County, Pa., and so that was regarded as a good starting point for a wider ministry.

Thus, the village of Trappe, on October 1, 1746, became the birthplace of a little boy who was to be rather heavily encumbered by the name of John Peter Gabriel Muhlenburg. His mother was Anna Weiser Muhlenburg, daughter of a celebrated officer and Indian agent whom his father had married soon after his arrival in America and Peter was their eldest child. From the first, the boy was destined for the ministry, and his early education was directed with that end in view. But scholastic advantages on the edge of the wilderness were not all that could be desired for the young German, and so plans were made to send him to the old country. But one could not very well let a youth in his teens cross the Atlantic alone in those days, and some delay was experienced before proper escort could be found. However, on April 27, 1763, Peter and his two brothers, Frederick and Henry, embarked on the packet, Captain Budden, sailing from Philadelphia for London.

There they were met by Dr. Ziegenhagen, who had come to England to serve as private chaplain to that Teutonic sovereign, George II, and he sent the boys to their destination, which was Halle. But the turbulent Peter, bred in the unmapped forests of an unknown land, did not fit into the scheme of things at a German seat of learning. Perhaps their fellow students regarded the Americans as semi-barbarians in dress and bearing, and possibly too, homesickness made young Peter defiant. Anyway, he could not endure the taunts of his classmates and teachers, and when one of the latter insulted him, the fiery youth quickly retaliated with a resounding blow.

His rebelliousness, of course, meant expulsion, but he did not wait for it to be forthcoming. He immediately ran away to join a regiment of dragoons that was passing through the town. This was the end of universi-

ty life for Peter Muhlenburg. That his reputation for turbulence won in civil life went with him into his military career is shown in an anecdote told by one who has written the story of his life and who declares that "10 or 11 years later the battle of Brandywine was fought. In that action General Muhlenburg commanded a brigade of Virginians, which was thrown forward to repel the victorious advance of the enemy, and give time to our shattered columns to retreat. The struggle was at the point of the bayonet, and it so happened that this reigment of enemy dragoons, dismounted, one of those opposed to Muhlenburg's command, was the very one the runawaay student had joined. The general, mounted upon a white horse, tall and commanding in his figure, was very conspicuous at the head of his men, leading on the long line of Continentals. When the contending parties came near enough to be recognized, many of the older soldiers, German enlistments at that time being for life, remembered their former comrade, and the cry ran along their astonished ranks, "Hier kommt teufel Piet!' Here comes Devil Pete."

Peter would rather have taken up soldiering on his return to America had his father not been so determined that he should go into the church, and as he had given his family considerable trouble, he thought the least he could do would be to accede to this request. So he began the study of theology under his father's direction and early in 1768 was duly odained a priest of the Evangelical Lutheran Church. By the time he was ready for ordination, however, he had become deeply devoted to his holy calling, and probably would have remained so if the urge for liberty had not driven him on into another path of activity.

On May 12, of that same 1768, the young Rev. Peter Muhlenburg was appointed assistant minister of Zion and St. Paul's parishes in New Jersey, situated at New Germantown and Bedminster, respectively. He remained in this work several years and throughout that time his favorite recreation was hunting and fishing, of which he had been exteremely fond ever since he was a small boy. His father had often termed this call of the forest and stream "bad inclinations." but they served the young minister well, for he became thoroughly acquainted with the country round about. When the Continental Army was encamped at Morristown, this knowledge proved of inestimable value to the cause of the colonists.

About the middle of the eighteenth century Germans began drifting into Northern Virginia from New Jersey and Pennsylvania, especially the latter and settled in the upper part of the Shenandoah Valley, where they were known later as "Pennsylvania Dutch." The settlements became large, especially in what was then Dunmore County, now Shenandoah. Application for a minister was made to Father Muhlenburg, as head of the church, by the congregation that had just organized at Woodstock, the county seat. He was asked to send his son, to fill the post. But difficulties arose concerning a technicality.

To meet the requirements of a

law of the Virginia colony, these Germans had banded themselves under the Swedish branch of the Lutheran Church, which was identical save in point of form. From the time of the Reformation, the Swedish Church differed from the German in retaining its bishops, and it was required that their clergy should be ordained by a bishop. This had not been done in Peter Muhlenburg's case, for he had been set aside by his father. It was necessary, too, in Viginia at that time, for a minister, although not of the Establishment, to be ordained by a bishop of the State church.

To overcome these barriers, the young Lutheran sailed from Philadelphia on March 2, 1772, for London, to be ordained by the Lord Bishop of London in King's Chapel, St. James. He was accompanied by two other Americans, a Mr. Braidfoot, of Virginia, and Mr. White, later the venerable Bishop White, of Pennsylvania, both of whom received the laying on of hands at the same time. The bishop, according to Muhlenburg, "made us a very serious and eloqent oration concerning the weighty matters we had before us." Although the three young Americans were in London only a short while, they took time to go to a theatre to see the celebrated Garrick, on which a later biographer comments as follows: "It is curious, in showing the change in popular sentiment, in reference to the conduct of a clergyman. How would such conduct be regarded now by those professing to be peculiarly strict?

When to the young priest, properly ordained according to Virginia law and Swedish Lutheranism, although not by a Lutheran prelate, returned to the colony he found disputes with the mother country becoming daily more intense. Practically all the clergy sided with Britain, but the elder Muhlenburg was an ardent Whig and the son followed the same course. The German settlers in America have always been clannish, and those of the Blue Ridge had little to do with their English neighbors. So it was an easy matter for Peter Muhlenburg to go up and down the valley preaching the doctrine of liberty and independence. That he was his father's son added, of course, tremendously to his influence.

Muhlenburg, vigorous proponent of Whig doctrines, naturally was soon in correspondence with the leaders of the party, and it was not long before he was intimate with two of its giants, George Washington and Patrick Henry. He and Washington used to hunt deer together in the mountains, and we understand that although the Virginian was handy enough with his rifle, yet he was well surpassed by his friend from William Penn's own colony.

When the time came to organize a committee of safety in Dunmore county, an event which took place in Woodstock on June 15, 1774, Muhlenburg's was the spirit which controlled its deliberations. Of course he got into severe trouble with his brethren of the cloth throughout the colony, a fact, however, that he

probably rather enjoyed. He soon became chairman of the committee and then was elected to the House of Burgesses. At the same time he was appointed delegate to that memorable convention to be held in Williamsburg. At that assembly he and his fellow-Germans from the valley strongly upheld the views of Patrick Henry, who saw that the time for action had come. The following March the Rev. Peter Muhlenburg was a member of the convention which met in St. John's Church, Richmond, where Henry immortalized himself by his "liberty or death" speech.

It was in December, 1775, that the order was issued for the raising of six regiments besides the two already commanded by Colonels Henry and Woodford, and Peter Muhlenburg was chosen colonel of the Eighth Virginia Regiment. This was a great compliment to the Lutheran parson as he was supposed to have had no military knowledge, while the other colonels had seen service either in the British Army or in the French war. He and Patrick Henry were the sole civilians in the Virginia line to whom regiments were given.

After receiving his commission he returned to his valley home to raise the enthusiasm of his people to what was well night frenzy by recounting to them in flaming words the tyranny of England. It was at the conclusion of this sermon when he had pronounced the benediction and a breathless stillness had settled over the congreation, that he unfrocked himself and stood revealed as a warrior ready to do battle against the enemies of liberty—a far cry, indeed from the attitude of present-day clergy.

The fiery Muhlenburg then ordered the drums to beat at the church doors for recruits, with the result that old men brought forward their sons; while women came up with husbands and brothers, all offered as willing sacrifices to freedom and country. We are told that more than 300 men from the tiny church enlisted in that one day.

All this took place in January, 1776, and until March of that year the fighting parson who had thrown off his cassock never again to don it, spent his time recruiting. At the end of the period he was sent to Suffolk, and from then onward he was with the army continuously. His progress was rapid, for before the close of the war he was a major-general. But he bore his full share of suffering when the army was freezing and on starvation rations just as bravely as he gloried in its triumphs.

After Yorktown, we find Peter Muhlenburg taking an active part in the building of the young republic, for his career extended 20 years beyond the close of hostilities. During that time he was always in high office and his correspondence with Washington, Jefferson, Franklin and Monroe is as interesting as it is voluminous.

He was a member of the convention that met in Philadelphia to adopt the Constitution of the new United States of America. There was considerable controversy, but

the general was strong for adoption. In December, 1788, he was chosen a member of the first Congress and sat at New York, the capital from 1789 to 1791. It was a terrifically difficult Congress, for the Constitution was untried and there was opposition to every step.

One of the members was Mr. Wynkoop of Pennsylvania, remarkable for his commanding stature. Discussion arose as to the President's title of address, and General Washington, in his somewhat formal manner, asked, "Well, General Muhlenburg, what do you think of the title of High Mightiness?" To which the latter glibly replied, "Why General, if we were certain that the office would always be held by men as large as yourself or my friend, Mr. Wynkoop, it would be appropriate, but if by chance a President as small as my opposite neighbor should be elected, it would become ridiculous."

ARE OUR COLLEGES SIDE-STEPPING RELIGION?

By W. R. Cullom, in Religious Herald

Since participating in a discussion of this question in Cincinnati on the twelfth of last May, and more particularly since being requested by Dr. Robert L. Kelly to collect such information as I could on the subject as it relates to Southern Baptist colleges, I have sought information with reference to it from a half dozen sources. These have been the presidents of the standard colleges amongst us; the chairmen of their respective boards of trustees; men who are or have been in the recent past college pastors; the teachers in the field of religion in these institutions; those in closest touch with the work of the Baptist Student Union on the several campuses of these schools; and personal interviews in various places and with various people on the question. A fair statement of all the evidence gathered has been submitted to Southern Baptists with the exception of what came from personal interviews. In the nature of the case this could not be submitted verbatim as was done in the case of the other sections of the evidence. It will be my purpose here to pass on a few impressions that have come to me from all the sources in question in this piece of investigation. I shall name five such impressions:

1. And my first one is that the evidence would indicate that a marked change in the matter of atmosphere, in the matter of emphasis, and in the matter of standards of success, has come into our Christian colleges during the past fifty years. With the broadening of the curriculum, with the development and the intensification of interest in athletics, with the introduction and the

fostering of the many forms of extra-curricula "activities", with the development of interest in the physical sciences, with the large increase in enrollment, with the development of the "movie" habit, with the introduction of week-end hitch-hiking, the introduction of the dance mania, and with a corresponding let up (or down) in the spirit of serious application to hard work, one can see that college life is not what it was a generation ago. In some respects life in college is much richer now than it was then, but it seems to be a fact, nevertheless, that there has come to pass in these institutions a marked loss of interest in what we used to think were cultural studies, in the matter of serious application to duty, and in the spirit of hard work.

2. A second observation is that these colleges are in their essential spirit and work a true and representative part of their own age. How could they be otherwise? Five years ago last March Dr. Rufus M. Jones, of Haverford College, read a paper before the World Missionary Conference gathered on the Mount of Olives at that time. In this paper Dr. Jones expressed the conviction that the greatest foe of both real and of organized religion (the two are, alas, by no means always identical) at this time is not atheism, not criticism—Biblical or other, but secularism. The conference agreed with Dr. Jones most heartily in this conviction. A father in North Carolina some time ago entered a rather vigorous protest against the Christian colleges of the State because they allow their students to smoke cigarettes. I asked this father whether his own sons smoked cigarettes at home. He admitted that they did! Our colleges are not monasteries shut off by high walls from the rest of the world. They are a part and parcel of the essential life of their age. The standards of life in them are probably no better; they are almost certainly no worse than the standards of life in the homes, in the churches and in the social circles about them. If one would improve the spirit and the atmosphere in our colleges, therefore, he must begin further back and deeper down than in the colleges themselves.

3. A third observation is that there has come to pass amongst us fully as marked a change in people's conception of the essential nature and purpose of religion itself as the change which has been noted as to the spirit, the methods and the habits in college life. A generation or so ago religion was largely a protest against some form of error; it was a matter of denominational loyalty; it was an effort to help people to escape the flames of hell and to prepare them to live in a future world; it was made up all too largely perhaps of taboos; it was more or less (and probably quite a bit more than less) of a negative character; it was rigid, crystallized and (except on special occasions) quite dry and void of personal interest. Its God was a far-away deity, and its comforts and blessings were thought of rather as in remote prospect than as a present, joyous possession. Over against all this, it seems to me that religion today is

very much more of an experience of God as a present reality; salvation is an increasingly happy process; heaven is a present possession to a degree and a happy assurance of infinitely more of the same sort awaiting our attainments; the longest life on the earth is seen to be all too short for even a good beginning toward such attainment; the chief privilege and opportunity of life are seen to be in the attainment of a character approximating as nearly as possible to that of our Divine Lord; and all this and more without measure are seen to be our present birthright in Christ. What a significance is thus given to our present living! We are coming to realize with the Apostle Paul that "godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come" (1 Tim. 4:8). In my judgment, we have a much more wholesome conception of religion than our fathers had fifty and a hundred years ago.

4. When we think of our colleges and of religion from the standpoint of former days we shall probably have to conclude that our colleges, are side-stepping religion. When we bring our selves, however, to think of religion as I have tried to describe it above, and bring ourselves to hope (and may we not say to believe?) that we are in the happy process of changing from the old to the new, and that we are beginning a new chapter in the matter of appropriating God's present love and grace, may we not assure ourselves that our colleges are trying to adapt their new point of view to the spirit ideals of Jesus? One cannot but think here of the contrast that our Lord made on one occasion between himself and John the Baptist. "John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say He hath a devil. The Son of Man came eating and drinking, and they say, Behold a man gluttonous, and wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners" (Matt. 11: 18-19). My opinion is that we are in that transition time when many are looking backward and longing for the old wine. While others are equally eager to taste and to appropriate the new. Between the two, which way we are we really tending? Many are in doubt at this point.

5. My last observation is that our colleges are really trying to lead a movement in home, in church, in business, in politics, in social life, in all life that shall make Jesus King of kings and Lords of lords. One may say that the wish is father to thought, and I am free to admit that much could be said for that view of the mater. Before any such conclusion is reached, however, it should be borne in mind that the most pessimistic piece of evidence that I have gathered and furnished asserts that a change for the better has been observed. My final word, then, shall be that I will take my stand among those who "hope all things" and "believe in all things".

And with this conclusion, may I offer one exhortation to our colleges and three to our constituency? To our colleges I would say: Turn your attention to the matter of bringing to a happy realization and to a rich

fruitage the estimate that I have expressed as to your real purposes and your ultimate aims. To our constituency I would say: (1) Let us try to improve our own spiritual lives to the end that our homes may send to our colleges boys and girls in whom a strong and wholesome foundation of character has been laid; (2) let us do what we can to make our churches to become really and truly generators of spiritual power; (3) let us put our prayers, our sympathy, our help around these colleges in such a way and to the end that they shall soon come into a fresh and full realization of the spirit and purposes of Him who said that He "came not to be ministered to, but to minister."

The hours you spend with a true friend are never wasted.

PARTNERSHIP DIVINE

(Selected)

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine."

So wrote old saintly George Herbert more than three hundred years ago. What a beautiful, instructive, wholesome, inspiring lesson is implied in these quaint verses! The plainest duties, the simplest and most routine experiences coming to us daily and even hourly may be exalted, irradiated, glorified, by the thought that God does not disdain partnership with us even in this lowly sphere. We have often wondered if men who in earning their very livelihood are brought constantly into contact with the all pervasive forces of nature, that is to say the forces of God, might not have their hum-drum lives made radiant with the thought at every step in such a vocation they are in direct partnership with the God of nature. Herbert dealt in his own brave way with the unromantic tedious details of housewifery. A more modern poet, Ida M. Thomas, in the same spirit deals with a form of husbandry in the little poem which follows:

MAKING A GARDEN

"Man ploughs and plants and digs and weeds,
He works with hoe and spade;
God sends the sun and rain and air,
And thus a garden's made.
He must be proud who tills the soil
And turns the heavy sod;
How wonderful a thing to be
In partnership with God!"

THE FABLE OF THE POOR MAN

By Emma Gary Wallace

Once upon a time a child was born in a tumble-down hut on a neglected piece of land near a tidy and prosperous town. As the lad grew up he listened to many harsh criticisms of their neighbors and of the townsfolk, so that by the time he was a youth, he was firmly convinced that every one who had a comfortable home and neat clothing and something of an education was an enemy to be feared, if not hated.

The youth liked to throw stones and to break windows. He felt a fierce joy in trampling down fields of grain and beds of flowers. His mental attitude toward those who were better off than he, and who would have been kind to him—was one of defiance. So little by little as he approached maturity he built a wall about himself which shut the world out and shut him in.

He did not realize, poor fellow, that the wall was of his own construction, and that the stones of which it was reared were the ugly, jagged ones of envy, malice, ignorance and stupidity. He did not know that many of the people whom he looked upon as proud and contemptuous of him, were sorry for him and would have helped him, had he let them. He did not know that many of these people would have been as poor and wretched as he had they not opened their hearts to the joy of life and had they not worked cheerfully.

One day the Poor Man, for he had grown to manhood years, was walking by the roadside, in the spring time. The sky was overcast and a strong wind was blowing.

"Blow," he muttered bitterly. "My cupboard is bare, my woodpile is burned and I have not seed to plant if the sun should come out. Luck is against me. It always has been!"

There was a groaning noise above followed by a creaking and a sharp crash, and a great branch came tumbling down from the tree top above. It felled the Poor Man to the earth, where he lay like one dead. When he woke up he was in a clean, white bed, soft as down. The room was more beautifully furnished than any he had ever seen, and in the window chirruped a beautiful bird in a golden cage. The man frowned darkly at the little feathered songster.

"Oh, little bird," he muttered, "it is all very well for you to sing, for you are fed and given a golden cage to live in. But I am only a Poor Man, and life isn't worth living."

The little bird hopped excitedly from perch to perch, then shook his little yellow head, and as plainly as if a Magic Princess spoke from within, he warbled forth these words:

"Oh, Poor Man, the kind of life you have lived is not worth while unless its very wretchedness makes you long for something better. A man who is really poor is poor all the way through, for wealth is not

gold or silver, but treasures rather of the heart and head. Happiness and success lie within. Joy is the warming fire which keeps our hearts aglow. Determine to be happy and to help others to be happy, and you will be rich as a king!"

The man in the soft white bed sat up on one elbow, his eyes were aglow, his heart warmed to the sound of soft music somewhere near.

"O little bird," he muttered, "say that again."

The little bird was trilling merrily in a burst of golden song. Besides the man in the soft white bed had need to think, for he had set his face in a new direction. He had turned his back on poverty of Life and Spirit which had been his. He was no longer filled with bitterness and envy. He was no longer shut in by a cold stone wall, for the sun was shining and Happiness and Treasure lay ahead.

The wise man knows he can never learn anything while talking. That's the reason he listens so much.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mrs. J. P. Cook, associate editor of The Uplift, has been spending several weeks with relatives and friends in Suffolk, Va.

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A group of boys under the supervision of Messrs. Cope and Sappenfield have been repairing roads about the campus which were damaged by recent heavy rains.

—o—

Thomas Hayden and Dobbin Murray, of Raleigh, former Training School boys, accompanied Mr. Smith, of the Wake County Department of Public Welfare, on a trip to the institution last Wednesday. We were glad to see these boys and to learn from Mr. Smith that they are getting along fine.

As a reward for their efforts in the class rooms during the month of December, fourteen boys were permitted to attend the Paramount Theatre, Concord, on Friday afternoon of last week, where they enjoyed seeing Zane Grey's "West of the Pecos." Boys making the trip were: Charles Griffin and Oscar Vereen, first grade; Ansel Byrd and Perry Harvell, second grade; Clarence Douglas and Berry Rogers, third grade; Norman Owens and George Watts, fourth grade; Morris Staley and Carlton Campbell, fifth grade; Warren Medlin and Warren Holland, sixth grade; Russell Ferris and Glenn Connor, seventh grade.

—o—

A committee of members of the

Grand Jury of Cabarrus County, now in session at the January term of Superior Court, Concord, visited the Training School last Thursday. They were escorted through the various departments by Superintendent Boger and Mr. J. Lee White. Their report following this visit stated that they found everything at the School in excellent condition, but recognized the fact that there was need of a much larger appropriation for maintenance and permanent improvements, also more land for agricultural purposes, and so recommended in their report. The members of the party were: M. L. Penninger, W. C. Lowder, Louis O. Smith, G. R. Lamb, M. S. McLean, C. R. Barrier, J. E. Benson, Rethea Barringer, C. W. Hurlocker and H. B. Foust.

—o—

James A. Shipp, who was paroled from the Training School in July 1923, called on us last Tuesday afternoon.

Upon leaving the institution James obtained a position with the Atlantic Coast Line Railway, where he was employed for a year.

In November 1924 he entered Salvation Army work, his first assignment being in Florida. Since that time he has been stationed in New York City, Washington, D. C.; Oklahoma City, Okla.; Los Angeles, Cal.; Fredericksburg, Va., and about two weeks ago he was transferred to Charlotte to take charge of the post in that city.

As a reward for his services with this Christian organization, James has been promoted from time to time and has attained the rank of captain, and he tells us that in June next he is to be made and adjutant.

He was married in 1930 and is the proud father of a son eighteen months old.

In conversation with some of the officials of the School, James was very enthusiastic in his praise of what his stay here had meant to him, and commented favorably on the many improvements made, and the manner in which we are trying to help boys find themselves after they have gotten off to a bad start in life.

James has developed into a young man of fine appearance and has a most pleasing personality, and his friends at the School are proud of him and rejoice in the success he has made since leaving the institution.

—o—

Since last reported in these columns, September 8, 1934, fifty-nine boys, having made good records durin their stay at the School, have been paroled or allowed to go home. Most of these boys returned to their homes, while others, because of unfavorable home conditions or for other reasons, have been placed elsewhere. These boys are either attending school or are engaged in regular employment, and in most cases reports coming from them since leaving us have been favorable. Following is the list of boys disposed of since our last report:

September

Shannon Broom, Charlotte; Ira Edwards, Fayetteville; Stafford Edwards, Fayetteville; Calvin Hicks, Concord; Hilliard Thomas, Green-

ville, S. C.; Milton Hester, Ayden and Robert Manly, Whittier.

October

Glenn Painter, Sylva; Arthur Frisby, Marshall; Olan Tucker, Todd; Weldon Campbell, Jennings; Charles Everett, Fayetteville; Randolph Clements, Durham; Henry Irby, Columbia, S. C. and David Ross, Winterville.

November

Lewis Crabtree, Charlotte; Fred Martin, Raleigh and Theodore Porter, Raleigh.

December

Sidney O'Briant, Winston-Salem; Raymond Nance, Raleigh; Holland Nance, Raleigh, Graham Harrison, Raleigh; Howard Rice, Virginia; Neal Lowe, Gastonia; Garfield Walker, Cornelius; Sanford Blankenship, Winston-Salem and Thomas Coble, Rockingham.

January 1935

Ralph Hall, Burlington; Ernest Munger, Highlands; James Gladden, Dallas; Robert Walker, Durham; Frank Porter, Durham; Hubert Livengood, Mt. Airy; Albert Parker, Charlotte; Miller Carter, Mars Hill; Mell Russ, Winston-Salem; Joseph Jennings, Elizabeth City; James Fox, Burlington; John McLean, Lenoir; Thomas Barnett, Lenoir; Ancil Jones, North Wilkesboro; Clarence Soots, Straw; Clinton Davis, Chestnut Ridge; F. M. Younger, Fayetteville; David A. Lee, Danville, Va.; Philip Jones, Fairmont; Charles Mounce, Stokesdale; Billy Cannupp, Monroe; Victor Fornes, Vanceboro; Wesley Gibson, Maggie; Frank Overby, Fayetteville; John York, Morganton; Billy Anthony, Valdese; Harvey Hall, Fayetteville; Norman Hulon, Hope Mills; Frank Stanly, Rock Ford; Lolie Carlisle, Hendersonville; Ernest Anderson, Raleigh and Hubert Davis, Raleigh.

—o—

Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episccopal Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of the birth of Jesus as found in the second chapter of Matthew.

In his talk to the boys Rev. Hughes, in his inimitable manner, told a number of very interesting stories of the adventures of missionaries in Africa.

He first told of an African chief who owned a very savage dog which would attack people, and said that the people were very much afraid of him. Many of this particular chief's warriors had become Christians and left him, and his constant companion was this viscious dog.

As the chief and his dog would enter a village the natives would become terror-stricken and run from them. Upon entering a certain village an old woman who had become a Christian, sat in front of her hut asleep, with a copy of the Gospel in her lap. The book was bound with the raw, untanned skin of some wild animal and the dog snatched the book from her lap and ate the skin, and with a part of the Bible. This procedure worried the chief, for he

knew the study of this book had caused many of his people to become Christians, and in his ignorance he thought that since his dog had eaten part of the Bible he would no longer stay with him.

Rev. Hughes then told of a boy in Scotland, named Robert Moffatt, who ran away to sea, but a storm on his first trip frightened him and he returned to his parents.

This boy's mother read him many stories of the adventures of missionaries in heathen lands, which greatly impressed him.

At the age of twelve years, Robert went off to serve an apprenticeship at the trade of gardener. When he left home his mother made him promise to read the Bible every day.

After serving seven years' apprenticeship, young Moffatt became a gardener in England. Although thrown among a set of tough young men, he continued to read his Bible daily.

He then heard of a church conference, and with another boy walked 20 miles to attend. Here he met the man who had charge of the meeting and told him that he wanted to become a missionary. This man had him secure work near him, taught him about missionary work and finally proposed his name to the Missionary Society.

Young Moffatt, married the daughter of the owner of the estate on which he was employed as gardener. He was appointed a missionary shortly thereafter and was sent to Africa.

Landing on the coast of Africa he found he would have to go inland for more than a hundred miles, and made the trip by wagon, pulled by six yoke of oxen, traveling about two and one-half miles per hour. They had to ford rivers and on one occasion found it necessary to build rafts to take animals and materials across.

Young Moffatt soon became friendly with the natives, taught them how God created all things. He found all sorts of queer and terrible customs in vogue among these heathen people, but he learned their language and then educated them so they could read the Bible. He stayed among them many years, and translated the Bible into their language. Moffatt and his wife stayed among these people for more than fifty years. Their daughter married David Livingstone, who became the world's greatest missionary.

The speaker then told the boys that the old woman mentioned at the beginning of his talk, had learned to read the Bible which was destroyed by the old heathen chief's dog, when Moffatt first started to educate the natives.

Rev. Hughes concluded by saying that the greatest gift to the world was God's gift—that of His only Son—then the wise men offered gifts, then followed the great things Christ did for mankind, even giving His life; all of which when studied by this man Moffatt, caused him to to give all that he had to further the advancement of God's kingdom.

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CAROLINA ROO

THE UPLIFT

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SUCCESS

Success is speaking words of praise,
In cheering other people's ways;
In doing just the best you can
With every task and every plan.
It's silence when your speech would hurt,
Politeness when your neighbor's curt;
It's deafness when the scandal flows,
And sympathy with other's woes.
It's loyalty when duty calls,
It's courage when disaster falls;
It's patience when the hours are long,
It's found in laughter and in song.
It's in the silent time of prayer,
In happiness and in despair;
In all of Life and nothing less,
We find the thing we call success.

—Selected.

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

WHAT IS EDUCATION?

Not long ago, a great teacher said, "Education is preparing to get along with people." The man who is educated is he who knows how to live on friendly terms with his neighbor and to get as much of wholesome joy out of his life as he can. Some people think that when one finishes school, one's education is completed. As a matter of fact, we no longer believe that when a man gets out of school or even college that he is finished with his education. In truth, everything we do which teaches us something, enables us to learn something we did not know before, or understand something which we could not grasp before, has enriched our life and is, therefore, in the best sense of the word, education. Education isn't confined to the school room or the church service, it is as broad as life itself. Everything we do on the job, on the farm, or wherever we may be, which makes us understand more about life than we did before is education. Whoever is willing to learn from every experience in life is constantly becoming educated. The more we know and the more we think we can do, the happier we are sure to be.—Selected.

HELPING BOYS

By the merest chance this article, "Helping Boys" was brought to the attention of the writer. The most interesting subject to the associate editor of The Uplift is "the boy." On many occasions it has proven a most delightful interlude, and one that harmonized from a humanitarian standpoint regardless of the social setting, or subject discussed.

It is quite impossible to be other than interested in the boy since the theme is a most familiar one, and made more impressive by

frequent contact with five hundred boys in the Jackson Training School.

This thought taken from the "Times-Herald," Alliance, Nebraska, makes one think. It is fine:

"No man stands so straight as when he stoops to help a boy."

With so many millions of men out of work it is such an easy matter to become careless and pay no attention to boys. Men are doubly busy with the affairs of business and trying to figure out how they can live up to their codes. Worrying details occupy one's mind. Yet, all about us, are boys who need help—the help that comes from encouraging words, a helping hand, a little boost. All these helpful things take just a minute of any man's time—and yet they mean so much to a boy.

It does not take long for a boy to grow and develop into a man. It may be that what we say today will have a big influence on what kind of a man he will be. Are we doing the thing that will help the boy? Just a cordial word of greeting in the morning as the boy is on his way to school will frequently give the lad just the needed encouragement for that particular day. Do we do that? Can we truthfully say that we have been the means and channel by which a boy gets inspiration to do better things?

There is so much we can do in boys work without ever having to take any time to do it. Most men are willing to do this if they only realized how easily it can be done.

"No man stands so straight as when he stoops to help a boy."

* * * * * * *

A GOOD ARGUMENT

In defence of the action taken by the Methodist Episcopal Church during conference, about "tobacco-using" the editors of the North Carolina Christian Advocate have put up a clinching argument in the following, declaring the discipline of the church is the question:

The action of the North Carolina conference in refusing to admit three young men unless they would agree to abstain from the use of tobacco seems to perplex some of the newspaper brethren, if one may judge by their editorial remarks. And all of them so far as we have observed missed the mark entirely. These writers seem to think it was a question of using or not using tobacco, when the question was: Will young men who enter the itinerant ministry observe the law of the church or not? This was the question at issue and none other, a ques-

tion that is amazingly simple. For example, Coach Snavely at Chapel Hill has a rule that his football players shall be in bed at a certain hour every night. Coach Wade at Duke has rules equally exacting. Suppose three young men should come and say, "We will play on your team, but we are not going to bed at the hour you specify." What does any sane man think the coach would do? Modify his rules because several candidates said he must if they played on his team? Not hardly. Why then should the Methodist church make exceptions at the suggestions of several fine prospects? We suggest that these gentlemen who are criticising the North Carolina conference turn upon Coach Snavely and Coach Wade.

* * * * * * *

THE VIRGINIA BRANCH OF KING'S DAUGHTERS

Throughout the State of Virginia, the different circles composing the Virginia Branch of King's Daughters, celebrated the founding of the Order by Margaret Bottome, the wife of a Methodist minister, in New York City.

The King's Daughters in Virginia, under the capable leadership of Mrs. Henry S. Eley, Suffolk, Va., is one of the strongest branches, numerically and in interest, of the International Order.

If the 49th anniversary of the King's Daughters was observed throughout the state as indicated by the press it is evident the membership is wide-awake, understanding thoroughly the spirit of the Order—doing all things In His Name. The 50th anniversary of the Order will be celebrated in Richmond, Virginia.

* * * * * * *

THE FIRST HOSPITAL

The Scriptures teach that before the birth of Christ care was given the sick in the temple. Therefore the conclusion is, and a correct one, that the hospital is a product of Christianity, having been associated with the churches from the earliest history.

Missionaries admit their most effective work among the heathens is done in connection with hospitalization. It is interesting to not that the first hospital founded was at Caesarea, Cappadocia in 369 A. D.

The church and hospital are companion pieces, the first named ministers to those spiritually sick and the latter, to the physical needs. The privileges of the church are free, but the benefits of the hospital can only be realized by those who have the price. That seems just too bad, because the finest philanthropy in the world is to relieve suffering humanity, in fact it is a duty we owe to our fellowman. The truest way to carry out the injunction of the Scriptures is to put hospitalization within the reach of the very poorest. It is a privilege as well as a duty.

We are pleased to learn that the group plan for hospitalization has been projected by the State Medical Society and the North Carolina Hospital Association, which, if adopted, will guarantee 21 days of hospital care each year for those who pay 15 cents per week, or $7.80 per year. This plan is to be worked out by em-employers who work large groups.

Such a gesture is warmly welcomed since 90 per cent of the population of North Carolina is in the low income class.

* * * * * * *

CULTIVATE CHEERFULNESS

God bless the cheerful person—man, woman, or child; old or young, illiterate or educated, handsome or homely. Over and above every other social trait stands cheerfulness. What the sun is to nature, what the stars are to night, what God is to the stricken heart which knows how to lean upon Him, are cheerful persons in the house, in the school, in any business, and by the wayside. People recognize the magic of a cheerful influence in others and it is more potent than any other gift of the mind.

If we are cheerful and contented, all nature smiles with us; the air seems more balmy, the sky more clear, the ground has a brighter green, the trees a richer foliage, the flowers a more fragrant smell, the birds sing more sweetly, and the sun, moon and stars all appear more beautiful.

Cheerfulness! How sweet in infancy, how lovely in youth, how saintly in age! There are noble natures whose very presence car-

ries sunshine with them wherever they go; a sunshine which means pity for the poor, sympathy for the suffering, help for the unfortunate, and benignity towards all. How such a face enlivens every other face it meets and carries into every company vivacity and joy and gladness!

But the scowl and frown, begotten in a selfish heart, and manifesting itself in daily fretfulness, complaining, fault-finding, angry criticisms, spiteful comments on the motives and actions of others, how thin the cheek, shrivel the face, sour and sadden the countenance! No joy in the heart, no nobility in the soul, no generosity in the nature; the whole character as cold as an iceberg, as hard as Alpine rock, as arid as the wastes of Sahara!

Reader, which of these countenances are you cultivating?

* * * * * * *

FOUR THINGS TO LEARN

There are four essential things in life which we ought to learn, with all of our learning. Here they are:

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. When you smile or laugh your brain for a moment is freed from the load that it ordinarily carries. It is an external expression of joy. It is the most salutary of all boldily movements; for it agitates both the body and the soul at the same time, promoting digestion, circulation and enlivens the vital power of every organ.

Learn to keep your troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to linger over your ills and sorrows.

Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in this world, keep the bad to yourself.

Learn to greet your friends with a smile. They carry too many frowns in their own hearts to be bothered with any of yours. It has been said that "a tender smile is sorrow's only balm."

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

ENJOY YOUR SHARE

"You cannot gather every rose,
Nor every pleasure claim,
Nor bask in every breeze that blows,
Nor play in every game.

So take what joy may come your way
And envy not your brothers;
Enjoy your share of fun each day,
And leave the rest for others."

—o—

This is about the time of the year when all of the New Year resolutions have about faded from the minds of the resolvers.

—o—

No method that I have ever heard of has yet been devised to make a man believe that which he does not want to believe.

—o—

Every community will be just as good as the people who live in it make it. Therefore it's up to each individual to be good to make a good community.

—o—

Smallest and best. It is rather singular that little Finland would turn out to be the most truthful and honest of all the nations of the earth that owe America money.

—o—

A scale of minimum prices for bees has been sanctioned by the government. Now, if the bees do not like that way of being scaled, you are liable to be stung.

—o—

As a matter of fact, the depression must pass from people's hearts before it can pass from industry. Therefore rid yourself of all foreboding thoughts, and enjoy the return of prosperity.

—o—

It is very generally conceded that the people who escape criticism are the insignificant ones. No one attempts anything worthwhile without starting off the fault-finders. You are accomplishing something when you begin to attract attention.

—o—

There are many people who believe that the stock market serves no useful purpose. There are others who believe that it serves as a substitute for poker, marked cards and slot machines. And there are others who know that it gets all of their money in the end. You can't beat the stock market at its own game.

—o—

North Carolina has come to the conclusion that the 3 per cent beer is not worth 10 cents a glass, or bottle, and is kicking because there is not more "kick" in it. It is likely that the legislators will raise the per cent in order to raise more revenue.

—o—

The way the bankers went for that federal bond issue of $900,000,-

000, would remind you of a flock of turkeys being turned into a tobacco patch. They just gobbled it up before you could blink your eye. Uncle Sam's credit is just as good as it ever was—and in some instances better.

—o—

A professor at Cambridge says he caught an electric impulse from a man's brain. That's hardly new. People have been shocked before this by what come from the brains of other people.

—o—

The government has sent to the farmers of this country a questionaire so big, and burdensome in its demands, that the tillers of the soil are wondering why the government doesn't plow under a good many of the questions.

—o—

From Canada comes a report which shows how that country is checking the sickness of the body politic caused by too much politics, and allaying the fears of its people as to political attacks which destroy savings and earnings. What a blessing if our own people could hear a similar statement that would relieve their minds as to their own securities purchased with the savings of a life-time. Many of our industries tremble with uncertainty because of constant fear of political meddling. The invested wealth of our people is represented largely by insurance policies, savings banks deposits and industrial stocks. There can be no satisfactory recovery or earnings when fear and uncertainty slowly paralyze normal industrial activity. Let us hope the legislatures and our congress will develop leadership that will assure our people proper protection of lifetime savings. This would be a great step towards ultimate recovery.

—o—

The wise investor follows the old railroad motto of "Safety First." Depression has taught him one thing of incalculable value—that speculation is for those who can afford to lose—a category in which very few of us have a place. Securities are subject to their own laws of gravity, no matter what we thought in the boom days, and what goes up is always likely to come down. The average American, as a result, is turning resolutely to investments which provide the maximum of security for principal. Profit is of secondary consideration. He is seeking means of investment whereby his savings may be spread about widely among basic, essential industries—industries which will weather the economical storms, and eventually come out with colors flying. He knows he is not saving for today, but for tomorrow, when his earning power will decline, and dollars which are earned with relative ease now will be very difficult to come by. This attitude, shared as it is by the great bulk of average citizens, promises well for the national future. Whatever the plan adopted, the trend toward safety presents a splendid illustration of American thrift, wisdom and downright commonsense.

RICHMOND JUSTLY HAILS POE AS 'SON'

By Georgia Dickinson Wardlaw, in Richmond Dispatch

In the chaotic career of that ill-fated genius, Edgar Allan Poe, there stands out one place, and one alone, that ever remained home to him. It was neither the Boston of his birth, nor the Fordham of his famed cottage; the Baltimore of his forbears, or the New York or Philadelphia of his literary efforts, but a cultural little Southern city, one day to become the capital of the Confederacy —Richmond, Va.

Here occured the tragic death of his actress-mother, Elizabeth Arnold Poe, on December 8, 1811, and her burial in old St. John's Churchyard; young Edgar's subsequent adoption two days later by John Allan, a prominent and wealthy merchant of the town, and his kindly wife, Frances Valentine Allan—and the taking simultaneously, of Poe's younger sister, Rosalie, by the Mackensie family of Richmond.

In this classic old Southern city Edgar Allan Poe spent the most important and impressionistic years of his life—years that were to see him pass from babyhood to boyhood, and from boyhood to manhood.

Frm that December day in 1811 when Poe, as the 2-year-old adopted son of John and Frances Allan, first entered the imposing brick structure of Georgian type—known as the "Allan Mansion," which stood at the corner of Tobacco Alley and Fourteenth Street, to that less fortunate day in March, 1827, when the first great break occurred in his relations with his exacting foster-father and he left for Boston, Poe had spent ten out of the eighteen years of his life in Richmond. The exceptions were the two years of his infancy prior to his mother's death; the five happy years he was in England with the Allan's (1815 to 1820), and his tempestous term—February 1826 to February, 1827—at the University of Virginia at Charlottesville, which ended for him in heartache and humiliation.

During these eventful, and oftimes happy, colorful years of his youth, Edgar Poe lived the life of a typical young Virginia "well-to-do," numbering among his fondest and closest playmates, such prominent youths of the town as Robert Standard, Robert Sully, (a nephew of the American artist) and Robert Cabell—all "Bob's" to Edgar. Indeed, Poe's "family" moved in the best of Richmond society. Among John Allan's neighbors were Thomas Taylor, Major James Gibbon, Joseph Tate and Joseph Marx. These gentlemen were of the highest social position in Richmond, and were the confreres of Chief Justice Marshall, Colonel Ambler, Judge Cabell, Doctor Brockenbrough, Judge Standard and others—famous for their hospitality and stately homes.

"In such houses" writes Hervey Allen in "Israfel"—"young Poe was welcome, and the associations of

such an environment stamped upon him the atittude and the mode of conversation of a gentleman. It was the Virginia of the Old School, a School of Manners."

Richmond, in the 1820's had a population of about 12,000 persons, and was a pleasant enough place for a boy to live. "The merriest place in America" Thackeray called it on his visit a year later. Mary Newton Standard gives a graphic pen-picture of its culture and charm in 'The Dreamer': "Richmond was a fair and pleasant city in those days—the blight of the War Between the States had not changed the cheerful temper of its people. It was more of a large village than a town, with gracious homes standing comfortably apart, with wide verandahs overlooking sloping lawns and brilliant flower borders; with a picturesque panorama outstretched before the admiring eye, of Richmond's seven hills."

Such then, was the Richmond of Edgar Allan Poe's youth. There were streams and swamps, meadows and forests, vast fields of tobacco, and on Saturdays and holidays the boys had fish-fries by the river, and tramps through the woods for wild grapes and chinquapins. On one occasion there is recorded in Poe's enthusiastic call to young Robert Sully, "Come along Rob, we are going to the Hermitage woods for chinquapins, and you must come too. Uncle Billy is going for a load of pine-tags, and we can ride in his wagon so it won't tire you."

On the James River there occurred the great feat of Poe's boyhood, when he swam from Ludlows Wharf to Warwick—a distance of seven miles, in a hot June sun against a strong tide. An interested group of spectators witnessed this Byronic gesture, including Poe's schoolmaster, "Master Burke" and several of his admiring playmates.

There were those hours and days of his childhood, full of observation and keen enjoyment, spent in the store of Ellis and Allan, of which John Allan was president. There Poe saw the Virginia planters drive up and tether their horses; students enroute to William and Mary College at Willamsburg, come in to present their letters of credit; ladies congregate in friendly groups to select the latest in taffetas and brocades.

Although the firm of Ellis and Allan carried the suffix "Tobacco Merchants," the partners dealt in a variety of merchandise that included such commodities as hay, wheat, maise, grains, cornmeal, coffee and fine tea, cloth and clothing of all varieties, seeds, wines, liquors, agricultural implements, hardware—in fact it ran the gamut of the "General Store" of a hundred or more years ago.

John Allan's warehouses and docks somehow came to be the popular rendezvous for the foreign and coastwise shipping of square-rigged days. One can visualize the scene—dark stevedores returning the shouts and songs of passing barges and canal boats—martingales flying by. Magic days and dreams for young Israfel, with the romance of the sea floating up the murky James; hours

in the intoxicating splendor of the Virginia sunshine, with the breeze wafting seaward the pungent aroma of tobacco.

Not all, however, of Edgar Poe's youth was romance and adventure. There were serious, practical moments, ripe with reflection and contemplation—and sadder days. Some of his earliest and fondest associations centered around Memorial Episcopal Church on Broad Street, which had been erected on the site of the old Richmond Theatre (in which Poe's mother had often played) as a memorial to those who perished in the fire there in 1811. The Allan's had Pew 80, which faced directly in front of the pulpit. Here the sonorous voice and rotund figure of Bishop Moore, was head and seen every Sunday by young Edgar.

On returing from England in August 1820, Poe was entered in the English and Classical School of one Joseph H. Clark of Trinity College, Dublin, who had under his instruction in Richmond, the sons of most of the fashionable and wealthy families in town.

From Poe's acquaintance with young Bobby Standard sprang the first great emotional experience of his life. His meeting with Bobby's beautiful mother, and seeing her "glorified" as she stood in the window of the old Standard home, that until recently, stood at the corner of Ninth and Franklin Streets, facing Capitol Square—has been immortalized in one of Poe's greatest poems —"To Helen." In 'The Dreamer,' Mary Newton Standard gives a poignant and beautiful picture of the scene—"She crossed the square of light the windown made. In her uplifted hand she carried the lamp from which the light shone, and for a moment her slight figure, clad all in white as he had seen her in the garden a few hours before—softly illuminated, was framed in the ivy-wreathed casement."

From that sudden intake of beauty to him the incarnation of woman glorified—even more—deified—came Poe's supreme achievement of "the rhythmical creation of beauty"—his own definition of a poem. We know it in his poem of sheer beauty and melody which immortalized this meeting.

TO HELEN

"Helen, thy beaty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

"On desperate seas, long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

"Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche,
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah! Psyche from the legions
Which are Holy Land!"

That she was kind and loving to her son's young friend, many know, and that her untimely death in April 1824—at the age of 31, both shocked and saddened him, is certain. But adventure came, and a very real sorrow was lost in excitement.

In the fall of 1824, the City of Richmond and the entire State of Virginia was preparing dramatically, and looking forward eagerly, to the approaching visit of the Marquis de LaFayette. Intense excitment electrified the atmosphere everywhere, and none felt the thrill of the coming event more than the young men of Burke's Academy. A military company known as the "Richmond Junior Volunteers" was organized and provided with uniforms. Among the ranking officers of this proud little battalion was Lieutenant Edgar Allan Poe.

LaFayette, clad in short trousers and cocked hat, arrived by steamer from Norfolk. There was a great and gala procession, with young Poe among the Richmond Junior Volunteers whose swords were at salute as they passed LaFayette in review. Poe was no doubt noticed because of his striking features and vivid brunette coloring, and personally pointed out to the distinguished Frenchman as the grandson of General David Poe of Baltimore noted for his distinguished Revolutionary record. What influence this military event had on Poe is a matter of conjecture. It was less than three years later that he joined the army—probably more from necessity than choice.

At the corner of Second and Franklin Streets—later known as Linden Row there was once an "enchanted garden" dear to the heart of Edgar Allan Poe. Fragrant with brilliant flowers, and magic with the sound of a gurgling fountain, it often was a retreat from the stormy scenes that were taking place in John Allan's newest mansion at Fifth and Main, which he had bought at auction in June, 1825. This garden became the trysting place of Poe and his young sweetheart, Sarah Elmira Royster, the daughter of one of the Allan's neighbors, and heroine of Poe's "Tamerlane." In his poem, "The Landscape Garden," he has left a never-fading picture of its witching beauty and amaranthine delights.

But like most anything that brought him happiness, this enchanted spot was destined to bring misfortune to Poe. For youth, in love, loses all trace of time, and during those many afternoons, when Poe and his young sweetheart, Elmira, were innocently enjoying the beauty of this garden, the austere John Allan, "sitting erect in an uncompromising stock and immaculate ruffles, with narrow blue eyes under a beetling brow, and a somewhat hawklike nose," looked out from the windows of his newest mansion, with a cold critical expression on his face, and questioned his fair and anxious wife as to "why that boy did not come home to his supper."

Just before Poe left for the University of Virginia in February 1826, Elmira became engaged to him. The love-affair was frustrated by John Allan and Elmira's parents, during

Poe's absence from Richmond. Nor were his letters from the university ever allowed to reach her, but were opened by unfeeling hands.

The second session of the University of Virginia was well under way when Poe was entered as a student on St. Valentine's Day, February 14, 1826. Thomas Jefferson, its illustrious founder, was yet alive. Poe mentions in one of his letters to John Allan from the university that the Rotunda was yet unfinished, and that books had just been removed to the library. Poe's room was Number Thirteen, West Range—(not perhaps without its unlucky significance), and is now used as a memorial to him.

Here Poe spent many hours, pouring over the poets, and here, too, he began "Tamerlane." This first appeared in print in the form of a tiny volume entitled "Tamerlane and Other Poems. By a Bostonian." It was printed during the summer of 1827, after he had been driven from the Allan home in Richmond, and was in Boston facing starvation. The printer was one Calvin F. S. Thomas, a young and obscure printer in Boston. This was Poe's first publishing venture, and remained virtually unheard of until after his death. Today, only five copies are known to exist, and these, valued at thousands of dollars, are in the possession of private collectors, with the exception of one, which is in the British Museum.

When Edgar Allan Poe was withdrawn from the University of Virginia by John Allan, and soon thereafter driven from the Allan home (March 19, 1827)—despite the tears and entreaties of the devoted Foster-Mother Frances Valentine Allan in behalf of her adopted son, Poe, having no place to go, and without funds or extra clothing, sought temporary refuge in the Courthouse Tavern in Richmond, from where he wrote John Allan several notes imploring his help. In all probability he left Richmond, finally, on a coastwise vessel for Norfolk.

Frances Allan died February 28, 1829, and though Poe was sent for, he arrived in Richmond too late for the funeral. He returned to Richmond again, sometime, during the latter part of 1829, and was also in Richmond in January and May of 1830, leaving on the latter date to visit relatives in Baltimore, before entering West Point as a cadet, in June of that year, where he was officially enrolled on July 1, 1830. His ill-fated term at the Military Academy was similar to his experience in college, and early in 1831, his career as a "West Pointer" ended.

From then on, until the day of his death, Poe was a pathetic, peripatetic person. In 1831, soon after he left West Point, Elam Bliss in New York brought out "Poems, by Edgar A. Poe. Second Edition." As in his first signed volume, Poe signed himself Edgar A. Poe which remained his characteristic signature through life; the "Allan" familiar to readers being purely in keeping with the taste of his biographers.

This last volume contained the rarest and best poetry that had yet appeared in America—"Israfel," "To Helen," "The Sleeper," and

"The City in the Sea." Despite the intrinsic and literary worth of his poems already published, Poe lived in abject poverty in Baltimore for the next four years.

Not until 1835 did his fortunes change for the better, and his return to Richmond come about.

In a contest conducted by the Baltimore Saturday Visitor, Poe won the prize with his "M. S. Found in a Bottle." One of the judges, J. P. Kennedy, led to a communication between Poe and Thomas W. White who owned the (then struggling) Southern Literary Messenger in Richmond. Poe immediately began writing for it, and during the summer went to Richmond to assist Mr. White with its publication. With the December issue he became Mr. White's editor of the Messenger.

Mrs. Maria Clemm, Poe's aunt, and her 14-year-old-daughter, Virginia, came from Baltimore to Richmond soon thereafter, and on May 16, 1836, Poe and his first cousin were married in the parlor of Mrs. Yarrington's Boarding House, which stood at the corner of Bank and Eleventh Streets in Richmond. The ceremony was performed by the Reverend Amasa Converse in the presence of a large number of the boarders, Mr. White, his daughter, and others. Poe and Virginia left for Petersburg where they spent their honeymoon, but soon he was back at his desk at the Southern Literary Messenger, where he threw himself vigorously into his work. From a poorly edited provincial magazine, within a year under Poe's editorship, it became a widely read and discussed magazine of increasing importance, with a subscription list of between 3,500 and 4,000.

Despite his success at his post, Poe and Mr. White severed business relations, and in January, 1837, Poe relinquished the position of editor of the Southern Literary Messenger. Years of severe privation followed. He had gone from Richmond to New York, then to Philadelphia in 1838, where he lived for six years. But the twists of fate that marred his entire life, were still to be felt. From 1839 to 1840, he was employed as an editor of Burton's Magazine, and the two years following he edited Gorham's Magazine.

But sadder days were ahead—as always in Poe's life. Both he and Virginia were fast declining in health. Virginia, frail patient little wife that she had always been, developed consumption, and died at the age of 24 in Fordham, in the little vine-clad cottage Poe had rented, and which today is a shrine to the poet.

His return to Richmond, and last visit, was in 1849, when he lectured to a small group of people at the old Exchange Hotel, which stood at the corner of Fourteenth and Franklin Streets. Had he come back in sheer desperation, or did the last dying embers of romance left in his weary mind and heavy heart, make him think that perhaps, in this lovely old city of his youth, he might recapture some of the happiness—if fleeting happiness—that belonged to his dead and gone past? Perhaps some strange fantasy told him that some old friend would see and hear him, and

come up and welcome him back as Edgar of old.

What emotions there were in the heart of Edgar Allan Poe that night of his lecture, no man will ever know. He died on his way back to New York, after being found in an unconscious condition, and taken to a hospital, where a merciful death came without him ever regaining consciousness, on October 7, 1849. He was buried quietly, without the presence of Mrs. Clemm, the only living person who loved him, his remains being laid to rest outside of the Westminister Presbyterian Church in Baltimore, on October 8, 1849.

In dreams and in truth, Edgar Allan Poe had come home, the only home he had ever known—when he returned to Richmond for this last time. Now at last, and forever, a home of peace and permanency awaited him.

No one ever went to prison for saying "please" or "thank you." They are such easy words to say, they mean so much to everyone, and how musical is their rhythm.—Selected.

THE BELLS OF SAN JUAN

By Laurance Lee

On the side of a hill overlooking a beautiful valley not far from Mexico City, Mexico, there stands an old mission; the monastery of San Juan. It is now crumbling to ruin, with vegetation encroaching upon it. The vast emptiness and silence of the place fills the visitor with sadness.

Once this stately old structure was the scene of great activity. It was the mission of the monks of the Carmelite order, and often the bells in the ancient tower used to ring out over the valley summoning the Indians to worship, and the ministrations of the kindly friars. Their work was truly the work of God, for not only did the fathers minister to the souls of the half-starved Indians, but also they attended to their physical ills. They healed the sick, comforted the distressed, and succored the needy.

But that was in the days before Juarez, that stern old Indian President of Mexico who laid the foundations of the Republic after the downfall of Maximilian. Juarez learned that some of the monastic orders in Mexico had been secretly lending their support to the French in their efforts to establish an empire in Mexico. So when Juarez came into power he turned upon monastic orders and with a stroke of his pen issued an edict which disbanded all missions and exiled the friars from the country.

The Carmelite farmers at San Juan, however, knowing that they had played no part in the support of the French, paid no heed to the edict of Juarez, and continued their adminstrations to the natives. Then the long arm of Juarez reached out, and a troop was sent to force the fathers to obey. The friars attempted to resist, but were powerless against the soldiery of the Indian President. There was a short skirmish, and after it was over, several of the friars lay dead. From that time on the mision has been abandoned, and the legend has it that the spirits of those friars who were slain still linger; also that when anything terrible was about to happen, the big bronze bells in the tower would ring out mightily.

Years went by and Porfirio Diaz became president. For that thirty years he ruled Mexico with a hand of iron, and the bells of San Juan remained silent. Then suddenly one night the countryside was startled out of its wits. The bells of San Juan boomed out and reverberated throughout the valley. Indians threw themselves on their knees; rich landowners stood paralyzed, gazing at one another in consternation. On everyone's lips was the unspoken word: "The bells of San Juan have rung; what dire calamity threatens?"

A few days later came the news that Francisco Madero had launched a revolution in the north; that Pancho Villa had broken loose and was ravaging the northern towns; and finally that Porfirio Diaz had abdicated and was fleeing the country. The bells of San Juan were again silent.

But there still remains the question: who rang the bells on that fatal night? Did someone who knew what had happened in the north come all the way down to ring those bells? It does not seem likely; yet the bells rang. There are many people in the valley who will testify to that. But—who rang the bells? We can but shrug our shoulders in true Mexican fashion and make the customary reply: "Quien sabe—who knows?"

He who can look up into the sky with a telescope or even with the natural eye alone, and see there the immensity of creation, its symmetry, beauty, order, harmony and diversity, and yet doubt that the Creator of these is vastly his superior both in wisdom and power, or who can suppose for a moment that such order came by chance, without a Creator, has so far lost or ignored the faculty of reason as to be properly considered what the Bible terms him, a fool (one who ignores or lacks reason): "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God."—Selected.

WHO SHOES A HORSE?

By Mary Zook

A blacksmith? No! Blacksmithing and horshoeing are two different trades, with quite different futures. The blacksmith profession is an ancient one. It dates back many centuries. Often one generation after another in a family plied the same trade In a big city, a blacksmith is a highly specialized man. His shop may sharpen tools, straighten clips and axles, or do machine or marine forgings,—but shoe your horse—he does not know how. He is a specialist and a very important one. Every industrial plant of any size has it own blacksmith to handle its metal work.

In country districts,

"Under the spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands."

Here, the blacksmith will probably shoe your horse, make iron cranes for your fireplace and mend your wagon. He has to know how to do several types of metal work in order to make a living.

But in a large city, the horseshoer shoes horses and does nothing else. By his own admission, he is not a blacksmith. The modern horseshoeing shop is somewhat different from the old type. No longer can one say with the poet,

"Week in, week out, from morn to night,
You can hear his bellows blow.
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
With measured beat and slow."

Gone are the huge bellows that stirred the embers in the forge and blew upon the coals causing them to burn with a white heat. The bellows were replaced by a device that blew upon the coals when one turned a crank. Some shops today still make use of this arrangement. But in the modern shops, Dame Electricity has stepped in. The horseshoer turns a switch. A small motor starts and the sparks mount up as the coals become red hot. The advantage of the electric bellows is that while a shoe is heating, the shoer can be shaping another shoe. The anvil is still there and from the ceiling hang myriads of horseshoes of all sizes and shapes. The forge is built of brick and here and there in the shop are vises and other pieces of equipment. In the center of the shop is an iron stove. Here the teamsters congregate and swap jokes and yarns as they wait for their horses to be shod.

It takes two men an hour to shoe a horse. The average horse must be shod once a month. But beasts of burden are just like human beings when it comes to shoes. Some of them wear out their shoes much sooner than others. Sometimes, the hind shoes wear quicker than the front ones. A horseshoer told me of two mules that he shod regularly for years. Both mules were part of

the same team. They did an equal amount of hauling each day. Yet one mule had to have new hind shoes every six or seven days, and new front ones every nine or ten days. The other mule went five weeks before it need shoeing.

It does not hurt the animal to be shod. There is an eighth of an inch in which to drive nails into the horny part of the hoof. If the nail goes astray, it pierces the flesh and hurts the horse. An experienced horseshoer knows exactly by the sound of his nail whether he is driving the nail in properly.

But alas! Evil days are come upon the horseshoer. The peculiar odor of burning hoof is often missing from the horseshoer's shop these days. Fate is taking the horse off the street and so the horseshoer is rapidly being deprived of his livelihood. One horseshoer said that when the trade was at its height, he and four other men were kept steadily busy in his shop. Now there is only enough work to keep him busy about two days a week. The business that he accomplished with his four helpers in a day, he now does by himself in a month.

Most of the responsibility for this falling off the trade is, of course, due to the small motor truck. The only large goup of wagons still rumbling through the streets are the bread and milk wagons. Livery-stable after livery-stable that took care of from eighteen to seventy-five head of horses, have passed out of existence. Each one was a steady customer of the horseshoer. The business is just not there.

The other reason for loss of trade is that there is not the delivery that there used to be. As example, one small grocery store had four wagons that were in constant use; two hauled supplies from town and two delivered groceries to customers. Now the store has no horses. Trucks bring its supplies and its customers pay cash and carry.

A salute to a time-honored and vanishing trade!

There may be virtue in the man
  Who's always sure he's right,
Who'll never hear another's plan
  And seeks no further light.
But we more like the chap who sings
  A somewhat different song,
Who says when he has mussed up things,
  "I'm sorry, I was wrong."

—Selected.

MORE BLESSED TO GIVE

By Mary J. McIntyre

"But I don't think it's fair," Constance Clark said slowly. "They promised me a position as soon as I had finished with the secretarial course. And now that I have finished, what have they offered me? A job in a dingy, dirty, dusty little old second-hand book shop!"

She paused, removed a tiny white thread that had attached itself to her brown serge skirt.

"Why, it's simply outrageous! The least they could have offered after all I've done for them would be a place that was clean and wholesome, instead of that decrepit, stuffy old—"

Robert smiled at her indignation.

"Honetly, Robert," Constance finished a bit breathless, "I—I've a mind to refuse the offer, and make them give me something better."

"Some of the world's greatest have come from dingy, dirty, dusty offices, you know, Sis," laughingly admonished her brother. "I did think, though," he continued seriously, "that you would be given a position of greater merit to start with. I wouldn't blame you a bit if you refused and demanded something better."

He rubbed his eyes thoughtfully.

"But still," he reminded her "we must remember that positions are not so plentiful now. Perhaps at the moment they had nothing better to offer you."

"Perhaps not. But I still insist that I am entitled to something better than—"

"As far as I'm concerned, Sis, you are entitled to the best of everything. But somehow I don't think that if it were I, I would refuse the offer. There are so many people out of work now, that it doesn't seem right for you to discriminate too greatly over the kind of environment you wish with your work."

Robert studied his sister's face and after a long moment smiled understandingly.

"But do as you think best," he nodded. "Whatever your decision, I'm with you all the way."

Constance looked deep into her brother's clear grey eyes for a moment. "With you all they way." No one knew better than she the love and sincerity that lay behind that statement. Always it had been thus. She tingled with emotion at the thought. For as long as she could remember he had provided her with the only home she had ever known.

It had been his wish that she attend the Oxbury Business College when she graduated from high school. It had been his money that had paid for the tuition. She knew that he was expecting big things of her, and that was one reason she rebelled so at the thought of having to start in so lowly a position.

Just last week she had finished her secretarial course and a few days later was sent to Mr. Crosley of the Crosley Book Store for an interview. She had found the store easily enough—one of many such antiquated places that dotted the street for a

space of several blocks.

Only the Crosley Book Store was, if anything,, an even dingier and less pretentious looking one than the others. In the front sat a table piled high with ancient musty books which sold, so a placard announced, for five cents apiece.

Inside, dust-laden shelves lined three sides of the narrow room, and in the center were strewn tables and racks of antiquated books and magazines. Constance's natural love of refinement and beauty were enraged at the sight. She wondered how long it had been since the place had been cleaned.

Crosley, the owner, was as definite a part of the picture as his mold-laden books. He was an old, white-haired man, slow of speech and movements and when he spoke to Constance his voice had a far-away ring to it.

"So you're the girl the Business College sent me," he said after she had introduced herself. "Well, you look as though you might do. The work is not hard, but sometimes it becomes very disagreeable," he shuddered a little. "So little warmth ever seems to penetrate here."

Constance could well understand that. She started to answer him when an elderly woman and a young man entered the store. They asked Mr. Crosley for a dictionary and a word book.

"It will take but a minute," Mr. Crosley answered as he hobbled off to a srelf in the rear of the store.

But the minute lasped into two, then five, then ten, and still Mr. Croley was rummaging through shelf after shelf of books.

The young man turned to Constance. "I am sorry," he said politely, "but our time is limited. We can't possibly wait any longer."

They had been gone but a moment when Mr. Crosley came forward with the desired books in his hands. When Constance told him that the couple were unable to wait any longer he sighed and murmured something about not being able to find the books.

"I should think you would keep them indexed so that you could find them more easily," suggested Constance helpfully.

"I have always meant to, but I just never seem to have gotten around to it."

He replaced the books and then motioned to Constance. "I'll show you to the office," he said.

Constance followed him toward the rear of the store. Books loomed upward on either side of her, making a veritable canyon. The rear of the place was even more dismal than the front. The office was dark and cold and was so tiny it reminded Constance of a cubby hole in a desk. The lights, when they were turned on, seemed too weak to more than dimly penetrate the murk.

"It is not very agreeable," said Mr. Crosley, "but if you would like to work here you may report the first of next week. I have never employed anyone before because there was not sufficient work to warrant it. But I am getting old now, I guess."

Bracing himself against a case of

ancient volumes, he squinted about him.

"I don't seem to ge the old thrill from being among books that I used to. Then, too, I like to be out in the sunshine and so little of it penetrates here."

Constance thought she caught a slight catch in his voice.

"If you take the position I shall let you have full charge of the store as soon as you have become acquainted with the work.

Determinedly Constance avowed throughout the days preceding the first of the week that come what might she would not work in so disagreeable a place as Crosley's Book Store. When her brother suggested that she perhaps could help to make it a more pleasant shop by tidying it up a little, she emphatically informed him that she was hiring out as a a secretary, stenographer, or clerk, but not as a janitress.

Robert just smiled that wise owl smile that older brothers so often use on their younger sisters when they disapprove of their actions. Constance, as younger sisters are so often wont to do under such circumstances, felt her face suffuse with color as her brother looked at her.

So when Monday morning came she found herself avowing just the other way around, declaring emphatically that she would take the job in the Crosley Book Store.

As she dressed for work a tingling sensation surged through her body. "Why I—I am actually becoming excited," she observed to herself, and then laughed tremulously at the thought. "Yes, and I really believe that I'm going to enjoy the work, too. There is something fascinating, something mysterious, about old books, even if they are covered with blankets of dust."

If Mr. Crosley was surprised to see Constance Clark, he did not show it. He was glancing idly out the front window with a far away look in his eyes.

"Good morning, Miss Clark," he murmured softly. "It's a beautiful morning, isn't it?"

Outside, high above in the canopied blue of the heavens, shone the sun like a great, huge diamond in a sea of blue; its warm, golden rays bathing everything beneath it in an effulgence of beauty. But not even the minutest particle of its golden warmth invaded the store.

"Yes, it certainly is," exclaimed Constance quickly. Mr. Crosley continued to glance out the window for several seconds, seemingly oblivious of Constance's presence. Then suddenly he turned and faced her.

"I'm sorry," he apologized. "I had quite forgot that you didn't know where to put your things." Motioning for her to follow, he started off toward the office at the rear of the store, snapped on the lights. Opening the door of a narrow closet, he brought forth a coat hanger. "I think this will do," he said.

As Constance removed her hat and coat the old man rummaged through several drawers, finally producing a slightly faded blue smock which he handed her. A few seconds later she was surprised to find how nicely it fitted.

The morning passed by quickly

enough. There were several letters to be written—and all with pen and ink. Then too, there was a few customers to wait on, but mostly she just spent her time browsing amongst rows and shelves of musty books, trying to acquaint herself with their titles and authors.

A little before lunch time she was not surprised to find her hands covered with grime and dust. She looked thoughtfully at her hands for several seconds and then back at the shelves around her. Then it was decided that, secretary or not, the Crosley Book Store was going to have a thorough cleaning even if she had to do it herself.

Which she did.

With her pretty dimpled chin set at a determined angle and her usually sparkling eyes serious, Constance Clark approached Mr. Crosley.

"I—I hope that you won't think me impudent, Mr. Crosley," she started tremulously, "but I've just been thinking about what you told me when I came to see you last week."

Old Mr. Crosley's eyes opened a little wider than usual. A faint, puzzled smile flashed across his face. "Yes?" he murmured.

"You said that for some unknown reason you were not doing nearly the amount of business that you used to do when you—" Constance suddenly bit her lip She had not meant to refer to his wife. But Mr. Crosley seemed not to mind.

"When Mrs. Crosley was with me?" he asked softly.

'Y-yes," floundered Constance desperately. "And I think I know why. Perhaps you haven't noticed it, Mr. Crosley, but your store has been sadly neglected. And with your permission I should like to see what I could do to make it more attractive."

Mr. Crosley looked at her for a moment. Then slowly his face lighted up with a smile.

"You may do anything that you think would help," he said. "I had never thought about it before, but I have let the store become—well, decrepit looking, like myself, I guess." He tried hard to force a laugh, but did not succeed very well.

After lunch Constance started a campaign that lasted through several weeks.

At first she stared rather hopelessly at the task before her. In her mind's eye she pictured just how she would like to have the store look, and then wondered if she would ever be able to make that picture a reality. There seemed so much to be done than she hardly knew how or where to begin.

"I guess that the best way will be to start at the front and work toward the back," she murmured to herself.

And for the rest of the afternoon there was a veritable cloud of dust pouring from the Crosley Book Store. First, there was the shop window in front to be cleaned. Soap and water and scrubbing made it as sparkling and clear as a transparent lake.

Next, Constance tackled the pile of books on the table in front of the store. She removed and dusted them, dusted the table, and then laid

a piece of fresh, clean white paper down. Then she arranged the books in neat and systematic rows.

She thought the sign announcing the books at five cents apiece was too dingy looking and so made another with a piece of stiff white cardboard and black ink. Finished with that she stood to one side to survey her work, and noticing how much nicer it looked, smiled with satisfaction.

The display of books on the inside of the show window was next on the cleaning list. She wanted new paper to lay down and Mr. Crosley hobbled out to get some. Constance could not help smiling to herself at Mr. Crosley's actions. Somehow or other he seemed to be getting into the spirit of the thing himself and was taking a keen delight in assisting in the rejuvenation his store.

Closing time came all too quickly for Constance. She could hardly wait to get home to tell Robert of all the eventful happenings of the day.

Robert smiled beamingly at his sister. "I knew you'd come through with flying colors, Sis," he said happily. "What you've told me makes me wish I could help, too. Why, I'll wager that when you've finished, it will be no time at all until Mr. Crosley is doing a prosperous business again."

Slowly, but thoroughly and systematically, during the following weeks Constance cleaned shelves, dusted and arranged books, made placards, re-varnished several tables and re-painted a magazine rack, until the entire store, with the exception of the cubby-hole office in the rear, had been completely re-made.

Viewing the improvement through her large dark eyes, Constance decided that the Crosley Book Store now had even an air of refinement about it.

"My but it does seem nice to find one store that is clean and systematic," expressed a woman to Mr. Crosley several days later. "I want to purchase a Bible,, but I haven't enough money to buy a new one so I thought I would try the used-book stores."

She cast an approving glance upon the shelves and tables around her before adding, "But they were all so forlorn and dreary looking that I just kept walking until I came to yours. Why it is so nice and clean in here—it—it's just a joy to do business with you."

The woman smiled so cheerfully that Mr. Crosley couldn't repress smiling himself.

"I'm certainly glad to hear you say so," he murmured, "and I'm certain that I have just what you wish sunshine in."

At first Mr. Crosley was not in favor of fixing over the office, but he finally after much persuasive talk on Constance's part gave in. Then he chuckled to himself as though it were all a huge joke.

"Honestly, Miss Clark," he said, "I don't know when I have been so completely happy as I have been since you've been working here. You have taken such complete charge of everything and have done such a thorough job of it that I almost wonder how I ever got along without you."

Constance thrilled at the compliment, but she was more pleased to think that she had been the means of bringing some joy and happiness into Mr. Crosley's life. She remembered that when she first saw him he had seemed such a lonely. tired in a Bible."

Although Constance was highly pleased with the entire scheme, she still was not satisfied. For, as yet, she had not even touched the tiny little office in the rear. And so long as she started to make the Crosley Book Store one that she could be proud to work in, she would not quit until the work had been completely finished.

"But just cleaning won't help much," thought Constance to herself as she stood with head tilted to one side studying the office's dark, dingy appearance. "It needs new lighting fixtures, and wall-paper, and painting, and—and a skylight to let old man, that she had felt sorry for him, pitied him.

But now he did not look nearly so tired nor lonely. He had responded to the store's cleaning like a barometer to weather conditions. His whole being, his speech, his mannerisms, even his walk, seemed those of of a man many years younger. He seemed gayer, more cheerful.

And Constance was so deliciously happy about the entire venture that she often wondered how she ever could have thought of refusing to work in the store simply because it was dusty. And, too, there was such a sense of satisfaction in knowing that she was doing something that pleased her brother.

Robert seemed just about as thrilled over the success of her entire plan as though he had had a part in the proceedings himself.

Little did she suspect though that his pleasure came from seeing her courageously tackle a lowly, disagreeable job and make a success of it.

Several days later, just after closing time, Mr. Crosley called her into the office. For a long second he sat and studied Constance out of deceptively tired eyes.

"Miss Clark," he began, his eyes suddenly twinkling merrily, "I've wanted to tell you for a long time how much I appreciate all you've been doing for me; and I want you to accept a weekly increase of five dollars starting with this week's pay. If business continues to improve as it has in the past few weeks—well, I may have an even greater surprise for you."

As Constance was getting ready for bed that night, she understood at last the real, unspoken reason why Robert had wished her to accept the position at Mr Crosley's. Her heart was filled with gratitude and humility. Softly she whispered the words of a text that came to mind.

". . . . . How that so laboring ye ought to support the weak and to remember. . . It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Indolence is the devil's cushion.—Dr. Samuel Johnson.

CORNER STONES

By A. R. Hunter

Hundred of patents are issued to inventors every week by the United States Patent Office. Some of these rank as "basic" and are foundation stones on which American industry is built.

Were it not for Elias Howe, it would be hard for us to get enough clothes to wear. Sewing is one of the oldest arts in the world, but was done by hand until Howe's patent for a sewing machine issued in 1846. His invention has been a blessing to homes and is the "backbone of the great garment industry."

The young lady who gets a regular pay check for tapping typewriter keys may not realize what she owes to the patent that issued in 1868 to Christopher Latham Sholes, in association with Glidden and Soule. Many inventors had had the idea of a writing machine, but Mr. Sholes produced the first practical machine, and became known as the "father of the typewriter," which has increased and accelerated the business of the world.

Charles Goodyear, who made several trips to debtor's prison because he had to invent and did not have time to work at his trade as hardware merchcant, died long before automobiles came. But the "Vulcanized rubber" resulting from his inventive efforts has been called the "most valuable of all chemical products." It has a thousand uses, as well as being the "key product" of the auto industry.

There are not enough strong men available in the country to harvest by hand our great grain crops, which are needed for the hungry world. These became possible through the invention of Cyrus H. McCormick, for "Reaper" patented in 1834. This "basis" patent is a corner stone of a great industry.

Several corner stone patents made the world grow smaller, and bound mankind together. One of these was granted in 1840 to S. F. B. Morse, on "telegraphic signs, another issued to Alexander Graham Bell in 1876, for the "telephone," and still another was granted to the Wright brothers in 1906, for a "flying machine." This last-named patent gives us "transportation in three dimensions" and opens up formerly inaccessible parts of the globe. The success of modern radio, according to Patent Office experts, is due to the "space telegraph" patent issued to Lee de Forest in 1908. Thomas A. Edison's inventions of a "speaking machine," in 1878, and a "carbon filament" which was patented in 1880, are also "basic."

"Oh, pioneers!" we hail these inventors. They are truly pioneers. To do their work took faith, courage, grit, grace and love. Still new corner stones of commerce are being laid. And among the young people of today are future inventors who will do more wonderful things than we can think of now.

FORGOTTEN DEEDS

(Selected)

An old man in a New England town is famous for his unfailing kindness to children, and particularly to fatherless boys who must begin early to make their own way in life. When some one spoke to him about this he said:

"It is just paying back one man's goodness and kindness to me when I was a poor boy obliged to start in life for myself at fourteen years of age without father or mother. There was a man in the town in which I lived who was always good to me. He has been dead for many years but I try to make his good deeds live over in my own life."

"One never knows
How far a word of kindness goes;
One never sees
How far a smile of friendliness flees.
Down through the years
The deed forgotten reappears."

All history proves that this is true. Good deeds forgotten years and years ago by those who performed them are reappearing every day. The writer has known for nearly forty years an old colored woman who lives alone in one room. One day recently she was speaking about a man who has long been out of this world but who was very kind to her while in this life.

"He allus was good to me," the old black woman said. "Nebber was no one so good to me as he was, an' 'cause he was so good to me I feels like being good as I knows how to everybody else. When folks is good to you hit makes you feel like being good to other folks. Dat's de way de Lawd intended hit should wuk out, I reckon."

Kindness surely "wuks out" in that way in thousands of instances. Probably there is never a day in the history of the world when some one does not do a kind deed in spirit of grateful remembrance of some other good deed done, it may be, years ago. Schools, hospitals, churches and other noble institutions have been built or endowed in memory of good deeds. You and I may forget our good deeds as soon as they are done, and it is well enough that we should do so, but—

"Down through the years
The deed forgotten reappears."

If a man has a right to be proud of anything it is of a good action done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.—Selected.

SPINNING

By Helen Hunt Jackson

Like a blind spinner in the sun,
I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways;
I know each day will bring its task,
And being blind, no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name
Of that I spin,
I only know that someone came,
And laid within
My hand the thread, and said, "Since you
Are blind, but one thing you can do."

Sometimes the threads so rough and fast
And tangled fly,
I know wild storms are sweeping past
And fear that I
Shall fall; but dare not try to find
A safer place, since I am blind.

I know not why, but I am sure
That time and place,
In some great fabric to endure
Past time and race
My threads will have; so from the first,
Though blind, I never felt accurst.

I think, perhaps, this trust has sprung
From one short word
Said over me when I was young—
So young, I heard
It, knowing not that God's Name signed
My brow, and sealed me His, though blind.

But whether this be seal or sign,
Within, without,
It matters not. The bond divine
I never doubt.
I know He set me here, and still
And glad, and blind, I wait His will;

But listen, listen, day by day,
To hear their tread
Who bear the finished web away,
And cut the thread,
And bring God's message in the sun,
"Thou poor blind spinner, work is done."

INSTITUTION NOTES

For several weeks the Training School has been the recipient of quantities of beef, dispensed by the Federal Government. This was served to the boys quite freely, making a valuable addition to the menus. Last week several hogs were killed and the beef was replaced by generous portions of fine sausage.

—o—

We are all interested readers of "Radio" King's column in the Concord Daily Tribune and have noted how often he refers to his "green and gold room." His room may be green and gold to him, but if he would like to see a room what is a room, we herewith tender him an invitation to visit The Uplift sanctum. Our quarters have recently been treated to several coats of fresh paint, the colors being rich cream for the walls and ceilings and dark gray for the border. A force of boys from our carpenter shop, under the direction of Mr. A. L. Carriker, did this work and we defy anyone to differentiate between their work and that of more experienced painters. This group of youthful paint brush wielders is composed of Claude Hoyle, Max Cecil, Eugene Smith, Gray Wright, Clarence Bowen, George Kye, Perry Russ, James Douglas, Willie Ange and Ervin Luther, and The Uplift force wishes to take this opportunity to thank them for their fine work.

—o—

We are always glad to hear from paroled boys who have gone out and are doing well. A recent letter from Lester Spain, formerly of Cottage No. 12, who was paroled some time ago, shows how well he is adjusting himself to conditions on the outside.

Lester now lives at Kernersville, where he attends school, and instead of simply stating that he is on the honor roll, he enclosed a clipping from the local newspaper which lists his name among the honor students. The letter follows:

Dear Mr. Boger:

I hope you had a nice Christmas. I had a real nice time during the holidays. I am getting along very well, making the honor roll last month, as you may see from the enclosed newspaper clipping.

We will begin our mid-term examinations right away. Have already had our quarterly examinations, and I made 96 in biology and 90 in history.

I've been having a nice time playing basketball. We play about three games a week. Our team has been to different places for games several times. They are having a basketball tournament up here this month, at which time the champion team will be selected.

I hope you and all the boys are getting along all right.

Sincerely,
Lester Spain.

—o—

Dr. W. E. Davis, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the Training School last

Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read Jeremiah 32: 1-15, and in his talk to the boys his subject was: "Adventure and Investment in Faith."

In the course of his remarks Dr. Davis told how for years the children of Isræl had been held in captivity by the Babylonians, but the prophet Jeremiah continued to prophesy their restoration to their country and to remind his people of God's promises. He had warned them for a long time not to resist the invasions of the Babylonians, for they would be brought back after seventy years, to their own land, saying, "For thus saith the Lords of hosts, the God of Isræl. Houses and fields and vineyards shall be possessed again in this land."

Because of his prophesies concerning their captivity the king of Judah, Zedekiah, had shut Jeremiah in prison saying, "Wherefore dost thou prophesy and say, Thus saith the Lord. Behold, I will give this city into the hand of the king of Babylon, and he shall take it." In spite of his imprisonment in a dungeon of mud, Jeremiah was true to the messages the Lord had given him. He said he would speak only what the Lord told him to speak.

Because he had faith in God's promises and while he was yet in prison, he bought the land of Hanameel, in Anathoth, and had the deed witnessed and sealed and put away for safe-keeping. God had promised something and Jeremiah was not afraid to venture something in life.

Just so it is with us. We have to take God at His word and venture something in life. We do not know where we are heading, but we have to have faith and be willing to risk and invest in faith. People are sometimes afraid to do anything unless they can see the outcome, but we need not fear the results of anything we do with faith in God.

Dr. Davis further stated that "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," is a promise of God which challenges our faith to venture something, to surrender our lives to God, and to walk with Him as His own. "The kingdom of this world shall be His," is another promise which is fulfilled when we accept and work with Christ as co-laborers.

In conclusion the speaker told the boys how Paul and Barnabas gambled with their lives for the sake of the Gospel. They risked all because they were not afraid to invest their faith in God and His promises. We can win and see God's promises fulfilled in our lives if we invest faith in Christ. God has invested so much for us in this world; in His only Son, our Savior, and in His Holy Word. If we take the promises of God and have absolute faith in them, letting them guide our lives, we are obliged to give our hearts and lives to Him.

Nothing is more disgraceful than insincerity.—Cicero.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 2, 1935 No. 5

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FAITH

Whatever God's divine
  Decree
Awardeth unto mine
  Or me,
Though't may seem ill,
  With patience
I am resolved to undergo,
Nor to His purpose once say no,
But moderate both mind and will,
And conquering the rebellious sense
  Place all content in true obedience.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

WHERE IS THE BLAME?

A juvenile court judge says that nineteen out of every twenty boys who "go wrong" come from homes where the mothers are forced to work.

A leader in the General Federation of Women's clubs asserts that the blame for the immorality among youth of today belongs on the older generation.

A minister of the gospel declares that "spiritual illiteracy," caused by the disappearance of the family altar, is responsble for young people being on the moral downgrade.

Whatever may be the cause, it is not difficult to find people in all walks who believe that young people do not have as high moral standards as once prevailed.

If it is true, it is an alarming state of affairs which needs to be corrected, else the United States will, in time perish from the earth.

The present generation may not suffer, but it should have enough interest in the tomorrow of its own progeny to make some effort to raise the moral plane of youth.—Reidsville Review.

"SAD BUT TRUE"

Last year the "thin gray line" of seven hundred grizzled veterans, answered the roll call at Chattanooga with the initial cost of twenty-five thousand dollars for entertainment.

But this year seven cities, after due consideration of cost and energy to be host to this valiant body of men declare, with a sense of shame and humiliation, "impossible."

Adjutant-General Harry Rene Lee upon receiving reports as to

entertainment of the old veterans said, "It seems there is no place in this Southland for the Confederate veterans to go."

"Sad but true," but the sentiment in favor of the old veteran has faded, and he does not hold first consideration as he once did.

But for the interest of the United Daughters of the Confederacy the cause would only be passed down to Southern posterity through history as taught in our schools.

* * * * * * *

HIGHLY APPRECIATED

There are times when we feel that our contributions to the public good are of no avail; that time and money are wasted, but when such unexpected expressions of approval as to the value of this little magazine come, there is fresh impetus to continue for the boys' sake. We accept the following with gratitude and the highest sense of appreciation:

Charlotte, N. C.,
January 24, 1935.

Mrs. J. P. Cook,
Associate Editor,
The Uplift,
Concord, N. C.

Dear Mrs. Cook:

I want to thank you for keeping me on the mailing list of The Uplift, that most excellent weekly published under your guidance at the Stonewall Jackson Training School. Particularly do I appreciate the selection of poems used in this. Many of them go into my Scrap Book and are relayed through my weekly radio programs to the radio audience, where they are being most favorably received. I wanted you to know that these were getting even wider circulation than you knew.

With best wishes for the continued success of this very worthwhile effort, I am

Cordially yours,

Herbert Spaugh, Pastor,
The Little Church on the Lane,
Moravian Episcopal.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION

Again, Mrs. Roosevelt proved herself equal to any emergency when nine hundred women, instead of three hundred as expected, filed into the White House for luncheon.

Many housewives would have had their plans thrown into confusion by the arrival of such a throng of unexpected guests; but those who anticipated the "First Lady" would be perturbed were doomed to disappointment. She instantly mounted an improvised platform, greeted the crowd and announced that she was glad "nine hundred were present instead of the paltry three hundred."

She not only made the women feel her gracious hospitality by her self-posession, but marshalled her forces in the culinary department and served a menu that would please the most critical and fastidious. There was not a hitch in this affair, and the representatives of the Chautauqua Women's Club left bewildered by such a demonstation of fine poise in the place of what threatened to be a calamity.

* * * * * * *

JOHN BARTON PAYNE

Since 1921, during the administration of President Harding, John Barton Payne served most faithfully as head of the American Red Cross.

The press gives out the information that the national figure, John Barton Payne, who died last week just as he was entering the 80th year of his life, was born in Pountytown, Virginia,—now West Virginia—and spent his early life on the farm, where he developed his capacity for hard work.

As a young man he won recognition as a talented lawyer, and thereafter his service to the government was varied, using his talents and diplomacy with the ambition to render a public service.

His record as head of the American Red Cross was one of his most notable contributions, making his life of service full and complete. His life, when written, will be marked for his generous consideration for the public good.

DOOR OF OPPURTINITY OPEN

The door of opportunity is open to every boy and girl in this land. All over this favored land boys and girls are now busy with their school studies. Those who enter high schools should do so with a determination to do their very best and continue until graduation, for with many, high school will mark the end of their education.

Everlastingly at it brings successful education to the young, and hardly otherwise. So many young people make the mistake of not graduating. Later, when it is too late perhaps, they realize what they have lost. In these modern times young men and young women who enter life and the business world without at least a high school education will find pretty hard going.

Paents should make a sacrifice, if necessary, to keep their sons and daughters in high school until graduation. Pupils should appreciate this sacrifice and take advantage of the opportunity to attain an education. They are maching over a royal road—good and well-equipped teachers, splendid buildings,—as is the case at the Jackson Training School—and at the public schools of the counties, buses to take them to and from school are provided, and the hours in school are not too long.

Those who are in a position to attend college this winter should do so. It is doubtful whether there has ever been a time when a college training with specialization in agriculture gave greater promise of being a paying investment than now. Both rural and urban people ae faced with the necessity of adjusting themselves to a changing economic situation and only the best trained ones will meet it successfully.

Boys and girls of today have much to be thankful for, educationally and otherwise, and they should take advantage of their wonderful opportunities.

* * * * * * *

BETTER USE OF NATION'S RESOURCES

President Roosevelt realizing the inherited fiber of the red-blooded Americans, has recommended in his program of relief

"construction work for all unemployed able-bodied citizens, and to get results for all moneys expended, such projects as better roads, the elimination of grade crossings, better housing, and clearance of slums; so as to make living secure against hazards and vicissitudes of life."

He is trying to forestall the effects of continued relief, or a dole which is a spiritual and moral disintegration, and finally has the effect of a narcotic,—a subtle destroyer of the spirit of ambition —of mankind.

Anyone with a knowledge of the traditions of the past, and the rich heritage of noble and courageous forbears has the ambition to make a living by the sweat of his brow instead of holding out the hand for bread.

* * * * * * *

DON'T KILL THE LEAD DOG

The Saturday Evening Post recently published a symbolic cartoon which illustrates with remarkable aptness political abuse of industry.

The cartoon shows a dog-team and driver, against a background of Northern snows. The team has been drawing a tremendous load of bundles, labeled High Costs, Unbalanced Budget, Government Spending and Government Competition in Business. Apparently the dogs are weary and are unable to go farther without a rest. The driver, who typifies Political Radicalism, is not willing to pause. Instead he is beating to death with a club labeled Taxes, the lead dog named American Industry. The second dog, Expansion, has collapsed in the snow, tongue hanging out, eyes closed. The fourth dog, Capital Goods, is exhausted, as is the last dog. Employment, which looks as if it were about to give up the ghost.

Severe as this caricature is, it is eminently justified. If American business is to continue to pull its heavy load, it must have confidence. It must be given a chance. It must expand and develop. It must employ men. Instead, however, all units of government seem trying to outdo each other in wielding the tax club. Exces-

sive taxes close factories, confiscate homes and farms, prevent construction, destroy employment and investment, and drive capital into hiding.

It is foolhardy to beat and berate industry when it is weary and overworked—when it should be given stimulation and confidence. It is the height of folly to kill the lead dog with a club of confiscatory taxation and onerous legislation when the wolf pack of depression and unemployment are at our heels.

* * * * * * *

WHY NOT COMPULSORY BACON EATING?

Again we are faced with proposals for more compulsory experimental laws. For example, in Oregon the legislature will be asked to pass a law to the effect that beginning with 1936 it will be made compulsory to add 3 per cent of alcohol made in Oregon from farm waste, such as cull potatoes, to each gallon of gasoline, and furthermore that the percentage of alcohol shall be increased 5 per cent, than 10 per cent and then 15 per cent each succeeding year. The legislature will be further asked to make such alcohol-producing plants free from taxes for five years, and free from one-half of all taxes for a second five-year period, if they operate at 50 per cent capacity.

Why should a man driving a motor car be forced to use alcohol if he does not want it, on the theory that it will use a farm crop? If alcohol for fuel is as good as it is claimed, and is cheaper, why is it not sold to the public as any other commodity? If it is as good as claimed, why is it necessary to force the public to buy it? The mere fact that it cannot compete in the open market, should be pretty good evidence that it will not justify the claims made for it by its sponsors.

This is not an argument against using waste farm crops, it is not an argument against using alcohol for fuel, but it is an argument against forcing a man to buy a product that he may not want, and that may not be as good for his use as other fuels.

Why not pass a law to make every person blend two slices of bacon with his breakfast every morning, to use up waste hog production?

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

MAGIC MEDICINE

"There's a heap o' consolation
In the handclasp o' a friend;
It can wipe out desolation,
An' bring heartaches to an end;
It can soothe a troubled spirit
Like no magic in the land;
Heaven? Your are pretty near it—
When a good friend grips your hand!"

—o—

There is more cheerfulness in a little smile than there is in a solemn groan.

—o—

Talk seems to be the most expensive commodity that some people are willing to throw in towards the betterment of their home community.

—o—

You hear people saying they "laughed themselves to death." But they didn't die. Still, that is better than worrying your head off.

—o—

Somewhere in the middle west they are lauding a champion liar. It is presumed that he is trying his wings preparatory to entering politics.

—o—

They are now saying that a new era of common sense will soon be ushered in. Much sanity and calm thinking is needed before that happy day arrives, however.

Statisticians are now informing the public that nine out of every ten women are knock-kneed. From the present fashions there seems to be no trouble whatever in getting this information.

—o—

D. Hiden Ramsey, from the Asheville Citizen-Times, was not hidin' his wit and humor under a bushel when he presided, as president, over the eleventh annual Newspaper Institute, the guest of the University of N. C., and Duke University. He was electrically charged and emitted flashes in such quick succession that he kept the institute illumined with good humor and exhilaration. He is the North Carolina Press Association's apostle of good cheer.

—o—

I had an exquisite dream Thursday night. When I retired I was conscious that I had been beguiled into eating too much—a splendid and sumptuous luncheon at the University of North Carolina, and an incomparable dinner at Duke University the night of the same day. I was in discomfort "all through the night." But there was a wonderful compensation for it, that came in a dream. Seldom indeed do I have a dream that lingers in memory after the night has passed. But this one does. I was in my youth again, without an ache or a pain or any physical or mental disturbance—free as the air, light as a feather, joyous and happy, living again my courtship, and conscious that it was

successful. The maiden of my choice, both actual and in dreamland, was the same, and she, too, was in all the glory of her youth. We and the world were young again. The dream seemed to last a long time. There was a walk in a flower-lined "lover's lane," on a perfect June day, and conversation such as lovers have. Youth and a promised bride! Can any other vision compare with it? I trow not. Is there any other period in life that brings greater joy to the heart? What are business, achievement, wealth or any other the things men struggle for through the long years, that equal youth and its mating season? Well, I had it again Thursday night, and now I have another conception of heaven as a place where the spirit of youth and of love is eternal. There is nothing in human life that measures up to it, and I hope heaven has it. Why not?

—o—

There are few professions that contain so many inefficient members as does the mechanical. In fact, I am inclined to believe that almost anyone who is able to discriminate between the handle and head of a hammer believes himself a competent member of his worthy but ill-reputed fraternity. They will begin by overwhelming you with their knowledge of the causes that prompt your motor to act as though someone has finally located and then throw into the crankcase of your car the proverbial monkey wrench. They will event attack your car with the assurance of one skilled in his calling, but after their many and sundry attempts have failed to locate and correct the trouble, the car owner is forced to dismally conclude that he is dealing with just another mechanic.

—o—

The eleventh annual mid-winter Newspaper Institute of the North Carolina Press Association, held last week for the fourth time, with the University of North Carolina and Duke University, being hosts, was of the most inspiring, interesting and thought-provoking meetings ever held by this gathering of the newspaper men and women of North Carolina. The attendance was larger than ever before. The addresses—Some eight in number—by outstanding men in the profession, were of a high order of imparting concrete information on matters pertinent to the conduct and advancement of newspapers, and subjects that will be invaluable guides for the future, and rebound to the well-being and advancement of the State of North Carolina. The social features of the hosts were all that could be desired. I feel sure that every editor and editress who attended this Institute this year, and brought his and her pitcher to the fountain of journalistic information, carried it home brimming over with enthusiasm, inspiration, and a greater love for their work, into which they will throw greater energy and devotion, which comes from joyously mingling together "with kindred spirits,' in such delightful journalistic fellowship. Whatever may go wrong in the world of business and trade, however arduous may be the strug-

gle for journalistic success, let nothing mar the purity of the reciprocal feeling of love and devotion in the newspaper game among the brethren and sisters, or throw into its harmonious existence the apple of discord. What was brought out at this Institute meeting, the Press of North Carolina is on the King's highway of progress, and will achieve great things for our dear old Commonwealth.

The cultivation of the mind is a kind of food supplied for the soul of man.—Cicero.

HENRICOPOLIS, AMERICA'S FIRST COLLEGE

By Priscilla Williams

The old James flows silently by. Only the occasional call of a bird or the distant whirr of an automobile may be heard now, but in the early part of the seventeenth century all was astir with life. One might have then heard the sound of hammer and saw, or the men calling to each other as they made brick, or out in the fields planted corn and tobacco. Keen ears might have heard the snapping of a twig and, turning, saw behind a tree an Indian watching these strange white men building their stranger town. For on this high plateau, overlooking the James about 11 miles below Richmond, the colonists established the town of Henricopolis, one of the leading towns in the Virginia Colony in the early part of the seventeenth century and the College of Henricopolis.

But all is silent now, and not even an old foundation is visible, but two monuments mark the spot, one erected by the Episcopal Church commemorating the founding of the Parish of Henrico or Henricopolis as it was then called and the other erected by the Colonial Dames of America, commemorating the founding of the College of Henricopolis.

It was not destined to live and grow into the great university planned for it by its founders, this college of Henricopolis. Perhaps in their eagerness, they attempted too soon to found a university in the struggling young colony, but for three years it existed and was a part of the life of the colony, when in 1622 it was ruthlessly destroyed by the Indians in the great massacre of that year; and, to this college, though short lived, belongs the distinction of being the first to be founded in America.

Its history is meagre and scattered, but we find it mentioned frequently in the records of the London Com-

pany from 1619 to 1624, and in the proceedings of the first American Representative Assembly which met at Jamestown in 1619.

The town of Henrico or Henricopolis, using the older form of the name, was founded by Sir Thomas Dale in 1611 and called Henricopolis for Prince Henry, the eldest son of James I. In the charter which was granted for the establishment of the town, there is reference to the college which was to be buit immediately, but it is not until 1618, however, that we hear of it again, when Governor Yeardley is instructed to choose a suitable site at Henrico and to prepare for the building of the college.

Ralph Hamor, who was secretary of the colony, gives us a description of the town in quaint old English in his "A True Discourse of the Present Estate of Virginai." "There is in this town three streets of well-framed houses, a handsome church, and the foundation of a more stately one laid of brick, in length, an hundred foote, and fifty foote wide, beside store houses, watch houses, and such like: there are also, as ornaments belonging to this towne, upon the verge of this river, five faire block houses, or commaunders, wherein live the honester sort of people, as in farmes in England, and there keep continuall centinell for the townes security . . . "

It was near this little town that Pocahontas lived with her English husband, John Rolfe, on their plantation called Varina, and here their son, Thomas Rolfe, was born.

Through the influence of Sir Edwin Sandys, the London Company granted a tract of 10,000 acres of land along the southern bank of the James River to the college, and plans were made for a complete system of education.

One thousand acres were to be used for a school for christianizing and educating the Indians, training some of them for missionaries to their own people. The other 9,000 acres were to be used for a college and university for the English.

An additional thousand acres were appropriated at Charles City for a preparatory school for the college. Many donations were made for the proposed institution both in England and in Virginia.

In the records of the London Company, we find that in 1618 King James authorized the bishops and clergy of England to make a collection of 15,000 pounds "for the college and university of Virginia," and 1,500 pounds were collected. Of the individual donations, Nicholas Farrar left 300 pounds in his will, and George Ruggles gave a legacy of 100 pounds. There were also "a communion cup, with a cover and case, a trencher plate for the bread, a carpet of crimson velvet, and a damask tablecloth." The Rev. Thomas Bargrave of Henrico Parish donated his library.

The school for the Indians is perhaps the best known. The college is even sometimes referred to as the Indian College, but the department for the Indians was only a small part of the proposed institution.

There were in Virginia at this time about 4,000 colonists who were

living on scattered plantations along the James River from the falls to Chesapeake Bay, and the most urgent need of these colonists was not an institution of learning for the English, but rather a practical school for christianizing and educating the barbarous tribes by whom they were surrounded. Then, too, the funds were inadequate for the establishment of a great university, and, for this reason, it was decided to place tenants on the vast tract of land that had been granted to the college, to develop it ,and use the proceeds, as an income for the college. These tenants were to cultivate the land on halves. "They were to have half the profit of their labour to themselves, and the other half was to go towards forwarding the building, and the maintenance of the tutors and scholars." As a further source of income, it was decided to erect an iron furnace at Falling Creek, and 50 men were sent over in 1619 to work it.

The Rev. George Thorpe was elected deputy and superintendent of the college in 1619. He had been a gentleman of the king's Privy Chamber and one of the Council for Virginia in England. He reached the colony May 11, 1620. He was a very pious and good man, and he took a great interest in christianizing the Indians. To win the confidence and friendship of the Indian emperor, Opechancanough, he had a house like those used by the English built for him in the forest. This delighted the old Indian, especially the mechanism of the lock and key which he said to have locked and unlocked a hundred times a day.

By the spring of 1622, the college was being firmly established. Over 100 tenants had been settled on the college lands, and the iron furnace at Falling Creek was described as being "in a very great forwardness." In London, the London Company had elected the Rev. Patrick Copland as rector or president of the college.

But all of this was swept away in a day. In the massacre of March, 1622, Henrico was completely annihilated. At the iron furnace at Falling Creek, every one was killed except a boy and a girl, and the tools of the men were thrown into the river. George Thorpe, who lived at Berkely, was warned of the attack by his servant, but he refused to believe there was any real danger, and his body was found later horribly mutiliated.

For four years the crafty old emperor had been planning this attack, at the same time pretending great friendship for the English. Only a few months before he had sent word to Governor Wyatt that so dear to him was the peace existing between the English and his people that "the sky should fall before he broke it," and on the morning of the massacre, the Indians had visited several plantations bearing gifts of game and had had breakfast with the English in the most friendly manner. So skillfully was the attack planned that each town and plantation from the falls to the Bay was attacked at exactly the same hour, the Indians waiting until the men were about their work and then falling upon them with their savage yells.

"They fell upon the English and basely and barbarously murthered them, not sparing age or sex, man, woman or child. Being at their several works in the house and in the fields, planting corn and tobacco, gardening, making brick biulding, sawing and other kinds of husbandry, so sudden was the cruel execution that few, or none discerned the weapon or the blow that brought them to destruction."

The converted Indian, Chanco, living in Jamestown warned his master, who in turn warned the town and nearby plantations, and through him the capital of the colony was saved, for the Indians quickly fled into the forest when they found the English waiting for them. Only a few of the plantations, however, could be warned, and when later in the day the Governor sent parties down the river to determine the extent of the terrible carnage, and to bring back to Jamestown the wounded, it was found that 347 of the English had been killed, whole families had been wiped out, their bodies mutilated and their homes in flames. The colonists now forgot their plans for christianizing and colonizing the Indians, and in retaliaton burned their villages, destroyed their crops and drove them further into the forests.

From the massacre the college would probably have survived, but only two years later the king withdrew the charter of the London Company, Virginia became a royal province under the king, and the college lands were confiscated, bringing to an end the college in Virginia.

Like the college, the town was never rebuilt, but the name, Henrico, has survived in the name of Henrico County. The sit of old Henricopolis, however, is now in Chesterfield County, the original Henrico County having been subdivided.

THE VALUE OF A SMILE

It costs nothing but creates much.

It enriches those who receive it without impoverishing those who give.

It happens in a flash and the memory of it sometimes lasts forever.

None are so rich that they can get along without it; and none are so poor but are richer for its benefit.

It creates happiness in the home and fosters good will in business. Yet it cannot be bought, begged, borrowed or stolen.

It is something that is no earthly good to anyone until it is given away.

If at some time you meet someone who fails to give you a smile, may I not ask that you give one of your own? For none need a smile so much as those who have none left to give.

—Selected.

LEAD THAT IS NOT LEAD

By Cora P. Emerson

Seldom does a day pass that we do not find some use for a lead pencil. It may be for figuring, writing, or drawing. But the black substance inside the wooden frame, that we use in making marks is not lead. It is graphite. Did I hear you say, "Then why not call it a grahpite pencil?" Some people do refer to a pencil that way. It is correct and the time may come when we shall all talk about our graphite pencil instead of our lead pencil.

The misnomer is due to the fact that early writing tools were made from metallic lead. The Romans used a lead tool which they called a stylus or style for writing on wax tablets. Later Michael Angelo and other artists of his period used the metallic lead for drawing.

Graphite gets it name from the Greek verb "graphein" which we are told means "to write." It is found in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, also in some parts of Asia and Europe. Much of our high grade graphite comes from the island of Ceylon.

It belongs to the same family of minerals as the diamond. Both are almost pure carbon. When boys and girls are doing their arithmetic work, I hope that they will remember that their helper is a sort of cousin to the diamond which people are so proud of owning.

Just when graphite was first used for writing is not known. Most people claim that Germany deserves the credit for recognizing its value as a marking material, sometime during the Middle Ages.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth a graphite mine was discovered in England. This was the famous Barrowdale mine in the mountains near Keswick. This graphite was very pure and as long as it lasted, which was over a hundred years, England monopolized the pencil industry.

At the same time Germany was experimenting with graphite from her Bohemian mines. In 1596 an Italian wrote an article on graphite in which he told how the people in Nuremberg had some process for making a lead-like substance out of graphite. But it was not until sixty-four years later that large quantities of pencils were being manufactured in Batavia by these Nuremburg people.

At first the wooden part of the pencil was made by cabinet workers. Early in the eighteenth century it became an independent trade. In an old church in Stein, which is not far from Nuremberg, is recorded the marriage of a pencil-maker and lead-cutter. This marriage is dated 1720.

Nicholas Jaques Coate made the important discovery in 1790 of mixing clay with the ground graphite. The amount of clay used is what makes pencils hard or soft.

It was not ntil 1861 that the United States had a factory for

making pencils. This was established by Eberhard Faber. This New York factory has continued to grow and is now one of the largest pencil factories in the world. It manufacture all kinds of high grade pencils. The United States has other factories making large quantities of pencils at the present time.

This greasy black material we call graphite has other important uses. It is used in electrotyping and electric apparatus as it is a good conductor of electricity. It is an excellent lubricant for all heavy machinery It is made into stove polish and paint. But the larger part of the world's production is "mixed with clay and made into crucibles and retorts which will not melt under intense heat."

A graphite more pure than the original is now artificially made at Niagara Falls, New York. In 1898 E. G. Acheson invented this process by "subjecting coke and anthracite coal to intense heat in an electric furnace." This artificial graphite can be used the same as the natural mineral for pencils, paint, and lubricants, but it cannot be used in making the crucibles.

Love requires not so much proofs, as expressions, of love.
—Jean Paul Richter.

FACTS ABOUT PAPER-MAKING

By Harry K. Hobart

How all-important paper is to modern civilization! How many are the uses of a paper! When we watch a giant press turning out thousands of daily newspapers, books or magazines; when we think of the countless typewriters clicking off sheet after sheet in the countless offices of our modern business world; and the thousand and one other uses of paper, one wonders where all this paper comes from and how man discovered and improved this wonderfully useful article.

The earliest paper was doubtless that made from Egyptian papyrus. This form of paper and the various parchments of ancient times seem to have been the only form of writing materials known to Europeans for many centuries.

Among the Chinese and Japanese, however we find that paper was made from very early times. Marco Polo tells us that the Chinese wrote on very fine paper and had used such paper for many centuries.

In Europe the first rag-paper was made in Spain under the Moors. The town of Jativa had the first paper mill in 1154. Soon after this traces of paper-making are found in Italy,

France and Germany. In England there is said to have been a paper mill at Stvenage in Hertford in 1460, but little is known of the history of paper-making in England until about 1558, when there was a mill at Dartford. Rag-paper had, however, been commonly in use since the fourteenth century. Thus we see briefly how far back the use of paper goes.

The raw materials at present in use in the manufacture of paper may be broadly sub-divided in three classes: Rags composed of cotton, linen and hemp fibers; Esparto, straw and bamboo; Jute and wood. Besides these three main divisions, the culms of various cereal grasses are employed where obtainable; rice straw in Asia, wheat, oats and other kinds of straw in Europe and America. Bamboo may be considered as a gigantic straw, but its component fibers are much more incrusted, therefore the chemical treatment for their separation is much more severe. Jute, in the form of old bagging, is generally used for strong cheap papers which do not require to be of a white color.

The idea of making paper-pulp of wood was first entertained in the early part of the nineteenth century. A patent was granted to some paper-makers in Italy in 1826. Some years later the idea came forth in England, but the mechanical process of "Volter" of Heidenheim was that which gave the principal impetus to the use of wood-pulp. The so-called sufite process is by far the most common, and its development springs from a dscovery made in 1867 by a Philadelphia chemist named Tilghman. He found that sulphurous acid would reduce wood to pulp, and this discovery forms the basis of what is now a very large industry.

All classes of trees are not equally suitable for pulp production, in fact, only the softer varieties are workable. Coniferous or cone-bearing trees, such as fir, spruce and pine, yield very suitable cellulose or pulp. The fibers of these trees are simple and all more or less of one nature. In Japan and some other countries paper is also made from the bark and young shoots of the mulberry tree. The increasing demand in recent years for wood for building purposes has greatly decreased the supply of wood for paper pulp, and the attention of the chemist has been directed toward other sources for substitutes. Many varieties of grass have been experimented with. Some of these are the tall millet of Manchuria, the sparto grass of Spain and northern Africa, the papyrus of Egypt and borders of the Nile, while in the United States, trials have been made with corn stalks, pineapple leaves mixed with pulp, and the various other fibrous plants and grasses.

These various experiments have resulted in the production of better brown wrapping paper and fine strawboard, but except in two instances, pulp and rags could not be superseded for making writing paper. The paper made from hemp has been found to be of good body and cream-white texture as well as fine calendered finish. The other exception was announced by the Bu-

reau of Standards. It is a fine white paper made from cotton linters. The chief commercial difficulty with this, at present, is that it costs too much to produce. England has recently discovered a successful filter paper to replace the Swedish and German filter paper which have been considered the best heretofore.

The actual process of paper-making is as follows:

The wood pulp is first boiled and ground. Then it is fed into a breaking engine. Here the pulp is reduced to a soupy mass by the action of paddle-like rollers in the center of the machine. If intended for newspaper, the sizing and loading agents are now added to the pulp and the whole mixture is allowed to run off by gravity into a storage chest. From this chest the pulpy mass is pumped into a "Jordan," or refining engine. This consists of a conical revolving drum encased in a cover of similar shape. Knives project inward from the cover and outward from the drum, so they have a cutting or refining action on the fibers, rubbing them out and making them of uniform size so that they felt or blend together thus producing a clear-looking sheet. If the fibers require bleaching, as is the case in the better class papers, the boiled pulp after breaking is not run into the "Jordan," but is run into a washer where it is thoroughly washed. The water is then drained off as much as possible before the addition of the bleaching solution which is simply the soluble extract from bleaching powder.

There are various methods of bleaching, but in all cases the pulp, after bleaching, must be thoroughly washed to free it from all traces of chemical. The resultant pulp, either after bleaching or running through the "Jordan," is what is known as commercially pure pulp or "stock cellulose." From this paper is made.

Next comes the beating process, and this is very important, as it goes a long way to determine the quality of the paper made. The coloring agents, either in the form of pigments or dyes are also added to the pulp in the beater and are fixed on the fibers by the pressing action of the beaters.

Thus we find that pulp goes through six separate processes in order to be made into paper. First there is the boiling and breaking, the screening and straining process. Then the passage through the "Jordan" and the drying on the endless wire cloth. Then the press rolls and their carrying felt and the drying cylinders. The beaters and the calendering and smoothing rolls. Finally the reeling and winding gear, over which the finished product is wound up.

The best grades of writing and ledger paper are not "sized" by the introduction of resin to the beater, but are run off the paper machine in an "un-sized" or "water-leaf" condition. This paper is then impregnated with a solution of gelatin and is then dried slowly. This forms a continuous skin of a hard, non-absorbent nature over the outer surface of the paper, thus giving it very high and permanent ink resisting proper-

ties. This process is technically known as "tub-sizing."

Formerly there were many names in use to designate different sizes of paper, but now they are most obsolete, for standard sizes are being more and more superseded by special orders of odd sizes, especially in England and the United States.

THE TOUCH OF THE MASTER'S HAND

(Selected)

'Twas battered and scarred, and the auctioneer
Thought it scarcely worth his while
To waste much time on the old violin,
But held it up with a smile;
"What am I bidden, good folks, he cried,
"Who'll start the bidding for me?
A dollar, a dollar, now two, only two,
Two dollars and who'll make it three?

"Three dollars once, three dollars twice.
Going for three," but no;—
From the room far back, a gray haired man
Came forward and picked up the bow,
Then wiping the dust from the old violin
And tightening up all the strings
He played a melody pure and sweet,
As sweet as an angel sings.

The music ceased and the auctioneer
With a voice that was quiet and low,
Said, "What am I bid for the old violin?"
And he held it up with the bow.

"A thousand dollars, and who'll make it two,
Two thousand, and who'll make it three?
Three thousand once, three thousand twice
And going and gone," said he.

The people cheered, but some of them cried,
"We do not quite understand—
What changed its worth," swift came the reply,
"The touch of the master's hand"
And many a man with life out of tune,
And battered and torn with sin
Is auctioned cheap to a thoughtless crowd
Much like the old violin.

A "mess of pottage," a glass of wine,
A game, and he travels on,
He is going once, and going twice,
He's going and almost gone.
But the Master comes and the foolish crowd
Never can quite understand
The worth of a soul and the change that's wrought
By the touch of the Master's hand.

BOOKS AND THE MINDS OF MEN

By William T. Polk

Here is something that needs to be said. The people of North Carolina have persistently and shamefully neglected and overlooked the finest agency for a happy, intelligent and cultured citizenship—to wit, the public library.

This is a condition that should be known and remedied.

Like her sister Southern States, North Carolina has not considered the public library to be of much importance in its life.

Dr. Edgar W. Knight, in one of the chapters of "Culture in the South," has stated the following illuminating, if humiliating, facts:

"Whereas 43 per cent of the population of the United States are without access to public libraries, 71 per cent of the population of the South have no such access;

"The average per capita expenditure for public libraries in the United States is 33 cents, while in the Southern States it ranges from 2 cents to 18 cents;

"Only about 50 counties in the South have county libraries with full service by truck or deposit stations to all persons in the County, whereas 46 of the 58 counties in California have such service;

"In the late lamented good times, about 1927 A. D., at least four Southern states had more automobiles in their garages than books in their public libraries, their favorte reading being the speedometer, their most popular author Steward Warner."

North Carolina's Place in the Picture

What was North Carolina's place in this not very pleasing picture?

In 1925 Dr. Orlando Stone made a survey of the reading habits of North Carolinians; the results are quoted in that treasure house of information, Dr. S. H. Hobbs' "North Carolina, Economic and Social." Dr. Stone found that as regards newspapers and magazine reading North Carolina stood 43rd in the list of states, only one-third of the North Carolina families taking a daily newspaper. He found that in the number of volumes per inhabitant in its public libraries North Carolina was 48th in the Union, on rock bottom. While Massachusetts had two volumes per person, North Carolina had eleven persons per volume. And this was about the time that North Carolina was boasting that she had reached such a height of prosperity that she had enough automobiles in the State to take all her people to ride at one time.

In one County—in the eastern part of the State—Dr. Stone found that 46 per cent of the white families have no current reading (excepting Sears Roebucks's catalogue and Doane's Liver Pills Almanac) and calculated that if this were typical of the State then there were 500,000 white families in the State in this situation.

Thus was raised the question as to what sort of civilization, if any, we were building.

True, the picture is not as black as it has been painted if you leave out the negro; but nobody has ever found a way to leave him out. And it is true also that there has been some improvement since 1925. Then there were in this State eleven persons per book; now there are five. That is practically one book per family. By the time that communism catches us and we have to divide everything, we may have reached such a high plane of civilization and culture that we will have a book apiece.

The fact is that the situation is still deplorable. Forty-one counties in North Carolina, according to statistics compiled May 1st, 1934, have no public, county or subscription libraries within their borders. There are 19 cities in State of 2,500 or more population with no public libraries. In addition, there are many small libraries, operating on charity and giving totally inadequate service.

Causes and Remedies

What are the causes of this situation?

1. Lack of money.

2. Lack of realization of the value of a public library. This is the more important cause. We spend money for what we want including automobiles, soft drinks and pop-crackers. A library is not a very expensive institution. That there are many conuties, cities and communities in the State without public libraries is indicative of the fact that the leaders in those places did not especially want public libraries. And this implies a failure on the part of those leaders to realize the benefits that a public library brings to the people it serves.

What are the remedies?

1. More county libraries, since North Carolina is predominantly a rural state and the county is the main unit of society.

2. More book trucks and book deposit stations to take the books directly to the people who need them most.

It is not such a difficult thing to start a public library which is merely a collection of books efficiently circulated. All that is needed is small group of people sufficiently interested and energetic to get it started. Once established, it should if properly maintained increase in size and usefulness as the people realize that it is a cooperative enterprise which gives them good reading for far less than they could buy it individually.

What is said to be the largest hanging bell in the world is at Mandalay, India. It measures twelve feet from height to crown, and twenty-one feet to the top of the metal monsters surmounting it. Its diameter is sixteen feet and three inches, and the metal is from six to twelve inches thick. Its weight is about eighty tons.—Selected.

'HONEST JOHN' LETCHER, WAR GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA

By Vera Palmer

All Virginians are so familiar with the great deeds and illustrious names of those who played the leading roles in the tragic drama of the War Between the States that a number of the participators are today as truly living personalities as they were when here in the flesh. But there is one who served his State faithfully and well, yet toward whom the historians have been somewhat stingy in the space they have allotted to him. That man is John Letcher, who was Governor of Virginia from 1860 to 1864. What we are told about him is very much in his favor, but the pages given over to his story are all too few.

John Letcher was a product of the Shenandoah Valley, having been born in Lexington on March 29, 1813. He came of a sturdy heritage, for on one side he was of Welsh descent and on the other Scotch-Irish. The frugality and industry of his Welsh and Scotch ancestors, together with the Irishman's humor, enabled him to face and fight the world almost unaided. It was as a son of toil that he began life, and at 15 he was busily working at the trade of a tailor, yet he used every spare moment to read some worthwhile book and saved his pennies for the furtherance of his education. Thus, he seems almost the story-book ideal of what a poor youth should be.

Reward came to him soon after he was 21, for by that time "honest John" had acquired enough preparatory knowledge and sufficient cash to enter Washington College, there in his native town, now Washington and Lee University. He took the law course and in 1839, hung out his shingle not a stone's throw from his alma mater. The "Fourth Estate" had the same allure for this young man that it has held for countless others, both before his time and since, for he was barely established as a lawyer before he founded The Valley Star, and so became also an editor and general newspaperman. The purpose of the sheet, apparently, was to give voice to Democratic principles and to advance the cause of education for all the people of his section. It was probably about this time that he took unto himself a wife. She was Mary Holt of Augusta County and except that she survived him, with seven children, we are told very little about her by the recorders of the time, although, of course, a number of people clearly remember her.

This man was not the type to stand still, and the steady rise of John Letcher from step to step, ever realizing one ambition after another, even against tremendous obstacles, is astonishing. It soon became evident that such a personality at such a period would inevitably get into politics. So before he had been out of college a decade we find him serving as a presidential elector on

the Democratic ticket. That was in 1848, and when the convention was called two years later to remodel the State Constitution, Mr. Letcher was returned to that body by a large majority, although his district was strongly Whig.

Then, in 1851, came election to the Congress, where he served four consecutive terms. Adherence to the best interests of the people and prudent expenditure of public funds won for this Virginia representative the title of "Honest John Letcher, the watchdog of the Treasury." Although he had traveled no easy path since the day he left his tailor's bench, he did not know what a really difficult position was until beginning his term as Governor of Virginia on January 1, 1860, not on account of the post itself, but owing to the troublous times. Now he was to be called on to lead his State through the darkest period of her history.

Governor Letcher advocated moderation, conciliation and peace so long as he saw any possibility of achieving them, for he loved the Union deeply. But when it was evident that peace could not triumph, then he stood loyally by his native Commonwealth. Happenings both personal and political caused anguish to his soul, for he not only suffered the mental agony necessary to so great a responsibility as helping to control the war policy of Virginia, but also the deep sorrow of knowing that his home had been burned by the enemy.

In the closing months of the war came his incarceration in a Federal prison in Washington where, it is said, that his shoes and outer clothing were taken from him to prevent his escape.

Following his liberation after the war, the former Governor returned to Lexington to spend another long period under restriction. He was told not to leave the town without written permission from the President, according to the statement of his daughter, Margaret Letcher Showell, published in the summer of 1890. As this applied even to the carrying out of his duties as an attorney, it is easy to understand how his practice was ruined. The distinguished lawyer had the good fortune to be offered lucrative cases in other counties and States, for his reputation at the bar was widespread. But when the requisite permission to leave Lexington was sought, he invariably encountered so much red-tape that by the time consent was given it was too late to undertake the cases in question.

His imprisonment, followed by the nerve-wracking restrictions, greatly impaired the health of John Letcher, but in time he rebuilt, to a certain degree, his shattered fortunes. In 1875, he was elected to the Virginia House of Delegates, and the following year, while in attendance on its session he was stricken with paralysis, from which he was a sufferer for eight long years. He passed away quietly and peacefully in Lexington on January 26, 1884, and is buried in that historic town.

The two outstandingly dramatic events of Governor Letcher's administration were the acceptance by General Robert E. Lee of the com-

mand of the Virginia forces, and the entry into Richmond of President Jefferson Davis.

One historian gives an impressive account of the former, declaring that it was on April 22, 1861, that Colonel Lee, as he was then, arrived here after having declined the command of the active Army of the United States, tendered him by President Lincoln. Two days after his refusal to lead the Federal forces against his own State, Lee was on his way to Richmond on the invitation of Governor Letcher.

With the laurels he had won in the Mexican War still fresh upon him, the future chieftain was cheered by the people all along the route and when he reached Richmond the welcome accorded him was wildly enthusiastic. Judge John Robertson and Adjutant-General Richardson met the gallant young officer at the station and escorted him to the Spotswood Hotel, where the applause was deafening. The people felt that they had drawn the prize of the entire United States Army.

That very day, Governor Letcher sent a message to the convention that he had nominated, and with its consent, would appoint Colonel Lee commander of the military and naval forces of Virginia. The convention unanimously indorsed his action and set the next day to receive Colonel Lee. The ceremony, which took place at noon, must have been one of the most impressive ever witnessed in the historic hall of the House of Delegates where so many momentous events have taken place.

Lee entered on the arm of Major Marmaduke Johnson, we are told, and the convention arose to receive him. "When halfway up the aisle Major Johnson stopped and in measured tones said: 'Mr. President, I have the honor to present to you and to the convention, Major-General Lee.' Mr. Janney, the president, replied: 'Major-General Lee, in the name of the people of our native State here represented, I bid you a cordial and heartfelt welcome to this hall in which we may yet almost hear the echo of the voices of the statesmen and soldiers and sages of bygone days, who have borne your name, whose blood now flows in your veins.' "

General Lee is declared to have been visably affected by the words of confidence then spoken by the presiding officer, and his acceptance was brief. This was Lee's first and last speech, says the historian in question, but the scene was one never to be forgotten.

Only a few weeks later, May 29, 1861, to be exact, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, arrived in Richmond, and the city became the capital of the new nation. Although it was early in the morning, a large crowd gathered at the station to greet him. Mr. Davis arrived from Petersburg, accompanied by Governor Letcher and his advisory council, Mayor Mayo, the City Council and T. H. Wynne, a member of the House of Delegates. When the President entered his carriage a salute of 15 guns was fired, one for each State. He, too, was conducted to the Spotswood, and throngs cheered all along

the way, many people pressing to the sides of the carriage to shake the hand of the Chief Executive.

Arrangements had been made for President and Mrs. Davis to occupy the large mansion at the corner of Twelfth and Clay Streets, which had been built by Dr. Brockenbrough, then owned by J. A. Seddon. The City Council had bought the house and completely furnished it. The members then asked the privilege of presenting it to the President as the city's testimony of respect for him, officially and personally. The committee appointed by the provisional Congress refused, however, to accept it, saying that the whole Confederacy and not only one city, should bear the expense. So an offer was made either to buy the mansion or to rent it. The Davis family occupied the house, known as the White House, during its stay in Richmond, and today it is the much-visited Confederate Museum.

One of Governor Letcher's first official acts was the disposition of Henry Clay, not "in person," merely his statue. While the "Mill Boy of the Slashes" was yet living, the Whig ladies of Virginia raised money to erect a statue to him. They gave the contract to Hart, an eminent sculptor of the day, who went to Florence to execute it. After many years of delay the marble Clay arrived in Richmond, bringing forward the momentous question of what to do with it.

Possibly the delay had caused the ladies to forget that raising the money and placing the contract were only the first steps, as indispensable as they were. Some people suggested Church Hill as a permanent dwelling place for the Virginian-born Kentuckian, while others preferred that he keep a watchful eye on Main Street. Then the Legislature took a hand in the matter and decided that Clay should help General Washington and his colleagues guard the lawmakers in Capitol Square, and at such a spot as Governor Letcher should designate. The Governor selected the place near Ninth and Franklin Streets, and there Clay stood in a kind of summer house until a few years ago when a later and, seemingly, kindlier generation took him in out of the rain as he was becoming a bit weather-beaten. He stands now with many of his great fellow Virginians in the old hall of the House of Delegates.

As soon as the spot for the statue was chosen by the Governor, the foundation was laid and preparations were made for the unveiling, which took place on the birthday of the original, April 12, 1860. The city was filled with visitors, including Ex-President John Tyler. The Rev. Joshua Peterkin of St. James Episcopal Church gave the invocation and Benjamin Johnson Barbour was the orator. At the close of his speech, cannon boomed and bands played as the veil fell from the pedestrian Clay. The ceremonies concluded with a sumptuous banquet at the Exchange Hotel.

TORCHLIGHT

By Leon W. Dean

It was a hard choice. Should he make his escape or save the life of the the Indian who held him captive?

A canoe glided quietly along over the dark water of the lake. In the bow stood an Indian boy with a torch of sumac held aloft. In the stern knelt another young Indian. This boy was paddling. Amidships, between the two, sat a third boy—white.

At word from the first boy the light craft seemed to pause in mid-movement as the boy in the stern checked its progress.

By the light of the torch the boy in the bow was gazing down into the water. Slowly he raised his arm, which bore a flint-tipped lance. The light of the blazing torch etched the scene with a vividness that was never to be forgotten by the white boy. There was the supple body of the young Indian, bent slightly forward, aloft in one hand the firebrand, in the other the spear, now poised, ready to strike. The white of the birch-bark canoe, with its gummed seas, was also part of the picture, as was the firelit water and the vague outline of the shore. So dark was the wall of blackness beyond the sphere of light that all within the sphere seemed of a world apart. Particularly was it so in the tenseness of the movement before the spearshaft should go thrusting downward.

"Ugh!"

The boy in the bow grunted softly; his spear-arm whipped downward, the shaft leaving it as the arrow leaves the bow, disappearing in the water, with scarcely a sound. Behind it trailed a sinuous length of rawhide, which the boy with almost the same movement caught up. Nor was he any too soon. It tightened in his hands with a rush. At the same moment the boy in the stern put the canoe in motion again, swinging its head to the direction in which the line was moving. So fast was the action that it seemed almost a thing of instinct; but fast as it was, the canoe heeled over under the strain of the charging line and all but capsized before it straightened out and righted itself.

The name of the white boy, sitting with muscles as taut as the rawhide cutting through the water, was Walter Wade. For several weeks he had been a captive in the hands of the Indians. These Indians lived in the northern part of the New Hampshire Grants, or what is now Vermont. It was the fall of the year, some of the Indians had come down the Missisquoi River to Lake Champlain to lay in their winter supply of fish. With them they had taken Walter; it was partly because he had made friends with the two Indian boys of his own age, and partly because it was safer for them to take him than to leave him at the camp in custody of only the squaws and the old men.

Walter knew Indian nature and had made himself agreeable, giving no trouble. As a consequence the

vigilance of his captors had somewhat relaxed, but he well knew that beneath their apparent carelessness there was always a certain watchfulness and suspicion. He also knew that it was miles through the woods to the nearest settlement, and that to escape and make the journey without food or means of obtaining food was well-nigh impossible. Yet he was determined to do it should the opportunity offer. He had been taken captive while fishing on the River of the Otters near his home. What fortune might have befallen his parents he did not know.

"Ugh!"

There was surprise, alarm in the guttural warning of the Indian in the stern. Both Walttr and the bow Indian looked up to see the canoe driving directly on to a huge drifting tree, with its upflung branches and towering root-mass showing with startling grotesqueness in the weird light. It might have been mistaken for some horrid water monster with a hundred writhing arms. There was little time for thought and little time for action, but of the three boys in the boat Walter thought the quickest.

It had all come about because the three boys had gone sturgeon-fishing that night. Of all the fish in the lake the sturgeon was the mightiest, some of them weighing several hundred pounds. The Indian method of taking them was to hunt them at night when they came in along the shallows to feed. Having sighted one, they would strike it with a spear and then let it run, towing the canoe behind it until it was exhausted, when it would be hauled abroad or dragged ashore. A two or three-hundred pound sturgeon would supply the camp with a large quantity of fish flesh for smoking. Almost any calm night the lights of the boats could be seen on the water. More than one night Walter had been out with his two companions. As he had sat there between them beneath the stars, or, as tonight, when there were not even stars for guidance, he had laid his plans. Once anything should occur to distract the attention of the two Indians he would try to gain possession of one of their weapons, capsize the canoe, and escape. Tonight he had his eye on an extra spear lying between the feet of the young Indian ahead of him. Now suddenly everything was propitious. A mammoth sturgeon was dragging them, faster than a horse could run, straight into disaster. For a moment the two Indians tried to save the situation, but the giant fish could not be halted, and the canoe could not be turned from its course without going over. In desperation the boy in the bow, at the last instant, for everything was happening with extreme rapidity, cast off the line. It was the only thing left to do, but even in that he was unsuccessful, for it became tangled around his legs. Walter flung forward, seizing the spear, and in the same moment the canoe crashed.

Walter felt himself strike the water, and then was under. Even before coming to the surface he was swimming. Indeed, he kept under as long as he could. When he did

come up everything was so black for a moment he was confused. Then he got his bearing and headed for shore. At the same time he heard a splashing around and a low call for help. He knew that it was from one of the Indian boys, but if he went back it would mean sacrificing his chance of escape.

Several times the call was repeated. Walter wondered where the second boy was. It was for the second boy to help his companion. Probably the boy in trouble was the one with the cord around his legs. He could not stop to help him, the white boy reasoned. Never again would he have chance such as this to get away. He had been waiting for days that it might come. If the Indian boys drowned, so much the better. Yet in their way they had been good to him. He could imagine the boy with the rope around his legs being dragged down by the giant fish.

The call came again. He hesitated. He knew that the Indian boy's pride would prevent him from summoning his distant companions, even were it possible. He would perish first. Something must have happened to the other boy. But there was his own welfare to think of, and the fate of his people. If the boy succumbed it was the fortunes of war; the white boy would not be to blame. There was a moment of silence. The struggle ceased. Then the thrashing begin again. It sounded weaker. There was no cry now. The boy had evidently given up hope of succor.

Walter turned back. As he did so he relinquished his hold on his spear. He swam swiftly. His eyes were becoming more accustomed to the darkness. The bulk of the drifting tree loomed before him. He could see movement. The Indian boy was there, hanging to the branches, fighting against the thing that tugged at his legs to draw him down.

"Hang on!" Walter called.

But the Indian boy, as if overcome with exhaustion, let go. Walter never knew exactly how he reached him, but he did, seizing a protuding branch as he did so. Then began a desperate battle for life. The pliant bough bent and flailed about. Part of the time he was on the water and part of the time under it. But the big fish, too, was feeling the strain. In a moment of respite the boy managed to get some slack of the line and snub it. Then, drawing a knife from the Indian boy's waist, he cut the great fish loose.

It was morning before they were taken off the floating tree. What had become of the other boy they never knew. A few days later, as they were breaking camp to return to the Indian village, Walter, to his surprise, was given a canoe and a gun. The last he ever saw of the boy he had saved was as he turned, a lone figure, at the edge of the forest and stood for a moment, motionless, silently gazing back.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our barber shop was opened again last Saturday, and under the direction of Mr. Query, the boys are receiving much needed hair-cuts.

—o—

Miss Virginia Smoot, secretary to the superintendent, was called to her home in Concord last Monday on account of the illness of her mother, Mrs. J. E. Smoot, and a little niece visiting there, who was also quite ill.

—o—

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Groover, of Rome, Ga., former members of our staff, spent last week-end with friends at the Training School. It has been several years since they left the institution and their many friends here were glad to see them again.

—o—

The painting of the interior of our buildings having been completed and the cold weather making it impossible to do any outside painting, the group of painters working on the C W A project at the Training School were compelled to remain idle this week.

—o—

All through the winter we have enjoyed an abundance of fresh vegetables, such as collards, mustard, rape, lettuce and other salads, in fact these have constituted our principle diet. We watch the changes of the weather with a great deal of trepidation, and we fear that the severe cold of the past week has completely destroyed hopes of a continued supply of these fine additions to our winter menus. There may be some which have escaped, but it is our opinion that the greater part has been lost.

—o—

Messrs. L. T. Hartsell, chairman of the board of trustees; J. Lee White, farm manager; W. M. White, purchasing agent and Superintendent C. E. Boger made a trip to Raleigh last Tuesday, where they were joined by Miss Easdale Shaw, of Rockingham, another member of the board of trustees. This group then went before the Appropriations Committee of the Legislature, now in session in the capitol, in the interest of the School and its need for the biennium beginning July 1, 1935.

—o—

We reported in these columns some time ago how fortunate we were to have escaped the epidemic of influenza which was raging in the community at that time. It begins to look now that it is on the way, as at this writing quite a number of our boys are confined to their beds by severe colds, and many others are coughing and otherwise complaining. In addition to this two members of our staff have been reported ill and are now abed. While this illness has not reached the point where it can be called an epidemic, the number confined requires quite a bit of extra attention. If it were possible to have an infirmary here with a resident nurse in charge, the nerves of those responsible for the care of the sick would be relieved of much tension. When a hundred or more

boys are sick and looking to someone for relief, the anxiety for their welfare disturbs the peace of mind of all connected with the institution.

—o—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, boys' work secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., who, for a number of years has had charge of the afternoon service at the Jackson Training School on the fourth Sunday of each month, presented a most delightful program in our auditorium last Sunday.

Instead of bringing one of the Charlotte ministers or a prominent layman, as is his usual custom, he was accompanied on this occasion by a group of colored singers, the Y. M. C. A. male quartet of Johnson C. Smith University, Charlotte, and after the singing of the opening hymn and Scripture recitation by our boys, Mr. Sheldon introduced Joseph F. Haskins, leader of the group, who took charge of the program.

For more than an hour, these young men, in a manner peculiar to their race, delightfully entertained the assemblage with several groups of negro spirituals, piano selections, vocal solos and readings.

The first group of spirituals consisted of "Guide Me Oh Thou Great Jehovah," "My Lord, What a Morning" and "Good News, de Chariot's Coming," with Joseph Haskins taking the solo part in the second number.

James J. Abney, a large fellow with an unusually large voice, then rendered a bass solo, the well-known "Asleep in the Deep," in a very enjoyable manner. This was followed by a piano solo, "Song of India," by Andrew R. Howell, who also played the accompaniment for the quartet numbers.

In addition to being a good singer, Joseph Haskins then demonstrated his ability as a reader, rendering one of Paul Lawrence Dunbar's humorous poems, "In de Morning," which elicited hearty laughter and thunderous rounds of applause from the boys.

We then enjoyed another group of spirituals, "Git On B'od, Little Children," "Stand de Storm" and "Climbin' Up de Mountain, Children."

Joseph Haskins then delighted the boys with a tenor solo, "L'il Gal," which was followed by a piano solo by A. R. Howell, "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise." Haskins then recited another of Dunbar's poems, "L'il Brown Baby."

The next group of spirituals included "De Ol' Ark's A'moverin'," "No Hidin' Place Down Here," "When Jesus Comes" and "Joshua Fit de Battle ob Jericho," after which Haskins recited "When Melindy Sings."

The program was concluded by the singing of the following spirituals: "Poor Ol' Lazarus," "This Train" and "Standin' in de Need ob Prayer."

The quarter was composed of Paul D. Glover, first tenor; Joseph F. Haskins, second tenor; Andrew R. Howell, baritone and James J. Abney, bass, and we wish to take this opportunity to thank them heartily for making it possible for our boys to enjoy such a fine program.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 9, 1935 No. 6

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If you intend to go to work, there is no better place than right where you are; if you do not intend to go to work, you cannot get along anywhere.

I am not bound to win but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live by the light that I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right, stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong.

—Abraham Lincoln.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

"Let every American, every lover of liberty, every well-wisher to his posterity swear by the blood of the Revolution never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country and never to tolerate their violation. . . . Let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father, and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty. Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in school, in seminaries, and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling books and almanacs—let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation, and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars."—Abraham Lincoln.

BETTER ENGLISH WEEK

The women of the Federated Clubs of North Carolina, and throughout the country, have proven to the public in every instance that they have not banded for frivolities, but are wide-awake, studying the needs of the day; and seldom launch a program that does not bring forth satisfactory results.

At this time of the year "Better English Week" is emphasized between the dates of 18-23 of this month, the specific purpose is to endeavor to express one's thoughts in clear, forceful, dignified and accurate English with the hope of eliminating the "overworked slang expressions," or any sloven, or coarse usage of profanity

that is not infrequently heard, we bow our head in shame when we whisper it—from the lips of mothers and daughters.

This move upon the part of the women is to be commended as one leading to superb cultural ideal that blends a charm and glow of refinement to home life, or any social gathering. By practice, a flawless diction can be acquired, adding a new word daily to our vocabulary, with the precaution to enunciate distinctly also speak at all times pleasantly and clearly.

* * * * * * *

WASTE IN LITTLE THINGS

It is an undisputed fact that we, as a nation, are a wasteful people, particularly in small things. Take the matter of milk bottles, for instance. The federal department of Agriculture some time ago selected the State of Michigan for a test of milk bottle breakage, and the findings made public, are startling.

Something like 50,000,000 milk bottles were broken in Michigan in one year. As these bottles cost five cents each, a little arithmetic will show you what the loss was.

Somebody pays for this loss. It isn't the dairyman or the milk distributor. So it must be the general public. Therefore, the more careless you are with your milk bottles, the higher the price you must pay for your milk. It is the ultimate consumer who settles all bills.

* * * * * * *

GOLDEN DEEDS

Golden are the deeds that have sprung from man to measure the good things he has done. Golden is the man's heart with which he is endowed that worships at the altars of God and Humanity. Golden is his creed—the creed—the creed of Happiness for his fellow man. Men are inclined to be staid individuals after they have reached middle age. They acquire a hardened dignity that is difficult to dent. They sometimes forget their days of adversity, and in the days of prosperity they forget to do for

their fellowman all they could possibly do, everything, anything that would gladden the heart of his fellow man, and bring comfort and happiness to him and his loved ones. Though you may wear the silvey wreath of fifty or more—be human. Better to have a heart of gold in overalls, than a heart of stone in broadcloth.

The place to be happy is here. The time to be happy is now. The way to be happy is to make others happy. If we love our fellowmen there can be no guile or hatred, or any uncharitableness in the souls of men.

The world has gone on because men have had visions of something new and better, and have risked and ventured their all upon their realizations, and in the long run something new and better has come. Be not loyal to false teachers of the myth makers, and crafty oracles, but reverence the truth and all things good, and beautiful and righteous. Be not profane of sacred things, but dwell in the temple of faith that inspire liberty, justice, charity, intellectual freedom, friendship and benevolence. Be on the square and the level with your fellow men in the name of Him who gave His life for all men.

* * * * * * *

DON'T NEGLECT THE CLASSICS

We would most kindly advise every boy in the Jackson Training School not to neglect the classics. The word "classic" as applied to a book, is one our younger generation shies at, simply because it does not know its meaning. It is egarded as "highbrow," and because of that is disliked by the crowd. But the crowd is not to be followed by young men who are making their mark in the world. A classic is simply a work of the highest class and of acknowledged excellence, often applied particularly to the famous writings of the ancient Greeks and Romans.

A forward-looking young man in business is keen to know about the qualities of successful men and always considers himself fortunate when able to associate with and learn from one of them. He recognizes their excellence and wants to know the principles and behavior that elevated them in the world of business.

Fine intelligence today comes largely from reading. There are many kinds of it, flaunted on newsstands, that are utterly worthless, and much that is debasing. Here is where the young man should protect his serious reading and confine himself to classics, that is, books of high excellence that live in literature. Then he learns from them and at the same time acquires a taste for the best reading the world provides. He gives his reading hours to what is best, and so educate himself. The business man who has a classic to read is widening his outlook and increasing his intelligence and his intellectual outlook, while the young man who gives his reading hours to the common fiction of the day, is likely to become muddy-minded and does not increase his knowledge and power. He travels with hay-power instead of gas power, and that has a lot to do with the distance he gets by the time he reaches middle-age, both in business and in intellect.

* * * * * * *

THINGS ONE REMEMBERS

The public has heard the electric industry of the United States abused shamefully for the past six or eight years, by many persons who wished to curry public favor by attacking something or somebody. Political attacks were often sickening in their unfairness.

The politicians used the collapse of the great Insull utilities to clinch their arguments as to the iniquity of the "power trust" and prove that the whole industry had been manipulated to the detriment and robbery of the public.

But what has happened? Three of the principals in the Insull properties were tried before three typical juries in the center of the territory where the properties were located, and where sentiment against the principals was supposed to be greatest. In all three cases the juries brought in verdicts of "not guilty" of the various charges to defraud the public. Nobody has yet claimed that the juries are tools of the "power trust."

A fair-minded person wonders if many of the blanket charges leveled by politicians against the electric industry as a whole might

not fall just as flat if the facts were known, as did the evidence before the three juries in the Insull cases.

Experience teaches that it is well to be on guard against anyone who is continually accusing his neighbors of wrongdoing.

* * * * * * *

SEMBRICH

Marcella Sembrich died in her 77th year. Coming to this country, a young Galician girl, at the age of 25, in 1833, she added much to musical life in the United States, because of her versatility as a musician. She was an accomplished violinist, pianist, besides possessed a voice of unusual sweetness and wide range.

Today, it is conceded that Sembrich was the forerunner of the Golden Age of Opera in the United States. Since that date, or the date of the coming of Sembrich to America, New York City has been the home of Melba, Clave, Nordica, Eames, Schuman-Heink, DeReszkes, Caruso and other artists.

* * * * * * *

CONFIDENCE COMES FIRST

The most potent force for recovery is confidence—confidence on the part of industry, property owners, investors. By the same token, lack of such confidence creates and perpetuates depression.

The San Francisco Call-Bulletin recently observed there are now some ten billion dollars ready to be loaned to business for improvement and expansion—when there is sufficient confidence to justify the risk. The money is now in the banks, but bankers would obviously be unfaithful to their trust if they loaned money without feeling strongly that they can do so in safety.

There are now signs that confidence is returning—that problems are being ironed out, that industrial leaders and public officials are reaching a common ground. If that is true, it will be a blessing for all the people.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

I'M THANKFUL

"I'm thankful that I'm thankful,
For, were I not, I'm sure
I'd miss a thousand blessings
That come flocking to my door.
So I stand there at the portal
And, with a smiling face,
I greet each new-found blessing,
Waiting there to take its place,
Till my soul is filled with rapture,
And it's heaven here below
Just to know my Father loves me
And is caring for me so."

—o—

If some people ever get to heaven, first thing they will look for will be the complaint department.

—o—

You can't sell stuff by telling how much you need the money. Tell the buyer how much he needs the goods.

—o—

You may be able to get the squeak out of the car, but hard to get it out of the taxpayer when you put some new levy on him.

—o—

People find the business outlook bright when they want to borrow money, but very gloomy when asked to contribute to something.

—o—

Prizes are being offered for the most beautiful back. To me, and most people, the back that looks most beatiful is that of the long-winded talker who gives you his views on everything and finally turns away.

—o—

A philosopher says, "Every family should have at least one innocent family joke." They have—and it is generally Dad.

—o—

It is stated that an Illinois wife has yawned continuously for eight years. Some women have husbands who will cause them to do that very thing.

—o—

I see it stated that a Minnesota man had won first prize in a memory contest. He must have remembered what had become of Upton Sinclair and Herbert Hoover.

—o—

When the New Deal, in its provisions, pays a man in Alaska $3,500 annually to supervise reindeer, I have a longing desire to know just how a reindeer is supervised.

—o—

Much has been said about the wolf at the door. If the wolf comes around the door nowadays he is likely to find several salesmen lined up ahead of him.

—o—

A public health expert told a Detroit audience recently: "I'm worried about our young folks because they have such fool parents." It is per- to make their children happy. But it seems there is too much money and too little discipline. The result of

this state of affairs is that our boys and girls, our young men and women, know much of pleasure and little of duty and responsibility.

—o—

The complaint is made that the young people are not enough interested in musical practice. This complaint may be justified but I notice they all seem willing to practice on the automobile horn.

—o—

So many of us are so prone to look at how the other fellow is living that we forget to see how we ourselves are living. It may be worse, or it may be better. It is not always best to measure by the other fellow's yard stick.

—o—

We are told that the automobile is going to lead the way back to prosperity this year. It seems more like leading the way to the undertaker by the number of people being killed yearly by reckless drivers.

—o—

Walter Lippmann, admittedly one of the best minds in American journalism, recently made some very pertinent comments on the Hauptmann trial. It is unconventional at least said Mr. Lippmann, that a defense attorney should appeal to the public for help in a case, to say nothing of his coming out with a newspaper announcement of his proposed questions and the answering testimony that he expected. Mr. Lippmann very rightly condemned our present system of criminal trial procedure and the sensational publicity that is given to murder cases. He wisely suggests that the audience at such trials should be limited, that no publicity other than a transcript of the testimony should appear in newspapers until the trial is completed, and that only representatives of legal journals and the press associations be allowed in the courtroom. Mr. Lippmann will find it a difficult job to enforce his plan. The general public is too morbid and curious to submit to being shut out when a sensation is on tap.

—o—

What is newsworthy? A new congress is operating at Washington. President Roosevelt's program of social legislation is fraught with intense importance for the nation at large. The daily press allots this momentous news a column or two or space, not necessarily prominent. The Saar plebiscite favor Hitler Germany. The peace of Europe in the future depends upon the effect of this vote throughout the Continent. Again this news is pushed into second on third place. Mussolini wins the first count in his imperialistic program in Africa. Prominent educators and noted scientists utter appraisals and prophecies that directly bear upon the future of civilization. Barely a ripple greets this news in the national press. The Hauptmann trial at Flemington, N. J., corners the ace reporters of the contry, is recorded in screaming headlines, is emotionally probed by sob stories, "personality blurbs" and action photographs of the principals in every conceivable situation. The press contends that the public cries for this type of news. Is it not equally possible that the long-suffer-

ing and silent majority of readers are simply fed up—and say nothing. The President's birthday celebration was the most humane thing that has taken place this year—the motive behind it, in its benefaction aspect, the most worthy of all human endeavors, was mentioned in an ordinary way. The bad in the doings of people is expatiated, and the good is scarcely mentioned. So prints the world away.

HAIL, BISHOP VALENTINE!

(The New Outlook)

Saint Valentine was a martyr of the very early Christian centuries. History knows very little about him, but he doesn't seem to have been a man of the quality that would at all suggest that we in our modern time make any particularly appropriate use of his name. The date of his martyrdom happened to coincide with a time-honored heathen spring festival, at which love and sentiment and gift-giving were emphasized, and it would seem that our forefathers in taking that festival over to Christian uses gave it the name of one of their saints, in order to purge it of any taint, remove any suspicion that might exist in regard to it, and give it a really Christian appearance. Did they succeed in their purpose? Is our Valentine's Day worthy of the Christian saint whose name it carries? Should we in any sense think of it as a Christian festival? Opinions might differ as to that, as they do about a multitude of things, but the man who argues that the occasion, even with all the silly uses that we may sometimes put it to, may serve a good purpose and help to keep something alive that ought not to be allowed to die, may have a little to say for himself. We do get very afraid of sentiment at times, and seem to think that any warm-hearted expression of it somehow discredits us. Of course it may get mawkish and silly, but what need is there that it should? That it may sometimes express itself a little foolishly, as some might see, does not condemn it out of hand anyway, and certainly does not say that it may not express itself finely and without any touch of folly, or that such expression may not serve some high and holy end. Indeed, it would not be difficult to think of any sphere in life where sentiment might not play a good and useful part, and where its absence and lack of expression might not be quite serious. If you have been afraid of it in the past, and think at this moment with some sense of awkwardness of any warm-hearted expression of it, it is probably time that something should be done. You can scarcely afford to allow that finely-adjusted nature that God has given you to grow creaky and rusty through lack of use. Perhaps you had better send your valentine.

TRAILING THE TRUE ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By H. H. Slawson

If Abraham Lincoln could come back among us today, I fancy he might be quite amused at some of the efforts that have been made to keep his memory green.

I should like to be around when he would learn that his old bedroom slippers are still being tenderly cherished and reverently displayed behind glass in a museum. I fancy I might hear some caustic comments in Abraham Lincoln's best style of humor. I wonder if he would burst out with quotations from that poem he was so fond of, the one beginning, "Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud!"

Fortunately Abraham Lincoln's greatness does not depend on bedroom slippers. To be perfectly frank, however, the pair I saw displayed at the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago are enormous, the largest pair of slippers, I believe, I ever beheld. Embroidered on them in beads is the monogram "A. L.," yet, dainty and fragile as this bit of adornment is, it does not detract from the overwhelming impression that Abraham Lincoln was, physically, a big man.

To the Lincoln-lovers the Century of Progress Exposition offered an unsurpassed opportunity to gain a personal appreciation of their hero. Viewing the mementos displayed on the exposition grounds and visiting, also, while in the city, the rare collection of the Chicago Historical Society, one could get a conception of the "true" Abraham Lincoln such as might not be gained by any amount of biographical browsing.

The state of Illinois, whose present governor is a noted collector of Lincolniana, made lavish effort to gather together a rich display of relics associated with the life of that commonwealth's famous son.

Exhibited in the Illinois Host House were state papers innumerable that have served to shape the destiny of a nation. Others there were which the biographers have used to throw light on Lincoln's personal life. And to meet face to face documents on which well-known stories rest was a source of satisfaction thousand of visitors to the fair enjoyed to the utmost.

Fancy, for instance, the thrill at reading in Lincoln's own handwriting, his letter, dated from Washington, February 21, 1849, when he was a congressman from Illinois. In it he makes a remark about how "I carry most of my packages in my hat." Who does not remember what has been said, on the strength of that, in innumerable "Lives," about Lincoln's "filing system."

The marriage license of Lincoln and Mary Todd, dated November 4, 1842, must surely have sent many observers back to the biographies to read again the accounts of Lincoln's strange conduct when he left his bride-to-be "waiting at the church"

on an earlier day.

One got a glimpse of Lincoln as a business man in scanning the copies of the partnership agreements between him and his three different law office associates. Intensely interesting was a warrant for a soldier's pardon, signed by Lincoln, and a letter in which the president inquired about "a new gun for the navy."

Between the lines of still another letter one catches sight of an intensely human heart. Dated October 17, 1861, it reads:

"The lady—bearer of this—says she has two sons who want to work. Set them to it, if possible. Wanting to work is so rare a want that it should be encouraged. Yrs. Truly, A. Lincoln."

To me, however, the one thing in the collection which fixed itself most vividly in mind as a revelation of the "true" Abraham Lincoln, was a scrap of paper on which eight words were scribbled with every indication of haste. The note bears the date of April 10, 1865. It is addressed to the "Hon. Se'y of War," and is signed only with the president's initials, "A. L.," here is what is says:

"Tad wants some flags.

Can he be accommodated?"

Lincoln did not know it when he penned those few words, but just four days later the hand that traced them was to be forever halted by an assassin's bullet. Undoubtedly, as he wrote them, cabinet officers were impatiently striving to gain his ear, while senators, congressmen, generals, politicians, job hunters, in the anteroom, fretted and fumed. They may have wondered why affairs of state were at a standstill. It was because Abraham Lincoln was attending to the wants of a little boy, his son.

Like a shaft of light from some great search-lamp, those eight words lay bare the heart of a truly great man.

In one corner of the exhibition room a crowd was always gathered, thoughtfully studying a newly discovered portrait of Lincoln. Painted from life on a wooden panel, 8 x 10 inches in dimensions, this picture of the nation's famous president is valued at $50,000. Thomas Buchanan Read, better known as a poet and the author of "Sheridan's Ride," was the artist, and the work is regarded as "the most hauntingly impressive portrait of the martyr president ever produced."

Read had been officially commissioned to paint and draw prominent personages and events identified with the Union forces. For this portrait Lincoln sat a few days after the defeat of the Confederates under General Early in 1864, at the very doors of the capital. In this happy moment the artist skillfully caught, as has been said, "a mood of grateful relief that is almost divine." For forcefulness and sheer beauty the picture gives a clearer conception of the real Lincoln than any other picture extant.

The Lincoln lover, of course, found much to delight him in the "Lincoln Village," on the exposition grounds. Within a high rustic stockade could be seen faithful replicas of five old structures associated with Lincoln's

career. Entering the "village" one stopped first at the re-creation of the humble log hut in which Lincoln was born at Hodgenville, Kentucky. Beyond this stood a replica of the Indiana farm house in which Lincoln passed his youth from 1814 to 1830.

Third in line was the replica of the famous Lincoln-Berry store at New Salem, Illinois. Then came the "Wigwam," largest of the reproductions, although much reduced in size below the dimensions of the original, and recalling the Chicago convention hall, where Lincoln was nominated for the presidency in 1860. And if it was time to eat, every visitor found his way into the re-created Rutledge Tavern, Lincoln's boarding house in the New Salem period.

All of these five buildings were plentifully filled with pioneer relics dating from the period they pictured. Only a few objects, however, were authentically associated with Lincoln, himself, and outstanding as such was the famous Onstott collection. Lincoln had, it will be recalled, lived in the home of Henry Onstott, the New Salem cooper, and these relics date from that residence.

If it was your good fortune to talk with Miss Susana Onstott, custodian of the collection, you undoubtedly enjoyed a treat whose memory will linger long. Born in 1865, the grandchild of Henry Onstott, her impressionable childish mind stored up volumes of anecdotes related by her grandparent about his famous boarder. And from her recollections she gave freely as she told about the relics she was guarding.

Of outstanding interest was the surveyor's hammer used by Lincoln while working as a surveyor in New Salem. The tool was used to mark locations and government corners in timber regions. With its cutting edge a deep incision was made in the trunk of a tree to make a numeral or other surveyor's symbol. The battered condition of the head indicates hard usage by the youthful surveyor.

A peck measure, almost fallen to pieces, although of hickory wood, preserves memories of Lincoln's experiences as a grocery storekeeper. Henry Onstott made it for Lincoln and when the store was closed it was brought back to the place of its origin.

A cedar cane, whittled by Lincoln for the use of Granfather Onstott when the latter had injured his foot, recalls that habit Lincoln had of using his jack-knife to manufacture knick-knacks when business was not otherwise urgent.

A pair of fire-tongs brings alive again the cavernous fireplace in the New Salem tavern. Oak chips and shavings from the cooper shop made the room at night light enough for reading and with his long body stretched on the hearth, Lincoln would pore over the law books a kind providence had brought him when a passing emigrant, to lighten the load in his covered wagon, left an old barrel of odds and ends at the Lincoln grocery store. In the bottom of the barrel, you will remember, he had discovered the set of Blackstone's commentaries that

started him on his legal career. From time to time, as the fire died down, Lincoln must have used those fire-tongs to replace the logs and stir the flames to a brighter glow.

A tiny trunk, not much larger than a Gladstone bag, covered with a crudely tanned hide, once held all Lincoln's personal belongings. Grandmother Onstott, who looked after her boarder's personal comfort, would fold his clothes away in this after she had washed and mended them.

The collection includes the washstand that stood near the tavern door, to hold the tin pan Lincoln used to wash his face and hands in before meals. Other curios included the rocker which stood near the fireplace, a candlestick from the mantelshelf, an old table on which he wrote out his surveying reports, a hat box a clock of antique glory in itself.

It is in the impressive museum of the Chicago Historical Society that the pilgrimage reaches the climax of its thrills. Located in a corner of Chicago's most famous park, named after Lincoln, the entrance of this huge repository of rich historical lore, faces the widely known St. Gaudens statue of Lincoln. As he approaches the shrine and catches sight of the bronze figure with its backing of graceful elm trees, through which the blue waters of Lake Michigan gleam, the pilgrim is fittingly prepared for his examination of some of the most precious memorials of Lincoln to be found anywhere.

Here has been fitted up a replica of the front parlor of the Springfield home in which Lincoln received word of his nomination for the presidency.

"But wouldn't that room itself, in the actual Springfield home, be of more interest?" I fancy someone is asking.

True, indeed, except that here in the Chicago reproduction of the room one finds the original furniture of the old Lincoln homestead. The paper on the walls is an exact copy of the original, as is also true of curtains and carpets, and the books one sees in the room are contemporary editions of books Lincoln was known to have read. For the rest, however, the black horsehair settee, the quaint rocker, the two stiff-backed chairs, the "what not," the combination desk and book case, the table, all these were bought by Lincoln and his wife to feather the nest they occupied in Springfield. A Chicago candy maker got hold of them before anyone else had realized their value for future generations.

Close beside this precious collection is another room, linked with Lincoln's last sad hours on earth. It represents the room in the Peterson house across the street from Ford's Theatre in Washington, where they carried the unconscious president after the attack by the assassin in the theatre. Wall paper and carpets are here, again, copies of the originals, but the bureau, the chair, the gas jet, the curtains and the bed were in the room where Lincoln breathed his last. On that bed he lay when he died.

In the short space remaining, it is impossible to even list briefly all the

Lincolniana the Chicago Historical Society has asembled. One notes a rusty old rifle on whose wooden stock Lincoln had carved his name. It was given him in payment for cutting and shocking five acres of corn soon after he had settled in Illinois. Here's a battered old book, the "Theory and Practice of Surveying," by Robert Gibson in which Lincoln "boned" when preparing to take up surveying. Here's a letter dated November 11, 1842, a week after his wedding, which closes with the curious remark, "Nothing new here except my marrying, which to me is a matter of profound wonder."

Preserved here is the tall silk hat Lincoln wore in 1861 when he said farewell to the Springfield friends and started for Washington. Here, too, is the old grey shawl of which he was so fond, and which he wore when visiting the telegraph office and the Washington hospitals late at night. Here is a file case with the inscription, "Personal—A. Lincoln."

Surpassing all other objects in interest, perhaps, is the long black coat he wore to keep his rendezvous with death. One stands in silence before that somber garment and reads with eager curiosity the story which a carefully framed letter nearby tells about it. The letter bears the signature of Charles Forbes, who had been Lincoln's personal attendant from shortly before the first inauguration until the death of the president.

"Shortly after Mr. Lincoln's death," Forbes writes, "Mrs. Lincoln was packing her things preparatory to vacating the White House. She gave me the full suit of clothes which the President wore on the night of the assassination, together with other personal belongings of my friend and benefactor.

"I asked her, 'What shall I do with them?' She said, 'Do anything you like with them. Don't let me see them again.' "

Forbes' contribution to the museum collection includes also a photograph of Lincoln which bears the president's autograph and the last bit of writing done by him. As Forbes tells about it, one recognizes another deed, typical of the big man's heart. Again I quote from Forbes' account.

"Tad gave me the picture in the afternoon," says Forbes, "and I still had it in my pocket when Mrs. Lincoln and her guests were ready to start for the theatre. The President was engaged and told them to go ahead and send the carriage back for him. I accompanied them to the theater and returned in the carriage for the President. When the last visitor had departed and I had helped him on with his great coat, I remembered the picture and I said, 'Mr. President, Tad gave me a photograph this afternoon and I wish you would put your name at the bottom of it.'

" 'Certainly, Charlie,' replied the President, and picking up a pen, he wrote his name on the photograph. And that is the last writing he ever did, for I accompanied him in the carriage to the box in the theater and was in the box when the assassin fired his fatal shot."

LINCOLN'S TOMB

By Maude Gardner

No other tomb, save that of Washton at Mount Vernon, perhaps, has so many yearly visitors as does the last resting place of Abraham Lincoln in Oak Ride Cemetery, Springfield, Illinois.

They go there from all parts of the globe, people of different races, different creeds, to do homage to the memory of the great American character who sleeps in the dust of the soil he loved, near the home where he played with his children, where he had come up from obscurity to greatness, and from which he had gone to give himself as a sacrifice for his country.

It was in 1874—nine years after Abraham Lincoln's tragic death—that Ulysses S. Grant, another famous son of Illinois, and then President of the United States, journeyed from Washington to Springfield to dedicate the memorial over Lincoln's grave. We are told that it was a little group that shuddered in the rain during that dedicatory service, but fifty-seven years later, on a beautiful June day of 1931, Herbert Hoover, then President of the United States, made the same journey from Washington to Springfield to rededicate the restored and remodeled historic tomb, which rises above the remains of the great Emancipator, and one of the largest assemblages that ever paid homage at the grave of any man was present for this service. Lincoln's fame has grown with the passing of each year!

People from every part of the United States contributed money for the original monument, which was designed by the sculptor, Larkin G. Meade. The shaft rises 121 feet high, and at its base is a bronze group, representing the infantry, artillery, cavalry and the navy. A bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln stands on a separate pedestal in front of the obelisk. This figure, depicting Lincoln as President of the United States, holds in its right hand an open scroll, representing the Emacipation Proclamation.

Although many thousands of dollars were spent on this memorial, in 1896, twenty-two years after its dedication, the entire monument except the shaft was torn down and rebuilt on a new and firmer foundation. And when another quarter of a century had gone by, it was found that the years of weathering had weakened the tall shaft and that the cores of the base also were deteriorating, so that complete reconstruction was necessary.

For almost a year, whlie the work of restoration was being carried out, the tomb was closed to the public and thousands of disappointed tourists, who were not aware of the repairs underway, were turned away from the sacred spot, which many of them had journeyed miles upon miles to see.

But June 17, 1931, saw the reopening of the national shrine. The exterior of the memorial was changed but little and presents much the

same appearance as when dedicated by General Grant nearly sixty years ago. The interior, however, was redesigned and a previously unfinished portion at the base of the monument has been opened to provide space for an attractive rotunda.

A small door leading from the north side of the chamber where Abraham Lincoln, with his family, lies sleeping, has been converted into a lovely window, shielded by wrought-iron grill. In the marble above it are inscribed the words utttered by Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War at the deathbed of the martyred President on that fatal April morning of 1861: "Now he belongs to the ages."

The galleries between the chamber containing the remains of the Lincoln family and the rotunda contains interesting statuettes, replicas of the best Lincoln sculpture. These tiny works of art, each three feet high, include the famous standing statue of Lincoln by St. Gaudens in Lincoln Park, Chicago; the sitting figure by Daniel Chester French in the Lincoln Memorial, Washington, D. C., and a replica of the statue erected at Hodgenville, Kentucky, near his birthplace; "Lincoln, the Soldier," etc.

Always the chamber where the great American rests in his final sleep is filled with wreathes, placed there by the great and lowly ones of earth. One was the gift of Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, the conqueror of two poles; another from the late President Coolidge, while still another bore the card of a negro organization, representing the race whose freedom caused Abraham Lincoln's martyrdom.

Springfield, Illinois, has grown from a little prairie town to a thriving city since Abraham Lincoln left it on that memorable February 11, 1861, to a shoulder the cares and responsibilities of a nation, but the old town which he called home for twenty-five years treasures the memory of its great citizen and carefully preserves anything associated with his life there.

The house on Jackson Street, where Lincoln lived for a quarter of a century has long been the property of the state, and carefully kept as a sacred shrine. Bronze tablets throughout the city mark the spots associated with his Springfield days, and the city's most treasured possession is the tomb in Oak Ridge Cemetery, where his ashes lie.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

—Longfellow.

FEBRUARY 14—DAY OF SENTIMENT THROUGH THE CENTURIES

By May Carolyn McKee

February 14 is just around the corner—that day of mysterious messages and gay valentine fun. And what an interesting history valentines have had since the pretty custom was started centuries ago.

According to the old stories, Valentino, or Valentine, whose name is honored, was a handsome youth, who for religious reasons suffered martyrdom about 270 A. D. While awaiting execution, he made friends with the blind daughter of his jailer and sent her a message of farewell, signed, "from your Valentine.'

In memory of Valentine, people began sending each other messages of friendship on the 14th of February, which is supposed to have been the date of his execution.

From the middle of the seventeenth century, England seized the day and made much of it, perhaps more than any other nation.

An old traveler writes: "On the 14th of February, it is customary in Hertfordshire, England, for the children of the town to meet together and go to the home of the principal man of the place, who from his window throws them wreaths and true lovers' knots. Then they choose the youngest boy among them, deck him more gaily than the rest, and march in state through the town, hailing him as 'Valentine.' "

During the courtly days of Chaucer, Raleigh, and Drake, the composition of the message was very formal and chivalrous.

Samuel Pepy's noted in his famous diary in 1660: "My wife, hearing Mr. Morris' voice, came to challenge him for her Valentine."

In 1667, he again commented on the day: "This morning came up to my wife's bedside, little Will Mercer, to be her Valentine, and brought her name writ upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself very pretty; and we were both well pleased by it."

During the Cromwellian revolt, in England, and the Puritan era in America, the observation almost ceased, but after the storm-tossed days of revolution and colonization, it quickly revived.

The forerunner of the modern valentine is thought to have been cutout and embossed notes made by the daughter of a stationer in Worchester, England.

Later, paper folded in all sorts of ways, and cut in intricate designs, was made into unusual valentines. They were then adorned with colored ink and verses written upon them. Paper cutouts in the form of a spider's web, with a string in the center which could be pulled to show the hidden sentiment beneath, were made in the early part of the nineteenth century.

The shopkeepers soon realized that the valentine was to have a place in the lives of most young people, so they supplied sheets of paper with

embossed edges. And some of the more enterprising of the shopkeepers issued books of verse from which suitable sentiments could be copied, if one did not happen to be a poet.

These little verse books were quite amusing, and were generally called "Valentine Writers." Within their pages were to be found special verses fitted to the various professions as, for instance: From a confectioner:

Come to me and have a treat,
That's delicious—very sweet;
Frequently, oh let us meet;
And my bliss will be complete;
For you are so very neat,
That my love for thee is great,
Every day my love shall eat,
Custards, jellies and mince meat.

The loveliest valentines were probably made between 1840 and 1860. They were miracles of sheer, whispy lace, and the envelopes were often trimmed with gilt, or embossed on the edges. They were really very beautiful.

Later came the comic types, which were usually printed on coarse paper. Many of them were thoroughly unattractive. Today's valentine is modern in spirit—often with a dash of humor that brings it up-to-date.

It is interesting to know that even the blind may benefit by their beauty and sentiment, for some kindly publisher has made valentines with embossed birds and flowers, and sentiments written in Braille.

TEARS

When I consider Life and its few years—
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;
A call to battle, and the battle done
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;
A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;
The gusts that past a darkening shore to beat;
The burst of music down an unlistening street—
I wonder at the idleness of tears.
Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,
Chieftains, and bards, and keepers of the sheep,
By every cup of sorrow that you had,
Loose me from tears, and make me see aright
How each has back what once he stayed to weep:
Homer his sight, David his little lad!

—Lizette Woodworth Reese.

THE MILE OF LIFE

(The Yellow Jacket)

In running the mile of life it's the last lap or that last hundred yards that takes the extra exertion which calls for will power to keep on going—to keep doggedly putting one foot ahead of the other to finish the race.

Anyone can start a race and run until he is tired, then quit, but it takes will power and "push" to finish the race, whether you are ahead or behind.

Solving the different problems that arise during one's lifetime is very much like running the mile in track. Many people start the race but when "sledding gets tough" they quit and drop by the wayside. It is comparatively easy to start a task, but how many things do we set out to do and quit mereely because some unexpected difficulty arises or because it took a little additional effort to get some necessary material to finish the task? How many themes have we left unfinished because when we were more than half way through we found that some research reading was necessary.

People get out into the world and undertake some important task but immediately when some hardship or hindrance arises they lose courage and look at it from a gloomy angle ready to give up.

If we are determined to keep up the real spirit the last few yards, we are sure to win. With a strong determination and will power we can easily overcome the usual hindrances and difficulties, which have a tendency to discourage us in our studies or occupations. If we will only remember that the one that sprints the last few yards when he's getting exhausted and when it takes the most will power and energy, is the one who will be among the winners at the end of the race; everything will turn out smoothly at the end. We can all be winners even though we can't be in the lead.

LINCOLN'S LITERARY STYLE

One of the things that has surprised everybody about Abraham Lincoln is that a man of the people, without the education of the schools, should have been able to write English that is marvelous in its cleaness and simplicity, in its dignity and sublimity. The "Gettysburg Address" and the "Second Inaugural" staightway passed into the list of classics in our language. One explanation is the source from which he learned his speech. As boy and man he possessed and read the English Bible until the spirit of its simple dignity passed into his own words, and its phrases were fixed in his memory for effective use in after days.—Selected.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND HIS RELIGIOUS FAITH

By Henry W. Blanchard, Chaplain U. S. Army

With our country annually celebrating the birthday of our Civil War President on February 12th, a few words seem to be in order about the man whom many refer to as "The Greatest Man of the Nineteenth Century," Abraham Lincoln. Any man called to the task of abolishing slavery, the preservation of the Union, to heal the breach between the North and the South, and to labor for the welfare of the entire American People as Lincoln was, must truly have been great, and a good man as well.

The historians tell us how Abraham Lincoln started life as a poor boy and climaxed it by becoming one of the greatest and wisest rulers of the human race. In this brief article let us see him as some of his friends saw him, and learn to know him as they did.

Lincoln was not a handsome man as human beauty goes, nor was he ugly. He was simply homely, in the best sense of that good old Anglo-Saxon word. He was not an aristocrat, but belonged to that great middle class who Lincoln was wont to call "Our Plain People." He was not a country gentleman as was George Washington, nor a scholar as was Woodrow Wilson, but a true "Son of the Soil," truly the most really American of all our Presidents—a man of sound sense, of simple life, and of absolute honesty. In spite of his marvelous success, Lincoln once remarked: "God must surely he loved the common people or He would not have made so many of us."

Lincoln was not a man of books but a man of brains and ideas. His library consisted of the Bible, Shakespeare, Pilgrims' Progress, and the Life of Washington, together with a few others. No doubt he would have liked to have had the advantages of a college education. He knew little about the arts, sciences, or literature; but he knew human nature and believed in himself, his fellowmen, and in God. His great declaration. "I would give to every human being a fair start and an equal chance in the race of life—however poor, however humble, or however black. And then may not the devil take, but God help the hind-most!"

Lincoln was naturally sober-minded and serious, made so by the circumstances of his life, and the time in which he lived, but he also believed with the Scotch philosopher who once said: "A Little Fun Now and Then, Is Relished by the Best of Men."

In 1864, when he was urged against running for a second term, in the midst of the Civil War, he replied: "Do you think that it would be a good policy to swap horses in mid-stream?" As the campaign wore on, Lincoln was one day asked whether or not he was anxious as to the result. He replied: "It is a good

plan never to cross Duck River until you come to it."

Although the Lincoln family were known as consistent members of the Baptist church, Abraham Lincoln was not a member of any of the orthodox churches. Because of this, his enemies declared him to be an infidel or a modern agnostic. However his speeches, his character, and his Christian life proved him to be a man who had faith in God the Father, and Christ the Son. In 1858, in his debate with Douglas, he said: "I know there is a God, and that He hates injustice and slavery. Judge Douglas says that he doesn't care if slavery is voted up or voted down, but God cares and humanity cares, and Christ cares, and Christ was God, and I care, so with our Heavenly Father's help, I feel sure that in the long run we shall not fail." This certainly doesn't sound much like infidelity or agnosticism. When bidding his friends good-bye at Springfield when he was going to Washington in 1861, he besought them to pray for him that he might have the same divine guidance and assistance that George Washington had received, without which he could not hope to succeed, with which success is certain.

In his inaugural address in 1865, when Sherman was marching through the Carolinas, and Grant was at the gates of Petersburg, Virginia, he said, as if with prophetic visions: "The judgments of the Lord are righteous altogether. With malice toward none; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we have begun and a just and lasting peace come to all of us." This sounds more like a Baptist pastor, or a Presbyterian minister than an agnostic.

One day Joshua Speed, one of Lincoln's closest friends fond him in the White House reading the Bible. Lincoln said: "Yes, Joshua, I am reading the Bible. Take all of this book that you can on reason, and the rest on faith, and you will live and die a better man."

When President Lincoln visited General Sickles on Sunday, July 5th, the General, who had commanded the Third Corps the day before at Gettysburg, and who had lost his leg, had been brought to Washington, he said to General Sickles, "I prayed to Almighty God for victory at Gettysburg, He has stood by the boys, now I will stand by Him."

Of all the great men produced by the Civil War, there are only a few remembered now by the masses, such as Grant, Meade, Lee, and Jackson. Abraham Lincoln, however looms above them all, just like a magnificent castle or a beautiful cathedral stands preeminent to the view.

"With storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light."

A useless life is but an early death.—Johann Wolfgang Goethe.

A SOLO VALENTINE PARTY

By Emma Florence Bush

Mountains of white crepe paper covered with valentine symbols littered the table in the Tarbells' big, bright living room. Crimson hearts, arrows and cupids, bottles of paste, small black velvet eye-masks with tiny gold hearts pasted on them, and completed dresses made from the crepe paper were strewn in wild confusion over couch, chairs and floor. Eleven heads were bent in absorbed attention over all this medley, and tongues and fingers flew in unison, for it was the thirteenth of February and all the costumes for the class valentine party had to be finished that evening.

It was Flora Tarbell who had planned this party, and it was Marion Durfee who suggested that their teacher, Miss Lille, be their honored guest.

"Suppose we do not have a party just for ourselves this time," Flora had said at the class meeting at which she first presided.

"Are you suggesting we ask some other class to join us?" asked Amy Davenport, with a tiny shrug of her shoulders, "That would rather spoil things, I think."

"No indeed," flashed back Flora. "But you know how Miss Lille has suggested so many times that we must not be selfish in our pleasures, that I thought it would be nice for each of us to bring a girl who desn't have many pleasures. It seems as if there are lots of girls who never have the good times we do. Mother says if we give this kind of a party I may have it at my house. It is big enough, and, best of all, it is my birthday. She and dad will give the refreshments and decorations, provided that it is understood that no one brings me a birthday present. Now, what kind of a party shall we give?"

"Oh!" cried Anna Maritn, jumping up from her seat excitedly, "if it is to be that kind of a party let's have it a masquerade. We can each make ourselves a dress from valentine crepe paper and one for each guest. We will make them all alike—white paper with crimson hearts and golden arrows on it, and white hats with cupids, hearts and arrows on them."

"And," suggested Helen Bearse, "we will not tell whom we are inviting as guests. I think it is a good idea to have outsiders. I know a girl who will be so happy to receive my invitation."

"Let us each bring a little valentine gift, and put into a cardboard heart with a cupid guarding it, to stand in the center of the table," suggested Ruth Anderson, "like a Jack Horner pie, and let each of the guests pull a string, and let them keep the gift and costume as a kind of souvenir of when our class for once forgot themselves enough to include others.

"Yes, yes," agreed all the girls and the plans went merrily on.

"We will have supper promptly at six-thirty," said Flora, "and we will play games in the evening. Now, remember, girls, no present for me

just because it happens to be my birthday. I am getting the only thing I really want—a gray Angora kitten with long, soft fur, and big yellow eyes. I have been broadcasting that want everywhere in the family, and at last mother and dad told me they would give it to me for my birthday; they let me pick it out myself at the animal store and they are holding it until then."

"Flora always has everything," whispered Anna to Ruth, who sat beside her.

"Yes," Ruth whispered back, "but she is such a dear no one begrudges her anything. She is always thinking of someone else."

Here Flora rapped for order and the meeting was adjourned.

Now it was the day before the party, and the preparations were almost complete. The invited guests had all accepted with flattering alacrity. It was astonishing to see how many thirteen and fourteen-year-old girls there were at school who were rather shabbily dressed, and who seemed to hunger for the good times they seldom had. The choosing of each guest had caused several members of the class some thoughtful moments.

Ruth was standing on a chair, dressed in one of the valentine dresses, and Flora was slipping mask and hat on her to show just how they were to be worn, when the door opened and Alice Deane, the one member of the class who was absent that afternoon, rushed in.

"Oh, girls, what do you think has happened?" she cried. "I had invited Peggy Mansfield to be my guest tomorrow and she has just been knocked down by an automobile and her hip is broken. The doctors say she will have to lie still for three or four months, the fracture is so bad. And she and her mother live in a tiny, little, dark apartment and now this has to happen. I am so sorry for her, and what will I do about tomorrow, and—"

"Alice!" cried Flora in desperation. "Do stop a minute, please! Sit down and tell us quietly just what has happened. First, as for tomorrow, you can easily invite some other girl who will be glad to come. Now, let's be quiet and think what we can do about poor Peggy."

The girls gathered soberly in a circle around Alice. They all knew Peggy Mansfield and what a hard time she and her mother had, and they were all dreadfully sorry.

"She will have to lie there day after day almost alone," mourned Ruth, "for her mother works for the Woman's Exchange every day and won't have much time to amuse her."

"Won't the motorist who ran over her have to do something?" asked Anna thoughtfully.

"The insurance company will pay the bills," answered Alice, who had quieted down now she had broken the news to her fellow classmates, "but there will be hours and hours when she is all alone, and, of course, she will be so disappointed not to come to the party."

"I think if Peggy cannot come to the party, some of the party ought to go to Peggy," said Flora. "What do you say, girls? Let every one make a suggestion."

"Oh, certainly, we must take her

some of the party!" cried Hope Evans. "I have a grand idea!"

"I think I will call mother to help us, said Flora, thoughtfully. "If we are going to have one of your grand ideas to work upon I think we need a ballast wheel."

"You won't this time," answered Hope, flushing a little over the good-natured laughter that swept over them as one after another the girls recalled some of the fantastic schemes they had tried out at her suggestion. "This is something that can be done. But call your mother, Flora, for we may need her to help us."

Then the tongues flew and happy voices planned just what could be done to bring some of the party to the little invalid.

On St. Valentine's evening, in a dark room of a suite on the second floor of a big, gloomy apartment building, a dejected Peggy Mansfield lay thinking of the wonderful party that was in progress at Flora Tarbell's. Her cot was in the tiny living room by the widow that she might look out on the busy street below, for the bedroom window opened onto an air shaft, and her mother thought she would not be so lonesome if during the long hours she must spend alone she could see something going on. She lay now watching the lights as they came on, and the people passing beneath the great arc light that shone directly in front of her window, until mother came back from the Exchange, and lit the lights and drew the curtains.

"It's just six o'clock now," sighed Peggy. "I would be on my way to Flora's house now if this hadn't happened. In half an hour they will be gathered in their pretty dresses, yes, in another half hour they will be sitting down to supper. The table will be lovely and the girls will look so pretty in their paper dresses. I wonder if Alice is the least bit sorry that I am not there as her guest."

She was interrupted by a loud knock at the door. Mrs. Mansfield opened it and Miss Lille walked in.

"You dear little Peggy," she said, "we are all so terribly sorry for you that we are giving you a progresive dinner party. I'm the first detachment and the others will be along every few minutes. Each of us is bringing you something from the valentine supper or party. I have the chicken and potato. I will not stay, for you must not have too much excitment. After we have all been here, you and mother can have a little party of your own."

As Miss Lille went out, smiling, Ruth and her invited guest came to the door, each carrying a box gayly decorated with red ribbons and valentine seals. Ruth's package contained a pretty silk kimono, and her guest brought tea biscuits.

Then one by one the girls came, bringing a present and some of the party supper, even to the favors. Peggy's eyes shone, and her bed was strewn with the pretty things. At last all was quiet and they sat down to eat.

When they had finished, while mother was washing the dishes, Peggy looked over her gifts. Eleven pretty or useful things lay on the bed. Suddenly she remembered. There were

twelve girls. Who had not been there. She checked them off one by one, Ruth, Anna, Hope, Marion, Esther, Evelyn, Martha, one by one they all scored until she came to Flora. It was Flora that had forgotten her.

Thump! Thump! Thump! came on the door of the apartment and Mrs. Mansfield hurried to open it. There was no one there, but a big red box shaped like a heart lay before it. It was a beautiful box, with a huge red satin bow on top, and there were holes punched in it at intervals.

"It has your name on it, Peggy," said her mother, almost as excited as Peggy herself, who reached out trembling, eager hands to take her treasure. "Open it, dear, and let us see what it is."

Peggy put the box down on the cot beside her, and was proceeding leisurely to untie the wonderful bow, when the box began to move violently as if a small volcano were in eruption, and "Meow! Meow! Meow!" came from it in protesting wails.

Peggy shrieked, gave one final tug at the bow, off flew the cover and out jumped a gray Angora kitten like a ball of fluff, with shining yellow eyes like great topazes. A heart-shaped card was hung around his neck by a red ribbon, and Peggy, as she held the soft bunch of fur against her neck, read the message he had brought her.

"For Peggy, from Flora, who is to be your valentine every day. May he be your valentine for many years."

"Why, Peggy, you are not crying?" asked her mother anxiously.

"Only because I am so sorry-glad," answered Peggy. "Mother, Flora has wanted a gray Angora kitten for months. She told everyone she was to have one for her birthday, and she picked him out herself days ago. Now she has given him to me."

Mrs. Mansfield wiped her own eyes. How full the world was of people who were kind.

She picked up the box to put it away and found a note in the bottom.

"Dear Peggy," it said, "one of us will come every day and bring you the school lessons, and play games with you, until you are well. Then we want you to join us as the other girls are going to do. We have decided twelve is too small a number for our class and we are making it twenty-four."

The note was signed by all twelve of the class members, and Peggy's eyes filled again with happy tears.

"Oh, mother," she said, "are not they the dearest ever? Just think of belonging with them, and sharing in their good times."

"Yes, and their helpful times, too," she added, as the kitten snuggled down against her to go to sleep. "I shall not be completely happy until I am able to help give someone else as happy a time as they have given me."

Not failure, but low aim, is sin—Robert Browning.

HONOR ROLL FOR JANUARY

ROOM No. 1

—B—

Russell Ferris.

ROOM No. 2

—A—

Thomas Brooks, Vernon Bass, Bill McCormick, Ed Southern and Rufe Tucker.

ROOM No. 3

—A—

Raymond Irvin, Tom McCausley, Richard Adkins, William Barber, William Hare, Joe Stockton, Roy Wyrick, Clayburn McKee and Bill Barrett.

—B—

Charles Smith, Harding Kluttz, Norman McGee, Ed Fisher, Dallas Hodge, Guy Emerson, James Johnson, Sam Pegram, Tom Brown and Douglas Wilkes.

ROOM No. 4

—A—

P. Yarborough, Paul Shipes, Bernard Griffin and James Boyce.

—B—

Percy Gurganious, Allen Davis, Duke Davis, Clyde Bolton, Virgil Sheaf and Edwin Newell.

ROOM No. 5

—A—

Curtis Coleman, Gilbert Murray, Clarence Haney, Clarence Douglass, Homer Jones, Homer Quick and Lloyd Pettus.

—B—

Tooney Poole, Anderson Payne, Glenn O'Quinn, Clinton Keen, Charlie Crotts and Eugene Tollie.

ROOM No. 6

—A—

Ansel Byrd, John Caddell, Marvin Chappell, John Hildreth and Arlon Jones.

—B—

Richard Bumgardner, Perry Harvell, Bobby Orrell, Charles Williams and William Young.

ROOM No. 7

—A—

Allen Hudson, Irvin Martin, Paul Rhoades and Joe McPherson.

—B—

Charles Griffin, James Rector, Lewis Roland and Hubert Williams.

A man will remain a rag-picker as long as he has only the vision of a rag-picker. We should have ambition to do our best and refuse to accept our second best. Doing easy things does not tax us, neither does it challenge us. It is a good plan to make it a point to tackle one hard job every day. If we do this, we will find that we have exercised our will power, our minds, and our bodies to good purpose. One of the rewards of learning to do hard things is the capacity for doing still harder things.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mrs. J. P. Cook, associate editor of The Uplift, has returned from a visit with relatives and friends in Suffolk, Va.

—o—

Because of the extreme cold weather during the early part of the week and the fact that many of our boys have bad colds, the outside forces spent most of the time indoors.

—o—

We were glad to greet our very good friend, Mr. W. R. Odell, of Concord, who accompanied Rev. Walter Miller on his regular visit to the School last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Odell is a busy man and the fact that he took time off to visit us is considered a compliment.

—o—

Emory Shields, formerly of Mecklenburg Cottage, who was paroled several years ago, visited the School last Wednesday. He was accompanied by his wife. Emory is now a salesman for a coffee company in Greensboro and reports that he is working full time and is getting along well.

—o—

Now that the supply of beef from the federal government has been stooped, the usual weekly slaughter of hogs from our fattening pens has been resumed. Instead of steak and hamburger, the boys are being served with sausage, liver-mush and spare-ribs. After a lengthy period of eating beef several times weekly, the delicacies of the hog-killing season are very much relished and appreciated.

The beautiful weather of the last few days has aroused farming interests at the Training School. In going about the barns increased activities are quite noticeable. The stables are being cleaned and manure distributed to the various fields; plant beds are being put in readiness for the early planting of seeds, and farming implements are being inspected and necessary repairs made, biding the time when they will be in constant use.

—o—

Superintendent Chas. E. Boger, Mr. J. Lee White, farm manager and Mr. Roy Ritchie made a trip to Raleigh last Tuesday. This visit was for the purpose of attending a joint meeting of the heads of various state institutions with reference to securing state parole officers, whose duties would be to arrange placement of boys and attend to the follow-up work of ours and similar institutions. Mr. R. Eugene Brown, of the State Board of Public Welfare, presided over this meeting.

—o—

When one passes the large white oak tree on our campus on a real hot summer day and sees hundreds of fine, juicy watermelons piled around it, he doesn't realize that the thinking and planning must begin early in order to insure these most enjoyable feasts for which the Training School is noted. At the present time catalogs are being searched diligently for the best seed obtainable; portions of land allotted and the enrichment of the soil provided for in

contemplation of a good yield of this popular summer crop. We are not extending invitations to these feasts now, but will reserve them for a later date.

—o—

Walter Sistar, one of our former linotype operators, who is now employed on the Daily News, Athens, Ga., called on friends at the School last Monday. Walter found a wife in his newly adopted state and brought her with him on his visit to the institution. Of course, Walter was delighted to renew old friendships here, and his wife seemed very much impressed with the size and the function of the School. In addition to having a good opinion of this young man because of his ability to handle a linotype, we must add further credit for being able to select such an attractive looking young lady for a wife.

—o—

Mrs. Henry Roan, of Winston-Salem, a well known authority on the Bible, visited the Training School last Thursday. Mrs Roan had visited the institution a number of years ago in company with Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, a member of the Board of Trustees, and had quite a familiar knowledge of a cottage and its functions, but had never seen the Receiving Cottage or our new Trades Building, erected a few years ago. She was very much impressed with these additions and many other improvements which had taken place since her previous visits, but regarded the fine Trades Building standing unfurnished and unused a near calamity. Mrs. Roan's trip was rather hurried as she was scheduled to addresss the Concord Women's Club at three o'clock. She was accompanied on her visit to the School by Mrs. J. P. Cook, president of the local club.

—o—

Rev. Walter Miller, pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Psalm 121, sometimes called the Traveler's Psalm, calling special attention to the verse, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help."

In his talk to the boys, Rev. Miller chose as his subject, "What Do You See?" He stated that eyesight is a great blessing in life, but so often, though we have eyes, we do not observe the things about us. We should train our eyes to see the beautiful, the good, the wonders of life about us.

The speaker stated that there are three principles involved in the power of sight. The first principle cited is—We see what we look for. He then told the story of three men who visited a great mountain of stone.

The first was a Jewish shoe merchant. All he could see in this mountain was granite screenings which, when placed on streets or roads, would wear out more shoes and thus enable him to sell more goods.

The second was a famous sculptor, and the uppermost thought in his mind was that in this great mountain was the possibilty of a marble statue of an angel.

The third man was a scientist, and here in this mountain he found a flower of rare beauty.

Each one of these three men, said Rev. Miller, saw just what he was looking for, just as the duck sees the pool of water, the bee the flower, etc.

"Two men looked out of prison bars,
One saw stars, the other bars."

The monotonous duties of life often so occupy our time and thought that we do not see the interesting, the beautiful things close at hand.

The second principle in the power of sight, continued the speaker, is the fact that what we are determines what we see. He then told of an artist and a lumberman pasing through a woods. The artist saw the beauty of the trees and the glowing colors of the sunset shining through them. The lumberman saw only the amount of lumber to be obtained from the trees, and the money he could gain by cutting them.

Once a warrior looked upon a fair city and exclaimed, "what a city for plunder." Christ looked upon the city of Jerusalem and wept. Purity in our hearts will enable us to see God in the beauty which surrounds us.

The third principle in the power of sight, according to Rev. Miller, is: What we see determines what we become. We register through our eyes what we see, and the things we see are formed into our character.

The speaker then told the story of the Great Stone Face, and the impression it made upon the warrior, the statesman and a little boy.

His next story was that of a little Italian girl who was very dirty and ragged, coming before a beautiful lady of pure, white marble. She looked at the statue until she desired to be beautiful, clean and pure. She took on the habits of keeping a clean, healthy body, made a great effort to keep her clothes clean and acquired a clean, beautiful spirit.

In conclusion Rev. Miller said we should try to see good and to look for the good in things about us. We should look unto Jesus as our perfect pattern and practice cleanliness in thought, word and deed.

Nothing in the world can take the place of perisistence. Talent will not; nothing is more common than unsuccessful men with talent. Genius will not; unrewarded genius is almost a proverb. Education will not; the world is full of educated derelicts. Persistance and determination alone are omnipotent. The slogan "press on" has solved and will solve the problem of the human race.—Calvin Coolidge.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 16, 1935 No. 7

FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY

A German almanac, dated 1779, published in Lancaster, Pa., had as its frontispiece a cut of Washington, and the title: "Landes vater." This was probably the origin of our phrase: "The Father of his country." Here, too, his birthday was honored, year after year, after his visit to Lancaster in 1796, with dinners, balls, church bells and military salutes. Our first national Thanksgiving Day was appointed by Washington for November 26, 1789, and soon replaced the more personal celebrations.

"Thou gallant Chief whose glorious name
Doth still adorn the Book of Fame:
Whose deeds shall live while freemen prize
The cause for which the Patriot dies,
Long to Columbia may'st thou be
The beacon light of Liberty."

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

WASHINGTON WAS LINCOLN'S HERO

Critics have ridiculed Parson Weem's "Life of Washington," the book which gave currency to the well known cherry tree story, but Abraham Lincoln always declared this book one of his chief inspirations. When he borrowed it from a neighbor, and it was damaged by the rain, he "pulled fodder" for three days to pay for it. But it was worth more to him than it cost. Washington became his hero. In February, when the birthdays of both Presidents are observed, that fact is interesting. Profound, enthusiastic admiration for a splendid character is an inspiring thing. It stimulates the young to deeds of heroism; it stirs the old to unselfish efforts, and it holds before all mankind models of nobility that tend to lift humanity above the common-place meanness of ordinary life.—Selected.

THE HOUSE OF HOPE

In this issue of The Uplift is an article copied from Richmond Virginia Ledger, "Lighting The Future Years For The Blind," that convincingly shows a dollar invested for salvaging human souls bring splendid returns in citizenship, besides proves satisfactory to the individual who uses the dollar as a measure in terms of success.

From the description we judge this school, Chalottesville, Virginia, is modernly equipped. It was opened January 1931 for the specific purpose of training the blind for useful and gainful occupation with the hope of making the physically handicapped an asset instead of becoming a liability to the state.

Besides, it is of interest to know the founder of the school was a delinquent, coming from one of the best families of that section of the country, and that he lost his vision through sheer carelessness. However it is an ill wind that blows no good. It was through the blindness of this unfortunate that he saw the light and visualized this "House of Hope." Truly one can but exclaim that "the Lord has His way in a whirlwind."

By way of comparison, have interested parties in the wayward boys at this institution stopped to think that on October 6th, 1932, a trades building was dedicated at the Jackson Taining School, a gift to the state from W. J. Swink, one of North Carolina's philanthropists, who wanted to render a service by giving the delinquents the privilege of learning a trade.

With all of the boast of North Carolina about the fine schools, hard surface roads and other things that indicate progress, not yet has the opportunity been given our boys to learn a vocation, so they can stand like men when passing over the threshold of the only Alma Mater, they will ever know, out into the world.

Here the story ends, it will be continued when funds are adequate to equip the "Swink-Benson Trades Building," and under the guidance of a capable craftsman our delinquents will be transformed with an ambition to make contributions for the betterment of humanity.

Let us hope and continue to hope that it will be possible to use this building, now only suggestive of a very generous spirit, for the purpose intended.

Again, we call attention to the article taken from the Richmond Ledger, trusting you will read and see if you don't think such an investment will bring fine returns to the good old state,—North Carolina.

* * * * * * *

SEARCHING FOR TRUTH

Truth is an eternal principal. In searching for truth you will not find it in externals, in material things, but in your own soul. You must recognize the fact that tolerance and freedom from

prejudice constitute the first step in the search for truth.

Another person cannot pour truth into your mind, but he can tell you something that will act as a magic, drawing out the truth already hidden within your soul. And the finding and manifestation of truth in one's life is not sudden, magical change, but a steady growth and development.

The truth about any person is the essence of his inner being, not his external appearance. Righteousness is the right use of God's laws, and there is a great need today for spiritual lawyers. The only way out of the imprisonment of ill health, misery and poverty is the knowledge and right use of God's laws. And the only way to fulfill one's mission on the earth is through learning to understand those laws and using them with determination and persistence.

Life is a school for the study of God's truth and law and their application, and we must realize that only within ourselves lies our contact with God. When you free yourself from prejudice and open your mind to the truth, the teacher you need to help you in your studies will come.

Prayer is not begging nor telling God what to do, as though He were your servant. It consists rather of listening and believing. And it is to be regarded not only as a duty but as a privilege.

* * * * * * *

THE BEST HERITAGE

It is very fine, and it makes one feel quite comfortable to inherit a large estate bequeathed by a forbear. But, there are times when such fortunes turn out to be a misfortune. Such conditions often make a horder, or is an occasion for one to lapse into a lethargy, feeling that there are sufficient funds to last a life time.

The finest heritage is to have a parentage that can leave an honorable name, a good reputation, the memory of a Godly life with a record of fair dealing. Also make an impress upon childhood to have respect for a fact, a deep reverence for character, a thirst for knowledge and a willingness for work.

In conclusion, if any youth has all these requisites he will not

need money that may be willed; if he does not possess these characteristics no amount of money left wil lbe of any avail and the result will be detrimental.

Such an estate any man can leave, and it is something that money cannot buy. Money for a while may buy social position, but money at all times without stability of character serves as a weak foundation.

* * * * * * *

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES

There are very distinct signs that times are getting better. The high-toned security gamblers are at work.

One of the big brokerage firms of the country sent a friend of ours a photograph of a check they wrote last month for $10,000, with the explanation that the woman payee received this amount for stock she purchased in a mining concern and for which stock she had paid only $25.00 originally. Besides this profit, she had received $2,000 in dividends.

Thus the tempter begins to operate—picturing how one can make great wads of money by gambling instead of earning it. The fact is that 10,000 other pepole may have bought mining stock for which they received nothing. It is well to make thorough examinations before you buy stock from those who are so anxious to sell all sorts of schemes.

* * * * * * *

WHEN LIFE BEGINS

"Life Begins At Forty" is the title of a book, the author Walter Pitkin, that has been the occasion of divergent opinions. Some claim that life begins in youth with the desire of adventure and conquest, and others that middle age, ripened by the school of experience, are the two periods when the joys of life begin to unfold.

There is no discounting the value of experience, but all experiences possibly would not be conducive to a correct estimate of

the right way to "begin life." The question is difficult to decide because of the fact "many minds many opinions."

In the floral kingdom we recognize life by the growth of the plant or shrub. To make the plant grow properly requires constant care. Finally the tree is a "thing of beauty and joy forever." Here we know when life begins and the essentials for development.

Therefore, we feel that life begins in its truest sense when we try to develop a life, and that only can be done by forgetting self-live for our fellowman, make two blades of grass grow where one grew previously, and make a life instead of just making a living. In short "life begins" when we observe the golden rule. Then there are no regrets, no sleepless nights, but instead peace and happiness. Life begins only when we live in the realm of peace and happiness with a consciousness of love for our fellowman.

* * * * * * *

THE HEALTHY SOUTH

We are as strong for economy in government as the next one, but whenever we see a state or a community threatening to starve its public health service, we wonder if those who are doing this kind of thing, fully realize the risks they are taking.

From the most reliable information obtainable, the South is today one of the healthiest parts of the globe. No doubt the older people can remember when epidemics would sweep urban centers and whole countrysides, spreading grief and taking a toll in dollars and cents, not counting lives lost, which sometimes ran into the hundreds of millions. The public health work has changed that and made the South the preeminently healthy region it has become.

Let us preserve the gains for they are of the utmost importance. Only a fraction of each tax dollar goes for public health. No other money yields greater or more immediate or more definitely provable returns.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

MY CREED

"This is my creed; to try and shun
The sloughs in which the foolish wallow;
To lead where I may be the one
Whom weaker men may follow;
To keep my standards always high;
To find my task, and always do it.
This is my creed; I wish that I
Could learn to shape my actions to it."

—o—

Never call a dullard a ham. A ham can be cured.

—o—

Of all the fruit, the grapefruit is the biggest squirt that comes to our dining tables.

—o—

A Durham man says that one of his hens has had the chills ever since she tried to hatch a snowball.

—o—

We have heard a great deal about Hollywood. Now we would like to hear about what Holly wouldn't.

—o—

We are getting our second wind, if one is to judge by the sale of 33,000 saxaphones in this country during last year.

—o—

The rooster has been the original broadcaster ever since the days before Christian era. He crowed the hours; but ours has crowed his last crow, because he undertook to croon.

—o—

Forgive your enemies is good religion. And sometimes it is good politics.

—o—

Many of the movie actresses are saying that they prefer the simple things of life. And it does look as if they are telling the truth for they marry three or four of them.

—o—

The problem of what husbands are to do with their leisure time is about to be solved. New fall frocks, that button up the back, are coming into style. Button backward, oh, time, in your flight!

—o—

An Indiana Republican made a speech recently in which he said that G. O. P. needed New Republicans. If you ask me, I would say what they need most is MOORE Republicans.

—o—

A news item tells us that Sophie Tucker, got a black eye during a fight between two women seeking her autograph. Sophie shouldn't let other people dot her "i" when giving them her signature.

—o—

The first robin must not be far away. The seed catalogs are beginning to appear. They are more beautiful this year than ever, but the vegetables and flowers we grow never seem to be as lovely as the printed ones.

Speaking of optimism, here is the champion for 1935. A girl advertises for a husband and specifies that he must be "rich, handsome, sober, entertaining, educated, and highly moral." She wants an angel for a husband.

—o—

It looks now like we are determined to have peace if we have to fight for it. Late authentic reports are that virtually all Christian nations are determined to be thoroughly prepared to destroy each other in a big war as soon as war starts.

—o—

Mrs. Hurrygraph and I, last week, celebrated the forty-seventh anniversary of our marriage, in a most beautiful manner. A lady friend, gave us a typical wedding dinner, to which another couple was invited, married about the same time. The table was lovely in all of its appointments, with center piece of pink sweetpeas, on a mirror platter. It was a happy occasion, and the associations clustering about the event broke upon happy hearts like a gentle spring upon the flowers of earth. I have always wondered how a sweet and gentle woman could live 40, 60 and even 80 years with a man, with all his oddities, eccentricities, idosyncracies, and all the other things that go with the genus mano. Some do; but some don't. Of course woman was given as man's helpmeet. Today the style with many is just meet, and then part to meet again with some other of the male sex. The only help such women give a man is to help him in and then help him out. They are step marriages—step in and step out. The purest joy we can experience in the one we love, is to see that person a source of happiness to others. When two souls come together, each seeking to magnify the other, each in a subordinate sense worshiping the other, each helps the other; the two flying together so that each wing-beat of the one helps each wing-beat of the other—when two souls come together thus, they are lovers. They who unitedly move themselves away from grossness and from earth, toward the throne crystaline and the pavement golden, are, indeeds, true lovers and have that divine afflatus that last through the ages.

—o—

The Patterson School for mountain boys, in the Happy Valley, Caldwell county, is doing a great and wonderful work for the youths who are not able to help themselves. It has helped many uneducated boys to lives of usefulness, and is still carrying on the work splendidly under the management of Rev. H. A. Dobbin, the principal, with what means its friends contribute to the furthering of its endeavors. In the last issue of the Patterson School News I read this pathetic story: "The school has helped many but there are still others who need its help. From a distance of fifteen to twenty miles a lady walked to this school to ask for the admission of three boys, not related to her, aged 13 to 17, from the same family. She said the boys were good and willing to work but could not get employment and were starving. It was painful to refuse such a request but the School has reach-

ed its limit and we can take only boys who are provided with a scholarship or payment from some source." And the principal adds: "Who will help me to provide for these boys who are compelled to rely on enlistment of new friends and auxiliaries to meet these worthy opportunities?" And I add, WHO? Here is a fine opportunity for some philanthropic work in adding human lives to the cause of humanity in a noble citizenship. Just address your contributions to Rev. Hugh A. Dobbin, Rector, The Patterson School, Legerwood, N. C.

FEBRUARY 11 REAL WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

In a Bible at Mount Vernon, a Bible more than 200 years old, may be seen the following inscription:

"George Washington, son of Augustine and Mary, his wife, was born the 11th day of February, 1732, about 10 in the morning and was baptized the 5th of April."

Why, then, do we nowadays celebrate the 22nd as Washington's birthday?

The answer arises out of the fact that the calendar on which the English-speaking parts of the world were running at the time of Washington's birth was not correct.

About 20 years after Washington's birth, and while the American colonies were still under British rule, the British parliament dropped 11 days from September of that year in order to bring the written and printed calendar into more correct correspondence with the passage of the seasons and years as measured by the sun and the stars.

That calendar, called the Julian calendar, had gotten behind 11 days in 17 centuries. The charge made by British parliament followed by about a century and a half the correction instituted in some other countries by order of the then Pope, Gregory XIII. From this authority the improved calendar got its name of the Gregorian calendar.

The change of course had wide-spread effects and special laws had to be included to protect contracts, etc.

George Washington is said to have been one of the many folks who, for reasons of sentiment, continued to keep anniversaries by the old dates and, although he legally recognized February 22nd, he kept on observing February 11th as his birthday.—Selected.

WASHINGTON DID TELL A LIE—HIS SWORDS AND HIS HARVARD DEGREE

(The Pathfinder)

Many little boys will be told on February 22, George Washington's birthday, that "the Father of His Country" chopped down his father's cherry tree, but when the father asked who did it George promptly answered he did—because George never told a lie. Whether he ever chopped down that cherry tree or not, it has now been quite definitely established that Washington told at least one lie. A state official of Columbia, S. C., claims to have discovered a musty document which shows that George Washington once deliberately told a lie in order to save a man's life, even as most of us would do under the circumstances.

A. S. Salley. secretary of the South Carolina Historical Society, in announcing the discovery, told this story: The soldier whose life was saved was 22-year-old Philemon Waters, a sentry under Washington's command as a provincial colonel of two companies of Virginia militia at Ft. Necessity in July 1754.

It seems that in those days even military campaigns were conducted according to certain established rules of military "etiquette." Washington's command was surrounded by the enemy outnumbering his force three to one. Washington had ordered an honorable evacuation when De Villers, the French commander, demanded that Colonel give the name of then sentry who had killed three of the French without challenge. According to the newly discovered record Washington replied sternly: "He was killed on duty." But all the time that very sentry, Waters, was right behind him.

George Washington was a great lover of swords and he had many of them. He had a certain pride in his swords and treasured them as articles of personal importance. This is attested by the fact that those which he had not given away personally were disposed of among his nephews by the provisions of his will. The will stipulated that "To each of my nephews, William Augustine Washington, George Lewis, George Steptoe Washington, Bushrod Washington and Samuel Washington I give one of the swords or cutteaux of which I may die possessed; and they are to choose in the order they are named—"

The provisions of the will were carried out, with the exception that Samuel Washington was given first choice because he was the only one of the five who had seen military service. He chose the "battle sword" which Washington wore during his entire service as commander-in-chief of the American forces. The other nephews chose their swords in the order named in the will. William Augustine Washington selected the sword known as "Frederick-the-Great" which was given to Washing-

ton by Frederick the Great of Prussia. George Lewis selected the sword worn by Washington when he resigned commission and when he was inaugurated. This one was known as the "inaugural" sword. George Steptoe Washington picked the weapon known as the "sollingen sword." Bushrod Washington chose the Spanish blade worn by President Washington at social functions. He also had another of the general's swords which was known as the "mourning sword."

Since the distribution of the famous weapons to the nephews they have been handed down from father to son, from uncle to nephew and from husband to wife until in more recent years they have finally reached permanent places for preservation. Now some of them are in the possession of the national government, in the ownership of a state or back at Mt. Vernon among other relics of Washington. Most of them are still in a good state of preservation, while a few were damaged by being hidden and buried for safe keeping during the Civil war.

Few people are aware of the fact that Harvard college conferred a LL. D. degree on George Washington in 1776. It is probable, however, that the honor was conferred because Washington drove the British out of Boston rather than for his legal attainment. William C. Lane, librarian of the Harvard library, says that the degree was originally published at Boston in the New England Chronicle of April 25, 1776.

L. E. Witcher, of Highmore, S. Dak., sent The Pathfinder an English translation of Washington's Harvard degree. This translation, which is not strictly literal, but is close enough for our purpose and correctly represents the Latin, reads as follows:

"The Corporation of Harvard College in Cambridge, in New England, to all the faithful of Christ, to whom these presents shall come, Greeting.

"Whereas Academic Degrees were instituted for this purpose, that men, eminent for knowledge, wisdom and virtue, who have highly merited of the Republic of Letters, and of the Commonwealth, should be rewarded with the honor of these laurels; there is the greatest propriety in conferring such honor on that very illustrious Gentleman, George Washington, Esquire; the accomplished General of the United Colonies of America, whose knowledge and patriotic ardor are manifest to all; who for his distinguished virtues, both civil and military, in the first place being elected by the suffrages of the Virginians, one of their Delegates, exerted himself with fidelity and singular wisdom in the celebrated Congress of America, and for the defense of liberty, when in the utmost danger of being forever lost, and for the salvation of his country; and then, at the earnest request of that General Council of Patriots, without hesitation, left all the pleasures of his delightful seat in Virginia, and the affairs of his estate, that through all the fatigues and dangers of camp, without accepting any reward, he might deliver New England from the unjust and cruel arms of Britian, and defend the other Colonies; and

who, by the most signal smiles of Divine Providence, on his military operations, drove the fleet and troops of the enemy with disgraceful precipitation from the Town of Boston, which for eleven months had been shut up, fortified and defended by a garrison of about 7,000 Regulars; so that the inhabitants, who suffered a great variety of hardships and cruelties while under the power of their oppressors now rejoice in their deliverance, the neighboring Towns are freed from the tumults of arms, and our University has the agreeable prospect of being restored to its ancient seat.

"Know ye therefore, that we, the President and Fellows of Harvard college, in Cambridge, (with the consent of the honored and reverend Overseers of our Academy), have constituted and created the aforesaid Gentleman, George Washington, who merits the highest honor, Doctor of Laws, the Law of Nature and Nations and the Civil Law; and have given and granted him at the same time all the rights, privileges and honors to said degree pertaining.

"In testimony whereof, we have affixed the common seal of our University to these Letters, and subscribed them with our handwriting this third day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-six."

WASHINGTON

He played by the river when he was young,
He raced with rabbits along the hills,
He fished for minnows, and climbed and swung,
And hooted back at the whip-poor-wills,
Strong and slender and tall he grew
And then, one morning, the bugles blew.

Over the hills, the summons came,
Over the river's shining rim.
He said that the bugles called his name,
He knew that his country needed him.
And he answered, "Coming!" and marched away
For many a night and many a day.

Perhaps when the marches were hot and long
He'd think of the river flowing by,
Or, camping under the winter sky,
Would hear the whip-poor-will's far-off song.
Boy and soldier, in peace or in strife,
He loved America all his life.

—Nancy Byrd Turner.

WHERE WAS GEORGE WASHINGTON WED?

By Priscilla Williams

Odd perhaps, and yet there is no letter, no statement, or any bit of contemporary evidence to show where George Washington and Marthat Dandridge Custis were married. Of the 35 or 40 volumes that have been written on the life of Washington, not one of them gives conclusive evidence on the place of his marriage.

Parson David Mossom of old Saint Peter's Church recorded the marriage, but he failed to state where the ceremony was performed, and so, historians have been divided in their opinion as to whether they were married in "The White House," the Custis mansion on the Pamunkey River or at old Saint Peter's where Martha Custis was a communicant. Some historians believe in spite of the lack of evidence that they were married in the church. Among these were Woodrow Wilson and Henry Cabot Lodge. The Rev. Arthur Gray suggests that this is perhaps the only subject on which President Wilson and Senator Lodge ever agreed and then both were undoubtedly wrong.

Other historians believe that it is highly improbable that the wedding party ploughed three miles, through the mud on a cold January afternoon, to an unheated church, in order that the ceremony might take place there. But a reason that men may scorn, but that every woman will understand, is that the dictates of good taste would have prevented Martha Custis from being married in the same church where she had married her first husband, Colonel Daniel Parke Custis, especially when she had been the mother of four children, two of whom had died.

The story of Washington's body-servant, Bishop, waiting all the afternoon with his horse, while the handsome young colonel lingered to talk to the attractive young widow, is a romantic one, but, as one historian reminds us, the handsome colonel was not Martha Custis' first love, nor was the charming young widow the first love of George Washington. Martha Dandrige Custis had been in love with her first husband, the handsome and wealthy young bachelor, Colonel Daniel Parke Custis, master of the plantation. The White House just a mile up the Pamunkey River from her own home, Chestnut Grove, and Washington had undoubtedly been in love with Sally Fairfax. But the marriage was a happy one, in spite of our modern debunking.

Most Virginia historians believe the ceremony was performed at the White House, and it has remained for the Rev. Arthur Gray of West Ponti Va., a student of Colonial Virginia history, to sift the evidence on both sides and to discover what is the most conclusive bit of evidence that has yet been found. His findings have been recorded in an article in the July issue of the Virginia Magazine of History and Biography.

The bit of evidence he uncovered is the following record found in an old Bible, dated November 28, 1806:

"Margaret Anderson was united in marriage with Richard Young, Parson Blair officiating. The marriage ceremony was performed in the very room where Washington was married to the charming Widow Custis."

Margaret Anderson was the daughter of James Anderson who was employed at Mt. Vernon. He was a friend of George Washington and was with him when he died.

The handsome, four-chimneyed, white Colonial mansion, however, has long since been burned. Only the old foundations are left, and those are slowly crumbling away, but it was from this White House on the Pamunkey that the name was given to the official residence of the Presidents of the United States, in honor of the wife of the first president.

But old Saint Peter's is still standing and is one of the interesting old churches of Virginia, even if Martha Washington didn't marry both of her husbands there. There is no record to show when the Parish of Saint Peter's was formed, but it was probably established in 1654 when New Kent County was formed from York County. The present church was built in 1703 for 146 thousand-weight of tobacco. The steeple was added about 12 years later. There is an old vestry book of the church which probably began in 1682 and which has been reprinted by the Colonial Dames. The present pages begin in 1685, but previous pages have been torn out. On April 12, 1730, it is recorded that "Mr. Daniel Parke Custis was this day sworn a vestryman," and his name is later frequently mentioned.

In the seventeenth and most of the eighteenth century, the Episcopal Church was the only church of the wealthy Virginia planters, but as may be seen from the extract of a letter in 1696, the Quakers and Dissenters had begun to drift down from the North.

The following was written by the Rev. Nicholas Moreau, who was rector of Saint Peter's from 1696 to 1698, to the Bishop of London:

"Your clergy in these parts of a very ill example. No discipline nor canons of the church are observed. Several ministers have caused such high scandal of late, and have raised such prejudices amongst the people against the clergy, that hardly can they be persuaded to take a clergyman into their parish. As to me, my lord, I have got into the very worst parish of Virginia, and most troublesome nevertheless. But I must tell you I find abundance of good people who are willing to serve God, but they want good ministers—ministers that be very pious, and not wedded to this world as the best of them are. God has blessed my endeavours so far already, that with His assistance I have brought again to church two I dare say there would be no Quakers' meeting for three years past. If ministers were as they ought to be, I dare say there would be do Quakers or Dissenters among them. A learned sermon signifies nothing without good example. I wish God would put it into your mind, my lord,

to send here an eminent bishop, who, by his piety, charity, and severity in keeping the canons of the church, might quicken these base ministers, and force them to mind the whole duty of their charge. . . . An eminent bishop being sent over here will make hell tremble, and settle the Church of England here forever. This work, my lord, is God's work; and if it doth happen that I see a bishop come over here, I will say, as St. Bernard saith in his Epistle to Eugenius, 'Tertius hic digitus Dei ets'."

But the Rev. Moreau's beratngs need not to be taken too seriously. The Rev. David Mossom, who was later rector there for 40 years and who married Martha Dandridge to both Colonel Custis and Colonel Washington apparently did not find it so bad. And does not each generation chide and berate the succeeding one and hold up as a model the one that has just passed? Writing of the same period in 1858, in the Southern Literary Messenger, John Esten Cooke began: "Did you never feel, good reader, that the life of the cities, after all, was not the summum bonum of existence?—that the din of trade was not the sweetest music in the universe? that life held something finer and more satisfying to the heart than dividends, per cents and bills of lading? occupations more delightful than the trial of a warrant," and further ". . .But in the old days every thing was picturesque: for life had not yet become a mere race for cash—a thing of dollars and cents." What would he write today!

Life was truly picturesque in the eighteenth century in Virginia. There were probably the same race for cash or tobacco, to be more exact, but the race was perhaps a more leisurely one.

The section that is today a sparsely settled, wooded one, in the 18th century, was the most flourishing part of the State, with magnificent landed estates or plantations along the banks of the rivers. Along the Pamunkey were the homes of the Chamberlaynes, the Bassets, the Dandridges the Custis and the Macons and the Littlepages; and that old Saint Peter's about three miles inland from the river was the inspiration and center of their life, the old church with its ancient, crested tombstones bears mute evidence.

The form of Washington stands apart from every other in history, shining with a truer luster and a more benignant glory. With us his memory remains a national property, where all sympathies meet in unison. Under all dissentions and amid all storms of party, his precepts and examples speak to us from the grave with a paternal appeal; and his name—by all revered—forms a universal tie of brotherhood—a watchword of our Union.—John Fiske.

MARTHA WASHINGTON—THE FIRST LADY OF THE LAND

By Helen Davis

"What's the news, John?" Constance Marlow asked her husband, who had just come in from Williamsburg, the neighboring town, ten miles away.

"None other than the wealthiest planter around here—I don't recall his name now—has another child, born last night. They named her Martha."

Little Martha grew up in Williamsburg, Virginia, the site of William and Mary College. Soon she married John Custis, one of the wealthiest planters in Virginia. Sorrow had a part in her life, too, for two of her four children died in infancy; and after seven years of married life, John Custist died, leaving he one of the wealthiest widows in America. Not long afterward she met George Washington and, after a hasty courtship, married him. He was very fond of her children, especially the daughter who died when only twenty.

Soon George Washington was called away to be General Washington, Commander of the American Army, and Martha went with him. She was known as "Lady Washington," as she went among the soldiers, cheering the sick and comforting the dying. In the darkest days of the Valley Forge winter, Martha Washington was at her husband's side. She loved the quiet Mount Vernon, which was ever her ideal home, but she remained with her husband ali during the war, making cheerful his darkest hours by the greatness and understanding of her heart.

When some women paid her a visit dressed in their most elegant silks and ruffles, they found her clad very plainly. She received the visitors graciously and easily; but after the compliments were over, she calmly resumed her knitting. It is said that she kept sixteen spinning wheels going at Mount Vernon all the time. She made one of Washington's Inauguration suits. The woman who could be "Queen in the White House" was a thrifty manager in her own home.

When the war was over, she and her husband resumed the quiet life at Mount Vernon; but this did not last long. Washington was elected president of the infant nation.

Last summer it was my privilege to visit the home of Mrs. Washington in Mount Vernon. One of the points that attracted me more thany any other was the beautiful flower garden, called "Martha Washington's Flower Garden. It was arranged as it was when she was alive to see it.

When Wahington refused his third term of office, he and his wife lived together only three more years. "Lady Martha" sat on his bed as the supreme moment arrived.

"Is he gone?" she asked the physician.

"Yes, I'm afraid so," he nodded.

"Then all is over! I soon shall follow him!"

She lived two years longer, passing away in 1802, and now lies buried by his side in the simple brick tomb at Mount Vernon, that she loved so well. In the quiet that surrounds that tomb today, visitors do homage not only to "The Father of Our Country," but to the "First Lady of Our Land."

WASHINGTON

Oh, hero of our younger race,
  Great builder of a temple new;
Ruler, who sought no lordly place,
  Warrior who sheathed the sword he drew.

Lover of men who saw afar
  A world unmarred by want or war,
Who knew the path, and yet forbore
  To tread, till all men should implore;
Who saw the light, and led the way
  Where the gray world might greet the day.

Father and leader, prophet sure,
  Whose will in vast works shall endure;
How shall we praise him on this day of days,
  Great son of fame who has no need of praise?

How shall we praise him? Open wide the doors
  Of the fair temple whose broad base he laid.
Through its white halls a shadowy cavalcade
  Of heroes moves o'er unresounding floors—
Men whose brawned arms upraised these colors high
  And reared the towers that vanish in the sky,—
The strong who, having wrought, can never, never die.

—Harriet Monroe.

LIGHTING FUTURE YEARS FOR THE BLIND

By Helen G. Jacobs, in Virginia Ledger

On May 27, 1913, a superintendent of construction on the C. & O. Railroad was deprived of his eye-sight through the premature explosion of 10 sticks of dynamite. The accident occurred near Mart, Va., in what was then an inaccessible section of the State. From Tuesday until Friday the injured man lay between life and death and with no medical attention for his eyes. Had his eyes received the prompt first aid treatment encountered at every turn today, there might be another story to tell, but not one that recounts a great work for the blind in Virginia and for the conservation of vision among children and adults from Accomac to Dickinson Counties. This is truly the story of "God works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform."

Following a long convalesence in the University Hospital at Charlottesville and six weeks in bed at his home, this man faced the gigantic task of re-making his life in order to become a useful citizen. He had, as he expressed it the other day, "to learn to be blind," so in October, 1914, he entered the Virginia School for the Deaf and the Blind at Staunton. From that date until June 1917, he studied Braille, typewriting, basketry, mattress making, piano tuning and the re-seating of chairs. In the fall following his graduation from the State institution, he joined the faculty as teacher and supervisor of the blind boys, remaining in this capacity until June, 1922. This is one chapter in the dramatic story of L. L. Watts, now executive secretary of the Virginia Commission for the Blind, who recently was elevated to the presidency of the American Association of Workers for the Blind, and who is largely responsible for the Virginia Workshop for the Blind, an institution which has played a major part in re-making the lives of the male adult blind of the State. In this connection it is interesting to note that Mr. Watts was representative in the Virginia General Assembly from Albermarle, and Greene Counties and the city of Charlottesville for eight years.

While teaching at the Staunton institution Mr. Watts approached friends of the school and former students with the idea of forming the Virginia Association of Workers for the Blind, whose program would be to create training centers in Virginia for men and women in order that they might be self-supporting. This Association was duly formed in June, 1919 and later on in the year was incorporated. It then began through its various local chapters, the work not only of training the adult blind but the all-important task of conserving eye-sight among children through the means of clinics and sight saving classes in the public schools.

Through the early effort of the as-

sociation, Herbert J. Taylor, representative from Augusta County, introduced in the 1920 session of the Lefislature a bill creating a temporary commission to make a survey of conditions among the blind of the state and nation, and to report to the next session of the General Assembly setting forth its findings, and making recommendations. The temporary commission was organized in the spring of 1920 and consisted of Mr. Taylor, who was appointed by the Speaker of the House; the late Senator S. L. Ferguson of Appomattox, selected by the President of the Senate; and Mr. Watt, as member-at-large, designated by the Governor. Mr. Taylor was elected chairman, and L. I. Watts, secretary.

Salient features of the report of this commission to the General Assembly were:

(1) The creation of a permanent commission to look after blind persons not eligible for the residential schools; to provide industrial training for the adult blind, and to carry on an aggressive campaign to prevent blindness and to conserve vision.

(2) That there be a separate institution for the training of blind children, and

(3) Compulsory education for the deaf and the blind.

During the 1922 session, the Legislature enacted a law covering the commission's recommendations, but did not make sufficient appropriation for the work.

Of necessity this placed the major burden of carrying the act into effect upon the Virginia Association of Workers for the Blind, Inc., which in October, 1924, launched a financial drive for $50,000 to build and equip the present Virginia Workshop for the Blind at Charlottesville. Officials of the organization had set the limit of the drive period at six weeks, but it was not until nearly six years later that enough funds were available to purchase land. In May, 1930, the contract was let for the three-story, fireproof, reinforced concrete structure that now is a teeming center of training for blind men. The workshop was formally opened in January, 1931.

Meanwhile, undaunted by the failure to raise the entire amount necessary to begin construction of the workshop in 1924, Mr. Watts, who had been made treasurer of the Association, leased a building in Charlottesville, and in August, 1925, was commenced the training of a group of men in basketry, chair reseating, the manufacture of mattresses by hand, and other vocational activities.

In the face of the depression the new workshop has been operated continuously although the association was unable to meet the bonded indebtedness of $30,000 as of January, 1934. This however was assumed by the State at the last meeting of the General Assembly with the understanding that the Virginia Association of Workers for the Blind, Inc., would deed to the Virginia Commission for the Blind the building and grounds. This deal will be consummated next July, and then it will be the problem of the Virginia Association of Workers for the Blind, Inc., to provide for the upkeep and operation of the workshop as a training center and a business insti-

tution until the General Assembly has provided funds for its maintenance.

But let us make an inspection of the workshop. As one enters they are met by W. S. Blair, manager, a man who was deprived of his sight at an early age and later of his right arm, but who is able to discharge the duties of an executive, prepare typewritten statements and instruct the students. As Mr. Blair or Mr. Watts conducts the visitor through this great training institution and factory, one is not conscious of there being blind and near-blind workers at the broom making machines that are installed on the first floor. Swiftly, silently and with the accuracy of those blessed with perfect vision, the workers in this particular department are able to produce 25 dozen brooms a day, that must pass rigid inspection of the manager, and conform to the best standards of manufacture.

The same standards are required of those who operate the modern mattress and bedding machines with their whirling motors and intricate mechanical equipment. On every hand the visitor marvels at the peace and contentment of these men who until several years back were facing hopeless years of idleness and possible mendicancy. They are now busy, useful citizens, who after a period of training will either be retained as permanent employees of the factory or can go home to found little workshops of their own.

They can re-seat chairs, weave baskets, tune pianos, learn to typewrite and enjoy good literature through the medium of Braille. Are they downcast? Just drop into the shop the next time you are in Charlottesville and answer the question for yourself.

You will discover among other things that the students in the workshop receive the same instruction in manual training as given to persons of normal vision, with the possible exception that where it is necessary for them to operate some of the intricate machines, they are taught every lever and cog while the machines are idle. In this connection the visitor is surprised when informed that the four remaining senses of the blind are not necessarily more acute by their loss of sight, also that the blind neither court nor do they want maudlin pity. In such institutions as Virginia Workshop for the Blind you will encounter the same desire and independence that is part and parcel of any "he-man" who desires to make his living in a normal way.

Now, let us examine some of the astounding results obtained by the association in this "House of Hope" since it began operation in an embryonic way in 1925. Sixty-seven men have been admitted to the institution to be trained in useful and gainful occupations. Of this total, 16 men are now employed by private industry or are engaged in independent businesses of their own, and only five out of the total of 67 instructed in the workshop since it opened have been classed as hopeless. Fifty men can be employed under normal working conditions and from 75 to 100 students per year can be accommodated under the present instruction facilities.

In spite of economic conditions, bonded indebtedness, codes and competition, the workshop under the general managership of Mr. Watts, produced in 1933, 15,408 brooms; 1,407 mattresses; reseated 739 chairs and manufactured 192 baskets to say nothing of refinishing furniture and other work of a rehabilitation and repair nature. In the year just closed the plant produced 14,017 brooms; 2,071 mattresses; reseated 671 chairs and turned out 179 baskets of various designs. The total revenue for the respective years was as follows: $13,686.36 for the year 1933, and $18,683.36 for the year 1934.

But where is this output absorbed? The Virginia Workshop for the Blind has a splendid outlet for its mattress business among the schools, colleges, hotels, and hospitals of the State and has been able to meet the competition of price and standards. The same channels of sale have been opened to its line of floor brooms, whisk brooms and hearth sweeps, the latter manufactured and decorated to meet the taste of the most select buyer. In like manner the management has, through the medium of the high skilled work of those engaged in reseating chairs, been able to increase the demands for this class of work in the factory. Incidentally it requires an expenditure of $500 to train one blind man and make him self-dependent.

WASHINGTON

Long are the years since he fell asleep
Where the Potomac flows gently by,
There where Mount Vernon's green stretches sweep
Under the blue Virginia sky.
Warrior and statesman and patriot true,
Well had he wielded both sword and pen;
Truly, they said as they laid him to rest,
"First in the hearts of his countrymen."
Long are the years—and the land he loved
Stands among nations, grown strong and great;
True to his vision of long ago,
Proud of the hand that so shaped her fate.
Time but adds splendor to fame so fair,
Years but test greatness—and now as then
Sleeps he in peace on Mount Vernon's hill,
"First in the hearts of his countrymen."

—B. Y. Williams.

DOUBLE REPAIRS

By May Emerery Hall

Lucian Garnett and Evan Ashely, chums and classmates in Stancourt High, were walking home together after the day's session. Evan was in high spirits.

"Oh, Lu, it's going to be some job to hold my horses till five o'clock this afternoon," he confessed.

"What's the big idea?" inquired his friend.

"Dad's having the new car sent out from New York then."

"What!" grinned Lucian. "You call that news? Now if you *weren't* having a new car sent out, that would be something else again."

The slangy remark approached the truth. For several years, now, Evan's father, Robert Ashley, president of the Stancourt Savings Institution, had tried out nearly every well-known make of car in the country. Michæl, the chauffeur, dignified, important looking, was a familiar figure in the streets of the town, now guiding a glossy black machine through the traffic, again, a rich maroon, still again, dark green, once or twice, smart gray. More familiar even than Michael was Evan, who spent the better part of his leisure at the wheel.

"Oh, but this latest buy of dad's," he exclaimed enthusiastically, "is a regular pippin! What do you say, Lu, to taking a spin around with me tomorrow?"

"Sorry," declined his companion, "but I can't make it." What he really meant was that he didn't want to make it. "The fact is, Evan"—he tried hard to make his voice casual —"we're buying a car ourselves and—"

"No! Well, of all things!" came the unflattering outburst.

Lucian flushed, more nettled than he cared to own. "What is there so astounding about that?" he asked.

Evan hedged. "Why—why—" he stumbled, "seeing you've never had a car—"

"It's all the more reason, isn't it," demanded Lucian, "why we should fall into line?"

"I suppose so," agreed Evan in evident embarrassment. "Anyway, I'm mighty glad for you, Lu."

"You'll soon wonder," went on Evan, "how you ever got along without one. What type is your father buying? Limousine?"

"Oh, better than that!" Lucian gave an ironic laugh. "A twelve-cylinder, seven passenger touring car. Dou you think it will be big enough for the three of us?"

"Quit your joking!" ordered Evan. "Are you thinking of a sedan?"

"Well, that happens to be the only thing in sight."

"It's by far the most practical thing for you."

"Practical or not," said Lucian dryly, we'll have to put up with it."

"But why so touchy, Lu?" rallied his friend.

Though he denied it, Lucian knew perfectly well that on this particular subject he was becoming oversensitive. For some time past nearly every member of his class had owned a car. Moreover, it was look-

ed upon as a necessity, not a luxury.

"Sorry we can't afford one yet son, had been Mr. Garnett's invariable reply whenever Lucian had brought the matter up. "A bookkeeper's pay envelope takes little account of such expensive extras."

Lucian was forced to let it go at that. But he couldn't quite figure out why the other fellows' father who earned less than his own kept cars as a matter of course.

Now at last, to use his own expression, he was about to fall into line. Just when his father would be able to make the purchase he didn't know, but Mr. Garnett had promised it for the near future. As soon as a good trade offered, he had said. Very likely he, Lucian, would help select it, being much more mechanically-minded than his parent. In fact, he had definitely decided on mechanical engineering as a career and intended to major in it at Hargate College, which he expected to enter another year.

The car materialized with surprising suddenness. In fact, that very day. Lucian couldn't help noticing at the dinner table that his father maintained an unwonted air of suppressed mystery. He seemed absent-minded, too, but not until the dessert was being served did he give any indication as to what he was holding back.

"Well, son," he then announced, "it's bought and paid for."

There could be but one "it." Lucian, laying down his fork, leaned forward with tense eagerness. "Really, dad?" he asked, "where did you get it?"

"At Jim Burrell's," replied Mr. Garnett, mentioning a dealer in new and second-hand cars. "I wanted you to look it over first, but it was one of those bargains I had to snap up at once or run the risk of losing."

"Oh, that's quite all right, Dad," approved Lucian. "And is it still at Burrell's?"

"Yes. He says he's willing to give us storage space until you can put it in condition to drive home."

"But, Dad!" Though the lemon pie which Lucian's mother had placed before him was his favorite dessert, he pushed it from him untasted. "But, Dad!" he reiterated in bewildered surprise. "You didn't pick up a broken-down, used car, I hope?"

A shade of disappointment clouded Mr. Garnett's face. "It has been used yes, but while it needs some tinkering done to put it in shape, I'd hardly call it broken-down."

"What 'tinkering' is necessary?" asked Lucian. His voice had gone flat.

"For one thing," his father informed him, "a couple of broken spark plugs have to be replaced."

"Broken spark plugs!" came the disgusted echo.

"And I believe," went on Mr. Garnett, "the brakes may have to be relined."

"Brakes relined!" All Lucian could seem to do was to repeat, parrot-fashion, his father's phrases.

"Oh, and one thing more. The cylinders need to be cleaned."

"Cylinders cleaned!" That was the last straw! "Is there any part of the car," sarcastically inquired Lucian, "that isn't either missing or out of order? Whatever you paid

for the old derelict, dad, I'll say right now it was too much."

"I wouldn't say so, son," mildly protested his parent. "The car has been in the hands of an extremely careful owner, and something of a celebrity, too. When I tell you who he is—"

"I don't think I'm specially interested in knowing," returned Lucian bluntly. "The driver's history does not have much bearing, as I see it, on the running of the car."

Mr. Garnett offered no reply. It was evident he was deeply hurt. Rising from the table, he abruptly left the room.

"There, Lucian," spoke up his mother reprovingly, "you've gone and hurt your father's feelings."

"Well, what has he done to mine?" retorted the boy. "After letting me think that at last we were going to have a car—a real car—then to buy up an old piece of junk—well, I call it something of a let-down."

"You must remember our means are limited."

"I'm not likely to forget it," was the bitter rejoinder.

"Or that your father is sacrificing in every possible way to put you through your first year at Hargate," continued Mrs. Garnett. "Not only that, but he told me he thought that with your fondness for taking things apart and putting them together again, you would enjoy repairing the used car."

"He might have consulted me first," grumbled Lucian.

For days afterwards he continued to sulk. And whereas formerly cars had been the most exciting topic of conversation in the Garnett household, they were now a tabooed subject. Lucian wouldn't inquire, nor did his father offer to tell him, whether or not the despised purchase was still at Jim Burrell's.

Meanwhile, Evan Ashley cut a dashing figure in Stancourt and vicinity with a handsome brown-trimmed tan limousine, a fitting successor to the up-to-date cars that had preceded it. Time and again he asked Lucian to accompany him, but the latter always had a ready excuuse for declining these invitations. Then, curiously enough, Evan appeared to lose interest in his latest toy.

"The fact is, Lu," he confessed, "I'm getting fed up on cars that don't need to have a thing done to them."

Lucian listened in amazement. "You can't mean it," he demurred.

"I do mean it!" stoutly maintained his friend. "As proof of it, I'm negotiating for a second-hand sedan at Jim Burrell's. It's one that he disposed of but he thinks the purchaser is considering turning it in."

Lucian caught his breath. "What has to be done to it?" he inquired with affected carelessness.

"Oh, there's a couple of spark plugs that need replacing. The brakes are somewhat shot, too, and a thorough cleaning of the cylinders wouldn't hurt them. Think what sport it will be making it over good as new."

"That depends," commented Lucian cautiously, "on what your idea of sport is."

"This coming Saturday I'm going to see if I can close the deal," decided Evan.

But neither on Saturday nor any

other day did he succeed in carrying out his plan. And for the reason that Lucian reached Jim Burrell's before him with the positive command that under no circumstances was the used car to be sold.

"But your father gave me instructions—" began Jim Burrell.

"And wants to countermand them," was the interruption, "since I've had a talk with him."

There began for Lucian one of the most absorbingly fascinating occupations he had ever known. For a couple of hours after school each day, clad in overalls and with his kit of tools at hand, he would put in a period of intensive work at Jim Burrell's. The task ahead of him was a challenge, taxing his skill and resourcefulness to their utmost. But he loved it!

The scorned car came to be a real personality to him. One discovery after another showed up its strong as well as weak points. The greatest discovery of all, however, had nothing to do with the car's mechanism, but strangely enough, with its former owner.

Lucian was overhauling the seats at the time, the major repairs having been completed. Reaching down in back of one of the cushions, he came in contact with a small, hard object. It felt like an old-fashioned silver dollar, only somewhat larger. Curious as to what it might be, he pulled out his find and examined it closely.

A bronze medal! But where did it come from and to whom did it belong? Underneath two crossed palm branches was a Latin motto, which Lucian couldn't wholly make out. As well as he could decipher it, however, it had something to do with work and fidelity. He was more successful with the reverse side of the medal which was in readable English. The token of honor, it seemed, had been awarded Cyrus North for his eminent services in the field of engineering research by the Associated Engineering Societies.

Cyrus North! Stancourt's most distinguished citizen, the donor of the North Engineering Building at Hargate College and Lucian's own particular hero! But what possible connection was there between the medal—and—and—

Why, of course! In a flash Lucian sensed the truth. Had not his father hinted that the original owner of the car was a celebrity? Well, that celebrity could be none other than Cyrus North. And he had lost the medal, or thought he had, whereas it had simply slipped down behind the seat cushion. The chances were that the engineer was still mourning his loss, for the medal was one of those precious things that could never be replaced by money.

"It surely was careless of me," admitted Mr. North a half-hour later. "So careless that you'd hardly think I considered it one of my most treasured possessions. I've searched and searched, even advertised for it, but of course without result."

His kindly gray eyes surveyed Lucian through thick-rimmed spectacles.

"And now, young man," he asked, "what sort of a reward would please you most?"

"Reward!" protested the boy. "Oh, but I don't want any!"

"That is an admirable spirit," approved the other, "still—" He broke off, undecided. "What kind of things interest you most?" he presently resumed.

"Cars and engineering," promptly returned Lucian. "I mean to be an an engineer some day."

"So! I'm addressing a candidate in my own chosen profession!" The speaker beamed. "But what about cars?"

Lucian reddened. "I should have said car, I guess, instead of cars."

"You mean the one I turned in?"

"Yes."

"You've become attached to it, I take it."

"I should say!" came the enthusiastic response. "Why, I wouldn't swap it for the best new car going."

"That saves me the embarrassment, then," remarked Mr. North with dry humor, "of offering you one and having it rejected."

Before he realized what he was doing, Lucian found himself telling his interested listener the whole story of his experience with the car—his disgust, growing absorption, knowledge gained.

In answer, Cyrus North pointed to the Latin motto on the bronze medal. "The Engineering Societies," he reflected, "chose their motto wisely. 'Fidelity to work reveals new horizons.' By the way," he went on, "I have the privilege of conferring an annual scholarship in engineering at Hargate and it has not yet been made for the coming year. Would you consider—"

Would he consider! Lucian had trouble with a lump in his throat before he could answer. There wasn't much said on either side as a matter of fact, but a new friendship and grateful thanks were cemented in a hearty handclasp.

Double repairs. That was the way Lucian ever afterwards thought of his experience. He had succeeded in putting the used car into ideal condition, but more than that, he had put into shape something within him that heretofore had not met the test.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Herman Kissiah, one of our paroled boys, formerly of the Mecklenburg Cottage, called on friends at the School last Sunday. Herman is now living in Charlotte where he is employed by the Dominion Box Company and reports that he is getting along very nicely.

—o—

Judging from the number of visitors present last Wednesday, our regular visiting day, it seems that rainy weather does not detract, but rather encourages folks to visit boys at the School. Wednesday of last week was a beautiful day, but there were very few visitors present. Wednesday of this week was cold and very rainy, but in spite of this fact, an unusually large number of boys were visited by home folks.

—o—

The epidemic of severe colds or "flu" seems to be more rampant

among our officers and matrons than among the boys, several members of our staff being confined to their beds during the past week. Mr. Boysworth, one of our teachers, visiting at his home last week-end, phoned us last Sunday night that he was ill and would not be able to report for duty on Monday morning, and has not yet reported at this writing. We are glad to state that the others are very much improved and hope to be at their regular posts soon.

—o—

For the past few days the officials of the Training School have been working on a list of projects embracing the needs of the institution, the same to be submitted to Mr. H. G. Baity, state enigineer for the P W A. A conference was held at Chapel Hill last Monday, all state charitable and correctional institutions being represented. At this meeting the necessary blanks and purpose of same were discussed quite freely. Superintendent Charles E. Boger, and Mr. W. M. White, purchasing agent, represented the Training School at the meeting.

—o—

Walter Massey, formerly of the Guilford Cottage, who was paroled January 6, 1927, visited the School last Sunday afternoon. Walter was with us two years, during which time he advanced from the second to the sixth grade. While at the School he was a member of the shoe shop force and has been following that trade most of the time since being paroled. He reports that he is now employed in a Charlotte shoe repair shop is working steady and getting along well. Walter lives with his parents, and his father not being able to work, the upkeep of the family falls upon Walter and an older brother. He seemed delighted to renew acquaintances among the officers here and was very enthusiastic in his praise for the work of the School and what it had done for him.

—o—

About one year ago, a boy who was employed as house boy in one of our cottage homes and was making a pretty good record, was suddenly seized with the urge to get out and enjoy the so-called pleasures of the outside world. He made good his escape and remained away from the institution for nearly twelve months.

On last Tuesday morning as the cottage lines assembled at the regular time for the purpose of engaging in the activities of the day, this lad presented himself for re-admission to the School. When questioned as to his reason for coming back voluntarily he replied that he desired to earn his parole.

It seems that the boy had secured regular employment, but his employers upon learning that he was away from the institution without the consent of the officials, told him that in order to continue his work he must have an honorable parole, and advised him to return, which he did.

We are glad that this lad had the courage to do the right thing and since he has taken such an attitude we predict for him a fine record while at the School and success

when he finally earns his parole.

—o—

Since last reported in these columns, January 19th, quite a number of boys, having made good records during their stay at the School, have been paroled or allowed to go home. Some of these, however, may have been granted permission to leave because of some unusual or extraordinary reason, rather than having made a record sufficient to warrant a parole. The list follows:

January

Everett Lassiter, Haywood Journigan and Thurman Lockamy, all going to Durham; Ernest Stricklin, Rockingham; Carl Stafford, Ellerbe; William Hames, Cliffside; Sidney Hall, Salisbury; Pleas Barringer, Troutman; James Dunn, Oakboro; Mason Caudle, Wadesboro; Jeraldia Blackwood, Carrbro; Curtis Holshouser, Rockwell; Arthur Hawkins, Canton; Calvin Boone, West End; Jack Norris, Bessemer City; J. P. Williamson, Jonesville.

February

Troy McPherson, East Rockingham; Carlton Campbell, West End; Hubert Gray, Raleigh; Robert Clark, New London; Richard Adkins, Mayodan; Ed Southern, Statesville; Rufe Tucker, Seven Springs; George Wright, Florence, S. C; Herbert Grant, Onslow County.

—o—

Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the Sermon on the Mount as found in Matthew 7: 7-20.

In a most interesting talk to the boys, Rev. Hughes' subject was "The Parting of the Ways," and for his text he quoted from Ezekiel, "The king of Babylon stood at the parting of the way; at the parting of the two ways."

The speaker first called attention to the mode of traveling in the wilds of Africa. One might think, said he, that not finding great broad highways in that country, it would be hard to travel without getting lost. While it is true there are none of these fine roads, a traveler in Africa wilds will find countless paths, about two feet wide, all over the country. In traveling from one village to another one must pay attention to direction as to the parting of the ways. A slight turn from the right path may lead to death and destruction in the jungle. As in Africa, so it is in life. There are good ways and bad ways to travel and we should ever strive to keep in the good way.

Rev. Hughes then further illustrated the difference between right and wrong ways, by calling attention to travel on our great railways. As we are comfortably resting in our berths on a train, we occasionally hear or feel little bumps or jars as the train speeds through the darkness. This means that our train has been switched in a different direction. Had not the switchman pulled the lever at the right time, the result would have been disastrous. The positions of switchman or train-dispatcher on a railroad are positions of great responsibility. If they do the right thing, all is well, but if

they commit a blunder a great loss of lives and property results.

So it is in life. In many cases our friends are responsible for the way we choose. We should, therefore, be very careful in selecting our friends. We often see a boy get quite chummy with a person and if that person does not possess the highest qualities of character, he will lead the boy in the wrong direction and cause him to get into trouble. Unless a boy has a very strong mind, the wrong kind of associates will prove most harmful. Just as the traveler in Africa must guard against the wrong turn at the parting of the ways: just as the trainmen must be always on the alert in order that passengers may ride in safety, we should always guard against making the wrong kind of friends—those who would lead us in the wrong direction.

We are always coming to crossroads in life, said Rev. Hughes, and when we are in doubt as to which road to take the only thing to do is to stop and think it over. Suppose we have a friend who is trying to persuade us to do something. We must stop and think it over carefully, and if our conscience tells us it is not the right thing to do, we must then answer our so-called friend with an emphatic "No!" Our conscience, continued the speaker, is a warning finger which, if we obey, will point out th danger when we are thinking of taking the wrong path at the parting of the ways.

Rev. Hughes then told of a very dangerous cliff in Cornwall, England. Along a very dangerous section of the coast there is a great cliff, and on the edge of this cliff runs a narrow path. It is dangerous to travel this path for the slightest move in the wrong direction means death on the rocks below. This path has been constructed along the cliff for the use of men in the coast guard service. Along the path great stones have been painted white to guide people traveling that way at night. These white stones are reminders of the dangers below and warn the traveler to be careful.

Rev. Hughes concluded by saying we encounter great white rocks along the highway of life. Just as the white stones warn people traveling the treacherous path along the cliff, there are things which remind us of danger when tempted to do wrong. It may be a verse in the Bible which comes to our mind at this time; it may be something we learned at mother's knee, or it may be something one of our teachers has impressed upon us—whatever these thoughts are, they are like the white stones, and remind us that we are about to turn wrong at the parting of the ways. They tell us in no uncertain terms that the right way leads to happiness, and to follow the wrong course will bring nothing but trouble. When we become discouraged in life, things look gloomy; it is just like the blackness of night settling upon us. It is then we need the guidance of the white rocks of life. If we only remember that God helps those who help themselves, we will find it easier to make the right choice when we come to the parting of the ways along the journey of life.

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THE UPLIFT

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"Be noble, and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own."

"Talent is that which is in a man's power; genius is that in whose power a man is."

"What a man pays for bread and butter is worth its market value, and no more; what he pays for love's sake is gold indeed, which has a lure for angels' eyes, and rings well upon God's touchstone."

—James Russell Lowell.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

LONGING

Of all the myriad moods of mind
  That through the soul come thronging,
What one was e'er so dear, so kind,
  So beautiful, as longing?
The thing we long for, that we are
  For one transcendent moment,
Before the present poor and bare,
  Can make its sneering comment.

Still through our paltry stir and strife
  Glows down the wished ideal,
And Longing moulds in clay what Life
  Carves in the marble real.
To let the new life in, we know,
  Desire must ope the portal;
Perhaps the longing to be so
  Helps make the soul immortal.

—James Russell Lowell.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Lowell and Longfellow were contemporaries, Lowell was born February 22, 1819 and Longfellow was born in 1807.

These two distinguished writers enriched the cultural life of our nation by writing classics that have withstood the test of time and passed down to posterity.

Lowell was born in Cambridge, Mass., and graduated from Harvard in 1838, when but nineteen years of age. He was a student of law, besides contributing much in verse, and also obtained considerable reputation as a lecturer.

Early in life he abandoned law and devoted himself to literature, filling for years, and following Mr. Longfellow, the chair of Belles-letters at Harvard University.

His style as a writer was subtle and profound, and probably no where in the range of contemporary literature can be found such versatility combined with excellence. As an essayist and reviewer he had no superior.

He was United States minister to Spain in 1878, and later was transferred to the Court of St. James, in England, serving in that capacity 1880-85. He died at Elmwood, Mass., August 12, 1891; was elected to the American hall of fame, 1905.

* * * * * * *

THE CHILD FIRST

All facts pertinent to the health of the child registers with the writer, realizing that it is impossible to build strong manhood to meet conditions throughout life if physically handicapped. There is no teacher the equal of experience, therefore, knowing the ills that can be superinduced by bad teeth we commend the State Health Board for motivating the Mouth Health Survey in the public schools of the State.

Between the dates February 20-22, 1934, the members of the state dental profession gratuitously made a survey, having as their objective the mouth health conditions existing among our school children.

Seven hundred and five schools in the state were surveyed, with approximately 325,000 children enlisted, and out of this number 130,385 had never visited a dentist and from this number 18,352 six year molars had been lost. In this survey a careful check was kept of the financial conditions of children inspected and one-third were classed as indigents.

Therefore, in this instance this neglect was not wholly due to poverty, but instead ignorance, or indifference as to the future welfare of the child.

This survey has been far-reaching and invaluable. Possibly the initial cost of the project looks expensive, but to the humanitarian who is far-sighted, he realizes the good health of a child means the

elimination of untold suffering, besides it saves the state the expense frequently of caring for a dependent throughout life.

There are few people who ponder the question seriously, and continue blindly to spend and humor every whim of a child for minor considerations and neglect the essentials that lead to happiness and prosperity.

If we could visualize properly it would be easy to see that our public school system performs a two-fold mission. Not alone do they train our young people in the best methods of living, but through these same young people much information as to health and other subjects is transmitted to the parents who have never had the privileges of a better schooling.

Therefore if funds were adequate we would advocate the enrichment of the service rendered through the schools by adding to the faculty of every public school in the state an all-time nurse and a physical director. These are real essentials that aid in the proper development of the child.

The least that this little magazine can contribute towards spreading the gospel of good health is to copy articles similar to the one, "More About Mouth Health," taken from the last publication of the Health Bulletin, and carried in this issue.

* * * * * * *

HE HAS RENDERED A FINE SERVICE

This 72-year-old young man, physically and mentally alert, Congressman R. L. Doughton, known in North Carolina as "Farmer" Doughton, has proven to the people that he has an unusual capacity for work.

The story goes that he begun life on a farm, Laurel Springs, Allegheny County, and when not busy on the farm he traded horses, more as a side line, but he proved just as successful in this venture as he did in all other undertakings. The secret of his success is that he played the game of life fair, a tireless worker, and faithfully discharged every duty, public or pesonal, entrusted to his care.

As an expression of his high sense of responsibility the reports from Washington, D. C. are that even during the extreme cold

weather of this winter when the streets were icy, and dangerous, this servant of the people never missed reaching his office later than 6:30 A. M., beginning the day's work with the spirit of a much younger man.

Farmer Doughton's philosophy is that "everybody counts for one, and nobody counts for more than one." He asks no one to treat him as a superior and permits no one to treat him as an inferior.

* * * * * * *

SOUTHERN PINE CAN BE USED TO ADVANTAGE

It is with a reasonable amount of satisfaction to know that this little paper was one of the very first to carry general matter and editorial comment as to the value of the North Caolina scrub pine in making newsprint, the equal of any manufactured in Canada or other countries.

The experiment has been made by Dr. Charles H. Herty, a North Carolinian and formerly a professor of the University of North Carolina, and proves that newsprint made from the southern pine is the equal, if not better in every detail than that of foreign countries.

The information is that capital is being sought to establish the industry, without the aid of federal money, but with an appropriation from congress to further the development of southern resources and at the same time make the project secure.

Such an industry would keep funds to the amount of $700,000,000 in our own pockets, besides help the unemployed to find work. Since this particular community has an abundance of scrub pine, used only to fill gullies and burn on trash piles, why would it not be possible for a newspaper industry to be established in our midst. Nothing helps any community the equal of a diversified interest.

* * * * * * *

SCHOOL BOOKS FOR THE RENTAL

One bill that will hold the attention of the solons at Raleigh is the question of school books for the children of North Carolina for a nominal sum as rental. The bill for this specific purpose has

the approval of the governor and calls for a $2,000,000 bond issue. There will be no taxation but bonds would be be retired yearly by money for rentals. If this plan can be made to function it will prove a blessing to many indigent children, and at the same time contribute to the joy of teachers and efficiency of a class of indigents who cannot buy books.

Besides, if imperative that books be treated tenderly the young people would unconsciously absorb the spirit of safeguarding the property of the general public,—one of the most potent characteristics of good citizenship.

* * * * * * *

HARRY PRESS DEATON, A CONCORDIAN LAUDED

From the Charlotte News we learn that Harry Press Deaton, editor of the Mooresville Enterprise, has passed his fiftieth milestone in connection with newspapering, giving valuable service to his state and community, also reflecting through the columns of his paper the greatest ambition and highest ideals.

Editor Deaton is a man who has blazed his own way by pluck, push and continued perseverance, and not for a moment, while basking in the warmth of his past achievements, does he hesitate to show gratitude to the stronger hands who gave him courage to burgeon out a life that shows the fine spirit and power of the man —Harry Press Deaton.

We felicitate Editor Deaton, a Concordian by birth who has a legion of friends in Cabarrus county, by saying that his past to his friends has been a pleasure and his future is a continued hope.

* * * * * * *

THE BOY SCOUTS' BIRTHDAY

On the 8th of February the Boy Scout movement celebrated its silver jubilee. It was twenty-five years ago that Congress passed an act, giving birth to the organization in America, and since that date it has become so clearly a part of education that the colleges give courses in its theory and practices.

Its specific object is to play the game of life fair, striving to

make good citizens regardless of race or creed. The idea was first conceived by a Scotchman, and since then the organization has proven popular, and continues to grow by leaps and bounds till the order has encircled the globe.

* * * * * * *

THE FOUNDER OF ALABAMA INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL DEAD

It is with a note of keenest sadness that The Uplift announces the death of Mrs. R. D. Johnston, the founder of the Industrial School for the Alabama boys, also accepted as the Godmother of thousands of less fortunate boys throughout the state.

A messenger from the Grim-Reaper called her, she answered the summons as bravely and peacefully as she mothered the cause of the delinquent boy, but to those who knew her the memory of her life and deeds will never fade, but will live on and grow clearer with each passing year.

* * * * * * *

A SOUTHERN WRITER DEAD

Mrs. Cora Harris, a noted southern novelist and short story writer, died last week in an Atlanta hospital after a lingering illness, following a heart attack, at the age of 65 years. She is best known for her book, "Circuit Rider's Wife," having gathered much of the material for her book during the early life of her husband who was a Methodist minister. Her husband died in the year of 1887 when she was just in the zenith of her literary career.

* * * * * * *

Sir Isaac Newton closed his earth labors slightly more than 200 years ago. His is one of the best known names of the scientific world, holding first place as one of the most distinguished philosophers and mathematicans the world has ever known. It is commonly conceded that scientists are not religious, but in this instance the premise is refuted, because the spirituality of Newton is reflected by the motto that hung in his room reading, "Remember thou wast a bondsman in the land of Egypt, and the Lord thy God redeemed thee."

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

HELP THE WORLD ALONG

"The hard word; why utter it?
A grumble pains; why mutter it?
Your heart is kind; why shutter it?
The world is sad enough.
The soft word helps, just say it;
A hand-grip cheers, don't delay it;
A kindness shown, well repay it;
And help the world along."

—o—

You can no more distribute wealth equally than you can distribute brains equally.

—o—

Nature societies are calling on the people to remember the "forgotten birds." The English sparrows are not going to let anyone forget them.

—o—

The fellow who lives on the fat of the land is the one who proposes to bring about reduction by the use of his anti-fat concoctions.

—o—

The most noteworthy thing about these "odd jobs" the people are urged to dig up for the needy is that they are odd enough, all right.

—o—

Is it possible we are losing our manhood? The present age is producing two classes of people. Those who are scheming to be supported by the government and those who would rather take relief than work for their own living.

—o—

The fashionists who propose to make feminine athletic costumes still sparser, evidently do not appreciate the condition our nerves are in already.

—o—

Boston dispatches tell of a tax collector arrested and held there for theft. It is still demonstrated that "An honest man is the noblest work of God."

—o—

If Huey Long achieves his ambition to be king, he'll be astonished at one thing—the great number of people who would like to see him "crowned."

—o—

Some people spend so much time thinking of their own greatness and importance with the result that they create wrinkles on their foreheads and start getting old too soon.

—o—

A scientist tells us that there is not an insect in the world that won't respond to kind treatment. I'll bet a cookie he never tried patting wasps or yellow-jackets on the back.

—o—

A reader wants to know why it is that, previous to a marriage, the groom is not given "showers" like they treat the bride-elect to. I guess it is from the supposition that when the bride begins to reign, he will

have all the "showers" he is looking for.

—o—

It is said that they are getting tran portation so uniformly regulated now that the really smart driver can pick out the pedestrians he proposes to go after before they leave their homes.

—o—

A man said he was losing his hair from worry. When asked what he was worrying about, said, "about my hair." That is typical of a great many who do worry. When you woory about what you cannot help, you are in worrying lane sure enough—and a long lane at that.

—o—

There are amusing things in this world, besides people buying fake stock from a fake stock-seller, trying to get rich quick. Some people don't trust the banks, so they put their money in the postoffice savings department. And the postoffices take the money over to the banks. There you are.

—o—

Only during periods of upheaval do things most stable in life change. There are three ways of putting across any objective and that is by coercion, propoganda or education. Education is the only satisfactory way. Education sees all sides of every question and makes its decision without pressure or influence.

—o—

Ten per cent of the automobile drivers of this country are responsible for more than 60 per cent of traffic accidents. This is the conclusion reached by highway safety engineers, following three-years study of highway accident reports. Little mercy should be shown the incompetent or incorrigible ten per cent. The 90 per cent of sane drivers should see to it that officials and police get tough with those who are cluttering our highways with dead and injured.

—o—

Do we need a new faith? I think we do. We need a new faith in the possibility of producing heroic men and women. The human race cannot be as sordid, depraved and weak as some of our writers would have us believe. That such people do exist in large numbers no one can deny, but the finer heroic souls exist by the multitudes. These latter are the "salt of the earth," and are the saving factors of our civilization. The church has been steady down through the ages to lift manhood to higher levels. The Sunday School starts the child off right and parents can do no better than to see that all children have this opportuniyt of Bible instruction. Go to Sunday School and church next Sunday—and every Sunday thereafter. You'll feel better for it.

—o—

How God made the girls of Dixie. Someone has said that when God made the Southern girl, He sent his angels throughout all the star-strewn realms of space to gather all there was of beauty, and they threw down their glittering burdens at His feet. He began in their wondering presence the work of fashioning the Southern girl. He wrought with the gold and gleam of the stars, shifting

glories and rainbow hues, and the pallid silver of a Southern moon. He wrought with the crimson which swooped in the rose's rubied heart, with the pure, sweet snow which gleamed from the lily's petals, and the fires and flames which flash and leap from the jewel's depth. Then plunging deep into His own bosom, He took of the love beneath the wind-kissed waves of a summer sea, threw into this the form He was which gleams there like some rare pearl fashioning and all Heaven veiled its face, for lo, He had wrought the Southern girl. And she is with us through all generations.

There is only way to get ready for immortality, and that is to love this life and live it bravely and faithfully, and cheerfully as we can.—Henry Van Dyke.

A GAME THAT IS MORE THAN A GAME

(Selected)

Scouting was devised as a game and is carried out in the spirit of a game something that every boy enjoys with all his heart and is attracted to from the minute he looks into it. But is is much more than a game. Underneath its program of knot-tying and signaling and first aid and nature study and camping and hiking are character values of sterling worth. Thoroughness, trustworthiness, resourcefulness, courage, keen observation, habits of good health, the practice of helpfulness and courtesy to others under all conditions, the self-confidence that is not arrogrant but knows that it knows, knows that it can—these are fundamentals of Scouting.

With its February birthday, Scouting in America celebrates its Silver Anniversary, a record of a quarter century of amazing progress of significant social values, of character training not by abstract teaching. but by actual life experience. During these twenty-five years 6,550,330 boys have grown up under the age of Scouting, in all its branches. Many of them are now full-fledged citizens playing their part in the great game of adult living, playing it as they played Scouting, loyally, finely, helpfully, responsibly, cheerfully. America is the better for them and should pause and remember now and then during this 1935 Silver Jubilee of the Boy Scouts of America, that Scouting and Boy Scouts are things to be thoroughly jubilant over, to be proud of and grateful to and for.

MORE ABOUT MOUTH HEALTH

By Ernest A. Branch, D. D. S., in N. C. Health Bulletin

Sometime ago the Mouth Health Survey was taken as the subject for a radio talk. Those of you who have children will doubtless remember that this survey was conducted in the public schools of the State on February 20 and 22, 1934, by members of the North Carolina dental profession, and had for its chief objective the obtaining of an accurate cross-section of the mouth health conditions and needs actually existing among our school children.

At the time the talk was impossible to give the findings. However, the vast amount of information obtained in the survey has now been tabulated, and your attention is called to some of the outstanding items.

Out of 705 schools, containing approximately 325,000 school children, 130,385 children had never visited a dentist. Why? Out of this same number, 18,352 six-year molars had been lost. Again why?

During these days of depression, or following the days of depression (if you prefer), we have come to blame almost everything upon poverty. We say that people are too poor to visit the dentist and the physician, yet in this survey a careful check was kept upon the financial classification of the children inspected and it was found that less than one-third of the children were classed as indigent or unable to pay for any dental work. Taking this fact into consideration, it seems hardly possible that poverty would account for the appalling number of children who have never been in a dental office. It is too easy to blame everything on poverty, and too final.

The trouble seems to be that few parents are aware of the importance of the first teeth to the child's mouth and health. They have a tendency to look upon the first, or deciduous, teeth as "temporary teeth," and refuse to be concerned over their condition, thinking that it is only a matter of a few years until these teeth are lost and the permanent ones take their place. They do not understand that the first teeth have a definite purpose; they do not understand that the first teeth must be kept in good condition, must be filled and cleaned and cared for just as though the child were to keep them through all his life, for upon the condition of the first teeth depends the condition of the permanent teeth, and the first teeth must be kept until they are shed naturally to make way for the permanent teeth.

Long before the baby is born, his first teeth are forming in his jaws, and by the time of his birth they are almost entirely formed beneath the gums. However, during the first months of life the baby eats nothing but milk and has no need for teeth to help him chew. As he grows bigger he needs other foods in his diet and he needs more exercise for his jaws in order that they may grow with him. Along about this time comes the first of all his teeth, and with it the hard breads. As his need of additional food increases, so

also increases his equipment for masticating his food. But it is too early to fill the baby mouth with grown-up teeth. The jaws have not reached the development which is necessary. One by one, and sometimes two by two, the teeth come through the gums until the baby has his full set of twenty teeth; then one by one they go out again to make room for the thirty-two permanent teeth. This procedure covers a period of about eighteen years and seems to be unnecessarily lengthy until one considers the facct that these teeth are to last throughout a lifetime. It would be too much to expect to build anything in a day or two which would not only have to be beautiful, but would also have to stand all the strains of everyday life.

Now about the fifth or sixth year of the child's life four teeth begin to come into his mouth—the six-year molars. These are the first permanent teeth and are of vital importance. They do not follow the loss of baby teeth; a place has been left for them all the time. If the first teeth are prematurely shed before these molars come in, then the molars may come in crooked and the other permanent teeth which follow them will be crooked too.

It is easy to locate this six-year molar in the child's mouth; it does not require a dentist to find it. If an imaginary line is drawn between the two big teeth in front and six teeth are counted on either side, upper and lower, right and left, these teeth will be found. In other words, if the child has only five teeth, counting from this imaginary line, then he has not cut his first permanent tooth. If there are six, then this sixth tooth will be the first permanent tooth in the child's head.

Even though it is easy for the mother to find these six-year molars, it is necessary for the dentist to look them over as they come into the child's mouth. They are far back in the mouth and are not as easily cleaned as the other teeth. They are also more subject to decay. Every little cavity should be filled as soon a it appears. If small cavities are neglected, they will grow into large ones and the whole tooth may be lost because of neglect.

Perhaps there is not a mother alive who would willingly neglect her own child. Purposeful neglect is not in a mother's nature. Nevertheless, neglect has the same effect, whether or not it is intentional. A six-year molar may be lost just as easily because the mother failed to understand its importance as because she did not care. Every mother should take her child to the dentist at regular intervals as soon as his first teeth appear. The dentist will tell her what foods are necessary to build strong teeth; he will tell her that the jaws need exercise in order to develop properly (to facilitate this exercise, the dentist often recommends the chewing of gum); he will emphasize the proper cleaning of the teeth, and he will do what is necessary in the way of corrections.

However, the dentist cannot do it all. He must ofetn waste valuable time in overwhelming the child's fear of him, when this is definitely the mother's responsibility. Here

again it is up to the mother to see to it that her cheild has the proper attitude towards the dentist. Whether she has held the dentist over the child's head as a sort of "boogieman," or whether he has acquired the wrong attitude through listening to harrowing tales of the tooth that his Cousin John had pulled, or those that his Aunt Elizabeth had filled, unless he is taught to regard the dentist as his friend he will look upon him as the most disagreeable of all human beings. When toothaches and gumboils at last make it imperative to take him to the dentist he is likely to be a very intractable patient. It is too much to expect a child to submit gracefully to what he thinks will be a very unpleasant experience. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and you can be very sure that he will fight back. If such a visit is hard on the child it is equally hard on the mother and the dentist; yet, with a small amount of preparation, it might so easily be avoided. A matter-of-fact attitude on the part of the mother will do much to create the same attitude on the part of the child. A trip to the denist holds few terrors for the child who has been properly and wisely prepared.

In conclusion, the mother should not be satisfied to excuse herself by thinking that she wants her child to have the best. She must make it her business to find out what the child needs and then see that he gets it in spite of all the depressions that may befall. Expensive clothes and toys may be beyond reach, but adequate dental care is available to most of us, and every child should have it.

RECOMPENSE

You say that words are motionless
And come no more to hurt or bless?
Nay, swift and sure as homing birds
Are all your kind or unkind words,
And harbored in some sure retreat,
The spoken word and speaker meet.
You say that deeds once done are lost?
Nay, they are winged seeds and tossed
By restless winds, and good or bad
They come to grieve or make us glad,
And we shall know their hate or grace:
The doer and the deed keep pace!

—John Richard Moreland.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

By Florence Finch Kelly

Of all the millions of Americans who have joined in the singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" how many have known anything about the author more than his name and perhaps a few disjointed facts?

Key was a child of the Revolutionary War, having been born in 1779, at Terra Rubra, his family's country seat in the red hills of Maryland. His great-grandfather, Philip Key, came from London to Maryland in 1726, a young man, wealthy, ambitious, who had been educated in the Temple and whose parents had secured for him a grant from Lord Baltimore of a richly soiled and beautifully located plantation in Southern Maryland which, with later additions, contained 2,790 acres. Among his ancestors was a fifteenth century poet laureate of England, whose versifying talent, far down the stream of generations, was to come to the surface again in a descendant who would give its national anthem to a mighty country then undreamed of. For Philip, his son; his grandson, an ardent patriot who fought valiantly in the Revolution, and his great-grandson, Terra Rubra was a country seat all their lives, one of the grant plantations of the region, and, diligently as any pioneers, they toiled to wrest it from the wilderness and tame it to their uses. Scores of slaves swarmed over the vast acres.

But in Key there came to be a different feeling about the slaves. From his youth he did not like the institution and as a boy he prophesied its end. All his own slaves he freed long before his death in 1843. He was advised to study law by his uncle, Philip Barton Key, an able and famous lawyer of the time, and was a fairly successful, though not a great, lawyer. Key lived in Georgetown, practiced in the Washington courts and for many years was attorney for the District of Columbia.

Among his best friends were Roger Brooke Taney, later to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and also his brother-in-law, and the brilliant John Randolph of Roanoke, from whose correspondence with Key the author makes many extracts. He had a beautiful wife, with whom he had fallen in love when he was 17 and she 14, although they waited 4 years for marriage, and their aristocratic home in Georgetown was the centre of a social circle that included the most intellectual, the most charming, the most brilliant men and women of Washington. It is believed that Key's life was fortunate and happy, but that in his heart he was the country squire of his heritage and that he never ceased to long for that kind of life.

Francis Scott Key began early to write verses and wrote them all his life. As a boy he wrote them for his own and his sister's entertainment. When he began to fall in love he wooed the girl of the moment with verses, although his biographer has

discovered but one thus favored before he met the maid who thereafter filled his heart. After his death the best of his poems were collected and had book publication. His thoughts seemed to voice themselves spontaneously in rhyme and meter and he was accustomed thus to write notes, memoranda, casual matters of any sort.

No one ought ever to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" without a realizing sense in his imagination of the circumstances under which Key wrote its words and of what they meant to him at the moment. The story leads up to the battle of Fort McHenry with a rather full account of the attack of the British on Washington, the so-called "battle" of Bladensburg.

The British took prisoner Dr. Beanes of Upper Mariboro, and when they sailed down the river to demolish Fort McHenry and capture Baltimore they carried him with them.

Key was asked to follow with Colonel Skinner under a flag of truce and endeavor to effect Dr. Beanes's release. At first the British were determined not to accede and said they ought to have hanged their prisoner. But finally he was released and the three men were kept on board the admiral's frigate until the beginning of the battle, when they were put into their own small boat which was closely attached to the ship. There, all day they watched anxiously, their boat cavorting over the waves caused by the ship's gunfire, their eyes on the fort, and their only means of guessing how the battle was going being whether or not its great flag still waved above the fort.

Both fort and flag would be swallowed up in smoke and they would watch in fear and anxiety until the flag floated out again and they would know that the fort had not surrendered. If the fort fell they knew that Baltimore was marked for attack, burning and looting, and that then the British troops would scour the seaboard with sword and torch. Their own fate, too, hung on that of the fort. With the last rays of the sun they saw the huge flag still waving above the smoke. The bombardment lasted almost all night (the cockleshell of a boat dancing madly over the churning water), closing before dawn, but they did not know what had happened. In an agony of suspense they waited, while through Key's mind raced vagrant lines and phrases of the poem, and finally with the first beams of daylight, they strained their eyes to the fort to see whether above it would be waving the American or British flag.

At once Key begin to write the poem on the back of an old envelope. Their boat was released and they sailed up stream and were presently in Baltimore. There the only person left in the office of The Baltimore American—every one else having gone to help man the city's defenses, was a young lad who set up the poem and printed it on handbills. Inside of an hour, afterward wrote Chief Justice Taney, it was all over town. It was hailed with enthusiasm and at once took its place as a

national song.

His contemporaries knew him not as a poet but as a conspicuous and able and sometimes bothersome liberal, a distressingly serious layman, and, most singular of all, an honest lawyer. Of Maryland, land of culture rather than brilliance, of averages rather than extremes, Key was the essence. A minor character, not daring to risk the defeats and outrages common to careers of the first rank, he could have attained greater things. But he never escaped the pleasant limitations of the Chesapeake and the Blue Ridge.

You can't put things across by getting cross.—Selected.

A METHOD OF PUNISHMENT

(Young Folks)

There was once a superior teacher who believed that it was not a good policy to punish an individual alone, but rather to punish the group to which that individual belonged. That method of dealing out punishment may not appeal to us upon first thought, but it will not be wholly lacking in appeal as we ponder on it.

For instance, he would not punish a wrong-doer in the school room, for the reason that he believed that he should hold the entire school responsible for the misconduct. When someone broke the rules governing the student body he did not inquire as to who did it; the fact is he did not wish to know. He objected to being told. There was no tattling in that school.

It was his conviction that no boy or girl would cheat or lie or steal or swear if that boy or girl understood that the other pupils would show displeasure at such conduct. Each pupil soon saw that he would not stand in the good graces of his schoolmates if he did what reflected upon the reputation of the rest and brought punishment upon all of them. There naturally developed a morale and esprit de corps that made the control of the school a very easy matter.

We cannot escape the conviction that all of us are responsible for the lawlessness and the crime that exist in our land. If we hated them badly enough they would soon be banished. The truth is we do not hate them unless their evil consequences fall upon us. No system of laws ever devised will abolish crime. That can only be accomplished by all of us loving the good and hating the evil. There must be a social solidarity in which iniquity will arouse our hot displeasure and righteousness will win our warm approval.

THE HERITAGE

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
  Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
  King of two hands, he does his part
  In every useful toil and art,—
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
  Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged to toil-worn merit,
  Content that from employment springs,
  A heart that in his labor sings,—
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
  A patience learned by being poor;
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it;
  A fellow-feeling that is sure
  To make the outcast bless his door,—
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
  That with all other level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
  But only whitens, soft white hands;
  This is the best crop from thy lands,—
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
  There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
  Toil only gives the soul to shine,
  And makes rest fragrant and benign,—
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
  Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same great God,
  Prove title to your heirship vast
  By record of a well-filled past,—
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

—James Russell Lowell.

HOW O. HENRY BEGAN HIS WRITING CAREER

By Ida Briggs Henderson in "The State"

High up in the mighty hills of western North Carolina lives the widow of America's most renowned short story writer. . . . . William Sidney Porter, better known as and universally beloved as O. Henry.

When I visited Mrs. Porter in her ancestral home, Warsaw, the delightful old house where O. Henry spent his last winter, she gave me, among other interesting information, an account of her association with this genius who for a short while she called husband. She took me upstairs to the bedroom he occupied which was still redolent with his memory and filled with mementos which serve to keep this memory green.

Many Photographs of O. Henry

The walls were hung with many photograph of O. Henry, and looking up at these with a reminiscent smile in her eyes, Sara Porter began softly to tell of her association with the talented man whom she had married:

"Will and I were both born in Greensboro. My father was born and reared in this old home of our ancestors, but mother was a Greensboro woman, and so my parents lived there for a few years. There is a slight family relation between my husband and me, and his uncle married my second cousin, (yes, such things still count in the South) but we never met until I was about twelve or thirteen years old. Though he was much older than I, a great friendship developed between us."

Asked to tell something of his boyhood days she said:

"At that time Greensboro was little more than a village, and the educational advantages were very limited. Practically all the 'schooling' that Will received was gotten in the little private school taught by his maiden aunt, Miss Lena Porter. Had his education been restricted to the humble curriculum of the little school, he might never have become the O. Henry of later days: but his aunt was an unusual woman and she recognized the latent possibilities in some of her scholars; so she began to read instructive books during the recess hour and any scholar was welcome to listen to her reading. She selected her literature with great care; books which would broaden and uplift her scholars and Will never missed a single period of this reading. These stories and autobiographies of great men inspired his imagination and aroused an ambition to go and do likewise."

An Omnivorous Reader

This foundation laid by Miss Porter resulted in a determination on the part of Will Porter to read every interesting, exciting, (Dime Novels included) and instructive book he could get his hands on. This omnivorous reading fired his already active imagination and he evolved stories from his own mind that proved a fascinating pastime to his youthful

associates. So vivid, so terrifying were some of these stories that his playmates often shivered as they passed dark corners on their way home at night. Will Porter progressed from Robinson Crusoe to Thaddeus of Warsaw; then came such standard favorites as Thackeray, Wilkie, Collins and Dickens. He was so impressed by the unfinished novel of Dickens, "Mystery of Edwin Drood," that he began several ambitious attempts to finish it.

"At the time I met Will he was working in the drug store of his uncle, Clarke Porter. As was the custom in those days in every town some drug store was selected as the favorite 'hang-out' of the young men about town; Will's marvelous personal magnetism added to the fact that he was an excellent chess player, soon made of the drug store where he worked the social center of the town, the only club at the time that they had. Before long Will was writing humorous sketches of the habitues of the store which, when read aloud, added to the mirth and enjoyment of the crowd. Many of these skits are preserved as mementos of the days before the personality of modest Will Porter was submerged into that of the elusive O. Henry. It wasn't long, however, before the young drug clerk became restless, and wanted to see the world. So, when just about twenty-one years of age, Will left for Texas."

When asked to tell something of his career in Texas, Mrs. Porter said:

"Frankly I cannot tell you very much except what I learned from the Texas newspapers, for my husband was a very reticent man and disliked to talk of what he had accomplished. However, sometime after he was settled in Austin, he was working as bookkeper in the General Land Office, making only $65 per month and as he was anxious to marry the girl who became his first wife, he wanted to supplement his salary: so, he wrote and sold his first story to a Texas newspaper. It was a humorous sketch and brought him the magnificent sum of . . . two dollars. The day after he got that check he got married.

Attracting Wide Attention

"He kept right on writing and by 1895 began to attract attention by his work as columnist on the Houston Post. He became known as the Post Man. Very soon Texas contemporaries hailed him as a coming man of genius, and he became their abiding joy and delight."

According to Mrs. Porter, Will Porter earned the top wage of $25 per week. Colonel R. M. Johnston, editor of the Post, discerning the superior talent hidden in the pen of his star reporter, advised him to go to New York City where he would receive full payment as well as a wider recognition though, of course, he hated to give him up. Porter knew this was excellent advice, and he accepted it in the spirit in which it was given.

Goes to New York

So . . . he went to New York where he began to write under the nom-de-plume of O. Henry . . . by which

name the world knew him ever afterwards. Shortly after he began to write in New York, the New York World gave him a three-year contract calling for one short story a week at the salary of $100 weekly. Soon after this connection with the World, O. Henry published his first books, "Cabbages and Kings," and from then on he skyrocketed to fame.

"This baffling nom-de-plume," stated Mrs. Porter, "so completely hid his identity that it was not until 1906 that his friends in his old home town of Greensboro learned that the great O. Henry was none other than their own Will Porter . . . . the shy, romantic youth who used to gather magnolias at midnight for the little girl . . . Sallie Coleman."

Men can do what they will—if they will do what they can. without thinking of how to play it.—Selected.

A RULE BROKEN

By C. K. Proctor, in Orphans' Friend

The Oxford Orphanage has encouraged proper relationship and cooperation with living relatives of the children who are here. The children are permitted to write home, relatives are permitted to write to the children. Children are permitted sometimes to visit their relatives and again relatives are permitted to visit the children. We have found this of considerable help in bringing out the best in our boys and girls. Every week, especially on Sunday, there is someone here visiting the children. Some years ago we encouraged the children to invite their mothers to eat with them in the dining room and we have provided lodging for a mother or a relative now and then in our Hospital. The children show these kinfolks about over the Home and we show these visitors every courtesy that we can. It has been a great help and the children and relatives have seemed to appreciate it.

A rather unusual request came a few evenings ago and I am sure each reader would enjoy it. A mother, slender and frail, had saved her earnings to make a trip to see her little boy and little girl at the Oxford Orphanage. She had been with them during the afternoon and, just before supper, came with the chidren to my office to ask if we would care for her that night. The Hospital here was full on account of the measles and mumps epidemic, but she was told that a place could be found among friends a few blocks from the campus and that she could have her meals with her children in the dining room. She was delighted. She then turned to me in the office and said, "Mr. Proctor, I have a

strange request and I wonder if my children may go and spend the night with me." I told her that was against our rules and that I was sorry I could not grant her request There was a disappointed look in her face and tears began to fill her eyes and ran down her pallid cheeks.

Presently she said, "My babies slept with me before they came and my heart is so hungry for them. I had hoped I might have them sleep with me tonight." Instantly I told her that the children could go—that I would take the liberty of breaking the rule and give her mother heart the joy for which it hungered. They were grateful and went out of my office happily with arms about each other to their evening meal in the Orphanage dining room and then down town.

I saw them the next morning as they passed the cottage in which I live coming back for breakfast—the children were explaining things to her about the Orphanage and there was a look of almost Heavenly satisfaction upon her face. She spent the day with us and came by the office to thank me and say good bye.

I do not know whether this is good social service work—I do not know whether it is good psychology, but when I think of those clean, nice children and that clean and simply dressed mother, I remember how my own boys, although growing well into young manhood, want to get into mother's bed and with one in each of her arms a heavenly look comes upon her face; and when I remember my own boyhood and how we used to want mother to lie down with us a while when we went to bed I do not feel that the machinery of the Orphanage has been damaged one single bit in the breaking of this rule. I think Heaven must have smiled upon the scene and I know that the children have felt closer to me and that there is a happier mother somewhere today.

I feel that the Oxford Orphanage must never come between a mother's love and her children and that it is our task to help her and encourage these fine noble and heavenly instincts and inclinations. Friend, reader, do you think I did wrong—do you think I made a mistake?

ODE TO A LOAN SHARK

A notorious loan shark died in Chicago recently. Among the tributes paid him was the following ditty by a newspaperman who knew him well, who in fact had been among his victims in times past:

"We knew him as old 'Ten Per Cent',
The more he had the less he spent;
The more he got the less he lent.
He's dead—we don't know where he went.
But if his soul to heaven is sent
He'll own the harps and charge 'em rent."

—Selected.

BIRTH CERTIFICATES VERY IMPORTANT

(Morganton News-Herald)

There are thirteen important reasons for accurate registrations of births for there is hardly a relation of life, social, legal or economic, in which the evidence of birth may not prove to be of great value, to the individual and to the public at large. It is an act of civilization and good business to register birth certificates.

Some of these reasons are the basis for the "Register Your Baby" campaign which is to be conducted in North Carolina during the next few weeks by the United States Bureau of the Census, through the State Board of Health and with the aid of the State emergency relief administration.

The 13 major advantages of accurate birth registration follow:

As evidence to prove the age and legitimacy of heirs.

As proof of age to determine the validity of a contract entered into by an alleged minor.

As evidence to establish age and proof of citizenship and descent in order to vote.

As evidence to establish the right to admission to the profession and to many public offices.

As evidence of legal age to marry.

As evidence to prove the claims of widows and orphans under the widows and orphans' pension law.

As evidence to determine the liability of parents for the debts of a minor.

As evidenc in the adminstration of estates, the settlement of insurance and pensions.

As evidence to prove the irresponsibilty of children under legal age for crime and misdemeanor, and various other matters in the criminal code.

As evidence in the enforcement of law relating to education and to child labor.

As evidence to determine the relations of guardians and wards.

As proof of citizenship in order to obtain a passport.

As evidence in the claim for exemption from or the right to jury and military service.

If you are a parent you should cooperate in the campaign by giving such information as the State may request.

Cultivate the friendly spirit, the helpful spirit. Establish yourself in loving sympathy with your fellowmen, and friends will come to you without your seeking—drawn by the glorious law of attraction.—Selected.

COMMENT

(N. C. Health Bulletin)

Upton G. Wilson, writing in the Reidsville Review sometime ago, quotes the Christian Science Monitor, which told the story of a dairyman, who complained to a friend of the poor outlook in the milk business. When the dairyman made his complaint, he failed to get any sympathy from his friend. The reason, as told by the Monitor and passed along by Mr. Wilson, was that the friend had lately passed the dairyman's place, and there on his silo, in great glowing letters, was a beer advertisement. Of course, the friend refused to waste any sympthy on such a dairyman. He thought that if the man had no more foresight than to advertise the business of a competitor,he did not deserve any sympathy.

Mr. Wilson comments further:

"Both beer and hard liquor are competitors of milk. Thousands spend for beer and liquor the money they should spend for milk. Moreover, farmers are among the number guilty of such unwise spending. When farmers learn to patronize more liberally those industries which consume in quantity their own products, they'll become more prosperous as a class. And they shouldn't forget that cows use more hay and grain than brewers and distillers."

The Editor of The Health Bulletin is in entire accord with the position assumed in the foregoing by Mr. Wilson and the Boston paper. We have all heard of the meanest man in the world, but this man that Mr. Wilson and the Boston paper describe we think is the world's biggest fool. The old toper who needs a chaser for his hard liquor, and therefore eulogizes beer for its food value, in order to provide an alibi for the situation he finds himself in, deserves little sympathy. The family who is rearing growing children, but proceeds, as some of them are reported to do, to reduce milk ration in the family in order to provide funds for increasing the beer, particularly for father, is robbing the children of the family of one of the most essential foods, a food for which there is no substitute whatever for growing children. The head of a family who will do this is foolish; but he is in no way any such fool as the dairyman who is trying to make a living selling milk to his fellows for their good, and for his own, and then undertakes to advertise the products of a brewery, which will reducce his business and eventually destroy it if the beer-drinking habit becomes prevalent enough.

There may be some food value in beer. We do not know. Impartial, unbiased chemists say that the food value in a quart of beer cannot be more than one-half the food value in a quart of milk. Moreover, the quart of milk possesses a great many exceedingly important vitamin and mineral elements which are conducive to good health, none of which a quart of beer will contain. But the beer has enough alcohol in it to bring them back for more and more and more.

THE KEEPERS OF THE LIGHT

By Warren Traylor DeWitt

"Listen!"

Tom Browning, who'd been chattering away to his cousin as they dressed, cocked an ear.

"Only the surf," he laughed after a moment. "Morley, you're hearing things. Expect staying away from your home three days has got on our nerves. Well, our parents will return from Yardley tonight."

Morley Newton shook his head impatiently. He had thought he'd heard a motor boat. That would mean Brother Dick and his assistant keeper of the light were going over to Sandy Point after supplies. It had been rough the last three days; doubtless they had run short, and were taking advantage of comparatively smooth water now.

After breakfast the two boys hurried over the sand dunes to a high point where the ocean lay spread out below them. To the left, two miles away, was the lighthouse on a semi-submerged reef, guarding the narrow channel leading into Haddock's Bay. Lizard Reef, a mile and a quarter from the nearest shore, was a menace to navigation on account of unseen, jagged rocks.

Morley had expected to find the water smoother now, and they'd counted on taking Tom's boat from the inlet and rowing out, but though the breeze had moderated, still the waves rolled high.

"Guess we can't go," Morley was remarking, when Tom, gazing through a telescope, clutched his arm.

Morley, taking it, stared in the direction indicated. He stared! There was a dot upon the distant combers. The men were making for Bristol around the point, fully five miles away.

Tom shrugged as he took the glass again. "They must like rough water. Myself, I'd choose Sandy Point." He swung it farther south. There were several villages strung out, but Yardley was at least forty miles beyond the last one, and Tom seemed striving to see the impossible.

"You miss your parents as much as I do mine," laughed Morley. "Well, there's tonight's steamer."

Tom grinned sheepishly. The two boys would've liked to have gone on the city shopping tour, but it had been thought best to leave them behind with the housekeeper. Finally they returned to Tom's house.

Most of that day was spent reading, but occasionally they lifted their heads as fresh blasts shook the frame building. Evidently the series of storms that had marred the 1900 summer season, weren't over yet.

Late in the afternoon, Morley felt renewed restlessness steal over him. The steamer was due at nine; what if the two men didn't return in time to have the light going? Tom laughed when Morley finally voiced his anxiety.

"Nonesense! They've never missed yet."

But just the same, as twilight deepened, they hurried over the sand dunes with their telescope. They looked seaward at the lighthouse first; it wasn't showing its star! Then Tom gazed fixedly across the heavy rollers towards Bristol. There was nothing upon the waves.

"I wonder—" he began.

Something leaped in Morley's breast. The light should have been going by now! Suppose something had happened to Dick!"

"Tom!" he cried, "we've got to get out to the lighthouse and see what's wrong. Will you go with me?"

Tom stared anxiously at the rough Atlantic. They were used to handling a dory, but never in a running sea like this. He glanced at the distant lights of Sandy Point. Should they seek help there, it would take two hours by land, and there was the steamer due through the the treacherous passageway before that. It was up to them!

"Come on!" he shouted. "I'm with you."

Running fast, they slipped and slid down the path to where Tom's boat pitched in the inlet. Morley cast off the painter while Tom unshipped the oars.

A short distance found them upon the turbulent ocean. It was rough, but Tom pulled steadily while Morley glued his eyes on the darkening reef. Rough as it was, they almost forgot their perilious passage in their anxiety over the light, but they shouted when its grayish-white pillar rose before them.

It was but a moment's work to attach the painter to a ring in the platform; they dashed up the moss-grown steps to an open door. They saw no boat; it meant the keepers hadn't returned.

But they had scant time to look around. Tom struck a match and found a lamp on a shelf; then they went up the ladder to a room above. The two cots were disordered; on a table stood empty dishes.

"They're not back," panted Tom, and was about to sit down, but Morley shook his arm.

"The light!" he cried.

It seemed endless climbing up the spidery ladder, but they came to a circular landing place with huge copper oil cans and tackle blocks. Tom stared bewilderedly around, for he'd never been that high before, but Morley hurried him to another ladder. The lamps were above.

Both panted with the exertion as they reached the top, and Tom exclaimed at the prismatic splendors as his light struck the angled reflectors, but Morley was feverishly working at the center lamp.

He'd watched Dick light it several times in the past, but he was sobbing as he fumbled with it now. Suddenly he saw a wall diagram with printed instructions. Desperately he read it over and over before the idea dawned.

Tom helplessly watched repeated failures as minutes passed; then suddenly a blinding flare filled the room and they shielded their eyes.

Backing down the ladder a short distance, they looked out through a window. The great beam was flashing out; what a wild sea it now illumined. Mighty breakers dashed

upon the rocks, and blasts shook the tower.

Cautiously the boys went below to the door. They had come just in time, for as they stared, Tom's light showed the frayed painter almost through. They attached a chain, then shut the door with spray lashing the panel.

"Well, we're in for it," said Tom shakily. "We'd never get back through that water."

Morley nodded, his thoughts elsewhere. What had become of Dick and his assistant? They must be safe at Bristol. They must!

A half hour later, now back by the light, they peered through the window and saw shortly the steamer go plunging by. They watched it until it disappeared safely around a shoulder of land. Then they went below looking for food. They tried several cabinets, only to find them locked. But they did discover a few biscuits in a cupboard, and tea. Despite anxiety, they built a great fire and consumed these, for they hadn't eaten before leaving Tom's house.

It was a wild night, and the two boys slept but little. At dawn Morley went up and extinguished the light. He had hoped day would bring a quieter sea, but the change for the better was but slight. True, the wind had died down to some extent, but the waves were still high, and no boat in sight.

Morely, recalling storms of a week's duration, wondered dully if this was to be one. If so, and something had happened to Dick, what would they eat? There was nothing left unless the cabinets contained food. Dick would likely not have gone out in such weather if they did.

As the day wore on, Morley gave himself over to despair, and crouched on a bench while Tom stalked about. He couldn't shut out his anxious thoughts now.

So intent was he upon his gloomy thinking he hadn't noticed the building cease shaking in mid-afternoon nor the sea less ominous. Alone at five, he was holding a book upside down when the door opened.

Morley, glancing up, gasped. For back of Tom was Dick, the assistant, and the two boys' father. He hadn't heard the boat.

"Dick!" he cried out. "Dick, you are safe! You weren't capsized!"

"Not quite," laughed his older brother. "It was like this: we'd started back from Bristol when our engine died, and we couldn't start it again. We tried to paddle back to town, but the tide carried us down coast. Finally we made shore, but a long way from any habitation."

"Well, everything came out all right," chuckled Morley's father. "I saw the light going from the steamer, but we didn't know you boys were the keepers. Reckon we should be proud of them, eh, Mr. Browning?"

Tom's father smilingly nodded, for he'd been too relieved to speak before. "That's right," he said huskily. "And we should be grateful to Him who watches over all."

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mrs. Ruth Yeomans Schiffman and Mrs. Arnold Schiffman, of Greensboro, visited the School last Friday. These ladies, who are very much interested in social service work, after being conducted through the various departments, expressed their pleasure as to the manner in which the work of the institution is being carried on.

—o—

The School was very fortunate in having been able to clear about seven acres of wooded land for Mr. F. W. Pharr, one of our neighbors. The wood was a timely addition to our supply of fuel during the period of extremely close financing, and also gave employment to quite a large number of boys. The work of felling and trimming the trees has been completed and the boys are now engaged in filling up holes from which stumps have been removed, and cleaning up rubbish from the land, preparatory to cultivation in the Spring.

—o—

It was discovered soon after the C W A workers had transplanted a large white oak tree in front of the Cannon Memorial Building last Spring, that it would not live. It stood in this position until Wednesday of this week, when it was removed and worked up into fire wood. Preparations are now being made for setting out another tree. A water oak has been selected to take its place. and we believe this will be a better selection, as water oaks, when transplanted, seem to develop faster and are not so easily susceptible to the elements.

—o—

About the year 1908, Mr. Walter Thompson, first superintendent of the Jackson Training School, purchased a fine young sorrel colt, about eighteen months old, from Mr. Hampton Blackwelder, who lives in the county. This colt grew into a fine horse, one of the best in this section of the country, weighing when grown, more than 1,200 pounds. Upon becoming the property of the School he was named "Ben."

Old Ben was one of these horses of the rough-and-ready type. He was never sick and no load was too heavy or work too hard for him. In fact, he was our stand-by for many years.

Many of the boys who were here at the time Ben was purchased have grown into manhood, but they will remember this faithful old animal with great satisfaction, for he was the pet of all the boys who cared for or worked with him.

The use of a little arithmetic will how that Ben had reached the ripe old age of twenty-eight and one-half years, but up until recent months, seeing him in action, one would never guess his age, judging from his

ability to pull a load or perform other tasks about the farm.

One morning last week, old Ben, though not sick, was down in his stall and was not able to arise. After being helped to his feet, he was not able to stand. The old fellow was willing but his strength was not equal to the task—he was just worn out. A veterinary was called for examination, and diagnosing the case as just a worn-out animal, he asked the privilege of ending his suffering, which was granted.

Never will the School have a horse who will render more faithful service or give value received for the attention and care given him than faithful old Ben. There is an air of sadness as the barn boys go about their daily chores, for they had learned to love him, and these youngsters who cared for him will greatly miss this faithful old "friend of man."

—o—

Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson Rev. Kellermeyer read the 112th Psalm, following which he made a very interesting talk to the boys on "The Religious Life of Washington and Lincoln."

Washington, said the speaker, was a devout member of the church. Although he lived several miles away, he attended the services each Sunday morning. He did not visit or receive visitors on Sunday, but after returning from the morning service, it was his usual custom to spend the rest of the day with his family, reading. On Sunday night he would read a sermon to the family and have prayer.

While in camp during the Revolutionary War, Washington was known to pray morning and night and we know that he prayed and suffered with his men during that terrible winter at Valley Forge.

Washington was blessed with more of this world's goods than most of our Presidents. He was a wealthy farmer, had a fine home and large estate at Mount Vernon.

In contrast to Washington's home surroundings, Abraham Lincoln, the rail-splitter, statesman and President during the Civil War, was born in a log cabin. There was no school for him to attend so it was up to him to secure his early education as best he could. He had but few books, but what he had he read and re-read until they became a part of him. As he studied these books, one of which was the Bible and another was Weem's Life of Washington, by the light of a pine knot, before the fireplace at night, there was being moulded one of the greatest characters this country has ever known.

Lincoln became President of the United States at a most critical time. Because he had read and studied the Bible from boyhood, and had followed a prayerful life, he was more able to face the great problems confronting him at that time.

He was often in communion with his God. The night before the battle of Antietam, he spent the whole

night in prayer, and solemnly promised that if the Federal Army won, he would set the slaves free. The battle was won and he immediately set out to keep his promise.

Both of these great Americans had enormous problems to solve. Washington had to help build up a great nation and Lincoln had to re-build what was torn down by war. Each of these men seemed to be born to be leaders at most critical periods in our country's history, and each performed his task well.

The lives of these two Presidents teach us great lessons. They were strong and able leaders because they prayed to God for guidance, and He gave them strength to perform their tasks. We too, should endeavor to be strong for Jesus and appreciate and love Him more in our daily living in order that we may have strength to fight against the evils confronting us.

If the world seems cold to you,
  Kindle fires to warm it!
Let their comfort hide from view
  Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
  To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan,
  "Ah! the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a wilderness,
  Go build houses in it!
Will it help loneliness
  On the winds to din it?
Raise a hut, however slight;
  Weeds and brambles smother;
And to roof and meal invite
  Some forlorn brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,
  Smile till rainbows span it!
Breathe the love that life endears,
  Clear from clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
  Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark sorrow's stream
  Blends with Hope's bright river.

—Lucy Larcom.

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CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 2, 1935 No. 9

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Little by little time goes by—
Short if we sing through it, long if we sigh.
Little by little—an hour, a day,
Gone with the years that have vanished
away.
Little by little the race is run;
Trouble and waiting and toil are done!
Little by little the world grows strong,
Fighting the battles of right and wrong;
Little by little the wrong gives way—
Little by little the right holds sway.
Little by little all longing souls
Struggle up nearer the shining goal.

—Selected.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

WHAT IS A BOY?

He's the person who will carry on
The very things you'd planned, when you have gone.
It matters not at all what they may be,
The things you've only dreamed of he will see.

You may adopt what you deem wise decrees;
And when you're gone, upon them he will seize.
The leagues and treaties he will manage, too,
And speak in senate halls before he's through.

O'er states and nations he'll assume control,
Make corporations' leadership his goal.
The prisons, schools and churches he will move;
Your books he'll praise, condemn, perhaps disprove.

For him is all the labor of your hands;
The fate of our great nation he commands.
It might be well to give some serious thought
To what that boy of yours is being taught.

—D. J. Blalock.

"HAD I MY WAY"

In reading pamphlets issued by reform schools and prisons throughout the states, we find frequently many expressions from the pens of those who have gone the way of the wayward that show repentance, and long for the solitude and quiet of a life with the privilege to work order out of chaos.

For instance, an inmate of a state prison out West penned the

following lines, a direct expression as to the inner longing of his soul:

You could take the dazzling brightness
  Of the city's blazing lights,
You could have them, and quite welcome,
  If you left me country nights.

You could take the blaring music
  Of the hot, jazz-maddened bands;
All too willingly I'd leave
  For some quiet country lands.

You could offer me the hot spots
  From New York to Frisco Bay,
But you couldn't catch my fancy,
  For in the country's where I'd stay.

It is easy to discern that this man of sin was weary of the fantasies of the "midway-of-life," longing for an urban home where he could commune with nature and have peace reign supreme. It often takes time to write clearly and concisely the biography of the good and the bad,—the elements of humanity.

* * * * * * *

DO YOU WANT A GUARDIAN?

"If any part of our people want to be wards, if they want to have guardians put over them, if they want to be taken care of, if they want to be children, patronized by the government, why, I am sorry, because it will sap the manhood of America," wrote the late President Wilson in his book, The New Freedom. "But I don't believe they do. I believe they want to stand on the firm foundation of law and right and take care of themselves. I, for my part, don't want to belong to a nation, I believe that I do not belong to a nation, that needs to be taken care of by guardians."

In those words, the war President, who had a greater knowledge of world history than almost any man who has held the position of Chief Executive, accurately caught the true American spirit—the spirit that set this nation off from all others, dedicated to the ideals of freedom and democracy which had been subjugated with force and bloodshed in the old world. It was the spirit that led to the sailing of the Mayflower three hundred years ago—to the

Revolutionary War—and finally, to the arduous development of the west by men who wanted no wards, and wanted only the right to work and save and make their own destinies. That spirit is our American heritage—and nothing the founders and the pioneers could have sent down to us through time could have equaled it in worth.

It is likewise the spirit that we must keep constantly in mind, as a guide to the future, if we are to endure as a democracy in which liberty is to be maintained, and in which opportunity is to be offered to all. All paternalistic and socialistic endeavors, no matter how well and honestly meant, are at variance with this spirit—and, long enough pursued, they must inevitably result in the destruction of those institutions which are peculiarly American.

* * * * * * *

"TRUTH-SERUM"

The latest experiment in science is the test of the "truth-serum" on human beings by Dr. Wm. F. Lorenz, psychiatrist, of Madison University, Wisconsin. After the inoculation the patient becomes unconscious, and has to be aroused by touching or by an application of cold cloths, then another serum is given, bringing the patient to another state in which he will carry on a free conversation.

If this experiment proves successful the "truth-serum" can be used to advantage in criminal cases and save the country untold financial obligations. In fact, if proven effective it would be a "cure-for-all" having the Ananias propensities, with the finest prospects for restoring "confidence" in every phase of the business and social activities of life.

* * * * * * *

GOOD ENGLISH COUNTS

Back in 1881, General John J. Pershing, the greatest living soldier today, with two other boys from Missouri, appeared before the examining board to pass the test for a vacancy to be filled at West Point Military Academy.

General Persing matched even with a boy named Mallory. To further try out the mental capacity of the two boys, or the ability to meet conditions, the board proposed parsing the sentence: "We are near heaven by sea as by land." Pershing did a perfect job, telling the kind of sentence, the subject, the predicate, the object and prepositional phrases and so on as once taught in the "old schools." He was the winner, graduating from West Point, afterwards rising to the highest militray rank while his competitor has made a modest living teaching a rural school. Better English should be the goal of every student of schools in the country.

* * * * * * *

AN ECHO!

Much farther back than the masses of young people, passing back and forth on the public "rialto" of Concord, can recall, there rests in the mind of the writer the picture of a crowd of agriculturists in close conversation about things relative to the duties of a farmer.

It was a cold rainy day, and the crowd had assembeld around the stove in the leading grocery store of this city, then a small town. It was during the era of history prior to the days of public service, when all good house wives braved the weather to make their purchases for the day.

On this occasion we entered the store just in time to hear the finale to a heated argument, pro and con, to the best methods of carrying on the activities of a farm.

The whole scene closed when the veteran merchant, and successful farmer, the late Mr. Jacob Dove, stood in the midst of the crowd and most emphatically announced that, "it matters not what you say, I know that there is work every day on the farm for the man running the farm, and if he does his duty he has no time to loaf on the streets."

Mr. Dove was one of the prophets of his day, he achieved success because he hewed close to the line knowing that nothing can be successfully accomplished without a systematic and earnest endeavor.

WITH SLEEVES ROLLED UP

The Dairymen's League News, published by the Dairymen's League Cooperative Association of New York, points out that the dairyman has behind him a strongly-supported, aggressive organization which is tackling dairy problems with its sleeves rolled up.

The League affords a splendid example of what cooperative action can do. It has fought battle after battle in the great New York Milk Shed. It has fought for a fairer share of the final selling price of milk products for the farmer. It has fought for a better adjustment between demand and supply. It has fought for higher standards of production and distribution. And, when alien radical elements attempted to disrupt the milk shed a year or two ago, destroying trucks and intimidating farmers, the League fought successfully for moderation, as opposed to the extremists of either side.

Other cooperatives can show similar records of achievement. Organized agriculture, its sleeves rolled up, is going places.

* * * * * * *

Teaching young people how to play is attracting all educators of today. It is essential, for the reason the whole principle of playing the game fair means thinking about the rights of your brother—one of the finest characteristics to be considered in building strong and honest citizenship.

Besides, to be permitted to play is a child's birthright, and to be denied that privilege simply means you are taking from that child a thrill to which it is entitled.

In this issue we give an illuminating program of physical education, including all sports, practiced in the Minnesota Training School for Boys, a school similar to the Jackson Training School. The article is captioned "Teach Boys How to Play."

Remember the old maxim—"all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy"—in fact, it is likely to make Jack a greater problem in the class of incorrigibles.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

GLAD GIFTS

"Each day must bear it's bit of care—
It's loss and gain—it's smile and tear
Of sun and shade each hour is made.
So must it be!
Both calm and tempest must show
The dawn and sunset must it know,
Each moment holds it's weal and woe
For you and me!"

—o—

The smallest man oft times gets too big for his job, and then his job has to quit him to make a better fit.

—o—

A Hollywood report says "Platinum blondes are beginning to pass." Save me a place on the curb so I won't miss the parade.

—o—

A Durham husband says that when his wife wants money she calls him handsome — hand some over. Well, handsome is what handsome does.

—o—

A great many people try to dodge the worst by sitting down and hoping for the best. Hope is a great incentive—but hope with action. The thing to do is to make the best of the worst, without misgivings.

If our lawmakers finally decide to tax air and the sunshine they will about complete the gamut of taxes. They have taxed very near every thing else. Even our credulity and patience is taxed almost to the breaking point.

—o—

These must be terribly heavy days for President Roosevelt. But he doesn't show it when you see him—his countenance shines with smiles and indicates complete confidence. It must bear heavily on him that nearly everybody is clamoring, with him and with Congress. TO GET SOMETHING FROM their government rather than TO GIVE SOMETHING TO it. Increasing tendency shows a decreasing general morale. That's the pity of it.

—o—

From Marshfield, Oregon, comes the astonishing press dispatch that two dairymen were fined, not for selling impure milk but for the high crime of selling milk that was too rich, too pure—just as it came from a good cow. I could hardly believe my eyes when I read the dispatch. There was no false labeling, no adulteration. The crime seemed to be that they failed to "water" their milk sufficiently to bring the butter fat content down to the legal requirements for the grade of milk sold. The court handling the case gave the offenders a suspended sentence and placed them on parole for a year. And this happened in the land of the free! Men hailed into court and

sentenced for serving their customers too well. Can it be true that we have fallen upon perilious times?

—o—

A great newspaper, in an editorial, tells us that 21.5 per cent of our people are incapable of learning a trade; 38 per cent are capable of limited training; 33.7 per cent are of average ability, and only 6.5 per cent ever attain a high grade. "Foreman" grade of ability is found in only 1.0 per cent. That does not read well, but it is hard to dispute the facts. They help us to get a line on making good, however.

—o—

I wish I could wave some kind of a magic wand over this country so that every person over 60 years of age could earn $200 a month, just as the Townsend plan proposes to give each person this amount a month. My heart aches for everybody who has to bear the ill-matched-pair—age and want. But I don't see how it can be done. The sad part of this whole business of relief is the belief that the government is an unlimited Santa Claus. The money has to come from somewhere. We've got to save the government.

—o—

In a personal way this column is the realization of a rather long standing desire. Now, after many years of writing "who, what, when, where and why," in the first paragraph you have no idea what a relief it is to be able to ramble like this and know that no eagle-eyed news editor will pounce on it and say, "That lead is terrible!" "Watch the next time!" Or "Blue pencil it!" Not that I am belittling news editors, for I have been one myself—they are very essential gentlemen in the production of a newspaper—but the joy of it all to be so very independent!

—o—

Without fellowship our lives would be surrounded by chaos, and discipline and order would be unknown. It is the companionship between different racial, religious, and social levels that promotes the best in the civilization that we now have. Without a doubt we are gradually, but inevitably, approaching a period in our history in which we will find it impossible to behave as we have in the past. No longer can we believe that we possess all that is worthwhile, we will come to realize that the real purpose of our lives is barter and exchange. We have some quality, someone else has another. Exchange and reap the benefits that in other conditions would accrue to only one individual or one level of society.

—o—

February brings us, annually, the birthday of Abraham Lincoln and in January we celebrate the birth of Robert E. Lee. Few of us today have such perseverance and such a desire to improve ourselves that we would overcome obstacles to education similar to those that Lincoln faced. Few of us are willing to take such pains to cultivate religious virtues and literary qualities as did General Lee, who is a shining example of the Christian gentleman. It is said that Lincoln once submitted one of his speeches to a friend for grammatical corrections and was told that his

only mistake was the splitting of an infinitive. Often we scarcely take advantage of education that is easily available. And when we seemingly do take advantage of it, it is often not with any desire to improve our thought and expression, but rather to satisfy our vanity by receiving good marks. How much more could we gain in the days of our youth if we had, as Lincoln did, a determination to achieve the best that is possible in the realm of clear thinking and clear, forceful expression!

DO NOT JUDGE

Pray don't find fault with the man who limps
  Or stumbles along the road,
Unless you have worn the shoes he wears
  Or struggled beneath his load.

There may be tacks in his shoes that hurt,
  Though hidden away from view;
Or the burdens he bears placed on your back,
  Might cause you to stagger, too.

Don't sneer at the man who's down today,
  Unless you have felt the blow
That caused his fall, or felt the shame
  That only the fallen know.

You may be strong, but still the blows
  That were his, were they dealt to you
In the self-same way at the self-same time,
  Might cause you to falter, too.

Don't be harsh with the man who sins,
  Or pelt him with words or stones;
Unless you are sure, yea, doubly sure,
  That you have no sins of your own.

For you know, perhaps, if the tempter's voice,
  Should whisper as soft to you,
As it did to him when he went astray,
  'Twould cause you to falter, too.

—Selected.

TEACH BOYS HOW TO PLAY

(The Riverside)

Fully as important as vocational and educational training at the Minnesota State Training School for boys is the program for leisure time activity which is being instituted to encourage and to teach the boys of the school how to play. Realizing that most of the boys of the school have suffered in the past because they have not had the opportunity to participate in entertaining games, or because they had been inclined to direct their energies into other fields of amusement which lack the beneficial results of wholesome sport, the school now supports a director of physical education whose work is to organize group and individual play activity in both outside and indoor classes.

The man in charge of this is Mr. Leonard Marti, a graduate of the University of Minnesota in 1933. Part of his program is carried on in the school during the regular class hours, but a large portion of it is directed in the company cottages in the evenings, and in the gymnasium Saturdays and Sundays as well as evenings during the week.

Extensive Program Planned

Although gymnasium facilities allow each company the use of the basketball court and swimming pool on one night each week, the boys of the various cottages are afforded its benefits at different hours during the day. In addition to the gymnasium recreation, Mr. Marti is working out a full program of games for the various cottages. An extensive sports activity program is being lined up for each company for the outdoor play in the Spring. To carry out this plan, athletic equipments and courts have been built on the company grounds, or will be installed when the weather permits in a few months. With this equipment, a schedule of intra-company (within the company) and inter-company (between the companies) competition will be carried out in many lines of athletic activity. In the meantime, intra-company sport competition is being directed in basketball and ping-pong. Swimming events are being considered, as well as tournament play in checkers, chess, and other amusing games requiring definite skill or ability. The sports activity program will be vastly expanded, however, when the spring weather permits outside activity, to include nearly every boy in the school who has any athletic inclinations whatever.

Outdoor winter sports schedules began to function at the beginning of the year (1935) when six 10-foot toboggans, which requisition had been late in arriving, were delivered during the Christmas holidays. They were immediately put into use by Mr. Marti, who scheduled each company for use of the toboggan slide which has been constructed on the slope of the bluffs between the main vocational buildings and the farm. Twenty-five pairs of skates

were also resurrected for use from the attics, and are issued to companies according to schedule for use on the skating rink which was completed during the holidays on Company Ericson grounds south of the school football field.

Recreational Participation Gaining

Although little equipment has been immediately available to further the recreational program, the success of the leisure time activity is gaining under Mr. Marti's efforts. Where expense limits progress toward rounding out the program, games and needed equipment are manufactured in the shops of the school by the boys themselves, under direction of the instructors.

Playground improvements (which will not become finished until spring weather conditions permit) have been planned out for each of the eight companies. Some of these improvements have been completed already, while other parts of the plans cannot be furthered until spring. Yet the plans for some of the companies indicate what steps have been taken to provide recreational facilities for the boys.

Two standard horseshoe courts, a clay volley-ball court, flying rings, and other games have been constructed for Company Washington. Track equipment including high and broad jumping pits, and a shot put court have also been built for this company. Proposed improvements to be instituted on the playground of this company include a horizontal bar, new horseshoes, a shot put ring with a toe board, new jumping standards, a sawdust pit for the rings (which will provide for more elaborate use of this equipment), and a trapeze on a swing standard.

Fall Program Successful

This fall Company Washington boys participated in a number of outdoor activities which were stimulated by a tournament competition. Included in this recreation were horseshoe, volley-ball, cricket, ring work, shot-putting, broad and high jumping, hand polo and tumbling. Contests and individual stunts were carried on indoors, in addition to table games, cards, and group entertainment in the cottage playrooms. Gymnasium and swimming schedules rounded out the activity of this company during the fall months.

Company Roosevelt has facilities similar to those of Washington cottage, and also has outdoor swings for its members to use. It's outside activity during the fall months consisted of volley-ball, baseball, horseshoe, and kicking and passing of football. Being favored with one of the larger basements (this is one of the newer cottages), pin bowling and disc tossing have been incorporated into its indoor sport program. Additional table games, ping pong, ring pitch, and installation of a regulation shuffle-board court are proposed.

Although only a volley-ball court and jumping pit with standards are included in the present set-up of the Ericson company playgrounds, proposals for the expansion of this recreation plant include the same facilities as are proposed or are included in lay-outs of other company grounds. A shuffleboard court, pin

bowling, and disc games are part of the indoor facilities in use at Ericson, in addition to many other games of skill which have been devised by the manager. Ericson has two ping pong tables, also.

Fall recreation activities in Jefferson company have included modified soccer and touch football. This company is favored with one of the better athletic fields. Although the building size has handicapped Jefferson boys with a small basement, the company will later have shuffleboard, ping pong tables of regulation size, and additional table games installed for indoor activity. Company Grant, which is made up of the older boys of the school, is being equipped with all of the above mentioned equipment with the exception of shuffleboard courts for indoor activity. Grant company's outdoor sport program this fall included baseball, diamond ball, horseshoe, and football. A large number of this company take part in the training school's varsity sports including football, basketball, and baseball, which major teams compete with teams from other schools of the state and of Wisconsin.

The Johnson company, which is comprised of the smallest boys of the school, ranging in age from ten to fourteen years, is treated individually in the sports program. Present facilities in play ground equipment offer for their use, a sandpile for playing, in addition to smaller proportioned courts for outdoor activity. Proposed equipment for the Johnson playground includes a large sand box for playing, two teeters. a low horizontal bar, and new flying rings with ropes. Outdoor recreational activity carried on during the fall months in this company were volley-ball, modified soccer, broad and high jumping, hand polo, horseshoe, diamond ball. tumbling, football pasing and kicking, relays, stunts, and swimming. Indoor recreation proposed by the director, Mr. Marti, provides for ping pong competition and later installation of a regulation size table, ring toss, ring pitch, story plays in school room, educational jig-saw puzzles, map puzzles and numerous table games.

Provide Music in Cottages

A leisure time entertainment in in which the band director, and recreational director cooperate, brings the institution's orchestra, or other musical organizations, to each cottage once every two weeks for concerts.

Although the present gymnasium facilities are limited, the proposals entered by the director will bring about complete equipping during the present year. Tumbling mats have been purchased and are being used in supervised classes. A horizontal bar, and flying rings are part of the the present equipment, and volley-ball standards, built in the school shops, have been erected to make use of the gymnasium basketball court area for volley-ball purposes. The present plans make provision for installation of several ping pong tables in the balcony overlooking the basketball court. A shuffleboard court has been laid out on the floor adjoining the court, and accommodates four or more boys during class-

es and company periods in the gymnasium. It is also planned to install lockers in the shower dressing rooms for varsity team player's use.

Promotes Tournament Play

Marti arranged several tournaments, the latest to begin being the basketball intra-company groups. A ping pong elimination tournament has been in progress for about three weeks. This will be concluded soon by an all-school or inter-company elimination championship tournament for which trophies emblematic of the accomplishment, will be awarded to the winners in each class of competition. Team and individual play is planned in ping pong. Mr. Marti is planning tournament play in volley-ball, swimming, shuffleboard and other sports, also.

Besides the regular schedule of recreation in which the boys participate, the physical education director arranges exhibitions in gymnastics or sport games to be staged in the gymnasium or auditorium, or other suitable places, to illustrate the proper ways of playing games in competition. Cooperation with nearby Y. M. C. A. organizations makes possible these demonstrations.

Eliminiate School Line

Where formerly, the school line was confined to the detail basement in the main building between the hours of 4:15 and 5:15 p. m. after the dismissal of school, those boys now are sent to their companies to be supervised by the managers during that time. The recreation director aided by other instructors takes smaller groups of these boys from company each evening after school thereby poviding closely supervised play in gymnasium, swimming pool, skating rink, or toboggan slide.

It is through a closely supervised program such as this, that authorities of the Minnesota State Training School are attempting to teach the boys sent into their custody, how to play, and enjoy themselves thoroughly while doing it.

WHAT YOU WILL NOT BE SORRY FOR

For hearing before judging.
For thinking before speaking.
For holding an angry tongue.
For stopping the ear to a tale-bearer.
For being kind to the distressed.
For being patient with all.
For speaking evil to no man.
For doing good to all men.
For asking pardon for all wrongs.
For being courteous to all.

—Selected.

PILGRIMAGES TO HOMES OF EARLY AMERICA

By Amy Noble Maurer

Down in the Tidewater of Virginia, south of the historic James River in Surrey County, stands alone—and neglected for many years—a house whose beginnings go back almost to the days of the mighty Powhatan and that romantic and shadowy figure, Pocahontas, daughter of the great chief.

Who can recall today, without a stirring of the emotions, the story of the love of John Rolfe, English adventurer. for the Indian maiden, Pocahontas. Mary Newton Stanard, in "Colonial Virginia, Its People and Customs"—gives us a graphic account of the state of mind into which Master Rolfe was thrown when he lost his heart to the dusky forest maid. "He 'feared his love would bring down upon him the wrath of heaven, the censure of the government and the criticism of his fellows.' He writes a long letter to the Governor, Sir Thomas Dale, in which he declared 'My heart and best thoughts are and have byne a long tyme soe intangled and enthralled in soe intricate a laborinth that I was even a wearied to unwynde myselfe thereout.'

"He was not, he wrote, 'so voyde of friends nor meane in Birth' that that he could not make a match to his 'greate content' in England, and he looked 'warily and with circumspection' for reasons to provoke him to fall in love with one whose 'education hath byne rude, her manners barbarous, her generation cursed and soe discrepant in all nurtriture' to himself and 'oftentimes with feare and tremblinge' had concluded that his sentiments toward her were 'wicked instigations hatched by him whoe seeketh and delighteth in man's destruction.'

"But for all his conscientious scruples against a marriage with a heathen whose ancestors were in hell—for he was far too orthodox to believe in a happy hunting ground for unbelieving braves — Master Rolfe's love for the forest maid tortured him by day and disturbed his rest at night. Finally, he declared thoughts of her had taken the form a 'more gratious temptacon . . . pullinge me by the eare and cryene why doest not thowe endeavour to make her a Christian.' Since when he had persuaded himself and hoped to persuade Governor Dale, that it was his Christian duty to wed the Indian King's daughter."

It seems that the object of his solicitude was not difficult to convert, possibly for the same reason that John felt called upon to convert her —so, after baptism and the adoption of the Christian name, Rebecca, and with the consent of her father and of the Governor, the twain are made one and sail together for English shores, where Rebecca is received with great enthusiasm by her husband's countrymen.

And what has all this to do with

the lonely little house in the Tidewater?

A court deposition in 1677 shows that the house was built in 1651 or 1652 for one Warren, on land which had been given by the Indian chief to Thomas Rolfe, son of Pocahontas, and John Rolfe, Gentleman—with Rolfe "very much about the place."

The place is known today as the "Warren House," the "Rolfe House" and "Smith's Fort." To reach it from Williamsburg, old royal capital of Virginia, we motor down, seven miles, to Jamestown, that first settlement in America. We must cross the river. There is no bridge, so we take the Jamestown Ferry, and, quite appropriately, the little boat which carries us so bravely across the Powahatan, is the *Captain John Smith.*

Did I say "across the *Powhatan*"? That was the name given it by the Indians, honoring their great chief. The English rechristened it the "James" in honor of their great chief and the James it is today. Arriving safely on the southern bank of this mighty and muddy stream, we motor south for three or more miles, until, some distance to our right, we think we see the object of our quest. Bumping over a narrow gauge railroad track, we continue along the side of a cultivated field until we reach the grassy dooryard of this fifty foot front, dormer windowed, high gabled, thick walled brick house which has seen the seasons come and go since the middle of the seventeenth century. The front shows evidence of a small hip roofed porch which has disappeared. High, steep, rickety wooden steps lead to the door.

We wait to be discovered by the occupants of the house, and soon, around the corner from the rear, comes a very much dilapidated, crippled old negro, who welcomes us most graciously.

The small plantation is owned and occupied by a negro family, who cultivate peanuts. After some conversation with the courteous and interesting old man, we are invited into the house by the mistress. We carefully mount the shaky steps, assisted by the single hand rail, to find ourselves in a spacious entrance hall, running the depth of the house and with a quite handsome stairway leading to the upper floor. Passing into the room at our right, we are amazed to find paneling as fine as is found in some of the manor houses, and with fluted pilasters flanking the fireplace.

The little colored mistress of the home, with pardonable pride, opened the handsome doors on either side of the fireplace, revealing beautifully shaped shelves within—their contents in perfect order. The large room at the left of the entrance boasted paneling almost as fine. It had its fireplace, also, as had the corresponding rooms on the upper floor. An extension at the rear provided space for cooking and for peanut shelling, which was in progress at the tme—the children of the family lending a hand. A high basement with a wide hall and two large rooms completes this interesting house. Tradition has it that a tunnel once led from the house to Smith's Fort,

a mile away, but this is not substantiated.

The furnishings of the house in 1928 were, quite naturally, of the sort to meet the needs of the occupants. Bct how was it when Pocahontas' son was "very much about the place"? Let us retrace the centuries which have passed and try to reconstruct the interior of that time and the years which followed. It was not a great house, but it was probably one of the best of its time and would be furnished accordingly. Mary Newton Stanard contributes this—"The inventory of Ambrose Fieding of 'Wickocomoco Hall,' Virginia, made in 1674, gives us quite a clear picture of a well furnished seventeenth century home whose rooms, though they were doubtless large ones, numbered only five, three of which were down stairs, two above. The 'great room' had in it a 'long dining table, a serving table, a small table, fourteen rush bottomed chairs, two chests, a cupboard, a pair of andirons, a bottle case and bottles, a supply of linen, earthernware, glass and pewter, two brass candlesticks, a brass kettle, a brass mortar and pestle, spoons of silver and alchemy, a silver bowl and drinking vessels of silver.'

'Ye Parlor chamber' contained a 'greate bedd' with curtain and valance lined with silk, damask tester, silk' counterpane, linen sheets, a feather bed and blankets, a leather chair, a silk chair, a carved chest with locks and keys, a pewter basin and ewer, a looking glass, a warming pan, a brass candle stick, an ivory comb, two clothes brushes.

"In the parlor were an oval table, a small table, three Turkey work and three Russian leather chairs, a silk chair, a Dutch carved chair, a tapestry couch, a court cupboard, some books—including a large Bible—a turkey carpet, a pair of brass andirons, a pair of silver candlesticks, four family portraits and three other pictures."

In our pilgrimages to homes of early America, we have had many thrills, but never have we been more stirred than by our discovery of the "Rolfe House." We wondered why a house so tied in with the early and romantic history of our country should not be preserved and cherished. Returning the following year, we learn that the house and immediate land has been purchased by the John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Corporation, which has been doing so much in restoration in Williamsburg and elsewhere in Virginia. The negro family has removed to another plantation and the house will be restored.

We sometimes think that we must go across the sea if we seek the romance of a bygone day. This remote little seventeenth century house in Surrey County, Virginia, is but one of the many thrills awaiting the traveler with a flair for Early America.

"Success largely depends on how good a listener you are."

RANGE HORSES

By Walter Ed Taylor

When I moved to my present abode in the rugged foothills of the Beartooth Mountains of southern Montana, I, like the average city dweller, knew practically nothing about horses. My life has been spent within a few minutes' walk of the center of a large city and in this modern and motorized age, horses are seldom seen on city streets. The old-time dray horse has been almost entirely displaced by the auto truck. Of course, city dwellers may go to a riding academy and hire horses, but at two dollars per hour, not many cityites are able to become very well asquainted with academy horses.

And so, for the past two years, since I moved to this, my "home on the range," a source of never-ending pleasure has been my study of the "range hosses." Living on a great tract of government and railroad land that is free range, there is seldom a time when I can look out and not see horses somewhere—sometimes nearby and at other times far away on the horizon—but always they are there. I have watched and studied these western horses and have found them amazingly intelligent. Not intelligent as the circus horse is intellgent, but full of good common horse sense. As Charles M. Russell the late great western painter, said in his book, "Trails Plowed Under," "A man that says a hoss don't know nothin' don't know much about hosses."

The range horses are a hardy breed. They have to be, for ever since Cortez landed their ancestors on this continent they have had to take care of themselves. They have learned to fight nature at her worst. Through summer drought and winter blizzards they go unscathed. In their battle with the elements they win almost every time.

My first Montana winter was a severe one as only Montana winters could be severe. The snow lay deep in the coulees, making it all but impossible for the range horses to get grass. It was then that I made my first acquaitance with them. One cold morning I looked up from my desk and out the window to see a band of horses, led by an old grey, pawing the snow away to reach the scanty grass. They were about three hundred yards from the house, their tails to the wind. I went out to look them over and as I opened my door, the old grey leader raised his head, sniffed the air and then gave some kind of signal to his followers, for in a flash they were off amid flying snow and a thundering of hoofs. They stopped on a high point about a half mile from the house.

I decided that I would "make friends" with that band of horses and I finally did, although it took me many weeks. I threw hay outside the fence for them and at first they refused to come near until after dark. In the morning the hay would be gone. After a while they became more bold, until I was able to stand just inside the fence and watch them feed. If I did not go out at the reg-

ular time in the morning, they would whinny at the fence for their hay. I harbored a vain hope that one day I would be able to walk among them and pet them, but I know now that that is impossible. Only a good horse wrangler, with lariat, could capture them. Many of these range horses are unbranded and have never known the touch of a human. Others are branded but they have been turned loose by their owners who have long since forgotten them. Among them were greys and sorrels, pintos and blacks. The old grey who was their leader had probably been a plow horse, but most of the others were of lighter build and would make good saddle horses.

In this band were a number of colts. One of these little fellows had been born late in the fall and I had thought that he could not survive the winter but, as a testimony to the hardiness of the range horse, he did. Perhaps the hay I fed the band saved his life. I do not know.

The range horses are well protected from the winter's cold by a thick coat of fur which, during very severe winters, grows to a length of seven or eight inches, giving them the appearance of overgrown burros. On cold days it is not an uncommon sight to see the horses galloping about in a huge circle to warm themelves and at night they go into the coulees and hunt out warm shelters behind rocks and scrub pines. Wisely, the horses hunt the ridges where the winds have swept the snow from the grass to feed. Even then they do not find any great amount of feed, but a range horse prefers the bunch grass of the range to any other food. For salt, he eats the salt sage, which is a weed with a distinctly saline flavor.

The grass of all the western ranges is sparse and short now, but the old-timers tell me in the early days these hills were covered knee-deep with waving grass. Then the sheep men came in and the sheep, cropping every blade of grass to the very roots, spoiled the range. The bunch grass has never come back to its former height and most probably it never will. But, given enough territory to cover, the range horse will make his way. He does not care much for the luxuries of life and I have never found a range horse that would eat sugar. Nor do they care for apples or any of the other delicacies of which horses are supposed to be fond.

On a bitterly cold morning not long after I had made the acquaintance of the band led by the old grey, I saw three men pass my house. It was only shortly after dawn and they were so cold that they walked and led their horses to keep warm. The horses were covered from head to foot with hoar frost and I wondered what these men could be doing in this desolate part of the country on such a morning. I wondered again when these same strangers passed my house about four o'clock in the afternoon, driving a large herd of horses in which were the horses of the band I had befriended. They disappeared over the hills and for almost a month I didn't see a horse. I missed "my" band and then one day they came back.

Where the three men had taken the horses during that interval was a puzzle to me until spring when I learned the truth. The three men were horse thieves. They had gathered up the horses with the intention of selling them to a cannery in the western part of the state! Fortunately for the horses, the thieves had stolen several valuable blooded horses. The owners of these well bred horses had discovered their loss and the thieves were jailed. In the early days of the West, these tree men would probably have been hung to the nearest tree but, "different days and different ways," it was decided that if the men returned the horses to the ranges from which they had been stolen, the case would be dropped.

Every spring there are many little colts born on the range. At first they are stiff-legged and wide-eyed and weak, but within a few days they are hardened to range life and they play about like small children. It is said that the range horses never forget the range where they were born and if turned loose, they will drift back to their home range, through fences and across great mountain ranges. A range mare that has no colt will often try to steal the colt of another mare. This is a very amusing performance. Sometimes the coltless mare will succeed in leading a colt away from its mother, but the mother usually recovers the offspring by administering a sound kicking to the colt thief.

Last spring I noted two strange horses on the range. They had evidently been recently ridden and I enticed them into the corral. One was a beautiful young star-faced mare and the other was a very old but well preserved gelding. I kept and fed these two for several days and several times I rode the mare. One day a stranger. a typical sun-tanned westerner, rode by. He stopped by the corral. He dismounted and informed me that the two horses, the gelding and the star-faced mare, belonged to him. For a moment I was very embarrassed, thinking that the stranger would take me for a horse thief. He put me at my ease, however, by saying that he was pleased to see his horses getting such excellent care. He said I might ride the mare as often as I pleased, but I must not ride the old gelding, nor must I ever separate the two. This tender hearted westerner had pensioned out the gelding and because the old horse and the mare had become very good friends, the young mare had been turned loose, too, so that the old gelding would not miss his friend and become too lonesome!

To strive with difficulties and to conquer them is the highest human faculty. The next is to strive and deserve to conquer, but he whose life has passed without a contest, and who can boast neither success nor merit, can survey himself only as a useless filler of existence.—Dr. Johnson.

SOME WORD HISTORY

By Harlod Emery

Words—words—words.

How would we get along without them?

Somebody has said that we might be able to think without words, but we could not express our ideas clearly without them. However, it is very hard to imagine trying to think without words. Try it. You will find that you do all, or nearly all, of your thinking with words.

These tools of thought and expression are sometimes very interesting things, too. Especially are the origins of many common words and phrases of interest. For example, we use the words "stone broke" to describe a person completely stripped of money. The expression arose from the old custom of breaking a workman's stone bench when he failed to pay his debts.

Every wedding has its "best man." This custom is a survival of the days when it was often necessary to steal a wife, or at least was the custom of some countries. Usually a trusted friend was called upon to assist.

And would you believe it? Originally a dunce was a wise man. John Duns Scotus was leader of a certain school of philosophy about 600 years ago, and had a great many followers known as Dunsmen or Dunces. These Dunsmen fell into the habit of scoffing at the teachings of all other groups and were reproached for it. In time their name became a term of reproach instead of a name of great honor.

"Salary" is, literally, salt money. In ancient Rome the word indicated the money set aside to buy salt with. It was a very small amount, given to each Roman soldier, and barely coved that necessary expense. The Latin word was "salarium."

What a queer thing is a pocket handkerchief? Originally the word was simply kerchief, "chief" meaning head and "ker" meaning cover. But kerchief came, in time, to mean any square of cloth, and it was a natural step for similar squares for hand use to be called hand kerchiefs. As the two contradictory words became joined into one, a word was added to show where it was usually kept when not in use. So we have a name developing which contains a double contradiction.

Sometimes words travel a long way in getting their present meanings. Such a word is "nice," which originally meant "foolish." "Nescius" it was, originally, from the Latin "ne," not, and "scius," knowledge. A person who had no knowledge was foolish. Somehow the word came to be applied to all trival things, and then as a way of commending small things. So now we use the word to suggest excellence instead of triviality and foolishness.

The words "pin money" came into use in somewhat the same manner as "salary," at a time when pins were made by hand. It came to be the custom for women to receive a certain small allowance for the sole purpose of buying pins, which were rather expensive, but small. Now

we use the term to apply to all sums that are set aside for the making of small purchases.

Perhaps you know other interesting word-servants and their stories. They are always interesting, and sometimes amusing.

We live on one-third of what we eat and the doctors live on the rest.—Dr. Royal S. Copeland.

A BRAVE COWARD

By George H. Hall

"Hurry up, Peter," called out Terrence Newall. "We want to get started before the tide turns."

"Started for where, Terry?" asked Peter Farrington as he joined the little group of bathers at the boat landing.

"For the yacht club," explained Terry's brother, Jack. "We're all going to swim over to the club dock and back."

Peter hesitated as he glanced across the placid water of Sunport Harbor, so clear and inviting on this warm summer morning. "Too far!" he objected decisively. "It's all of half-a-mile."

"Sure, its half-a-mile," admitted Jack. "What's that to you? I've seen you swim all the way down to the lighthouse and back without stopping. That's at least a mile each way."

"That was different," argued Peter. "I kept right along the shore when I did that."

"What difference does it make?" broke in Terry. "The harbor isn't over two fathoms deep, even in the channel. And you the best swimmer in Sunport," he added contemptuously.

"Still one can drown in twelve feet of water if he gets—if he plays out," contended Peter. "I don't think you ought to try it. Not this morning anyway. The water is unusually cold after last week's storm."

"What are you afraid of?" challenged June Webster impatiently.

"Even little Joe is going," added Betty Hardy persuasively. "You won't be stumped by a twelve-year-old kid, will you?"

"Why, Betty," protested Peter, "You shouldn't think of such a thing. Even if you older ones can make it, it's too far for him. He can't do it."

"You bet I can do it!" declared little Joe scornfully. "I'm not afraid of getting out over my depth like some people I know."

"Don't let's stop to argue!" cut in Marcia Stanton. "We've got to get over there and back in less than an hour if we don't want to buck an ebb tide. Let's go!"

"Sure!" chorused her companions

"Come on!"

"You're a fraid cat!" flung back June as the little group started down the beach toward the water.

"It's worse than that," declared Terry who had lingered a minute behind the others. "In plain English, Peter, you're a coward!"

The retort cut like a lash but Peter kept his temper. Perhaps his companions would not be so hard on him if they knew. But they did not know. His pride had ever held him silent as to the real reason why he never joined them in any swimming contests in water of dangerous depth.

In the bitterness of being misunderstood he remained silent, enviously watching the bobbing heads of the others as they stroked steadily off in the direction of the yacht club on the distant shore. It was hard to remain behind. Harder still to be thought a coward. But then—

Slowly he finally entered the water and struck out toward the point where the lighthouse stood clear cut against the blue of the sky, all of a mile farther down the harbor.

Had a stranger seen the long, steady strokes of this lone swimmer he would at once have concluded that here was a master of the sport; a youth who could tirelessly cover miles of water, who could easily outswim any of those who were now so slowly pushing their way toward the opposite shore. Why then did this apparently powerful swimmer continue to hug the shore? Why did he never swing out into the deeper waters preferred by all good swimmers? Was he, after all, what he had been called, a coward.

As Peter neared the point Captain Turner, head-keeper of the lighthouse, hailed him from the shore. "You seem to be going all right this morning, Pete."

"I've been all right so far, captain," admitted the boy as he made a wide, smooth turn and headed back on the return mile.

"Don't you think you had better come ashore and rest awhile?" called the captain solicitously.

"Oh, I don't think I need to," Peter assured him. "I want to get back to the landing before the others return from the yacht club."

"Two miles to their one is what I call pretty good swimming," asserted Turner. "Well, look out for yourself."

When about half of the return distance had been covered Peter became aware that he was encountering more resistance than he had before felt. "The tide has turned," he murmured as he half-lifted himself from the water to anxiously scan the harbor for any signs of the others. "They ought to be back by this time," he thought. But no. Not far from the farther shore he could make out the six swimmers pushing slowly through the water. "They should have left long before this. The tide may be too strong before they get across.

Suddenly Peter's long strokes came to an abrupt pause. Throwing himself forward toward the shore he stumbled awkwardly through the shallow water to the safety of the beach where he dropped to the sand writhing in agony. For a few minutes the pain seemed more than he could bear. Then, resolutely straightening his limbs, he struggled to his feet. Ah, that was better. A few

steps on the hard sand and the pain was nearly gone. Once more he could walk freely. "No more water for me today," he said half-aloud as he again turned his attention to the other swimmers.

He could see that they were making progress but it was clear that they were finding the tide much stronger than they had expected. Still, they were all together, steadily but apparently wearily, drawing nearer to the landing.

By the time Peter arrived at the landing the group had almost reached the shore, all evidently near the limit of their endurance. He ran to the water's edge to give any help that might be needed. Terry was the first to land, followed closely by Jack. Then came the girls, June, Marcia and Betty. Completely spent they dropped down onto the warm sand. But where was little Joe? A quick glance over the water disclosed the form of the small boy, struggling valiantly against the current, but unable to make any headway. Relentlessly the tide was carrying him down the bay, out toward the open sea.

"Joe! Joe!" shrieked Betty who was the first of the exhausted swimmers to notice that the boy was missing. "He's being swept by the tide! Save Him! Someone save him!"

Peter heard her cry coming faintly from the shore. He was already well out in the bay swimming rapidly toward the fast receeding figure. Danger, weariness, depth of water, all were forgotten. He must reach the boy. He could expect no help from the others who were far too played out to make an attempt to follow. On, on he forged. The tide which was carrying the boy away was in favor of the rescuer whose powerful strokes soon began to reduce the distance between himself and the lad who was so vainly struggling to reach the shore.

Slowly, oh, how slowly, the distance separating the two lessened. "If he can only keep up a few minutes longer I will reach him all right," Peter told himself as, with eyes riveted on Joe's curly head, he pushed on. Then the head vanished from sight. Little Joe had reached his limit. "Oh, Lord help me to ge to him in time!" Peter prayed as he scanned the water for the boy to reappear. "Try to keep afloat a bit longer, Joe!" he shouted as a scared and tired face broke the surface only a few yards away. "I'm coming!"

But the words were lost on the wholly exhausted little swimmer who once more slipped beneath the waves. "Twice!" breathed Peter. "I must reach him before he goes down again. I must!"

For a third time Joe rose to the surface but he was struggling no longer. With a superhuman effort Peter strained to reach him. The distance was too great. For a third time the tiny form sank, this time, Peter knew to rise no more.

Raising himself high in the water Peter took in as full a breath as his tired lungs would allow. Then he dove. Straight as an arrow he shot down in the direction in which little Joe had disappeared. It seemed as if his lungs would burst. Still down, down he went until at last, through the murky water, he made out the form of the boy sinking slowly toward the bottom. One more desperate

lunge and his hand touched the boy's curly head. What luck. The matted hair afforded the only firm hold that he could have gained. With a prayer of thankfulness Peter turned his face toward the surface drawing the boy with him. Would they never reach the air? Peter simply could not hold his breath much longer. Must he give up after all? He would not! He would hold on at least a second more. Then, to his infinite relief, his head broke through the water and he gasped eagerly at the fresh, life-giving air.

But Peter's thoughts were not of the air nor of his own safety. Carefully he drew Joe up beside him so that the boy's head was above the water. "Now take a good breath, young fellow," he said. "You're all right." No response came from his charge. "He's got his lungs filled with water. That means I've got to get him to shore mighty quick," speculated Peter who was already swimming as well as he could, encumbered by his inert burden. "Oh, Lord hel p me!" he cried again. "If I don't make it in a few minutes it will be too late."

Holding firmly onto the half-drowned boy Peter struggled on. It was hard going indeed. He was tired. And the tide was now running stronger than ever. A glance ahead and he saw that he was already abreast of the lighthouse on the point. If he passed this point his situation would be hopeless. He would be carried out to sea. He must not pass it. He must—he must—A cry of pain escaped his lips. Spasmodically his legs drew themselves up under him and refused to strike out. For the second time this morning the cramps has seized Peter in their deadly grip.

With one hand engaged in holding his charge securely, and now both legs useless, what further chance had he of success? None seemed possible. Must he go down a failure? It seemed so. Yet he would not give up. He would at least try to keep afloat although the agony from his tortured limbs was nearly driving him crazy. Somehow—some way—

"Put, put, put," came the most welcome sound that had ever reached the boy's ears. A motor boat! At last help was coming. Captain Turner stood in the bow as the launch from the lighthouse bore down upon the pair who had so nearly become victims of the sea.

"Hold on just a minute longer, old man!" called out Turner encouragingly.

As the boat reached him, Peter raised the limp body of little Joe as high as possible. With a sigh of relief he felt his burden lifted. Then he sank back completely overcome. He could struggle no longer.

The strong arms of one of the lighthouse crew grasped Peter as he started to sink. He was drawn up, then lifted gently over the side of the boat where he fell helpless on the bottom. "Little Joe!" he gasped. "He went down a third time. Get the water out of his lungs! Quick!"

"That's just what we are doing," the captain assured him. "He's coming round all right. But how about you?"

Peter tried to rise but the pain again gripped him, gripped him so savagely that he sank back with a groan. In an instant Turner was at

his side chafing and rubbing the cramped limbs. "Say," he declared, admiration ringing in his voice, "you certainly were nervy to go out that way when you knew that you were going to cramp sooner or later."

"What else could I do?" asked Peter, smiling faintly as the vigorous administrations of the old seaman brought the longed-for relief.

In the quarter of an hour that it took for the boat to reach the shore little Joe, with the vitaliity of a youth was completely restored. As his sister lifted him from the boat, and he nestled in the safety of her arms, he could speak of nothing but the brave friend who had saved his life. "Say, Sis," he declared, "do you know Peter is the greatest swimmer in the whole world?"

"He's more than that!" blustered Turner. "You boys can't half understand what it means to a fellow who has the cramps to do a thing like that. He knew what was sure to happen to him but he didn't let that stop him. He's—Oh, what's the use trying to tell it," he broke off. "Come up to the lighthouse and we'll have a cup of good, hot coffee. That will put us on our feet again."

"So that was why you never wanted to go into deep water?" asked Terry as he walked slowly beside Peter on the way to the lighthouse. "Why didn't you tell us? Do you think you can ever forgive us for the way we have treated you?"

"Of course I will," Peter consented readily.

"And I was the worst of all," Terry went on contritely. "I called you a coward." "Why, Peter, you're the—the bravest coward that ever was."

OLD-FASHIONED SPANKINGS

One more modern thinker has taken her place beside the old-fashioned parent who respected and heeded the ancient maxim, "spare the rod and spoil the child." She is Dr. Grace Adams, well known as a writer and child psycholigist, and she makes the blank statement that for a child under four or five years of age "one slap is worth more than an hour of reasoning."

It is perhaps too much to hope that the old-fashioned spank- will find as many adherents around Reidsville as it once had. But there are many things to be said in its favor. And it is worth trying at times on that type of youngster who pits its will against the mature judgment of its parents, the type of youngster usually referred to by the suffering neighbor as a "spoiled brat."—Reidsville Review.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The boys on the barn force were busy for a few days last week unloading a carload of coal and part of a carload of fertilizer.

—o—

We recently received a letter from Clyde Bristow, a former member of our printing class as linotype operator. Clyde enclosed a very good article on the American Flag, which will appear in a later issue of The Uplift.

—o—

One of our smaller boys, A. D. Grooms, of the Gaston Cottage, who has been undergoing treatment for some time by a Charlotte specialist, for a badly infected eye, was taken to the doctor last Wednesday morning. After a thorough examination the youngster was discharged, although the doctor recommended continuation of home treatment for a short time.

—o—

We recently received a notice from Mr. Ronald B. Wilson, executive assistant to the State Administrator of the Emergency Relief Administration, that the Training School had been allotted 1,260 pounds of canned beef per month, February to June, inclusive. We were informed that this allotment would be available through Mr. E. Farrell White, emergency relief administrator at Concord. The first portion of this allotment was received last Wednesday. This meat will be a valuable addition to our food supply.

—o—

Ralph Huntley, who was paroled in August 1924, called on friends at the School last Wednesday. While here, Ralph worked in the bakery and has continued this kind of work since leaving. Soon after being paroled he obtained a position with the United Baking Company, in Lexington, and is still employed by that firm.

This lad came to the School from Stanly County, and during his stay here of two years, made a very good record. We are all glad to see him and to learn that he is doing so well.

—o—

Fred Blue, of Aberdeen, one of our old boys, called on us last Sunday afternoon. A few of the members of the staff remembered him and were glad to renew acquaintance.

After staying at the School for two years, Fred was paroled in January 1922, having made a good record while here.

For the past ten years he has been engaged in railroading, and at the present time is employed as conductor on the Aberdeen and Rock Fish Railroad. He tells us that he thoroughly enjoys his work and has had steady employment.

Fred is now thirty-one years old, is

married and is the father of two children, whose pictures he proudly showed his old friends.

While here, more than thirtten years ago, this young man was a house boy at Cottage No. 3, and we are told by his former matron, Miss Mary P. Latimer, who is still a member of the School staff, that he was a very good cook.

—o—

Frank Johnson, of Statesville, formerly of Cottage No. 2, visited the School last week-end and seemed to enjoy attending the Sunday services and meeting old friends among the members of the staff.

This lad was admitted to the institution June 15, 1928 and was paroled February 16, 1932. Upon admission he entered the third grade and had reached the seventh when paroled.

For the past three years Frank has been employed by the Horton Motor Express Company, Charlotte, starting as helper and then being advanced to the position of regular driver of one of their large trucks.

Judging from his appearance, the habits of clean living acquired at the School, have had a good effect on Frank, for he is now a husky young man, almost twenty-one years old, measuring six feet, three and one-half inches in height.

—o—

A committe from the Legislature now in session at Raleigh, visited the Training School last Monday. This committee was composed of Dr. J. T. Burris, of High Point, Senator from Guilford County, and the following members of the House: R. E. Sentelle, Brunswick County; L. W. Legget, Halifax County; U. S. Page, Bladen Country and Dr. S. E. Douglas, Wake County.

The above named members of the Legislature were accompanied by Messrs. Roach, Whitley, Noels and Creech, of the North Carolina Highway Department.

The purpose of this visit was to study conditions at the School preparatory to making the appropriation for the next biennium which begins July 1, 1935.

Our guests were served a home-grown dinner consisting of baked chicken with accessories, Irish potatoes, baked sweet potatoes, collards and other delicacies. Though sweet potatoes and collards are strictly an Eastern Carolina product, some of the members of the party hailing from "down East" admitted that ours were as fine if not finer than could be grown in their respective communities.

—o—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, boys' work secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., had charge of the regular afternoon service in our auditorium last Sunday. After the opening Scripture recitation and prayer, led by Clyde Kivett, Mr. Sheldon announced that for the first time in the thirteen years he had been making regular visits to the Training School, it was his pleasure to introduce a former student of the institution as the

speaker of the afternoon. He then presented Captain James A. Shipp, who has charge of the Salvation Army post in Charlotte, turning the remainder of the program over to this young man and his wife. After a few brief remarks by the captain, Mrs. Shipp rendered a vocal solo in a most delightful manner.

In his talk to the boys, James, as he is remembered by the members of the "old guard" here, started out by saying that having once been a Training School boy, he knew the boys' life at the School, their many problems, etc., and would feel greatly pleased if anything he might say to them, would help them in any way.

Continuing he said, that many men have been lost because of the fact they were denied the privileges enjoyed by the boys of the Training School and have come to realize later in life what they have missed. These men failed because of lack of proper training in youth, such as the boys are receiving here.

Boys come to this institution because of broken homes and the wrong kind of companionship, and in days to come they will appreciate what they learn here. The speaker further stated that when these lads encounter the hardships of the world, they will come to the conclusion that what they once thought was hard life at the School, was much easier than the things they will have to face upon leaving the institution.

Captain Shipp then told of two things he learned while here which proved very helpful later in life. One was a portion of Scripture he had to memorize, which helped him a few years ago when he was unexpectedly called on to preach at a Sunday night service in Western town. On another occasion he was asked to address the graduating class in a high school in Oklahoma, and this time he used a recitation on "Education," learned while here, as the greater part of his talk.

Mrs. Shipp then read the Scripture Lesson from the 13th chapter of Hebrews, after which the captain had the boys memorize a Bible verse, James 4:17—"Therefore to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

Captain Shipp then gave boys a brief sketch of his stay at the School, saying that there were but three cottages when he was admitted. He was house boy at Cottage No. 3 until No. 5 was opened at which time he was transferred to the latter cottage home. There were but 90 boys at the School when he was adimtted, as compared to the nearly 500 at the present time. He further stated that he helped to dig the foundation for the School Building. in which is located the auditorium where he was then speaking.

After being paroled in 1923, James worked one and one-half years with the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad, being stationed in Florida. It was in Florida that he was converted and entered the Salvation Army work. He went to college and upon his return was sent to Fredericksburg, Va., other appointments being as follows: Washington, D. C.; Oklahoma City, Okla. (where he was married); back to Fredericksburg and then to Charlotte. During his ten years

with the Salvation Army, his good work was recognized, and he was promoted promptly, now holding the rank of captain, with the prospects of being made an adjutant in the early Summer.

The speaker said that he did not select Salvation Army work because it was easy, but because the large field of activity of that organization afforded greater opportunity to help mankind, working with boys, helping to mend broken homes, and do all in his power to spread the Gospel of the kingdom of God.

In conclusion he told the boys that the foundation of their lives was now being made, and that it was their duty to rely on God to make that foundation strong. He told them they could be workers for God right here at the instiution, trying to induce their companions to live the right kind of lives. Captain Shipp then had the boys repeat the 23rd Psalm, pausing at intervals while he made interesting comment. This Psalm, said he, leaves with us three great thoughts: (1) The glorious experience of a Christian life; (2) the glorious experience of dying as a Christian; (3) the promise of a glorious hereafter for those who have lived according to the teachings of Jesus.

As additional features of the service, Captain Shipp and his wife sang a couple of songs for the boys, later teaching them the words and having them sing them. He also accompanied the boys on the trombone as they sang the regular hymns.

We were very glad to have James conduct this service and are proud of the record he has made since leaving the School. He has a most pleasing personality, one that makes us feel sure that his work with the Salvation Army in Charlotte, especially among the boys of the Red Shield Club, will be very successful. We were also delighted to meet his charming wife, who is a great help to him in his work. The service here last Sunday afternoon was both interesting and helpful, and we want to take this opportunity to assure Captain and Mrs. Shipp that they will always be welcome visitors at the School.

Young people should remember that the first step to true greatness is to realize that spiritual forces are and always will be more powerful than material ones, and the second step is to be willing to sacrifice some material thing to gain spiritual power.—Selected.

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THE UPLIFT

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GOD'S GIFT

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is
For gift of grace surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD

They say that God lives very high;
  But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God; and why?

And if you dig down in the mines
  You never see Him in the gold;
Though from Him all that's glory shines.

God is so good, He wears a fold
  Of heaven and earth across his face—
Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

But still I feel that His embrace
  Slides down by thrills, through all things made;
Through sight and sound of every place:

As if my tender mother laid
  On my shut lips her kisses' pressure,
Half-waking me at night, and said,
  "Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser?"

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

In the opinion of every competent critic, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, was not only the greatest poetess that England has produced, but more than this, the most inspired woman of all who composed in ancint or modern tongues, in any land or clime.

She was born near the city, Durham, England, March 6, 1809, having a noble heritage, a fine background to receive a classical education supervised by her father who loved his daughter with a passion without a parallel in history.

In the course of time regardless of ill health, pulmonary infection, she proved a rare example of optimism and will power, reaching the zenith of her career in her early twenties.

She was called by some as the Shakespeare of women, for the reason her diction was clear, forceful and elegant. First, her books were published at the expense of her father; next, editors were willing to run their own risks and later, messengers with bank notes waited at the door and begged for manuscript.

Ill health and an overbearing father had robbed her of her birthright,—the thrills and joys of girlhood. Not till she met Robert Browning did the darkened shadows of her bed room become transformed as the sunlight flooded each darkened corner, driving out all the shadows lurking therein. Before meeting him she had read everything he had written.

Yes, she knew him through his writings as a man of brilliant parts—so strong and far-seeing. In this union there was a joining of intellect and soul which approaches the ideal.

In reading a short poem by Robert Browning, "Summum Bonum", meaning in plain English, "the supreme good", we feel that when writing this verse, a consummation of true love, Browning had in mind his wife:

All the breath and the bloom of the year in the bag of one bee:
All the wonder and wealth of the mine in the heart of one gem:
In the core of one pearl all the shade and shine of the sea:
Breath and bloom, shade and shine,—wonder, wealth, and—how far above them—
Truth, that's brighter than gem,
Trust, that's purer than pearl,—
Brightest truth, purest truth in the universe—all were for me
In the kiss of one girl.

* * * * * * *

THE CHARLOTTE KING'S DAUGHTERS

There is not an organization in the country that can put over a piece of work the equal of the King's Daughters. We say this without the anticipation of a challenge. Experience in the work

of the King's Daughters gives every assurance as to the correctness of the statement.

Their banner carries the "Cross" with every star merged into the "Star of Bethlehem" and their motto is all things done "In-His-Name". With its insignia and motto this band of inter-denominational women has an approach into any field of activities.

Just last month the attention of the Charlotte King's Daughters was called to the death of an unknown boy, killed in an automobile accident. The women of this organization are mothers, and they know the love of a mother for a child. Neither are they selfish in their love, but their hearts never fail to respond to the helpless and defenceless boy.

In this instance there was no one to claim the body, no one to give it the last touch of love and tender affection. Therefore, these women like heroes stepped forward, made every arrangement for the burial, and it is needless to say it was done in a manner that would have pleased any mother, even to the profusion of floral offerings, and the attendance at the funeral.

The King's Daughters give the Charlotte citizens credit for their generous response in money that met every obligation. But, they rendered a Christian service to the "unknown boy", who remarked to a man just before the accident, "this is my first trip ho-boing, and it will be my last one." This is the second "unknown boy" the Charlotte King's Daughters have buried and placed markers, head tombstones, to that effect.

* * * * * * *

UNKNOWN GENEROUS SPIRITS

There are two words, "depression and budget," that the writer tries to eliminate from The Uplift for they bring to mind the days when interest in worthwhile activities was universally suppressed.

But, when such good news as gifts from the state's finest philanthropist of thousands of dollars to most worthy causes are reported it is high time to perk up and look hopefully into the future, because the spirit to give in the heart of the rich man has again been revived.

As proof of the fact the North Carolina Christian Advocate re-

cords that some anonymous friend gave $50,000 to complete the payment of the debt on the Methodist church at Chapel Hill, and later a nameless friend gave $5,000 to be placed to the endowment fund of the Childrens' Home at Winston-Salem, also that Greensboro College is anticipating $12,000 to be added to its resources.

This is heartening news to the officials of the named institutions who possibly are physically exhausted and at times feel that they have made the last move. The work of the Master will never die. The greatest need today is leadership, men and women with the right spirit and vision, who with a hope will continue to press forward in all things of humanitarian interest.

Such a faith will remove all barriers and work out miracles. Faith was the corner-stone of the building of the Jackson Training School and a strong faith, despite conditions, will make this institution for many boys who have never had a chance, the center of interest of some philanthropist, in fact the interest of the entire state will focus upon this school because the only thing in the world you can make a man of is a—BOY.

* * * * * * *

THE PUBLIC LIKES CLEAN EDUCATIONAL PICTURES

Through the campaign waged some months back results have been realized in the purification of moving pictures. Evidently there has been a very severe censorship because most of the pictures seen a this time are devoid of suggestive vulgarity that has proven to be a stench in the nostrils of decent society.

For instance, "Peck's Bad Boy," a picture that a mischievous boy would glory in, was thrown on the screen in a neighboring city. It was interesting to see the youths of the homes, and by-the-way, every bright-minded child is conversant with the different actresses, were all in a flutter to see the picture, the bad boy. A boy is interesting bad or good.

By chance we overheard a conversation between parents, and it was clear they were apprehensive as to the re-action upon the children the picture would inspire. Seeing the picture we can speak knowingly—there was not an objectionable feature, but instead

the influence was that of manliness and courage.

It is also gratifying to know that the number of pictures, chosen from the classics like "David Copperfield," "The Count of Monte Cristo," the love story of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," and other films such as "Little Women,' "Little Men" and "The Little Colonel," delighting old and young, have increased.

The moving pictures are here to stay. They are important both from an educational and recreational viewpoint. This is especially true since realizing their influence for good upon youthdom.

It was not unusual to hear the remark from managers of the movies,—"we give the people just what they demand." We predict the demand in the future for the classics will continue on the increase. From every source there are expressions of approval for the better film program now instituted. Again, the movie leadership will give the "people the things they demand."

* * * * * * *

The people who are not informed as to the virtues of the American people would naturally think by reading the crime wave stories in the newspapers that crime is our chief business. The power of the press is as deep as the seas, as high as the heavens and wide as the universe, therefore, it is just too bad that something other than crime does not hold first place on the front page of every paper.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

TOO BAD

"The law condemns to ignorant fool
Who keeps the child away from school;
But no charge against the man is filed,
Who takes the school away from the child."

—o—

America needs more people who are willing to perspire, inspire and acquire.

—o—

The sage of Brommfield says "some girls let a fool kiss them, and others will let a kiss fool them." So that's that, and there you are.

—o—

Worry is interest paid on trouble before it is due. So, why worry? It doesn't get you anywhere, but rather keeps you from getting there.

—o—

A man who does his best can trust the world to do its part. The world is not slow to recognize the man who is honestly striving.

—o—

Well, March is here. Although it came in like a lamb, I am looking for it to give our lawmakers a pretty stiff competition, with its spring winds.

—o—

It has always been a mystery to me why they put so many holes in Swiss cheese. Limberger cheese is the kind that needs the holes and the ventilation.

—o—

If the automobile companies make all the cars this year they are planning, there will soon be as many cars on the highways as there are filling stations along these thoroughfares.

—o—

Uncle Ephriam came in yesterday morning to tell me that "his onliest surviving mule died the day before from a strange melody." So Eph will get no more kicks out of that mule.

—o—

Several forms of pensions have been suggested for the aged, or disabled. The best form is that which the beneficiary really gets. That beats all the suggestions that can be made from now until doomsday.

—o—

The Mr. Hoover who now says we ought to go back on the gold basis is the same Mr. Hoover who showed us the corner around which prosperity went glimmering several years ago, he going with it.

—o—

Just because J. P. Morgan is selling a few pictures is no sign he is broke. He has enough railroads, steamship lines, steel mills, banks and other art objects left to fill a few more museums.

—o—

It is said that Europe is bitterly disappointed because America refus-

ed to join her League Court. It should make every American laugh to see Europe crying over us. You can rest assured they are not tears of compassion.

—o—

If you are a worrier, what a glorious lot of things you have had to fuss about during the past few years. Worry breeds worry, just as one germ breeds another. Try disinfecting your mind with a few drops of hope and cheerfulness.

—o—

In olden times it was contended that those who live by the sword shall die by the sword. In these modern times it is known that some of this rectified whiskey will produce the same results if given a fair chance. Whis-KEY is the key that unlocks and lets loose an immense lot of trouble in this world.

—o—

Our forefathers believed in helping those who were less fortunate than themselves. This is a trait that seems to have fallen into disuse by many. A patriot obeys the laws because in so doing he helps to protect the rights of others. A person who conforms to the traffic rules helps to safeguard the lives of others the same as one who shoulders a gun and goes forth to battle in war.

—o—

We can't do without metals. If you want to obtain an idea of the value of metals, look around your home, office or factory. Practically everything you use involves one or more metals—automobiles and pens, furnaces and thumb tacks, kitchen equipment and sporting goods. Every basic industry is vitally dependent upon metals for making and distributing its products or services. If the impossible happened, and we suddenly found ourselves without metals tomorrow, life would have to be carried on in the neolithic manner. This illustrates the reason for the importance that is attached to the domestic mining industry—and shows why far-sighted economists are so interested in fair and reasonable legislative and tax policies for mining.

—o—

Banish the reckless driver. Authoritative surveys demonstrate that the habitually careless driver, like the habitual criminal, never reforms. If he is reckless, incompetent or congenitally unable to drive properly, the chances are that he will never change. No matter how many accidents he may have, and how many times he may be arrested, he will continue to cause more accidents and violate more traffic laws. Thousands of cases are on record where one driver has been responsible for a score or more of accidents within a relatively short period of time. Such drivers menace the life, health and property of us all—they have no right to drive automobiles. Safety responsibility laws are being enacted in various states. It is likely North Carolina will have a driver's license law. It will be a potent weapon in the war against our mounting toll of automobile accidents—nine out of ten which are easily avoidable.

—o—

Come on Spring! Don't you linger,

but throw us kisses from your finger tips. Come on dancing and singing across the hills, with your arms full of posies, lilacs, jonquils and roses pink, white and red. Our eyes will glow when you stoop to kiss the brook that flows through meadows rich with dreams, and miles of laughing-eyed daisdaisies, that nod a cheerful how-dy-do, till it would seem as if nature's arms are open wide to give a fellow a warm embrace. Come on Spring! Don't be late. Lover's are dreaming of blue skies, warm days, moonlight and roses. Get a move on, Spring! I'm anxious as anything to go a-fishing, where the speckled trout frisk in the mountain streams, and the brooks purl their matin songs to the morning sunbeams that dance through the leaves of the trees that overhadow the merry waters. I long to hear the mountain woodland thrush's silver-bell-like voice, and the mocking bird's sweet carols. I am ready to dig the bait. Hurry, Spring!

POTATOES AS FOOD

Except in Ireland, the general use of the potato covers a period of less than 150 years. In Ireland the potato became a staple article of diet about a century earlier, and from this fact arises the name Irish potato, although its origin appears to have been in Peru, where the natives have eaten it from time immemorial.

From Peru the potato, was first carried to Spain by early Spanish explorers of the New World, and thence into Italy, but it was merely looked upon as a curiosity, and as such was seen in the botanical gardens of Europe for two centuries or more before its adoption for food purposes became general.

Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have been the first to cultivate the potato in Ireland, about 1592. At first it was used for feeding hogs, but little by little experiments were made to demonstrate that it was not harmful to human beings, so that it very gradually came into use for food, particularly during periods of famine.

It was not until about 1750 that the potato gained a permanent foothold in England and on the continent of Europe, and it was cultivated but little in America before that time.

The spread of potato culture was greatly accelerated by the scarcity of food following the Napoleonic wars in the early part of the nineteenth century, since which time its use has steadily increased.—Selected.

MY KATE

She was not as pretty as women I know,
And yet all your best made of sunshine and snow
Drop to shade, melt to nought in the long-trodden ways,
While she's still remembered on warm and cold days—
My Kate.

Her air had a meaning, her movements a grace;
You turn from the fairest to gaze on her face;
And when you had once seen her forehead and mouth,
You saw as distinctly her soul and her truth—
My Kate.

Such a blue inner light from her eyelids outbroke,
You look at her silence and fancied she spoke;
When she did, so peculiar yet soft was the tone,
Though the loudest spoke also, you heard her alone—
My Kate.

I doubt if she said to you much that could act
As a thought of suggestion; she did not attract
In the sense of the brilliant or wise; I infer
'Twas her thinking of others made you think of her—
My Kate.

She never found fault with you, never implied
Your wrong by her right; and yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown—
My Kate.

None knelt at her feet confessed lovers in thrall;
They knelt more to God than they used—that was all;
If you praised her as charming, some asked what you meant,
But the charm of her presence was felt when she went—
My Kate.

The weak and the gentle, the ribald and rude,
She took as she found them, and did them all good;
It always was so with her—see what you have!
She has made the grass greener even here with her grave—
My Kate.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

GOVERNORS OF NORTH CAROLINA

By W. J. Sadler, in "The State"

The tenure of office of John White, second Governor of North Carolina, was marred by one of the most baffling mysteries in the history of the world.

And that mystery never has been solved. Many theories have been advanced, some of them doubtless approximately correct, to this day no account has been accorded sufficient credence to stamp it as a positive solution of the tragedy.

Sir Walter Raleigh, that sixteenth century Beau Brummel, adventurous explorer, gay gallant and particular favorite of Queen Elizabeth of England, apparently was given a free hand in arranging and directing the govermental affairs of the lands in this country comprising what later was to be known as a portion of the United States, upon which a colony had been established during the year of 1585 under the supervision of this state's first Governor, Sir Ralph Lane.

Second Trip Made

It was Sir Walter who, less than a year after Sir Ralph and his band of colonists had been forced to return to their home country because of the hostility of Indian tribes, decided that the time was ripe for another attempt to form and maintain a permanent settlement of white men in the rich territory which at that time was known as "Virginia" and included North Carolina and other southeastern states.

In April of 1587, less than twelve months after the abandonment of the initial colonization scheme, Sir Walter organized another expedition to to the New World, placing John White in charge with the title of Governor. His action gave to White the distinction of becoming the state's second chief executive, but even graver disaster than which overtook Sir Ralph Lane's brief administration was destined to bring an end to White's.

If Sir Ralph had not decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and had he waited a few days before embarking for England, the first colony might have been a success and he might have been instrumental in averting the fate that befell the second group of adventurers. Relief ships, sent out by Sir Walter, and laden with all manner of supplies for the original colonists, reached the shores of Hatteras within a week after Sir Ralph's band had departed, and two weeks later three more ships came to anchor off the shores of "the paradise of the world," as Sir Walter had described the Carolina coastal regions.

That trio of vessels were under the command of Sir Richard Grenville, who had directed the voyage of the fleet upon which the first colonists had crossed the Atlantic to the land of promise. Sir Richard and his aides, after a vain search for their compatriots, decided to return to England. However, loathe to surrender possession of the newly-found country, a force of men was left behind "furnished plentifully with all manner

of provisions for two years."

It was upon Sir Richard's return to England and following his report to Sir Walter that it was determined to send another expedition to America. This resulted in the selection of White to lead the new company of colonists.

"Protectors" Vanish

Upon their arrival at Roanoke Island a search was made for the fifteen men left there by Sir Richard to retain possession of the new land, but only the bleached bones of one member of the party were found. It was assumed that the entire company had been slain by the Indians, who apparently had swooped down upon the white men in such numbers and with such stealth as to make resistance futile. The remains of the other fourteen members of the protective band never were located.

An odd fact in connection with the slaughter of the "protectors' left in charge of the colony was that houses and other buildings erected by the colonists still were standing, all in good repair except for the growths of weeds, and "Melons of diver sorts, and Deere, within them, feeding on those Melons."

Fort Alone Destroyed

The fort which the colonists had built under Lane's guidance was in ruins, however, apparently destroyed by the red men who obviously realized that it was a more substantial means of protection for their enemies.

Undaunted by the spectacle of death and destruction unfolded before him, White directed those in his care to begin their work of renovating the weed-studded structures, and soon the hundred or more men, women and children comprising the colony had restored to a semblance of civilization the shambles upon which they had stumbled after landing from their ships.

And then occurred two incidents which were to go down in history as among the most momentous that have taken place in the New World.

First was the baptism of Manteo, an extraordinarily intelligent red man and firm friend of the Englishmen. This was the first instance of a Christian service by English Protestants in the United States of America.

Virginia Dare Born

Second was the birth of Virginia Dare, daughter of Ananias and Eleanor Dare, born on August 18, 1587, whose name has gone down in the history of North Carolina and this country as the first white child born in America. Virginia Dare's mother was a daughter of John White, the second Governor. Dare County, famous as a sportsmen's paradise, was named in honor of Virginia Dare.

Shortly after the birth of Virginia Dare it was found necessary to make a return voyage to England for the purpose of obtaining additional supplies.

And that decision resulted in the mystery that has baffled the world for almost four centuries.

John White, Governor of the colony, was persuaded, after much argument, that he was the logical man to command the home-ward-bound crews on their trip back to the British Isles

for foodstuffs, medicines, weapons and other necessities. He did not want to go because of fear that he would be accused of deserting his charges, but a signed appeal by a mapority of the settlers aided him in making his decision to return to his homeland. He was, according to the quaint wording of the records, "at last through their extreme entreating, constrayned to returne to England."

White and his companions embarked for England, leaving behind them the large group of men, women and children in the settlement which had been established on Roanoake Island.

White, historical records disclose, remained in England for some time, finally taking ship to America in 1590. Upon his arrival on the site of the settlement he had left on Roanoke Island, not a sign of life was found.

And this is how the mystery of the fate of the "lost colony" became known. Search as they did, not a trace of the white men, women and children who composed the colony could be found.

HAVE WE GOOD CITIZENS?

Look around you. Travel across your country. Visit the institutions of mercy and education and culture. Such things do not happen where good citizenship is absent. The church itself is an evidence of good citizenship. Could you argue that it is not? How would you prove that it is?

If there were no good citizens, how many things would be going on for the general welfare? How long would there be any government at all if there were no good citizens? Perhaps no more interesting discussion could be started than to ask in some general group what the church has to do with the making and maintaining of good citizens. It is a discussion well worth trying these days when some are discounting the value of the church.

It must be remembered that the moral qualities which the church requires are the same as the state requires. Does not the church expect of her members honesty, truthfulness, purity, peaceableness, integrity, sobriety, loyalty, and the like? Does not the government look for the identical qualities in citizens? This is why we believe that the genuine Christian makes the best citizen. The church does not enjoin one set of qualities and the state another. Truth is truth and goodness is goodness and righteousness is righteousness everywhere.—Young Folks.

GREAT STONE FACE A WONDER OF NATURE

(The Pathfinder)

In this land of ours with its many mountains there is no lack of profiles and outlines of various objects to be seen. These were created by tricks of nature when the rocks and granite were jumbled together in the formation of our mountain ranges. But the most famous of all these is the "Old Man of the Mountain" better known perhaps as "The Great Stone Face," used by Nathaniel Hawthorne in his fanciful story of that name.

No one knows for certain just how long this aged sentinel has been standing guard over the narrow pass through Franconia Notch in the New Hampshire mountains. But if he could speak he could tell an interesting story. His narrative would include the slow retreat of the last ice age; return of vegetation; coming of the red man; invasions of the white man, etc. He could relate the changes brought about by civilization; how his visitors first came afoot; on horseback; then in automobiles and now they may even fly over him—but there has been little change in the Old Man himself.

For many years his exact location upon the side of the mountain remained a mystery. The face so clearly seen from the pass could not be readily distinguished by searchers clambering over the face of the cliff. It was finally located and its appearance was entirely different at close range. It was found that the profile was formed of five layers of granite. One composed the chin and lower lip; one the upper lip; one the nose; and two made up the massive forehead.

After it was definitely located it was found that one of the stones making up the forehead was slipping little by little over the cliff. At this time about 60 per cent of the stone was actually projecting into space. It was not the loss of the stone itself which occasioned the alarm as its loss would have affected the outline but little. But if it fell, the projecting nose was directly in the path of descent and would have been broken off by the falling mass.

People interested in the preservation of natural beauty exerted efforts in behalf of this natural sculpture. At last through the aid of the state an engineer was employed who anchored the slipping boulder securely to the face of the cliff by means of chains.

Nathaniel Hall and other members of a surveying party in 1805 were the first white men known to have gazed upon this wonder. One of the party is said to have looked upward while the party were washing their hands and faces in the stream running through the Notch. Discovery came as a surprise for the Old Man had never been mentioned by the Indians although they undoubtedly knew of his presence. This seems odd when it is recalled how impor-

tant such legends were in the life of the Indians. Perhaps it was a symbol of the Great Spirit to them and as such could be mentioned only in awed tones.

Be that as it may, he remains today perched high upon the west wall of the pass, 1,200 feet above Profile Lake (sometimes called the "Old Man's Washbowl") in Franconia Notch. This pass, through which the Pemigewasset river flows, is about five miles in length and divides the Pemigewasset peak from Profile mountain. The peak was originally called Cannon mountain but was officially changed by the United States Geographic Board in 1917 to Profile mountain.

In his long vigil the Old Man has had company for there is lots to be seen in the New Hampshire mountains if eyesight and imagination is good. On a neighboring cliff is the Sleepng Indian and Eagle cliff is almost entirely taken up by the figure of the Great Elephant. The Cannon is a natural stone superimposed upon another one. Some distance away the famous White Horse may be seen.

The age of the Old Man of the Mountain is uncertain but geologists say he was there when the last ice sheet passed away thousands of years ago and maybe before that. Every year more and more tourists visit him because the Daniel Webster highway has replaced the once little traveled dirt road through the pass. There they stop to gaze upon this work of nature and wonder with Laura S. Gray:

Is he watching for the morning
When these hills shall pass
away?
Is he waiting for the dawning
Of the Grand Eternal Day?

AND IT WAS NIGHT

The farm wife paused a moment at her chores,
Arrested by the starlight overhead;
"Sometimes this stillness almost breaks my heart;
It must be gay in town tonight," she said.

High in a city tower a woman stood,
A million lights flashed on a million panes;
Noise ran rampant. Softly the woman sighed,
"It must be still tonight, in country lanes."

—Selected.

ISLE ROYALE, THE BEAUTIFUL

By William West

When the early French trappers and voyageurs first skimmed, in their birch-bark canoes, along the deep-forested northern shore of Lake Superior, they came upon a lovely, pine clad island, set like a green jewel upon the waters. When the Frenchmen asked their Indian guides what the name of the island was, the Redmen replied that it was called Minong and was the dwelling place of the Great Spirit. Swept by the cool breezes of the largest body of fresh water in the world, the island was a sort of Indian summer resort, for several great chiefs of the Lake region spent their summers there. The voyageurs visited the island and, because of its majestic beauty, they gave it the regal name of Isle Royale, the Royal Island. Soon it became a rendezvous of white trappers and traders in the upper Great Lakes district. The island has had a romantic career under three flags for not long after the French claimed it, they were driven out by the English who in turn lost the island to the United States. Despite the fact that Isle Royale has been inhabited by white men for more than two hundred years, the settlements have made little inroad upon its rare natural beauty. The various summer resorts are confined to a small area along the shore and for the most part its more than 225 square miles of virgin forest is the same today as before the coming of the settlers. These forests have never know the axe or saw of the lumberman nor the blight of forest fire.

Hundreds of moose, those monarchs of the north woods, make their home on Isle Royale. It is the greatest moose-hunting territory in continental United States but the only way Isle Royale moose are hunted is with the camera. The island is a government game preserve and no guns are allowed. Isle Royale is particularly fitted as a home for the moose for its many small lakes are covered with acres of lily pads, the favorite food of the moose. Also on the island are many deer and smaller wild animals. Any short walk along its woodland paths is sure to reward the hiker with excellent and intimate views of animal life.

The shore of Isle Royale is rugged and forbidding but there are a number of fine harbors where yachts and smaller craft of Great Lakes sailors anchor during the summer. Along the stony beaches of the island are found the Lake Superior green-stone and the Thompsonite, two semi-precious stones of unusual beauty. Two steamship lines touch the island and there is a regular airplane service from the Michigan shore of the Lake. Incidentally, although Isle Royale is nearer the Minnesota shore, it is a part of the State of Michigan.

Congress has approved Isle Royale as a National Park and has appointed a committee to acquire all private lands on the island. This is being done as rapidly as possible and soon Isle Royale will have become a unit in our National Park System.

ROGER WILLIAMS

By Professor Reuben E. E. Darkness

Perhaps no man of modern times has attracted the attention of history students and inspired more respect than has Roger Williams, who founded the city of Providence, the first settlement in what is now the state of Rhode Island in 1636.

Coming to the Massachusetts Bay colony early in the year 1631 he almost immediately set forth his principle of the separation of church and state by his declaration that the magistrate had nothing to do with "the first table of the law," by which was meant the first four of the ten commandments. These, according to the thought of the time, had to do with religion, or man's relationship to God, and Williams was asserting that no state or government or officer of the law could interfere in matters of religion. Man must have complete freedom of conscience and must have the right to worship as he chose. He was the first person in the American colonies so to teach.

But his position brought him into difficulty at once. He was compelled to leave Boston and went to a little town called Salem to preach in the church there. But the officers of the government in Boston objected to his preaching anywhere in the colony. He then went to Plymouth, among the Pilgrim Fathers who had come to America in 1620, but he found it difficult to get along with them and returned to Salem. The government had him arrested and brought to trial in July,1635, and in Oct. of that year he was sentenced to banishment.

However, because of his illness, he was permitted to remain at his home in Salem provided he did not teach this doctrine of separation of church and state. But Roger Williams could not be silent and in January, 1636, the authorities sent officers to his home to seize him, but he, receiving word of their coming, fled from the colony and in the spring of that year established the city of Providence, so naming it because he wanted it to be a haven of rest for all those in trouble for conscience's sake.

The people of his own day could not understand him. They thought he had lost all reason. George Fox said he was "like a wild Ishmæl, his hand against every man." Others called him the "New England Firebrand." Some said he had a windmill in his head. Mr. Bradford, governor of the Pilgrim Fathers said he did not have good judgment and was deficient in logic. So they feared him and his policies and believed that his views would wreck society, if they were established. When Rhode Island was founded and people began to gather there, the leaders of Massachusetts dreaded it, looking upon it as a center of anarchy and the dwelling place of heretics and criminals.

But, since within the past few years, his writings have been studied by students of history, Roger Williams has been looked upon as one of the great political and religious leaders of all time. As a statesman working alone he formed a new colony based upon principles hitherto unrecognized. As a religious man he saw distinctly the spiritual teach-

ings of Christianity—that what God desired was love, goodwill, charity, helpfulness in the spirit of Jesus.

Those who have studied his life and writings have been amazed at the tolerance and kindliness of the man under all circumstances, the breadth of his mind, the number and variety of his interests, the extent of his achievements, his insight into puzzling problems, and his ability to steer a straight course through all the maze of conflicting political and religious shibboleths, creeds and doctrines toward the erection of a new social structure in which human worth would stand supreme.

Vernon L. Parrington, in his book, Main Currents in American Thought, says of him: "He lived and dreamed in a future he was not to see, impatient to bring to men a heaven they were unreday for. A humane and liberal spirit, he was groping for a social order more generous than any theocracy—that should satisfy the aspirations of men for a Catholic fellowship, greater than sect or church, villiage or nation, embracing all races and creeds, bringing togethe-the sundered societies of men in a common spirit of goodwill.

" . . . he was a rebel against all the stupidities that interposed a barrier betwixt me and the fellowship of their dreams."

And of him Edward Ellgeston wrote, in The Beginners of a Nation: "In a generation of creed-builders which detested schism he became an individualist in thought, an altruist in spirit, securalist in govermental theory, he was the herald of a time yet more modern than this laggard age of ours. If ever a soul saw an inward light undimmed by prejudices or obscured by deft logic of a disastrous age, it was the soul of Williams. His conclusions belong to ages yet to come."

This man the American Baptist Historical Society plans to honor by tercentenary celebrations of his assertion of these principles of freedom of conscience and separation of church and state in the years 1635 and 1636. For these and the doctrine of salvation through faith in Jesus alone are primary Baptist principles and Roger Williams was the first Baptist to declare them upon the American continent. To no other man is more credit due for the religious liberty this land today enjoys.

Plans for the recognition of the achievements of this great leader in political and religious thought are being projected to be participated in by Baptists throughout the United States and Canada during the years 1935-1936. Celebrations will be continent-wide, sponsored by the American Baptist Historical Society in cooperation with the Canadian, National, Northern and Southern Conventions as well as local asociations.

Though all plans have not yet reached maturity, it is expected that the first celebration will be held in June, 1935, on the campus of Crozier Theological Seminary,, the headquarters of the Historical Society. Baptist leaders of national and international recognition will be the speakers and a dramalogue setting forth the historical significance of these principles first enunciated by Williams will be presented. In the au-

tumn it is hoped that the state conventions may arrange anniversary meetings of education and inspirational character, and the gatherings of the great national convention in 1936 will offer a fitting opportunity for celebrations.

These general proposals leave out special observances. It is hoped that some time during the two-year period a Roger Williams Day may be observed in the churches. Material appropriate for such use will be prepared and historical studies setting forth the contributions made by Roger Williams to political, social and religious life will be published.

ASH WEDNESDAY

Ash Wednesday is the first day of Lent. It takes its name from a custom in the early Christian centuries of strewing ashes on the head as a sign of penitence. This observance of the day with its occasional external symbol was intended to introduce Lent which is itself a season of penitence. Lent carries significance for a very considerable part of Christendom. The length of the season has varied, but whatever the time covered the one idea has dominated it.

The reformers objected to any slavish observance of this period, but believed there was value in it when used with evangelical freedom. Many churches keep Lent pretty generally, increasing the number of services during the season and stressiing the sufferings of our Lord. In order to cultivate the spirit of penitence and meditation they encourage their members to refrain from such pleasures and festivities as might form a counter attraction to the services and spirit of the Church. These self-denials are not to be viewed in any legalistic fashion, but as affording increased opportunity for deepening the spiritual life through meditation on the passion of Christ.

Most important of all is the appeal which we should hear to avail ourselves of the privilege of attending as many of these services as we can. What a blessing would come to us if we crowded His courts and waited upon the ministry of His Word! It must be that all of us feel the need of these hours of fellowship. And certainly the Church needs that we shall experience the fuller Christian life. We cannot strengthen the relationship between ourselves and Jesus without increasing our love of and loyalty to the Church. And how desperately this is needed!—Young Folks.

THE CLIFF DWELLERS

By Harold Emery

Little by little the archeologists and other scientists who work at such problems are bring to light the story of early man on our continent. The jungle-bound cities of the Maya and the Aztec, the mounds of the Mound Builders, and the ancient Cliff Dwellers' homes are giving up their secrets. A great many of the cliff dwellings have been entered and studied, with the results made known through photographs and reports, and the remains taken to museums.

But there are still many cliff dwellings which have never been entered by white men. In southern Utah the Green River and the Rio Grande join together as they enter the Grand Canyon. Here, cut into the sides of high, steep cliffs, one can plainly see the entrances to these early dwellings, with definite signs of human handiwork. But they are just as their owners left them at some unknown time in the past, and until some way is found to scale those steep cliffs and enter them, they will remain unexplored.

From the dwellings which have been explored, scientists know some of the things they would find. Every exploration of this sort brings certain typical remains of tools, ash heaps, and ornaments. There is however always the strange unknown which may be found; the sort of thing which gives brand new information and makes old scientists feel young. Who knows what interesting and romantic things might be found here!

THE CHAMPION

The average runner sprints until
  The breath in him has gone,
But the champion has the iron will
  That makes him carry on.

For rest the average runner begs
  When limp his muscles grow,
But the champion runs on leaden legs,
His spirit makes them go.

The average man's complacent when
  He's done his best to score,
But the champion does his best—and then
  He does a little more.

—Selected.

WINGS FOR TWO

By Irene S. Woodcock

It seemed unfortunate that this winter should be the one that great-uncle Eben wrote Aunt Mary asking for one of the girls to come and keep house for him.

"Feeny," he wrote, "has to go to the hospital for eye treatment and I can't get nary a soul in this town to come and stay with me. Send one of the girls as soon as possible, Mary, if you can spare her."

Aunt Mary, who had brought them up from early childhood could and would spare one of course, and the discussion as to which one it should be started immediately and lasted severel days. Anne insisted that she could not go. She was just getting a start, if a small one, in the business world, and it would upset all her plans.

"It will upset mine, too," Mary Lee had stated. "I want to spend this winter in reading and research work at the library. It will be a great help for whatever I decide to do later. Besides, what about my Sunday school class? Surely that's important."

"I'll take care of that," Anne stated firmly.

"Take care of Joey Burton?" Mary Lee's voice rose on a higher note. "Have those boys here for a class meeting each month, keep them interested a whole evening, answer questions in class that they have thought up just to confuse you?" Anne nodded.

"I'll take care of them all, even that little limb of a Joey."

Mary Lee sniffed. She was adept in the management of children, but Joey got even beyond her control at times. And Anne—that butterfly—how could she control eight lively boys?

"I simply can't and won't leave town for a winter at Springfield, Mary Lee," Anne had finished. "This town's bad enough. But Uncle Eben doesn't even live in town. He lives outside."

So Mary Lee gave in. Perhaps, she thought, there would be a bright side somewhere. But her thoughts were not of an optimistic nature as she stepped from the old-fashioned station cutter to the snow covered path leading to Uncle Eben's front door. He met her there, a short rosy-cheeked old man with bright blue eyes whose unclouded gaze seemed to read her very thought.

"You're welcome and I need you, child," was his greeting as he led her to the kitchen. His voice held a note of apology as he waved an all-inclusive hand.

"I'll have things straightened up in a jiffy," she returned. "What about some hot biscuits for supper?"

Uncle Eben's eyes glowed.

"Feeny never made 'em," he stated simply. "She held they wasn't good for my stummick."

But Mary Lee was already tying on a big apron, having refused Uncle Eben's offer of seeing her room until later. She must keep busy if she was not to be overwhelmed by homesickness. There would be enough

to keep her so. Feeny, who had kept house for the old man since great-aunt Ellen's death, had been gone only three days, but already chaos reigned. Once, opening a door by mistake, she was greeted by a rush of cold air.

"That's the sittin' room," explained Uncle Eben. We don't use it in winter time. Feeny held it was too hard to keep two fires going."

"I shan't mind," Mary Lee returned. "We'll clean it up tomorrow and use it."

Supper was ready and the biscuits were a delight. "If I don't sleep," began Uncle Eben, helping himself to a fourth.

"You will," said Mary Lee. And he did. "Never better in my whole eighty years," he affirmed the following morning.

By night of the third day the sitting room was in order, a fire burning in the big stove and Uncle Eben, established beside it, drew a sign of contentment. The days were all full. The first Sunday Mary Lee prepared everything for dinner and they went to church together, she driving the old horse which she felt must be nearly as old as Uncle Eben. To her surprise, she enjoyed every part of the service and the text seemed especially for her. She learned, too, that there was to be a meeting of the Official Board the next evening which Uncle Eben could not attend.

"I can't git so far away from home of an evening," he declared as they left. "Guess I ain't much use on the board but they don't like to shunt me off."

"Wait one minute, I want to speak to someone," exclaimed Mary Lee and disappeared, to return shortly, smiling. And the next evening, promptly at eight o'clock, Uncle Eben found himself greeting the other members of the Board in his own home. Such a meeting it was! Mary Lee felt her heart thrill as she listened to the somewhat discordant rendition of "Blest be the tie that binds;" and when she finally served her carefully prepared refreshments, was overjoyed at the reception accorded her.

"We should make you an honorary member of the board," declared one elderly member, shaking her hand heartily.

"You must come again," she returned. "Uncle Eben has enjoyed it so, why can't you hold every meeting here?"

"There's no law against it," he answered. And so it was settled.

Days slipped into weeks. Then came a letter from Anne. "Your class and I are getting along beautifully." she wrote. "Even Joey is acting as nearly like an angel as is possible. That may be partly because I found him a job. We needed a boy at the office. I recommended him, and he has it, afternoons after school and all day Saturday. He is so proud. And now we are organizing a musical club—a pianist, a violin (nee fiddle), a saxophone and Joey plays the harmonica. The rest sing. No melody, but fun. Enthusiasm is running high, so don't worry."

Mary Lee replaced the letter in its envelope. Jealousy gnawed at her heart. She had struggled so hard

with those boys and now, with one swoop, Anne was moulding them. Her spirits sank so low that Uncle Eben noticed and thought she was homesick.

"I notice you take to book learnin' and readin'," he remarked. "Now, there's a sizable liberry right here if you want something to read." He led the way down the chilly front hall and opened the door to a frigid room which he designated the "liberry" and which Mary Lee had not yet found time to investigate.

"It's kind of cold here," he commented, "but if you find something you want, bring it right out to the sittin' room. I won't bother you none." And he left her.

Slightly amused, Mary Lee ran her eyes over the volumes in the tall black walnut bookcases. But a moment later her hand went out eagerly and she brought forth a musty smelling volume which she tucked under her arm. This was followed by two others. "First editions," she exclaimed. "And he calls this his 'liberry'." Back in the sitting room she attempted to explain their value. But when she had concluded Uncle Eben only shook his head.

"Most of what you say goes over my head," he declared. "Your Aunt Ellen's father was a lawyer and most of those book were his. But they're yours if you want 'em, Mary Lee, to do with as you like. Take 'em all."

"But I couldn't, Uncle Eben. They are valuable. They would bring you lots of money."

The old man shook his head.

"They just bring dust for Feeny," he said simply. "Feeny don't take to dustin'. As for the money. I don't need any more. With a roof over my head, enough to eat and wear and a chance to tithe out to the Lord, I'm satisfied." That "tithing" meant at least a third of his income Mary Lee well knew, but she said no more. She handled the books with a care amounting almost to reverence, however, and begrudged the return of Feeny and her dusting which she so disliked. In fact, she had begun to begrudge her return on any account. She and Uncle Eben were so happy together. She loved the little church where she now sang in the choir, the warm hearted people in and about Springville, the monthly meeting of the Official Board, and the young people in whose affairs she had begun to take an active part. Following Anne's lead, she had formed a musical club among them and their enthusiasm was as high as that of Joey and the other members of her class at home. A second letter had meanwhile come from Anne.

"The class is flourishing, likewise the club," she wrote. "But do you know, Mary Lee, this experience with the boys has opened my eyes and mind to the needs of other boys in this town? There are so many we can't reach by Sunday school, yet they have no place to learn anything constructive and spend their time in the streets. If only we had the money to rent even one room and fix it up for them it would be wonderful work. I'm beginning to think God's hand was in your going to Springville. I am learning so much I would otherwise have missed."

Mary Lee's heart was free from jealousy as she laid this letter down. Instead there were tears in her eyes. She had doubted Anne's ability, had questioned her sincerity, had even called her a butterfly. But Anne had found her wings and was now flying steadily upward. As she pondered, an idea was born and she hastened to the "liberry." If she sold those precious volumes, Anne could carry out her plan. Uncle Eben had given them to her, so why not?

But half way to the bookcase she paused. The places they had occupied on the shelves were vacant. Her first impulse was to hasten to Uncle Eben with the news. Then she stopped. While he placed no value on them himself, news of their loss might upset him. She must find how they had disappeared without worrying him. She had not been in the room for more than a week. The door was always locked. The books had lain on the shelves for years, their value unguessed until she had discovered them. And she had imparted the information to no one. But had he? Old people were sometimes garrulous. If he had advertised their value and someone had entered and taken them, they were irretrievably lost. But whom could he have told?

A week ago she had left him alone while attending a meeting of the musical club, and Saturday had driven to town alone for supplies. No one had been there but the "parson," Uncle Eben informed her, who had called while she was at the club. No, there was no possible way they could have disappeared. Unless — The thought came with startling force, Uncle Eben himself. Perhaps he had hidden them away for reasons of his own. She pondered this idea as she returned to the sitting room where the old man dozed over the weekly farm paper, finally deciding to speak to the "parson" himself on Sunday.

But Sunday brought a sleet storm of such severity that she could not venture out, so she remained at home, inwardly fuming. Three days later as she was still worrying and planning a special trip to town, Uncle Eben came in and handed her two envelopes. One contained a letter from Aunt Mary. The other was long and thin and she looked at it in perplexity. She opened it first and then turned quickly to Uncle Eben.

"Why—what is this?" she exclaimed. The old man grinned.

"Can't you read, Mary Lee?" he asked. "It's all yours. The day the parson called, I showed him them books you was so interested in and asked him to see about sellin' 'em. He did, and that's the check. Made out to you all right, ain't it?" Then as Mary Lee still said nothing but only continued to stare, he continued, "When you came her, child, I seen how hard 'twas for you. But you've shown spunk. Right along you've shown spunk. And you've made me happy. Happier than I've been in years. Money can't pay for things like that, but it's a help. Howsumever, you remember I gave you them books the first time you saw 'em. Only I knew you'd never take 'em exceptin' over my dead body. And I don't like that kind of givin', Mary Lee. I like to make people happy

as they go along, just the way you've made me. So mebbe you can take a trip or something—" His voice broke. Then he went on."I'll miss you something terrible, child, when you go."

"But I'm not going," returned Mary Lee. She was waving the other letter before him. "This is from Aunt Mary. She has been to see Feeny and talked with her doctor. He says she must spend the rest of her life just resting. So I'm going to stay here, Uncle Eben. I want to. I've grown to love it, and I've grown other ways, too. God sent me here, I know He did. And the money—I have a use for it; I'll tell you about it later. But just you and I. right here, can be happy and contented together. I'll never regret it. Don't worry about that." Uncle Eben eyed her searchingly.

"Yes, child, as you say, God did send you here. But you'll never regret it. I'll see to that."

Mary Lee nodded absently, having altogether missed Uncle Eben's point. She was thinking of the text she had heard that first Sunday: "I am the Lord thy God. . . . which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go." He had led her and she had found her wings. Both she and Anne had found them, and were using them to the best of their knowledge.

"It seemed such a sacrifice to come here," she was thinking. "But," and she smiled, "I shall never regret it; for, after all, what is one sacrifice compared to two pairs of wings?"

SILENCE REIGNS

In nature's laboratories Silence reigns even as it rules amid the movement of the spheres. The Master artist utters not his voice as he saturates the rose with fragrance or puts the delicate tints in the pansy. The oak, the pine and the redwood become strong and tall without any herald having proclaimed that they were to be the monarchs of the forests. The trees grow in silence. "First the blade, the stalk, and the full corn in the ear," but without noise the garners of Egypt and of America have been filled with corn. The peach blushes in silence and orchards, vineyards and fields are obedient to the universal law of growth. Only the forces that destroy are accompanied by sound. Harsh and sometimes terrible are the voices of the storm, the earthquake and the thunderbolt in its work of destruction. These obvious facts serve to remind us that the man who makes the most noise is not necessarily doing the greatest and best work. If vocal windstorms would put money in the treasury, North Carolina would not be struggling with a dficit and the federal budget would be balanced.

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

HONOR ROLL FOR FEBRUARY

ROOM No. 1

—A—

Edgar Anderson and Homer Ray Smith.

—B—

Glenn Young, Walter Beaver and John Early.

ROOM No. 2

—A—

Marvin Ashe, James Banks and Vernon Bass.

—B—

Richard Early.

ROOM No. 3

—A—

Willie Ange, Guy Emerson, Roy Wyrick, Lee Watkins, Max Cecil, Arbie Phillips, Tom McCausley, William Hare and Charles Smith.

—B—

Norman McGee, Joe Long, William Barber, Harding Kluttz, Irvin Luther, James Johnson, Sam Pegram, Vasco Robinson, Tom Brown, Council Holden, Hilton McMath, H. B. Tucker, J. T. Lovett and Joe Stockton.

ROOM No. 4

—A—

Paul Shipes, Clyde Bolton, Percy Gurganious, George Watts and C. Yarborough.

—B—

Harold Brown, Robert Batson, Alfred Holleman, Herman Lamm, Norman Owens, Virgil Sheaf, Sam Batts, Duke Davis, Roland Davis, Porter Willhite and Johnie Walsh.

ROOM No. 5

—A—

Curtis Coleman, Lloyd Pettus, Allen Keith, Archie Batts, Gilbert Murray and Homer Jones.

—B—

Clinton Keen, Irvin Medlin and Tooney Poole.

ROOM No. 6

—A—

Ansel Byrd, William Downs, John Hildreth and Arlon Jones.

—B—

Richard Bumgardner, Sam Everett, Perry Harvel, Bobby Orrell, Lathern Warren, Charles Williams and William Young.

ROOM No. 7

—A—

Sanford Collins, Comie Dickens, Allen Hudson, Charles Pepper and Paul Rhoades.

—B—

Buddie Burns, James Corn, Chas. Griffin, James Hodges, James Rector, Robert Stephens and Hubert Williams.

Cultivation is as necessary to the mind as food is to the body.—Cicero.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Some of the local experts have been trimming the fruit trees in our orchards for the past few days.

—o—

Mrs. J. G. Hudson, formerly matron in charge of Cottage No. 4, and Mrs. William Allen, both of Rockingham, were visitors at the School last week-end.

—o—

Mrs. W. L. Hutchins, of Concord, accompanied her husband to the School last Sunday afternoon, at which time he conducted the regular service.

—o—

Peyton Brown, formerly of the Rockingham Cottage, who was paroled in September 1932, visited the School last Sunday. Peyton is now a member of the U. S. Army forces and is stationed at Fort Bragg.

—o—

R. B. Norton, one of the Durham Cottage boys, who suffered an acute attack of appendicitis, was taken to the Concord Hospital on Friday night of last week. He underwent an operation the following morning and the latest report from that institution was that the lad is getting along very nicely.

—o—

Mrs. Charles Hamilton, of Davidson, visited the Training School last Tuesday morning. She was on her way to Rocky River Church, where she was scheduled to address a gathering in the afternoon. Mrs. Hamilton took this opportunity to acquaint herself with the operation of the institution and seemed quite pleased with the work being carried on here.

—o—

Patton Capps, of Cottage No. 11, had the misfortune to fall while playing one day last week, sustaining a badly wrenched knee. Just when the injured member seemed to be making great improvement, Pat took a second tumble, making the injury worse than at first. It was necessary to take him to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, last Tuesday, for observation and treatment.

—o—

The pretty warm weather of the past few days which brought to life the buds on trees and early flowering shrubs, also created considerable activity among our gardeners. Mr. Presson and his Receiving Cottage boys were seen faring forth the other day, armed with packages of various seeds and garden implements. The early plant beds were sown and quite a space of ground was planted in English peas, beets and other vegetables. These gardeners have also been watching the condition of the soil in order to start planting early Irish potatoes, but intermittent showers have made this impossible.

—o—

By reason of having made the best averages in their respective grades during the month of February, the following boys enjoyed a trip to the Paramount Theatre, Concord, last Friday afternoon:

James Hodges and Charles Pepper, first grade; Carrol Hoyle and

Frank Cobb, second grade; Clinton Keen and Lloyd Pettus, third grade; Preston Yarborough and Paul Shipes, fourth grade; Hilton McMath and Willie Ange, fifth grade; Marvin Ashe and Vernon Bass, sixth grade; Edgar Anderson and Homer Smith, seventh grade. Jack Freeman, fifth grade, who was unable to go with the January group because of illness, was also a member of the party.

The feature pictcure of the program was "Devil Dogs of the Air," a most enjoyable production based on service in the United States Marine Corps, which provided many thrills for the boys.

The fact that Hayes Creary, one of our paroled boys, is a member of the company used in making this picture, made it doubly interesting to our youngsters, he having written to Superintendent Boger to that effect while the picture was being made.

We are deeply grateful to Mr. Phoenix, manager of the Paramount Theatre, for this monthly treat, and feel that it has been responsible for greatly increased interest in school room activities among our boys.

—o—

Here are a few excerpts from letters recently received from paroled boys:

Archie Scott, writing from a CCC camp at Smokemont, tells us that he expects to join the Army if he cannot secure employment at home when he leaves the camp. He says that he has been cutting timber up there in the mountains for some time, and at the time of writing there was plenty of snow on the ground, with the thermometer registering 5 below zero.

A letter from Rufe Tucker states that he is getting along fine on a farm near Seven Springs, and that he would be glad to hear from his friends at the School.

Charlie Hardy, writes from Hendersonville, that his grades in school were lower than usual last month, but that he is pulling them back up this month. He seems to be getting along very well in the manual training department, and says he hopes to pass the eighth grade examinations this year.

Furman Hopson tells us he is working regularly now, and that he realizes that a fellow "enjoys his money more when he works for it instead of getting it from other sources."

A recent letter from Wilson (Slewfoot) McLean, who now lives in Lenoir, states that he is getting along well in school. Wilson says he has some difficulty with algebra and English, but "all there is to do is to set your mind on doing it, and you sure can." He says he is going to send Superintendent Boger his school grades for the past six weeks. Wilson is still very much interested in the Training School and is quite anxious to hear from his friends here.

—o—

Rev. W. L. Hutchins, pastor of Central M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the service in our auditorium last Sunday afternoon.

For the Scripture Lesson Rev. Hutchins read the 139th Psalm, and his talk to the boys was on the "Profound Study of God."

In the course of his remarks, the speaker stated that study of God was the most fascinating study in the world. We cannot weigh God; we cannot measure Him; we cannot analyze or see God, but in the fifth chapter of Matthew we are given a definite promise that we may be able to see Him—"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Therefore the only instrument through which we may ever hope to see God, is a heart that is pure.

Great telescopes through which astronomers see stars and planets, those great handiworks of God, in all their power could not enable us to see Him.

Should we visit a laboratory we would see there powerful microscopes, through which the scientist can easily see the tiniest atom, yet they would not enable us to to see God.

While we do not see Him, there is something in the heart which tells us there is a loving Heavenly Father ever keeping watch over us.

Rev. Hutchins then called attention to two words of the English language and their Latin derivations. The first was the word "sincere." which comes from the Latin "sine", meaning without and "cere," meaning wax. In olden times statues becoming chipped, cracked or otherwise marred, would be mended with wax. Prospective buyers would always ask whether they were "sine cere"—without wax.

While it is possible for us to conceal from our fellow-men a blemish on the heart caused by sin, it is impossible to hide such blemishes from God. You cannot be mean six days in the week, said the speaker. and then come to church on Sunday with a pious expression on your face, and fool God.

The second word mentioned by Rev. Hutchins was "simple," derived from the Latin "sine-plica," which means without wrinkles. Our hearts therefore, should be simple or without wrinkles.

In conclusion the speaker stated that a Christian heart was like a paino in perfect tune, the vibrations of which, as it formed part of an orchestra, made perfect harmony. So if a person's heart is pure—in perfect tune with God—it will respond to the will of our Heavenly Father, and he will be found engaged only in the pure, the true, the worthwhile things of life.

There is no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns or flowers.

—Massey.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 16, 1935 No. 11

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THE SHAMROCK

"There's is a dear little plant that grows on our Isle,
'Twas Saint Patrick himself sure that set it;
And the sun on his labor with pleasure did smile,
And the dew from his eye often wet it.
It shines through the bog, through the brake and the Mireland
And he called it the dear little Shamrock of Ireland."

—Selected.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

A TRIBUTE TO THE JEWS

I am glad to be able to say that while the Jews of the United States have remained loyal to their faith, and their race traditions, they have become indissoloubly incorporated in the great army of American citizenship prepared to make all sacrifice for the coutry, either in peace or war, and striving for the perpetuation of good government and for the maintenance of the principles embodied in our Constitution. They are honorably distinguished by their industry, their obedience to law, and their devotion to the national welfare.

—Theodore Roosevelt—Nov. 16, 1905.

THE VALUE OF BROTHERHOOD

At the West Market Street M. E. Church, Greensboro, there assembled one Sunday afternoon Jews, Roman Catholics and Protestants, under the auspices of the Greensboro Council of these three groups, and a most profitable program of prayer, addresses and music was enjoyed.

It is quite impossible to give all of the high spots reflecting the fine spirit of brotherhood, but we cannot refrain from giving an excerpt of Dr. Frank P. Graham's address—a fine tribute to the Hebrew—a resume of history that every person should assimilate regardless of creed or nationality:

"When I sometimes relapse into a somber mood of personal connotation I cannot help but think of what the Hebrews have done for mankind, for what they have brought to us that has guided us through the yesterday, today and will lead us on tomorrow. They, who have undergone untold suffering. humiliation and pain, have brought to us the conception of the one and only God and they gave us the moral law, the sovereignty of the universe.

"The Hebrews without exception are the most remarkable people on earth. They have kept the faith of their fathers. They gave to us the greatest treasure on earth—the Bible.

"The Jews gave us Christ and the Bible. The Catholics have given us Christianity. They were the ones who civilized the barbarians of northern Europe, and they were the ones who in the 13th century gave us one of the greatest contributions of all time in the intellectual stimulus that vibrated through the whole of the civilized world."

The following excerpt from Judge Johnson J. Hayes' address, given at the same meeting, is most inspiring:

"True brotherhood will banish war, diminish social strife, promote social justice, reduce warfare between capital and labor, and hasten the approach of that day too long delayed when rugged individualism will yield to an individualism which recognizes the rights of others, when the individual's horizon shall be enlarged so that he may see clearly that no life is capable of living to itself, but that it is inextricably interwoven with the lives of others.

"The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star is Brotherhood—
Our hope is in heroic men,
Star-led to build the world again.
To this event the ages ran:
Make way for Brotherhood—make way for Man!"

Such meetings will doubtless lead to the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God.

* * * * * * *

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Although this well beloved personage is the patron saint of Ireland, he was born in Scotland or possibly in England; the record is not clear. At the age of sixteen he was captured by pirates from Ireland and carried to the island where for six years he tended the flocks of an Ulster chieftain. During these years of slavery he was a devout Christian. One day he managed to escape in a ship that was going to Gaul (France). For a time he lived in Gaul where he became a monk and then returned to his home in Britain.

After his return he dreamed one night that a man came to him with a scroll bearing these words, "The Voice of Ireland" and at

the same time he heard the voice of Irish calling, "We pray thee, holy youth, to come and walk amongst us as before." This, Patrick decided, was a missionary call to Ireland. He returned to Gaul and spent fourteen years preparing for his work.

He arrived in Ireland with the title of Bishop and the Pope's blessing and began the work which was to make him the patron saint of the island. His labors were so successful that he came to be known as one who found Ireland all heathen and left it all Christian.

Naturally many legends grew up about the name of this good saint, the best known one which represents him as freeing the island of snakes. All Ireland was infested with many dangerous snakes. St. Patrick so charmed them by his music that they followed him to the seashore, where they were all driven into the sea and drowned.

There is another story to the effect that when some converts questioned the doctrine of the Trinity, St. Patrick ended the argument by holding up a shamrock leaf as an example of the three in one. It was claimed that at his death on March 17, 761, there was no night for twelve days. Today the shamrock is the symbol of St. Patrick and March 17th is celebrated by Irish people the world over as—St. Patrick's Day.—The Boys' Opportunity.

* * * * * * *

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES DEAD

The nation's chief executive pronounced Oliver Wendell Holmes, who after twenty-nine years of most faithful service in the nation's highest tribunal, "as one of America's first citizens, and in many respects America's most outstanding citizen." He was an aristocrat by birth and breeding from one of the most distinguished families in the country. He had a pilgrimage of ninety-four years, but carried his years with the spirit of a very young man. It was this courage that enabled him to withstand the ravages of time and meet the grim reaper with the same faith that made it possible for him as a public servant to rise to every emergency in life.

His was a rich heritage and a noble service, a life worthy of em-

ulation and one that challenges the attention of the present and future generations.

* * * * * * *

A COMMISSION OF SPLENDID GENTLEMEN

You may believe it or not but much interest is centered upon the commission of the honorable gentlemen selected from both departments of the General Assembly, to investigate conditions in prisons and the penal institutions of the state.

The chairman of this committee, Hon. R. E. Sentelle, of Brunswick County, is a man of varied experience, his life having been devoted to teaching and of later years to law. Despite the fact he bears the reputation of being a fighter and fearless, "wearing no man's collar", he has a marked humanitarian side, therefore, in the investigation he will look not only into the mode of punishment of those confined for the specific purpose of reformation and not punishment, but will consider earnestly the morale of all institutions and the health of the inmates.

Chairman Sentelle is surely on the right trail for effective welfare work, because reformation in any form is absolutely futile if the morale of institutions is not up to the highest standard and the health of the inmates receive the greatest consideration.

The other members of the commission are Senators E. V. Webb, Kinston; Dr. J. T. Burris, High Point; Representative S. E. Douglas, of Wake Forest and Fred O. Sink, of Davidson. The objective of this commission is to correct the atmosphere conducive to evildoing so as to discourage wrong impulses among the inmates of each unit.

* * * * * * *

MISS HARRIET ELLIOTT

Miss Harriet Elliott after twenty-one years as professor of Political Science at Woman's College of the Greater University gets her first leave of absence. She has been drafted, with headquarters in Washington, D. C., to become national director of study groups for the Woman's Division of the Democratic National Com-

mittee.

She will lecture on the machinery and functions of government, with the aim of stimulating interest among women in the affairs of government, also create an intelligent consciousness of true leadership.

Miss Elliott is reported to have the rare attribute of leadership, having a charm of vigorous and brilliant personality. She is more than a professor of political science, but an inspiration to thousands of young women who have passed under her direction, and her influence will continue to live.

* * * * * * *

THE STATE—CARL GOERCH, EDITOR

This paper is not any longer an experiment, but an institution within itself, giving all of the news in a most engaging manner, besides carrying cuts of our representative citizens in a most pleasing manner. In fact with each issue of The State a new face appears with name and a short character sketch, making it possible to keep in touch with the citizenry of North Carolina and the activities that are engaging the attention of the people at large.

The State is an encyclopaedia of facts also an album of splendid photographs of the leadership of the state and nation.

* * * * * * *

STANLY TO THE FRONT

Since the finding of the rich vein of gold at the old Parker mine, New London, the slogan will be the "thirty-fivers" instead of the "forty-niners." It was in the year of 1849 gold was found in California, the cause of the rush to the gold mines, therefore, if reports continue to go out about the "find-of-gold" in Stanly there will be a similar rush to North Carolina.

The rumor is that those who have seen the nuggets and the gold-laden ore declare that it is a sight to see, especially for those who have felt the depression so keenly. The news of the finding of gold in such quantities in Stanly county is right encouraging especially so since the members of the General Assembly are having considerable trouble in finding funds to balance the budget.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

DON'T COUNT YOUR TROUBLES

"Count your garden by the flowers,
Never by the leaves that fall;
Count your days by golden hours,
Don't remember clouds at all!
Count your nights by stars, not shadows,
Count your life with smiles, not tears;
And with joy on ev'ry birthday,
Count your age by friends, not years!"

—o—

Those people who design the summer bathing suits should be employed by the government to design budgets for America.

—o—

Righteousness and fellowship are just as important in politics and business as they are in religion. If practiced by the people will elevate this nation.

—o—

New York's Mayor, LaGuardia, wants to organize a municipal orchestra. As the taxpayers have to pay the fiddler, they might just as well pay an orchestra, and perhaps get a better grade of music.

—o—

Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you. We are told that eighty per cent of all the worrying we do is futile. Worse than futile, it is harmful. Can you picture what might happen if we laid aside this silly, senseless habit? Arnold Bennet declared we would be next door to Paradise. What a happy next-door neighbor that would be.

—o—

It is said by investigators that milk can be kept in cold storage indefinitely. Wonder if that is not where they are keeping a great deal of the "milk of human kindness" these days.

—o—

If it is true that Italy is preparing to spend $800 000,000 on a new war in Africa, why can't she spend something on account of the last one she had, and reimburse America to some extent?

—o—

We are not going to get very far in developing a better political or economic or social system until we better the human element which devise and operates such systems. The time to train better men and women is in childhood, and the place is in the home. Therefore the education of parents through a common sense application of the principles that make for character and moral health in their children is the one sure way to get us farther along on the road to mass happiness than we have progressed.

—o—

It has been decreed by a higher authority than human beings, that the sins of parents are visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation. I know that is literally

true. I have seen evidence of it during my career on this mudane sphere. While this is so, it now seems as if the bond issues of those in authority are likely to go to the sixth and seventh generations, and far out-travel the sins that may be committed in the past. It is rather disquieting to contemplate that the children of the future are put under such a bondage.

—o—

There are great potentialities in looking towards the light. If you were to ask the cheerful robin why his breast was round and red, he would no doubt tell you it was looking towards the sun. The modest violet, sweet and blue, would tell you it was looking towards the sky. The roses, with tints so bright, and aroma so exquisite, would doubtless exclaim, looking towards the light. The thrush, with silvery song, in the encircling twilight, like notes from an angel's throat, would inform you it came from looking up to Him—the author and finisher of all the beauty and blessings in this world. It all invites us to look up. Look to the light—the light that never fades. Draw near the heaven that shelters you and me.

—o—

Look to the light! Get out of the shadows into the sunlight! Did you weep over your losses? Did you shed tears over "conditions"? Have you told your friends that you could not afford to repair or remodel your home That the old car would have to do for another year or two—and many other needs would have wait until "better times". Your friends know the sad story by heart. Now, you lift your chin. Banish your forebodings. Look ahead! Turn your gaze up the broad, more inviting highway of the future. The clouds are rolling by. Business is saddled, reined, rarin' to go! Getting started is largely a question of confidence and fair dealing. Every thinking citizen knows that the future of our country depends upon adhering to the principles of fair dealing. Your government has confidence in you and the future. This confidence is expressed by the Federal Housing Administration, which provides a plan for bringing American homes up to the American standard of living. Stop looking into the night, and watch the sun rise.

—o—

Self help is the best help. It is forecast that the government is going to make a change in its policy towards agriculture. It will have less to say about what the farmer should do and not do—and will leave more up to the farmer himself. Progressive American farmers will welcome that change. And they will also welcome the chance it will give them to show the stuff they are made of. Farmers face great problems—and the only way they will ever be satisfactorily solved is by the efforts and works of the farmers themselves. Even if government, by fiat, could make all rosy in the agricultural world, it would be of small worth if the farmer became a financial and mental dependent in the process. Today several millions of farmers are banded together in cooperative associations, handling dairy

products, cotton, nuts, wheat, and other goods. The co-ops are controlled by the farmers—they reflect farm sentiment and farm ambitions. They represent real private initiative through collective action that doesn't ask favors, that doesn't depend for existence on government, and that gets results. Co-operatives are the best weapons the farmer could have for fighting depression. It would be be well for Cabarrus county farmers to study this matter and get in the forefront of the march of progressive farmers.

THE FELLOW WHO STICKS

When the game has gone against you,
  And your back is to the wall;
When the luck has simply left you
  And your pride seems about to fall;
Though defeat appears quite certain
  And at heart you're feeling sick,
Don't despair—fight to the finish—
  Stick it out, lad—always stick!

In the world of school or business,
  When the task is hard or long;
When the heavy odds appall you
  And things keep going wrong,
Set your teeth and struggle gamely,
  Always make a final kick;
Prove your worth; don't throw the sponge up,
  Fellows always win who stick.

When the clouds loom dark and cheerless,
  And you're scorned, discouraged, crossed;
When the future seems quite hopeless
  And you fear your cause is lost;
Don't be tempted then to falter,
  Fate oft plays his scurvy trick;
Stick it out and win—keep smiling—
  Don't give in, lad—always stick.

—Selected.

WHY WE CELEBRATE ST. PATRICK'S DAY

(The Pathfinder)

St. Patrick's Day, March 17, is the day when one and all fare shamelessly forth wearing a bit of the green, be it a necktie, shamrock or hat, in commemoration of the patron saint of the Irish. Contrary to most celebrations of this kind the day doesn't signify the birth of the saint but it is the anniversary of his death. Setting apart of this date as a feast day originated with the Emerald Isle, as was fitting, but in view of the numbers of O'Briens, Caseys and others who point with pride to their Irish descent it is not surprising that the day is widely celebrated in America.

St. Patrick is remembered and honored for his extensive missionary work in Ireland but this fact is unknown to many people who associate him in their minds with the reputed scarcity of snakes in that country. It is not known where the myth arose that the venerable saint ever bothered to drive the snakes from Ireland. Nevertheless, it has persisted down through the centuries despite the fact that there is no documentary evidence to show that he ever conducted a crusade against the serpent. He cannot be credited with driving them from Scotland but it is well known that the land of kilts is free of them. England, too, boasts of its lack of the crawling tribe.

Both England and France claim the honor of being the land of St. Patrick's birth but as a great deal of obscurity surrounds this event it is largely a matter of controversy. It has been agreed, however, that this blessed event took place in the year 387 A. D., and that he was the son of a landed proprietor, a deacon named Calpurnius. He was kidnapped at the age of 16 by a band of pirates and taken to Ireland where he remained as a slave for a matter of 10 or 12 years (some say only six). He finally made his escape on an outgoing trading vessel to the shores of the Mediterranean where he took up his abode in a monastery. During his period of slavery he had been subject to visions and conceived the idea of converting the pagan Irish to Christianity. He returned to France where he was ordained and sent by Germanus to Ireland about 432 A. D.

He began his missionary work by establishing a church in an old barn and in spite of constant conflicts with Logaire's Druids his teachings began to spread. From this humble beginning he became very successful in his work and during his lifetime he established at least 365 churches and converted many thousands. His labors came to an end with his death in 493 at the advanced age—if the dates are correct—of 106 years. Even his burial place is disputed but it is believed to be at Saul where his death occurred.

Many would have us believe that he was a saint only through tradition. It is true that the Roman church never proclaimed him a saint

but it is also a fact that the same church has always recognized him as such. It is to be remembered, too, that in those early days the regional churches possessed and exercised powers equal to those of the Mother church. Thus, we find that the Irish church canonized or proclaimed many, many saints including St. Patrick.

He was held in such reverence and esteem that is not at all surprising to find that the adoption of the shamrock as the national emblem of Ireland may be traced indirectly back to him. According to tradition the shamrock with its single stem and triple leaf was his favorite method of illustrating and explaining the doctrine of the Trinity. His first use of the shamrock for this purpose is said to have been when he appeared before a gathering of chieftains and Druids at Tara. On that day one of the most powerful of the chieftains became converted and was baptized togtheer with his family and all his tribesmen.

A TEST

The test of a man is the fight he makes,
  The grit that he daily shows;
The way that he stands on his feet and takes
  Fate's numerous bumps and blows.
A coward can smile when there's naught to fear,
  When nothing his progress bars,
But it takes a man to stand up and cheer
  While some other fellow stars.

It isn't the victory after all,
  But the fight that a brother makes;
The man who, driven to the wall,
  Still stands up erect and takes
The blows of fate with his head held high,
  Bleeding and bruised and pale,
Is the man who'll win in the by-and-by,
  For he isn't afraid to fail.

It's the bumps you get, and the jolts you get,
  And the shocks that your courage stands;
The hours of sorrow and vain regret,
  The prize that escapes your hands.
That test your mettle and prove your worth;
  It isn't the blows you deal,
But the blows you take on the good old earth
  That show if your stuff is real. —Selected.

MAGNOLIA GARDENS

By Laura Cromer Hemingway

lina is a "garden spot" that every year attracts thousands of persons from the far corners of the earth. Within a radius of twenty-five miles of the historic old city of Charleston are four gardens that are especially famed the world over. These are Magnolia-on-the-Ashley, known simply as "Magnolia Gardens; Middleton Place Gardens; the Tea Gardens at Summerville, where the original tea plans used as a commercial experiment by the United States government long years ago, still stand and spill their fragrance upon the air each spring; and Cypress Gardens at the old Dean Hall plantation on the Cooper River twenty-four miles north of Charleston, which is admitted to be the "Venice of America."

The entire coastal section of South gardens that have graced centuries'-old plantations for many generations, but the greater number of these are reserved for the pleasure of their owners and friends. However, none of the four mentioned was opened to the public for commercial purposes. It required years of persistent pleading on the part of friends to persuade the proprietors to throw open the gates to the stranger who, also loved loved beauty.

Magnolia Gardens was the first to be opened to the public. This, with the others, comes into its height of beauty about Easter, but the blooming season continues for many weeks. On into early summer, when the garmies," in white kerchief and apron, dens are declared officially closed, never a day passes but that hundreds of visitors are admitted to its grounds. A register shows that as many as four thousand, four hundred persons have been received into Magnolia Gardens in a single day. These came from every corner of the world, and from all walks of life, proving the universal lure of beauty.

If the flame of color within the garden is enchanting, no less so is the approach to the entrance gates. The twelve-mile drive out from Charleston leads along a road reminiscent of the days when history was in the making. Miniature mounds on each side of the road, spread with a benign light of sunshine glinting through the fantastic moss drapery of the clustering trees, are remains of breastworks from Civil War days. Over this highway stage coaches once traveled in all the splendor of their trappings.

A long avenue leads up from this road to Magnolia Gardens. Live-oaks, nobody knows how old, throw great, gaunt arms across the avenue. Grey moss waves from these. Where the sunlight pierces the mass of evergreen foliage and lilac-tinted moss it lays a pretty tracery of gold upon the neutral tints of the ground. Almost one expects to see druids peeping from the majestic bulk of these oaks. Or, perhaps, the flash of a gay cloak that would belong to Robin Hood, himself!

At the garden gate negro 'mam-

The coastal section of South Caro-

suggesting storied days of the "Long, Long Ago," wait to conduct the visitor through the intricately winding paths beneath the towering azaleas.

The very atmosphere of these gardens is suggestive of a bit of fairyland. The beauty of them is beyond the power of words to describe. The influence of them upon the visitor invokes a kind of solemnity that hangs upon them a hush. Voices are low. Greetings are subdued. Only the songs of birds ring out. And back of it all is the constant whispering of the black waters of the Ashley River as it slips past on its way to tbe sea.

The origin of these world-famed gardens was simple; the effect upon the mind of a minister in failing health of a red and a white rose contrasted against a background of English ivy beside his doorstep.

Shortly after the Rev. John Grimke-Drayton was ordained to preach the Gospel almost a century ago, he was advised by his physician to get out in the open, if he would overcome a weak chest and throat. He determined to build a garden that would be a bond between him and the Creator of the First Garden.

All about him were formal gardens savoring of the English influence. Every river plantation boasted one. But the young clergyman was interested in the rich offerings of Nature in this coastal section of South Carolina where yellow jessamine rioted in golden cascades from every bush in springtime; white Cherokee roses climbed to lofty tree tops; wild crabapple grew with abandon; and every shrub and plant known to garden-lovers easily took root and grew in the virgin soil.

Amidst the frame of live oaks with their silvery tracery of Spanish moss he has wrought a picture that, once seen, endures forever. The highlights in this composition that seem almost divine are the azaleas. In the renowned Kew Gardens of London, England, is a placard stating that azaleas in their highest glory are to be found in Magnolia Gardens, near Charleston, South Carolina.

The history of these azaleas that have made these garden famous throughout the world is interesting in that they found place in Magnolia Gardens after they had been tried out in a Philadelphia garden, where it was learned the climate was too severe for the semi-tropical plants, and they were sent to the Reverend Mr. Drayton to be used as an experiment in his gardens. They had been brought to this country from the Orient. They were planted in Magnolia Gardens in 1843 and many of the original plants, now grown into lofty banks of color that rival the sunsets make of this 25-acre plot "The most beautiful spot in the world," as one writer has expressed it.

The late Professor Sargent of the Arnold Arboretum, who, himself, sent a number of specimens of plants to the clergyman's garden, was of the opinion that the azaleas grew more luxuriantly in the South Carolina soil than they grew in India, their native land. Horticulturists attribute this success in growth, and the brilliancy of hue to the deposits of phosphate rock that underly the soil of the South Carolina coastal section in quantity.

The individual plants have reached extraordinary proportions, measuring in height as much as eighteen feet, and, in diameter from fourteen to sixteen feet. When the plants reach their zenith every twig is covered literally with the bell-like blossoms of brilliant hues, varying from snowy white to deepest crimson. These blossoms vary in size according to the species, but the average measures some two or three inches across. The massed effect is, as the author, Owen Wister, has put it: "a labyrinth of rose, red, and white—burning, glowing and shining like some miracle, some rainbow exorcism, with its flooding fumes of orange-rose and red and white merging magically."

The Arnold Arboretum has pronounced the collection of azaleas in Magnolia Gardens to be complete in the specimens known to the Indian gardens in the forties and fifties of the nineteenth century. The owners of Magnolia have taken pride in adding to the original collection sent from Philadelphia, often securing rare specimens, such as the double-flowered white. A system known as "layering," whereby additional plants may be had by securing a limb to the soil until it takes root, has added to the number of plants.

Some of the plants came from England, where they had been grown, as early as 1835, and some trace their origin back even farther to China, but the azalea is a native of India.

While the azaleas predominate in the landscape plan, which has always been along natural lines instead of professional, the variety of other flowering plants found within the garden confines is great. The originator of Magnolia Gardens employed the plants native to the coastal section in his plan with more than ordinary success. There visitors see the native dogwood, crepe myrtle, yellow jessamine, redbud, wild rose, woodbine, and many other beautiful flowering plants at their best.

Among the rare specimens are the *camellia japonicas*. In the year 1858 the owner of Magnolia Gardens wrote to a fellow clergymen in the North that his collection of these totaled one hundred and twenty double varieties. The blossoms are so perfect that they lead one to believe they are carved from wax. They resemble a gardenia somewhat in shape and texture, but, unlike the gardenia, they have no fragrance. Their beauty is sufficient. They vary in color, same being variegated, others ranging in hues from pure white to deepest crimson.

Another of the rare specimens in Magnolia Gardens was the sacred tree of the Grand Lama, Cupressus lusitanica, and the only redwood tree of any size to be seen east of the Rocky Mountains is there.

The owners of Magnolia Gardens are descended from South Carolina's most distinguished families. On the pages of history their names have been written for many generations. There was William Henry Drayton who was Chief Justice of Carolina and a delegate to the Continental Congress in 1778. It was he who designed the arms for the great seal of the State of South Carolina. John Drayton, his son, was one of the ear-

ly governors of the state. The family tomb is to be seen amidst the offerings nature has laid at its base.

The original residence, typical of the colonial period, was burned during the Revolutionary War. The second house built there was burned during the War Between the States, leaving only the brick steps. These lead to the front portal of the present home, which is built along more modern lines than either of its predecessors.

The clergyman who conceived and built these gardens was a man who loved his fellowmen. When the Civil War was over and the family servants were freed, it became well nigh impossible to provide for the faithful negroes that had lived upon the plantation for generations. Mr. Drayton was concerned not only for their physical welfare but for their spiritual, should they be cast out into a world that was strange to them, after the seclusion and protection of the plantation.

When it was suggested to him that he might open his gardens to the public and realize a tidy sum from gate receipts, which could be applied to funds for the care of the negroes in whom he was so deeply interested, he consented with much reluctance. These gardens were to him something almost sacred. He had built them with the divine assistance of that first Builder of gardens. And it was contrary to the nature of the gentry of the Carolina Low Country to invite the public into the fastnesses of their gates. They were a people who shrank from ostentation in any form. His gardens had not been built for show. It was only after he had brought himself to realize the problem was a question of which he valued most, his pride or the welfare of the black people who were looking to him to guide them in the midst of the confusion into which they had fallen, that he agreed to throw open the gates to the public.

When he opened Magnolia Gardens to beauty lovers throughout the world he did not know it, but he made it possible to preach sermons long after his ashes were gathered to those of his fathers lying beneath the majestic oaks of the gardens. No words have yet been found adequate to express the effect of so much beauty upon the human being. That the soul of each spectator is uplifted is an assured fact, judging by the attempts so frequently made to crystallize this beauty into words. The gardens have been called "A jeweled garden dropped from a fairy tale," "Nature's Taj Mahal," "The Most Beautiful Spot in the World," "Nature glorified." And James O'Donnel Bennett writing the "Chicago Tribune" some years ago brought out the real message of the Gardens when he spoke of them as the "Temples of Christendom," adding: "The birds are singing in it as the sun sinks to rest, the winds sweeping in from the Atlantic chant it, the flowers breathe it, yea the tomb itself preaches it from everlasting unto everlasting." Mr. Bennett had read upon the family tomb the inscription: "This corruptible must put on incorruption and the mortal must put on immortality. Death is swallowed up in victory."

WARM SPRINGS FOUNDATION

(The Pathfinder)

Celebration of President Roosevelt's birthday with balls, dinners, etc., throughout the country revived interest in the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation and its celebrated health resort. It is only within the past few years that the name Warm Springs has become especially familiar to Americans. The Cherokee Indians knew about the mineral springs there and for the past century Georgians and Alabamians have used it as a summer health resort. Now everyone knows about the healthful benefits derived from these springs. Many of us contributed directly or indirectly to the thousands of dollars subscribed to the President's birthday Foundation fund.

It was just a decade ago that the efficacy of Warm Springs mineral water in the treatment of infantile paralysis or poliomyelitis became known. In 1921, the year following a strenuous campaign in which he was the candidate for vice president, Mr. Roosevelt was stricken with the dreaded disease. In 1924 his attention was called to the case of a young man, similarly afflcted, who had been able to dispense with braces after three years treatment and exercise in the healing waters of the now famous springs. He went to Warm Springs and noticed considerable improvement in his condition. Specialists and other patients were induced to go there in order to make a thorough test of the waters. All those treated were benefited and as a result the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation was incorporated in July, 1927, as a non-profit organization for the study and treatment of poliomyelitis. It is fast becoming the Mecca of all so afflicted.

Patients are admitted upon recommendation of their own physician after an examinatoin by the Foundation's surgeon-in-chief. No one is accepted until after the active stage of the disease is passed and there is no possibility of contagion. Patients are usually persons in good health with muscles paralyzed in varying degrees. Everyone must pay for treatment and board but there is an endowment fund to aid worthy cases. Part of the proceeds of the birthday celebration was intended for this fund and part for the enlarging of the staff and facilities for the accomodation of more patients.

"It's three pools," says the National Geographic Society, "are fed by a gushing thermal spring whose exceptionally pure mineral water comes from a great depth and is believed to be warmed by the interior heat of the earth. The water is a deep tropical blue when viewed in a white pool and its normal temperature is around 88 degrees. Its capacity is about 3,000,000 allons a day and many of its medical properties remain a mystery."

The resort is located in west central Georgia, approximately 70 miles southwest of Atlanta and is connected with that city with a fine new paved road called the Franklin D. Roosevelt Highway. Pine Mountain,

just south of the town, rises to an altitude of 1,200 feet above sea level.

At present the 1,200-acre campus of the Foundation includes an administration building donated by the citizens of Georgia; three pools, one enclosed, one open, and one for visitors; a small hospital; a golf course and riding academy for visitors; and many cottages for the patients. Many prominent men are contributing time and money to make Warm Springs the most beneficial place in the world for victims of infantile paralysis.

No man has a good enough memory to make a successful liar.—Abraham Lincoln.

FOSTER HALL

By Florence Marie Taylor

Stephen Foster, not truly appreciated until long after his death, as is often the misfortune of the genius, is now coming into well earned fame and being recognized as one of the foremost of America's songwriters.

American born, exposed to American influence, he wrote simply, with deep emotion, of the humble life of our country at the time in which he lived. From the lament of "Massa's In The Cold, Cold Ground," picturing the spirit of the south, to "Oh Suzannah," the gay, lilting melody that cheered the courageous frontiersmen when the trail across the western lands was hard beset with danger, Foster has interpreted the heart of America as has no other songwriter.

Stephen Foster was not a great composer as we think of those who have symphonies to their credit. His was the gift of melody, simplicity and sincerity.

Josiah K. Lilly, of Indianapolis, became interested in the unique place which Stephen Foter holds in the history of American music and poetry, and has converted a beautiful recreation building on his orchard estate at the outskirts of Indianopolis into a shrine in honor of Foster. Certainly no more thorough and sympathetic care in gathering and preserving historical data could be devoted to the collection than that of Mr. Lilly, who not only has given hi sown personal attention to the work but has employed a staff, with offices located in an ell of Foster Hall, to handle its secretarial needs.

The shrine, a stone structure with a gabled roof, stands on a hilltop overlooking a sweep of formal gardens. A growth of fir trees, cedars, and wild fern covers the rocky hill slope and as we wander down the path past the gardens, we find, not far

away, a tiny creek, hidden beneath low sprawling trees, berry bushes and reeds.

The approach to the shrine is lovely. We enter a walled garden and follow a flagstone path to the entrance. At our left on the outer wall of the building is a bronze plaque which bears the following inscription:

FOSTER HALL

DEDICATED TO HARMONY

LET NO DISCORDANT NOTE ENTER HERE

The thought inspires the mood of the shrine, and once within, we are impressed with the reverence tendered the memory of Stephen Foster.

In the vestibule directly opposite the door, standing on a pedestal before a beautiful mirror, is a marble bust of Foster exquisitely wrought by Arturo Ivonne, an Italian sculptor.

As we step down into the red carpeted library lounge where the collection is housed, the first thing that meets the eye is a large portrait of Foster painted by Marie Goff, an Indiana artist, from a portrait of him at the age of thirty-two. A second painting executed by Miss Goff, copied from a younger portrait, hangs on a side wall. The artists of both the bust and the paintings have caught the sensitive, imaginative spirit of Foster in forming the delicate contours of his face. The dreamer, the genius, are expressed with startling reality.

One feature of the shrine is an organ, unlike all others in the world in that it probably is the only organ in an orchard. It is playable by hand, semi-producing and fully re-producing, and has about nineteen hundred pipes. These are "scaled" carefully to give unusual beauty of tone. The library of re-producing records contains many of Foster's melodies arranged for the organ especially for Mr. Lilly.

Hanging on one of the side walls of the shrine is a quaint framed sampler, the painstaking work of Foster's mother, completed six years before his birth. Flowers, birds and bees embroidered in gay colored floss decorate the verse:

These violets scent the distant gale
They grew in lonely bed
So real worth new merit gains
By diffidence over spread.

—Eliza Foster's Sampler 1820

A melodeon used by Foster for serenading has a prominent place in the collection. The simple yet beautiful lines of this romantic little instrument with its spindle legs would delight an antique lover's heart.

Tall file cabinents hold ten thousand separate items—newspaper items, pictures, sheet music, letters and data of interest concerning Foster. Included are the Bible and prayer book belonging to Foster and his wife, a pair of funny old-fashioned galluses worn by his father, and the purse containing thirty-eight cts. which, with a slip of paper on which was written "Dear Friends and Gentle earts," was in his pocket at the time of his death. The words are

thought to be the title of an unwritten song. Foster wrote two hundred songs, all of which are on file here, and of these, one hundred and eighty are first editions. A most unusual collection is that of his complete works which have been reproduced from the original, even to copying the engraving on the cover page. It is the first time this has ever been attempted.

On the mantle over the fireplace stands a picture of Foster and George Cooper who collaborated in the writings of twenty-three songs. Cooper furnished the lyrics and Foster the melodies, but the songs have little value except to the collector. Cooper later gained fame by writing "Sweet Genevieve."

The keynote of the collection, however, is the original notebook in which Foster wrote the lyrics and suggestions for the melodies from 1851 until 1860. These were his productive years, and songs composed in other periods of his life have little value. As we turn the pages it is fascinating to see in Foster's own handwriting the old familiar lyrics of "Way Down Upon The Swanee River," "Old Folks At Home," "My Old Kentucky Home," and "Old Black Joe"—songs beloved not only in America, but in Europe as well. It is a recognized fact that during Foster's life time, England was more receptive to his work than the United States.

We are delighted with the very human quality of the notebook, for here and there whole pages of lyrics have been deleted with the stroke of a pen. In other instances perhaps a word has been crossed out and another substituted or an entire verse scratched. It is surprising to discover that "My Old Kentucky Home" was originally entitled "Poor Uncle Tom, Good Night," and to learn that 'Way Down Upon the Swanee River" was not written in a reminiscent mood. Indeed, Foster had never seen the river. The title was chosen in a matter of fact manner. It is said that while calling at his brother Morrison's office one day he asked him for a two syllable name of a southern river. Peedee was first suggested and apparently considered for we see that the name was originally used in the lyric. That this did not satisfy is evidenced by the line drawn through it and the word Swanee written above. An atlas was consulted for the latter name and the little river was selected. Swanee is a contraction. So enchanted are we with this treasure that it is with extreme regret that we close the book to examine the rest of the collection.

Two letters addressed to his father when Foster was quite young are of unusual interest. One, dated 1837, was sent from Youngstown, Ohio, where he had gone visiting, and was penned in a childish, uphill scrawl. The other, written while Foster was away at school, is that of a typical boy hinting to his father among bits of boyish trivialities that his funds are low.

Foster Hall is open to the public by appointment, but the majority of its visitors come in club or organization groups. The library lounge seats one hundred and twenty persons. The usual programs consist of

organ music, Foster songs by a colored Y. M. C. A. quartette, and an illustrated talk by Mr. Lilly or his assistant.

As we step from Foster Hall we feel a deeper appreciation of beauty in the simple things of life, and muse with satisfaction that a native genius who has left us so unusual a heritage should be fittingly honored.

I have never advocated war, except as a means of peace.
—General U. S. Grant.

OBSERVATION

(Selected)

Once upon a time a fine horse was presented to the king of a great country, but the animal, it appeared, could not be controlled: no man could mount him.

"Take him away," said the king, "he is too wild."

"What a horse you are losing," said the king's son, as he beheld the grace and beauty of the steed. "'Tis a pity!"

"My son," returned the king, "you find fault with people older than yourself as if you knew more than they, or could better manage the beast."

"And so I could," replied the son.

"That we shall see," mused the king. "If you should not be able to ride him, what sum of money would you be willing to forfeit as a punishment for your rudeness?"

"The price of the horse," said the son.

The bystanders laughed. But the king insisted that the boy should try his hand. Walking slowly to where the animal stood the prince grasped the reins and turned the creature's head toward the sun: he had noticed that the stallion was startled by his own shadow. Speaking softly, he stroked the horse's glossy skin. Suddenly he leaped upon its back.

Away!

The king and the crowd stared in great amazement as the youth flashed past them. But when the horse was seen returning with its new master seated proudly upon its back, they burst forth in lusty cheers—all except his father. The king, weeping for joy at his son's courage and achievement, said:

"Go, my boy, and find another kingdom. Macedonia is too small for you."

The youth, Alexander the Great, did as his father bade him. He marched, a conqueror, through Persia, Egypt, and India.

Generally speaking, there is little difference between men.

SETTLEMENT OF ROANOKE ISLAND

By W. O. Saunders, in The Independent

Not at Jamestown in Virginia, nor at Plymouth Rock in Massachusetts, but on Roanoke Island in North Carolina did English speaking civilization in America have its birth. Roanoake Island was settled 23 years before Jamestown. And if there had been no Roanoake Island settlements by the English, there would have been no Jamestown, and what is now the United States of America would be a province of Spain or a French dependency.

Columbus discovered America in 1492. The hardy Vikings had made excursions into Greenland, and, perhaps, New England many centuries before Columbus. John Cabot of England had visited the coast of North Amercia as early as 1497. But he attempted no settlement.

In 1583 Sir Humphrey Gilbert landed a fleet of five ships on the coast of New Foundland, but he attempted no settlement. Sir Humphrey lost his life when his ship went down in a tempest on the return voyage to England.

Associated with Sir Humphrey was a kinsman, Sir Walter Raleigh, an intrepid Soldier of Fortune and adventurer who stood in great favor with England's then reigning Queen Elizabeth. Sir Walter not only had the favor and confidence of his queen, but must have enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the nobility and commercial leaders of his time as well. Undismayed by the unhappy ending of Sir Humphrey's expedition and convinced that English settlement in America should be attempted somewhere midway between Florida and New Foundland, Sir Walter obtained a patent from Queen Elizabeth and sent an expedition to America in 1584 to select the site for a colony.

That expedition, headed by Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlowe, entered the inland waters of North Carolina through a shallow inlet about 21 miles north of Roanoake Island on July 4, 1584 and took possession of the country for England. After some commerce with the Indians and some scouting, Amadas and Barlowe discovered Roanoke Island, were overwhelmed by the natural wealth and beauty of this island paradise and selected Roanoke Island for the site of a permanent English settlement in America.

Returning to England in the autumn of 1584, they took with them two Indian chiefs, Manteo and Wanchese, for whom the principal villages on Roanoke Island are named. They took with them, too, specimens of tobacco, sassafrass, maize, pumpkins, squash and other fruits and herbs new and strange to their country-men. Amusing tales of the efforts of Sir Walter and his Queen to acquire the tobacco habit have been handed down to us. But if they never quite acquired a taste for tobacco, they at least gave sanction and impetus to a habit that has since spread among all nations of the earth and given rise to one of the greatest industries of modern times, the manu-

facture of cigars and cigarettes.

In 1585 Sir Walter Raleigh fitted out another expedition under Sir Richard Grenville to transport 108 colonists to Roanoke Island to attempt a permanent settlement on the site selected by Amadas and Barlowe. Ralph Lane was Governor of the Colony. This expedition landed on Roanoke Island on August 17, 1585. Grenville returned to England. Fort Raleigh, a crude structure of logs, was built. The colony encountred much trouble with the Indians and, reduced almost to starvation, returned to England in 1586 aboard the fleet of Sir Francis Drake. Two weeks after the departure of the colony, Grenville arrived with supplies and men. He left 15 men on Roanoke Island. When in 1587 another expedition equipped and financed by Sir Walter and some business associates and headed by Governor John White, came to Roanoke Island, Fort Raleigh was in ruins and the 15 men who had been left behind in 1586 were nowhere to be found.

John White and the new settlers restored the fort, attempted to reestablish friendly relations with the Indians and on August 13, 1587, the first religious sacrament in the Protestant faith ever solemnized in the New World was performed. Manteo, the friendly native, was baptized.

On Aug. 18, 1857, Virginia Dare, the first child born of English parents in America, was born and was christened the following Sunday morning. That occasion is solemnly commemorated each year by the Roanoke Colony Memorial Association and the baptism of Virginia Dare is depicted in the seal of the bishop of the Eastern North Carolina Diocese of the Protestant Episcopal church.

John White left his colony of more than one hundred men, women and children on Roanoke Island in 1587 to return to England for additional colonists and supplies. England was at war with Spain and neither ships nor men could be spared for private expeditionary purposes at that time. It was not until 1590 that John White returned to look after the colony on Roanoke Island. Too late! The colony had perished or dispersed and no satisfactory trace of it has ever been found. The fate of the Lost Colony and of Virginia Dare may never be revealed.

From 1587 to 1602, it is said that Sir Walter Raleigh sent five expeditions to America in quest of the Lost Colony, without success. In 1603, his devoted Queen Elizabeth, died and Sir Walter Raleigh, broken in health and purse was thrown into prison on a charge of treason. Had Queen Elizabeth lived, the intrepid Sir Walter would have pursued his dream of a permanent settlement in America. It remained for Captain John Smith and associates inspired by Sir Walter and aided by ten of his associates to effect a permanent settlement on Jamestown Island in Virginia in 1607. Factually, English-speaking civilization in America was rooted at Jamestown, Va.; but it had its birth and inspiration on Roanoke Island.

THE DOLLAR THAT WAS LOST AND FOUND

By George E. Walsh

"Findings are keepings!" shouted Wally as he caught the green dollar bill rustling down the path in the crisp morning breeze. "What a huge treat we'll have now!"

"Not so fast, old elephant," interrupted Billy, grabbing an open pocket-book that had been dropped in the gutter.

"What's in it? Another bill?" Wally demanded eagerly.

"No-o—just a card." Billy fished the card out of the pocket-book and read the name, Mrs. Jennie Andrews.

"Who's she?" added Wally. "Never heard of her."

Billy puckered up his forehead and tried to remember the name. "I have it!" he exclaimed finally, light breaking in his blue eyes. "She's just come to live in the old Hatcher cottage down by the brook."

"She must be poor to want to live in that old place," Wally said a little scornfully.

"All the more reason why we should return the pocket-book and that dollar to her," Billy reminded him. "Of course, the bill fell out when the pocket-book opened."

"How do you know?" grumbled Wally, loath to give up his treasure. "You think you're a detective, don't you? Well, you return the pocket-book, and I'll keep the dollar."

"No, you'll return the dollar. If Mrs. Andrews says it was in the pocket-book you'll give it to her. That's fair."

Wally couldn't object to this, and they sought out the newcomer in Westfield. "Yes, there was a dollar bill in the pocket-book," said sweet Mrs. Andrews. "It must have fallen out when I dropped it. There's a sentimental reason why I want that bill; but here is another just as good to reward you for your honesty."

"Gee!" exclaimed Wally when they left. "I guess honesty does pay."

"Sure it does," nodded Billy. "Now what are you going to do with it, Wally?"

"That's easy," was the grinning reply. "We'll buy a soda to begin with and then—"

They were interrupted by the appearance of Sadie Swallow, who with tears in her eyes said; "Oh, what'll I do? Aunty sent me to market, and I lost the money. I don't dare go home and tell her."

"How much?" asked Billy sympathetically.

"One dollar. It was a nice new bill without a crease in it. I'm so careless!" wailed Sadie.

Wally exchanged glances with Billy. "It wasn't hers," he whispered. "The other bill wasn't new and it was folded and creased."

"No, but if Sadie lost hers—" stammered Billy. "I guess I don't want any soda," he added. "I'll help Sadie look for the lost bill."

Wally joined them, and they retraced their steps all the way back to Sadie's home. They didn't go in, for

Sadie was afraid to tell her aunt of her carelessness.

"We'll go back and look again," Billy suggested. "We may have missed it."

They searched everywhere along the road and among the bushes, but no new bright green dollar was found. Sadie broke into tears again. Wally exhanged glances with his companion.

"Here, don't cry, Sadie," he said finally. "I got a dollar bill — not yours—but I'm going to give it to you. I was going to buy some soda and candy and lots of things with it; but I guess I don't want them."

Sadie's tears dried instantly, and her face became radiant with happiness. She thanked the boys a dozen times and then went on her way to market. The boys watched her until she was out of sight.

"That was fine of you, old elephant!" Billy exclaimed. "I hoped you'd do it. Now let's go swimming."

"Next to drinking a soda that's the best thing," said Wally, grinning. "Say, look at that squirrel!" he added suddenly, pointing to a chipmunk. "I'll bet he's building a nest. Let's follow him."

Sure enough under an old stone wall they found the chipmunk's nest, all soft and smooth, with hair and leaves and pieces of cotton woven like a basket. Wally thrust in a hand to feel, and drew it out with a look of astonishment on his face. A brand new, crisp dollar bill was in it!

"Boy!" exclaimed Billy in amazement. "I'll bet it's Sadie's. That chipmunk found it and carried it here to line his nest. No wonder we could not find it."

"We've got our dollar after all!" shouted Wally with glee. "Now we can have our sodas."

"Guess we're entitled to them," laughed Billy. "That is, unless somebody else has lost a dollar bill."

"If he has he can find it," stoutly declared Wally. "I won't give this one up. It's mine for keeps now."

"I wouldn't ask you to," nodded Billy. "Come on!"

They hurried down the dusty road toward Westfield instead of to the swimming hole. The day was hot, and they were thirsty. They smacked their lips in anticipation of the sodas.

An old man was trudging along the roadway. He stopped just before he reached them and sat down heavily on a stone. He looked terribly dejected and sad. He scarcely noticed the boys.

"I wonder, if' he's' lost a dollar whispered Billy jokingly.

"If he has let him find it."

The old man looked up when they passed and nodded. "I'd like to have your young legs, my boys," he said. "Then I wouldn't mind the long tramp." He smiled again, and then asked: "How far is it to Promfret, do you know?"

"Why, er, twenty miles," stammered Billy. "Are you going there?"

"Yes, if I have the strength. I've walked ten miles already."

"Why don't you take the bus?" asked Wally.

The old eyes twinkled. "For the same reason you don't buy an automobile," he said. "I haven't the money. It would cost a dollar, I suppose."

"Seventy-five cents," Wally said.

"Well, it might as well be a dollar."

the man sighed. He rose to his feet. "I'll be going. No use sitting here. I got to get to my daughter's before night. Once there I'll have a home—and something to eat. Mary's a fine cook. I've been saving my appetite. That's why I didn't eat any breakfast."

His smile was so fascinating that Wally and Billy trudged along by his side and listened to his stories. He had many interesting tales to tell. He had a grandson who liked to listen to him. "He's younger than you," he added. "But some day he'll be as old, I suppose. I hope he'll grow up into nice manly boys like you."

They were passing a wayside lunch place where one could buy hot dogs, coffee pie and other things. The old man sniffed the pleasont odors a moment, and then resolutely turned his head away.

"Wait, mister!" exclaimed Wally. "If you haven't had any breakfast eat some now. I'll bet those hot dogs are good. They smell great."

"They sure do, but—"

"Then you get some," interrupted Wally. "Here's a dollar bill. We came honestly by it. You take it and buy some hot-dogs and then take the bus to Promfret. There's enough for both, I guess."

The old man looked astonished when Wally thrust the bill in his hand. He started to protest, but the boys waved their hands and ran on.

"Was I a fool, Billy?" Wally asked.

"No, you were a good Samaritan. I'll bet those hot-dogs will taste good. I'd like to have one myself."

"And a chocolate soda," grinned Wally.

"Well, anyway, finding a dollar bill has done some good. Now let's turn around and go swimming. It would cool us off almost as much as a soda."

They came out on Maple View, a collection of pretty houses set back from the street, with green lawns in front. Most of the velvety lawns were closely cropped so they sparkled like carpets of emerald. The one in front of the last house was ragged and un-cut, making it look quite different from the others.

A lady stood in front gazing disconsolately at the grass. She seemed to be greatly annoyed at something. The boys halted and looked at her. Seeing them she turned.

"You don't happen to know where Tony is, do you?" she asked sort of desperately.

"Tony!" echoed Billy. "No, ma'am, we don't know Tony."

"He's the man who cuts all the lawns in Maple View. He promised to cut mine yesterday. He didn't turn up. Now it looks very untidy, and I'm going to have important company. I don't know what to do."

Billy's eyes gleamed with an idea. "Have you got a lawn mower?" he asked.

"Yes; it's in the garage. If I was not so busy I'd get out and cut the grass myself."

Wally looked at Billy and then back at the lady. "How much do you pay Tony to cut the lawn?" he asked.

"One dollar."

The boys held their breaths, exchanged quick glances, and then nodded. "Will you pay us a dollar to cut it?" asked Billy.

"Why certainly! Gladly! Do you think you could make a good job of it?"

"If we don't you needn't pay us," said Wally.

"That's fair," nodded the lady. "I'll show you where the lawn-mower is. If you'll start right away, I'll throw in lunch with the dollar, give you some cookies and home-made pie—and yes, ice cream."

"That's great!" they both exclaimed.

A few minutes later they were trundling the lawn-mower up and down the lawn, taking turns every so many trips. It was hot, but they did not mind that. It would make their swim so much pleasanter. They were bound to get that swim in.

When the job was finished they received their pay in a dollar bill. "You can divide it," the lady said. "I haven't any change."

"Yes, ma'am, we'll divide it," said Wally, accepting their hard-earned pay.

On their way to the swimming hole, Billy chuckled and said: "It's funny, isn't it Wally? We found a dollar and gave it to the lady who'd lost it. Then she gave us another and we let Sadie have it. Then we found Sadie's, and gave that to a poor old man. And still we've got a dollar."

"Yes, but we earned this one," replied Wally gravely, "and somehow it seems bigger than any of the other dollars."

COURAGE

There is more than one kind of courage. The easiest kind is mere physical strength. To plunge in like a bull and fight with your fists or with weapons isn't the deepest type of courage. The man who does this usually gains the approval of some other men and is spurred on by the hope of being praised. The man who fights in a uniform of a soldier or in a prize ring as a fighter has the satisfaction of the crowds' approval. The man who shows the deepest kind of courage is he whose thoughts are brave, he who is able without the hope of approval from the crowd, without excitement or physical combat, without the glory that comes without the sense of physical strength, to go on and fight his fight alone, think correctly in spite of the other side, act as he sees fit in spite of the fact that others, less worthwhile, may laugh at him. Stick to the right although others go wrong. The man who is his own cheering squad and whose only approval is his conscience, that man is a true hero. He who can look on misfortune and get the best out of it, he who can turn evil into good by learning his lesson, he has the power within himself to fight his battle for a better life and win.—Rabbi Herbert I. Bloom.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Jack Palmer, of Greensboro, who was paroled last year, visited the School last Sunday. At the present time Jack is engaged in C. W. A. work.

—o—

Walter Scott, of Durham, who was paroled in March 1931, after staying at the School a little more than two years, called on us last Sunday. Walter reports that he is working regularly and is getting along well.

—o—

After being deprived of the Saturday afternoon play period at the athletic field for several weeks because of bad weather, the boys enjoyed themselves there last Saturday. An additional feature of the afternoon's program was the distribution of several bushels of our fine home-grown peanuts.

—o—

Of course, everyone familiar with the joys of boyhood knows this is the kite-flying season, but if our readers could visit us some afternoon, they would realize the season is on in earnest at the School. For several weeks our youngsters have been thoroughly enjoying this sport, and last Saturday afternoon an observer counted twenty-seven kites of various colors and dimensions flying above and beyond the ball grounds, and at the same time the office boys and a number of house boys were seen on the campus joining in this diversion. Some of these kites are purchased in town but most of them are the result of the boys' own ingenuity.

—o—

Now that the ground has dried out and "Old Sol" is making his appearance almost daily, the local baseball enthusiasts are thinking of the prospects for a winning team to represent the Training School during the coming season. For several days quite a group of youngsters and some of the old-timers have been seen limbering up at the ball grounds. It is a little too early to make any predictions just now, but we feel quite sure that by the time the umpire calls "Play Ball," to start the first game, we will be able to have a team on the field that will give a good account of itself.

—o—

Some time ago each cottage officer was asked to report weekly five boys making outstanding conduct records in his cottage during the week. Following is the report for the week ending March 10th:

Receiving Cottage—Richard Sullivan, Earl Rogers, Robert Radford, Ashley Thompson and Wilson McCormick.

Cottage No. 1—Clifford Bowers, Homer Bunn, Russell Ferris, Herman Lamb and Millard Owenby.

Cottage No. 2—John Mecum, Lewis Janey, Vasco Robinson, Thomas Horton and Robert Harrison.

Cottage No. 3—Charles Van Hoy, John Walsh, Barney Caviness, Elbert

Bryant and Cleveland Wilson.

Cottage No. 4—Robert Conklin, Fleming Collins, Irving Luther, Gray Wright and Clarence Boren.

Cottage No. 5—Glenn Young, Claude Hoyle, Robert Worthington, Maynard Hicks and George Kye.

Cottage No. 6—Leonard Milton, Earl Burris, James Stepp, Junior Henry and John Drumm.

Cottage No. 7—Emerson Frazier, William Green, James Lyerly, Lewis Parker and Cling Shelton.

Cottage No. 8—John Auton, Jesse Freeman, Charles Banks, Luther Pierce and Harry Flowe.

Cottage No. 9—Edgar Lee White, James Johnson, Bryant Williams, Kester Sutphin and Lee Dickens.

Cottage No. 10—Marvin Staley, Jack Baity, Archie Batts, Charles Pollard and Winston Strickland.

Cottage No. 11—James Enloe, David Hodge, Bennie Holland, Ralph Mecimore and Charles Smith.

Cottage No. 12—Earl Atwood, Homer Quick, Walter Beaver, Leonard Potter and John Owens.

Cottage No. 13—Eugene Smith, Clarence Douglas, Warren Medlin, Howard Wilson and Urban Hill.

Cottage No. 14—Joe Stockton, Luther Nunnery, Hubert Johnson, Troy Powell and Ancil Byrd.

Cottage No. 15—Sam Pegram, Clybourne McKee, Robert Alexander, John Caddell and Glenn Stewart.

The cottage officers reported that they found it quite difficult to select just five outtanding boys from a group of thirty. Some had as many as twenty boys whom they would like to put on this record.

Beginning with this issue of The Uplift a similar list will be reported each week.

—o—

The service in our auditorium last Sunday afternoon was conducted by Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord.

For the Scripture Lesson Rev. Hughes read from the first chapter of Joshua, and his talk to the boys was on the subject, "Going Forward and Doing Things Without Asking Questions or Making Excuses."

In the course of his remarks the speaker pointed out how Moses first made all sorts of excuses when God called him to lead the children of Israel; how he lost his temper in the wilderness, and God promised that he should not reach the promised land, and how he died before reaching Canaan.

After Moses' death, Joshua took charge of the people of Israel. Even in the midst of all sorts of hardships, instead of making excuses, he led the people of Israel, going forward at once and doing the things God commanded him to do. With God's help he led his people, thousands of them, safely over the river Jordan; again following God's bidding he entered the city of Jericho. The Israelites were without weapons, but God was with them and caused them to overpower the enemy and take the city. Joshua was able to do all these things, said the speaker, because he obeyed orders unhesitatingly instead of offering feeble excuses.

Rev. Hughes then pointed out three things that he wanted the boys to remember. First, our religion is the biggest thing in the world because it has to do with what we make of ourselves. It is not easy to be a Christian. God doesn't give us easy tasks to do, because if we find things too easily accomplished we soon lose interest in them. Even in our play we must play hard in order to win. It is not easy to tell the truth, continued the speaker—any fool can lie, but it takes a good man, a man of strong character to tell the truth. The hard things in life develop the best that is in us and keep us interested in trying to overcome them.

The second thought brought out by Rev. Hughes was that even as we struggle to overcome great difficulties in trying to live the right kind of lives, we will find it much easier if we remember that God is with us, just as He was with Joshua. He is with us always. While we may be able to hide from our parents, teachers or friends, we cannot hide from God. He wants us to know that He is with us and stands ready to help us over the hard places, if we but trust Him. David realized this when he wrote, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me."

The third thought to which the speaker called attention was that God will not help us unless we do our best, putting forth every effort to help ourselves before He comes to our aid.

Rev. Hughes then called attention to that famous story, "Taking the Message to Garcia," written by Elbert Hubbard. President McKinley wanted to get a message to General Garcia, who was in a place in Cuba which was very hard to reach. A young soldier, Robert Rowan, volunteered, and after endurig all sorts of hardships, delivered the message. This story was reprinted, said the speaker, in many different languages, until more than forty million copies were published and sold.

In conclusion Rev. Hughes urged the boys to keep their minds on what they were told to do, and not ask unnecessary questions; to do their work thoroughly, as the way we accomplish our work determines the manner in which our character grows. God wants us to overcome the difficult tasks in order that we may develop into the highest type of citizenship.

THE JEWISH QUESTION

Into this Universe, and why not knowing,
Nor whence, like water willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it, as wind along the waste,
I know not whether, willy-nilly blowing.

—Omar Khayyam.

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THE UPLIFT

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DON'T QUIT

You can judge a man pretty accurately by how he comes through adversity. The man with the real stuff in him never says quit. He works out his problem and quietly whips it. The quitter gives up, says there is no use trying, everyone and everything is set against him.—Selected.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

WHAT IF WE DO NOT UNDERSTAND?

There are those who are stumbling over the virgin birth because they cannot explain it. But they do not know, and cannot understand, though they might be scientists, how two gasses can combine and form a liquid called water, which they all might use. They may give you some data on the happening. They may even give the lovely name of hydrogen to one gas and oxygen to the other; but this does not make it appear any more reasonable that two gasses should form a liquid, and that liquid can be frozen like a rock, or heated and drive a locomotive. They drink this combination, though they understand it not; but this water of life Christ they refuse because they cannot fathom the combination of the only Begotten Son of the Father and the virgin's child.—Moody Church Herald.

THE PARKER GOLD MINE

The general opinion is that the Parker Gold Mine of Stanly county formerly belonged to Capt. M. S. Parker, the father of Messrs. Charley and Will Parker of Charlotte, and at one time owners of the largest furniture store of the south.

In passing the place of business of these two gentlemen we stopped and asked some questions pertinent to the Parker Mine that is now engaging the attention of people from all parts of the country.

In reply to the question. "Did this mine, Mr. Parker, originally belong to your father, Capt. M. S. Parker?" "No, it did not," he said, "it was originally the property of a distant kinsman, Mr. Arnold Parker and others, but when the sale was made to an Englishman, Capt. Nance, the transaction was made in the home of my

father, in the year, I should judge, about 1880, and the price paid for the mine was $17,000 in gold."

Then Mr. Will Parker continued his story by saying after Capt. Nance discontinued operating the mine, Capt. Judd, a very distinguished gentleman, came over from London, and directed the work.

Prior to the coming of Capt. Judd the village was called Bilesville, but soon thereafter was changed to New London.

Capt. Judd was a very polished and cultured gentleman and held the high position in his own country as a member of the King's Guard. After remaining in this country for about seven years Capt. Judd returned to England, and brought his bride, a most delightful character, and both Capt. and Mrs. Judd made a most valuable acquisition to the community at large both in a social and civic manner.

Again the Parker Mine is being explored with as much interest as it was in the latter part of the ninetenth century.

* * * * * * *

GOOD HEALTH CRUSADE

Most unique was the puppet show, "Circus or Bust," presented by the Carolina Playmakers to the school children of Cabarrus county in co-operation with the Division of Oral Hygiene of the State Board of Health. This playlet served a two-fold purpose,—entertainment and educational—following close upon the trail of the dental clinic sponsored by Dr. E. A. Branch of the State Board of Health, the county Board of Health, the county commissioners and the local relief department.

The thought emphasized in the drama—the care of teeth, proper food, exercise, brushing the teeth, seeing the dentist three times a year and by all means safe-guard the six year molars, the first permanent teeth of a child.

It was acted entirely by jointed dolls, manipulated by some concealed electrical contraption with speakers behind the improvised stage with the furnishings of a dentist's office and baby dolls as actors.

Every detail carried the story with such simplicity that it pleas-

ed the children of elementary grades and at the same time taught the older students in a few moments a lesson in oral hygiene that possibly they would have never learned on class.

The writer during the short period of fine entertainment profited by the lesson taught in this "movie-picture" and is happy to announce that Dr. E. A. Branch, who has a tender spot in his heart for the boys at the Jackson Training School promises at an early date to come over to the school and give our faculty and boys the benefits of this puppet show, "Circus or Bust."

Already the boys show they anticipate the promised visit by such inquiries—"When is Dr. Branch coming?"

* * * * * * *

STUDY THE RULES OF HYGIENE

The observations of a long career, and varied experiences, gives encouragement to the idea that many people, and especially the young, appear to regard health as a matter of random chance, or accident, failing to recognize that the laws which govern health and perpetuate life, are as definite, as accurate, and as unfailing in their operations as the laws of physics and chemistry—laws of gravity, of heat, of light, of electricity, of sound, or chemical reaction.

We would like to indelibly impress upon the 500 boys in this institution, and all of our readers, the fact that they can do more to improve their health than most physicians. They must individually guard their health within the bounds of healthful reason. Health is not something that can be spooned out of a bottle, or taken out of pill boxes. It is a crop which is reaped as the result of the right kind of seed sowing. Therefore begin early in life to study the human body, and the laws which govern normal functioning of the various organs which determine physical peace.

Keep the body clean, and live a clean life. See that your teeth are kept in a proper condition—"see your dentist at least twice a year." Look to it that your diet is wholesome, and don't overgorge on things that do not strengthen the body. Take daily phy-

sical exercises—out doors preferable. Think pure and happy thoughts.

Such negative emotions as fear, worry, anxiety, discontent, distrust, poison the springs of life and invite disease. The positive emotions, as hope, courage, confidence, joy, faith, love, and a firm trust in God, promote health and prolong life. Cultivate a wholesome, happy mental outlook, and endeavor each day to contribute something to increase the joy and happiness of others. Keep cheerful. Do these things and you will indeed begin to live the fuller life.

* * * * * * *

EXCERPTS—MISS GRACE MORRISON POOLE

To bring back the more abundant life,—prosperity, happiness and hope into the lives and homes of this nation, people must live so that material, the intellectual, and the physical shall be augmented by the spiritual, declared Miss Grace Morrison Poole, president of the General Federation of Womens' Clubs, in an address to the club women at a club-dinner.

She also emphasized that the club-women as an oganization, had the power to work order out of chaos, hope out of despair, happiness out of sorrow and prosperity out of unemployment and poverty.

Her tribute to the younger women of the Federated Clubs, was to the effect they were demanding greater frankness and straightforwardness in handling the problems of better, and stronger babies in the homes, the control of crime, world peace, the direction of education and a demand for a higher and cleaner enforcement of the laws. Also she urged the women to make a more intelligent study of local and national conditions, and take necessary action accordingly.

If all club women would unite for the specific purpose of contributing to the welfare of the community wherever needed, also work order out of chaos, to the oblivion of self there is not a thing in the category of activities, political or civil, that the women could not accomplish. Therefore, the first thing for all club-women to

do is to turn the inner light on, examine self with this question,—"Am I working for self-glory or working for the good of humanity?"

* * * * * * *

BETTER UNDERSTANDING DAY

We have our special day of celebration and prayer, such as Hospital Day, Mother's Day, Flag Day, and our Independence Day along with others of minor importance. The question comes over and over, have you thought what might be the results if one nation were to inaugurate the setting apart of a single "Better Understanding Day", seeing to it that on that day all teachers, preachers, yes, and the editorial teachers as well concentrate their thoughts upon bringing a peace on earth and good-will to men.

What would be the outcome of even a single hour in a whole year, of a single honest thought sent forth with the concentrated force of the world—each human being led to consider the need for mutual kindnesss. Ah, there is no way of measuring results. Then, indeed might we hope to see swords beaten into plow-shares, and that universal peace established for which men and nations pray.

* * * * * * *

THE RENAISSANCE OF BETTER HOMES

Mrs. Mamie Brown Lathan, president of North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs endorses the soundness of the Federal Housing program, because during the lean years property went into disrepair and for economy's sake there should not be a delay in fixing it up.

The economy angle is not the only incentive for repair work. To have a nice home inspires to self-respect, and stimulates higher ideals in any community. In such communities there is more thrift exercised and less crime committed.

Mrs. Lathan lucidly states:

> "A nation's pulse beats with the condition of its home-life. Today the home is facing the strongest competition in its history. Outside forces are beating on its doors and it behooves parents to use every means at hand to counteract these forces and to make their homes places where children love to be, where they like to bring their friends and where a spirit of comradeship prevails."

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

THE MEANING OF LENT

"Lord, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour.
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

"Let faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies."

—o—

The sales tax takes care of the pennies, and the pennies take care of the tax.

—o—

If you do not plant a garden this spring—that's a joke on your neighbor's chickens.

—o—

It is time for the people of every community to get together, work together and stay together.

—o—

When a person tries to get something for nothing, he generally comes out with nothing for something.

—o—

The way to observe Lent is to lend yourself to good works—for your God and your fellow man.

—o—

It might interest some women to learn that the smartest Parisiennes are wearing low-heel sandals. It is said these help one to look "very young." It is a come down from the peg heels.

—o—

The longer we live the longer we hope to live, and the more we learn the less we know we know.

—o—

If there is anybody, anywhere, entirely satisfied with everything, let him come forward and receive his crown.

—o—

The next time you hear of a scheme to get rich in a hurry, without any work, and without taking any risk, be wise for once and hold on to your cash.

—o—

If all the dope on the letters of the aphabet, now going in threes—and everything else for that matter—were spread out on a table, and a man is crazy enough to read it all, he wouldn't know much more when he finished than when he started.

—o—

We are developing a political philosophy that not only invites the people, but urges them to get their noses in the public trough on the theory that someone owes them a living. It has become a good policy to give the people a nice, red, five-cent stick of political candy for ten cents in taxes. So long as the people can be kept ignorant of the fact that they are really paying for the candy plus about 100 per cent additional for political overhead to handle it, just so long will

they clap their hands and cry for more. But a lot of good folks are getting a stomach ache from too much political candy. They are going to ask questions when they find what their candy is costing.

—o—

If you will just look back into the past, you will see that greater prosperity has followed each panic or dullness of trade. Mines have played an important part in each recovery. Hard times drove the first argonauts to Colorado, Utah and California in 1849. The war between the States was mainly financed on western gold and silver. The panic of the 70's brought forth Leadville and the big mines of the San Juan. Cripple Creek was born during the panic of the 90's and Alaska followed with her golden stream. The bank panic of 1907 saw a revival of mining in Colorado and Nevada. Again in 1935 the Nation has turned to mining, a primary industry—and Colorado is again occupying the spotlight.

—o—

There is New Hope for all of us. The tide has turned. "Change" is written boldly across the horizon of our business and economic outlook. On every side we see evidence that the country is slowly emerging from the era of discouragement and the dark clouds that oppressed us. Conditions almost everywhere show improvement. Although it may take a long time to forget those black, hopeless days of the past, WE MUST LOOK FORWARD TO THE RISING COMMERCIAL SUN to better times with a feeling that a great transition has been brought about for the good of all the people. We are face to face with a new era—a period of re-adjustment; an era of great optimism; an era of greater profits and greater prosperity. Changing conditions have created new and sounder money-making opportunities. It is a time for great hope and encouragement to one another.

—o—

We are now in the midst of Lent which ends with Easter on the 21st of April. It commemorates the forty days' fast of our Lord. One of the opportunities of the Lenten season is the endeavor to give spiritual direction to our lives. Take an inventory of ourselves, as it were. Instead of drifting, aimlessly, with wind and tide, Lent suggests a plan, a purpose, a goal, a design for living. How easily we drift. Friends drift apart. Homes drift on the rocks of misunderstanding and separation. Young people, as well as older ones, drift into trouble. So the story goes. But no one yet ever drifted into anything worthwhile! We do not drift into goodness. That must be achieved. We can slip and slide and drift into all manner of evil. But we have to climb the steep ascent of heaven. A man does not slip into the Kingdom of heaven, or drift into it. He gets in only by sweat and strain, and service. There is no other way. Lent affords us the opportunity, each in his own way, of renewing our allegiance to Jesus Christ. Some of us have drifted far apart from Him, not by any deliberate wrong doing, but just by carelessness and indifference. Now is the time to

get hold of ourselves, and head into the wind and waves with honest purposeful effort, and strive to attain the things we can never reach by drifting. Lent, by prayer and fasting, is the season to help us get into the heavenly tide.

The inward pleasure of imparting pleasure—that is the choicest of all.—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

GEN. BATTLE AND A STOLEN YANKEE COLT

By M. S. Watts

It was in a mixed company, several years after Appomattox, in that period when the hurts of the war had not yet healed sufficiently to permit of it as a common topic for frivolous conversation.

Perhaps it was the number of veterans who were preent at this particular gathering that accounts for the talk's eventual turn to war episodes, but it was in one of those lulls in general converation that the lady from Tennessee asked the question which instantly crystallized the attention of every one present.

"Do you not believe that had the South been victorious in its struggle that it would have imposed more grievous terms on the North, than the North did on the South?" her clear voice queried.

"For a while," says Mr. Battle. "I am told that no one answered, and then in a sort of bustle of expectancy a youngish man replied with this story which I am giving out now. It was Mr. Watts, and in these words he began:

"It was during Early's campaign in the Valley of Virginia in the year 1864. General Hunter with his army had passed through the valley with the torch and sword, laying waste the land, burning and destroying public property and private alike; mills, barns, private dwellings and public institutions, including the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington," reminisced Mr. Watts.

"At Lynchburg, Hunter was met and turned back by Early, in command of 8,000 troops. This was about the twelfth of June. Hunter retreated back into the valley and thence into the mountains of West Virginia; leaving his smoky trail open from Lexington to the Potomac.

"Through the holocaust of smoke and ashes, Early marched into Maryland and drew up his line of battle in front of the fortifications of Washington. When the big guns on the parapets had belched forth some of their heavy missiles and some re-

inforcing divisions from Grant's army had been observed, Early found the atmosphere unwholesome, and in the afternoon of the second day of occupation began a retreat to Virginia.

"Nelson's battalion of artillery, to which I belonged, had been parked on a farm with a large Dutch barn. The residence, small and ordinary, was vacant, but with every sign of recent occupation. The stock with the other portable property had been taken away and were then most probably behind the fortifications that threatened us.

"Orders to march had been given; our infantry was moving ahead and the artillery falling in behind. When about to take my place as a cannoneer one of my messmates approached me, exclaiming "Watts, there is a very fine colt in that brick barn and I would like to take it with me to Virginia, but I need some help to capture it"; I readily offered my assistance.

"I was not aware at this time that an order had been made and read publicly to our army forbidding the interference with private citizens or any molestation of their property. My friend and myself were most probably foraging at the time this order was read; for it must be confessed that these fat Dutch dairies were very attractive to men who had so recently left the parched and withered Valley.

"When approaching the barn my friend explained—'The Yankees when near Lynchburg took severel of our farm horses, and we need them; this Dutch gentleman doubtless has a surplus or he would have taken this colt with him.'

"Our task proved more difficult than we had anticipated. The colt was in a large room and we had no means of confining it. An hour or more had elapsed when we led out our captive. Our troops were far ahead and the rear-guard column was passing. We were on a line parallel with the rear-guard and about 40 yards distant when a very distinguished looking officer left his command and approaching us on horseback demanded—"where did you get that colt?"

Mr. Watts recalled the following dialogue: "My friend being a little embarrassed, I answered, 'From that barn, sir,' pointing back to the building.

"Did you impress it or just take it?" the officer asked.

"We impressed it, sir!" said I.

"And on whose authority?" demanded our inquisitor.

When I replied—"Our own, sir!" The officer turned abruptly in his stirrups and called— "Captain ——, send me a sergeant and four men."

To the sergeant he said—"Have two men take the colt back to that barn; the other two will put these men under guard."

This disinguished looking officer, with his erect figure smooth grey uniform, guilt buttons, gold braid, brilliant stars and yellow buckskin gauntlets made a deep impression on me and I knew that I would never forget him, and perhaps never forgive him.

For the remainder of the day and much of the night we marched un-

der guard; and when we lay down at night under the cold Northern stars, we were criminals in charge of the Provost Guard, to be tried by a court-martial and maybe shot for stealing a colt from an enemy.

No rations had been issued to us, and our breakfast was some cold bread found in the havresack of my frugal friend. We were making a forced march, anxious to cross the Potomac before our enemy, who had been reinforced, should overtake us.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon of that warm July day, we recognized Lieutenant Harris—a messenger from Captain Kirkpatrick, in command of our battery. Harris brought an order from General Battle, whom we now knew to be our distinguished captor. This order required the captain of the guard to release his prisoners to the messenger; identifying us as the captives who had been caught stealing a colt.

Lieutenant Harris explained to us that we had been guilty of a very grave crime and that General Battle had delivered us to Captain Kirkpatrick with the understanding that he would either punish us according to the demands of the law or commit us for trial by a court-martial.

When still under guard, we were brought before our judge; he being a lawyer of renown, explained the nature of our crime in relation to the order of forbidding interference with the property of private citizens in the enemy's country. Our captain now informd us that General Battle in releasing us had stipulated that we might either accept such punishment as he—the captain—might dictate or submit to a trial by court-martial. We were a little stubborn about it, but to save our families and friends the mortification of a public trial and disgrace we accepted the captain's terms.

Our sentence was, to stand two hours each day, one hour in the morning and one in the afternoon on a metal top caisson in the delightful July sunshine, and fully exposed to the view of our camp. And our crime was to be published as "The Stealing of a Colt."

Early's army reached Virginia safely and went into camp near Martinsburg. With the exception of two minor engagements, one at Snicker's Gap, the other at Kernstown with detached troops, we were undisturbed for several weeks, whilst Sheridan reorganized his army south of the Potomac.

This rest was much appreciated, as we had been on the march almost continuously since we left Richmond on the twelfth of June. It was now the twenty-second of July. Our days in camp were occupied with patching the old shoes, doing some laundry work and exterminating cooties.

Sheridan who had succeeded Hunter on the seventh of August did not begin active operations against his adversary until about the middle of September. On September 19, with 50,000 troops he fought Early at Winchester with 14,000. Here Early lost 4,000 troops, or 30 per cent of his army, whilst the enemy had lost 5,000 or only 10 per cent of his force.

Three days later Sheridan renew-

ed the battle at Fisher's Hill. Here **Early's army realized its weakness,** now only 10,000 strong. His battle line reached from the river to the mountain, the turnpike running through the center, the only road across the ridge known as Fisher's Hill.

It was a strong position for the Southern army, yet a brilliant manœuvre on the part of the Federal commander came near to being a knock-out blow for Early. Early in the day Sheridan started a strong force up what was known as the back valley on a road across the mountain and parallel to the Valley Pike. This force was expected to cross the mountain in the afternoon and just at the right time strike Early's flank.

Believing his flank to be fully protected by the mountain, Early concentrated his force along the right and left pike. Battle's brigade on the left reached the foot of the mountain and was supported by Kirkpatrick's battery, and along a rail fence up the mountain side was a thin line of cavalray, dismounted.

During the day there had been heavy skirmishing at different points along the line, but there had been no action on the left until about 4 o'clock when the Federal commander threw out a heavy skirmish line in our front.

For half an hour or more there was a constant fire along a ravine that separated the two lines of battle, but no general engagement. Our battery had not yet been brought into action.

The sun had nearly reached the mountain top when a Yankee yell rolled down the mountainside that made the forest tremble. Our cavalry rushed down like the swine with an overdose of devils. To their credit be it said, they reformed their line in rear of our artillery.

Our battery was faced to the left with orders to shell the woods with double-canister. Colonel Nelson, from the right dashed up with Massie's battery to reinforce Battle's brigade. Captain Massie commanded the Fluvanna artillery, Nelson's battalion and he was killed the next day on the retreat up the valley and First Lieutenant C. G. Snead was promoted to captain of the battery. The Alabamians were fighting in two directions and in imminent danger of being crushed by the closing sides of an acute angle. Looking along this line I again saw the distinguished looking officer with the buck-skin gauntlets, and gold braid. In his hands now was a cedar stake which he had pulled from the fence. Where a nervous man swerved from the line he appeared behind him, crying "Close up. On your life!"

While that column of Southern chivalry quivered in the smoke and held two opposing lines at bay our battery was firing the double-canister, and in some instances one gun was trailed over another and our men on the left seemed in danger of being shot by their own guns.

The sun was now behind the mountain and the little cove at the base of the hill was dark with smoke. Suddenly the firing ceased. The flanking column had not dared to

emerge from the woods. And the battle of Fisher's Hill was over.

In the twilight our artillery began to withdraw, followed soon by the infantry, leaving only a rear-guard.

Sheridan followed our retreat up the valley completing the devastation begun by Hunter. In the language of General Fitz-Lee—"The beautiful Valley of Virginia was a barren waste, and from the mountain's breast was reflected the light of 2,000 burning barns, 70 mills filled with wheat and farming utensils, while in front of the victorious army were driven thousands of heads of stock."

Such was the prospect of the inoffensive citizens of the Valley as the winter of 1864 approached. And this was my answer to the Tennessee lady who had asked if the South would not have imposed harder terms on the North?

WHAT GOOD POSTURE DOES

Many people do not realize what a difference it makes how they carry themselves. To throw the shoulders back, the chest up and the stomach in puts the organs in their proper position. It automatically promotes deeper breathing, increasing the air supply to the lungs and thus increasing energy and promoting health.

That there are psychological and moral effects, as well as physical, from the manner in which a person carries himself, is realized by mankind, as shown by the words he uses. The word "inspire" means "to take in the breath." Inspiration and deeper breathing go together. When one is inspired, he breathes deeply; by reverse process, he who breathes deeply is more likely to be inspired. Erect posture is associated with the right kind of pride and moral character. We speak of an "upright" man; of one who "has slumped" or "stoops to" low methods.

Right posture is insisted on by physicians.

There are a few habits which make so much difference as the habit of posture. Like all habits, they are hard to form, but once established, require no effort. He who has "slumped" will find it difficult at first to carry himself properly. But it will grow easier with every effort, and, once the habit of standing, sitting and walking with the proper carriage is established, it requires no efforts and produces daily dividends of health and efficiency.

To correct posture is the easiest and cleanest way to enrich your life.—Reidsville Review.

HIGHLIGHTS ON PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURATIONS

(Selected)

The inaugural ceremony itself has no official sanction; the Constitution merely prescribes that the president shall take the oath of office.

The manner in which it is celebrated—the parades, military displays, balls, pageants, and so on all make it an accurate barometer of the state of the nation.

George Washington borrowed three thousand dollars to journey to New York to be inaugurated.

He wrote to a friend, "My feelings were not unlike those of a culprit going to execution."

He wore a complete suit of homespun so finely woven that it was universally mistaken for a foreign manufactured super-fine cloth. He was inaugurated on April 30, the delay due to bad weather and the roads. He was inaugurated in New York City on Wall and Broad Streets. His second inauguration was in Philadelphia.

The inauguation of Jefferson, 1801, was the first inauguration to be held in Washington. He was described as wearing "shabby clothes and hair". He had apparently made no preparation for the ceremony. He wore a blue coat with a thick gray collar, waistcoat with a red under-vest, green velveteen breeches with pearl buttons, yarn stockings, and slippers down at the heel. He delivered his address in an almost inaudible voice but it is one of our great State papers.

The inauguration of Madison was very much brighter and more ornate than that of Jefferson. All the militia came over from Georgetown and Alexandria to escort the new President to his new home. Following the precedent set by Washington, and to pay his due to American manufacturers, he wore a suit of dark brown cloth made from the wool of a Merino sheep bred by Robert Livingston, the wool being carded, spun, and woven by his daughter, a practice recommended to some of the lively ladies of the present vanity-box era. In the evening. at Long's Hotel in Georgetown, occurred the first real Inaugural Ball. Washington Irving wrote of the President-elect and his wife as follows: "Mrs. Madison is a fine, portly, buxom dame, but as to Jemmy, ah, he is but a withered little Apple John."

The present custom of holding the inaugural outdoors and later in the presence of immense crowds was due to a quarrel which occurred in 1817, when Monroe was inaugurated. Monroe informed the President of the Senate that he would take oath in the chamber of the House. Before the day came there was a disgraceful row between Henry Clay and the committee over the use of the chamber. As the Senate had already drawn up an elaborate set of exercises, the quarrel centered about the use of the furniture. So the committee erected an elevated portico in

front of Congress Hall and the custom has been followed ever since with certain exceptions usually due to bad weather.

In 1826, at the inauguration of Andrew Jackson, the only uniformed company of soldiers in Washington declined to escort him and a company of Revolutionary veterans tendered their services. The retiring President, Quincy Adams, having all the family traits, had refused to recognize Jackson, and Adams' supporters had distributed pamphlets reflecting upon Jackson's character. When Jackson got back to the White House, he threw the doors open to the public. These wild scenes seem strange to us now but they are part of our Govermental training.

VanBuren rode to the Capitol in an open carriage made for the occasion from the wood of the Frigate Constitution.

Harrison was inaugurated on a cold, stormy day; his address was read with uncovered head and the exposure is said to have hastened his death, which occurred a month later.

The inauguration of Lincoln, in 1861, was the most dramatic event in the history of our inaugurations, with the exception of that of Washington.

Grant's inauguration was marked with the greatest military display in our history up to that time.

Garfield was inaugurated in the presence of his aged mother the first mother, up to that time, who heard her son deliver his inaugural address.

Cleveland used the little Bible his mother had given him when a lad at both his inaugurations.

Roosevelt's inauguration was tragic on account of the assassination of McKinley. It was also dramatic. He was in the Adirondack Mountains at the time and for some time could not be located. Three relays of horses were used and torch bearers placed along the road to light his way to the railroad station. He was taken in a special train to Buffalo and was sworn in by John R. Hazel. His second inauguration, in Washington, 1905, was a very brilliant affair, five hundred thousand spectators being present.

Taft was inaugurated in a blizzard and for that reason the ceremony had to be conducted inside.

MILITARY SALUTE

The origin of the military salute is not definitely known. It was supposed to have been the custom in Rome at the time of Julius Caesar, for an inferior to raise the palm of his hand to the front of his cap to show that it contained no dagger. The reason for this was that assassinations were common in those days. It has been suggested that time and custom have modified this habit to the modern military salute.—Selected.

HOW ANIMALS HEAR

By Prof. John Harvey Furbay, Ph. D.

Because our ears are situated on the sides of our head, we might think that all animals' ears were located on the sides of their heads. However, this is not true. In fact, there are more animals which have their ears on other parts of the body than there are with ears on their heads.

Many interesting experiments have been made to find out what part of an animal's body is the organ of hearing. One of the classic stories regarding this, is of the scientist who was trying to prove that grasshoppers' ears were on their legs. According to the story, he placed a grasshopper on a board and made a loud noise. The grasshopper jumped. He then cut off all the grasshopper's legs, and made a loud noise again. This time the grasshopper did not jump. He then said he had proved that the ears were on the legs, and when the legs were cut off, the grasshopper could not hear, and therefore did not jump. However, he forgot that perhaps the reason the grasshopper did not jump was because he had no legs with which to jump.

In spite of stories of such crude experiments, many careful investigations have been made and numbers of interesting facts have been found.

Many of the lower animals do not hear at all. Those which live under water probably do not need this sense as much as those on land. Clams do not appear to have any way of hearing sounds; neither does the starfish. It is not definitely established whether an earthworm can hear or not. It has many little sensitive hairs over its body which may respond to sound, although probably these receive sensations of touch rather than sound when it flees into its burrow as we approach it. The jar of our walking is easily sensed by the earthworm.

The most interesting variations of "ears" appear in the insects. Their ears are often far less conspicuous than their eyes. Locusts and short-horned grasshoppers have large ears that can easily be seen on the sides of the body just back of the legs. They look like tight membranes stretched across round holes on the sides of the body. Look for them next time you catch one of these grasshoppers.

In many flies, such as the Blowfly, the ear is located in little hollow places at the base of each wing. Some other insects have numerous tiny "ears" which are nothing more than sensitive spots on the skin at various places on the body.

Certain Gnats and Midges have their ears on their feelers, near the base. There is a swollen place with a cup-shaped hollow which is covered with a delicate ear-drum. The ears of the males are much larger and better developed than those of the females. They evidently help the males in finding their mates. Males are said to be able to hear the humming flight of the female, and to determine the direction of the sound by these ears and the tiny sensitive hairs about them.

In Long-horned grasshoppers and crickets, there is a well-developed ear on each front leg, just below the knee-joint. The "shin" of these insects is swollen at this point, and a small ear-drum is located in these swellings.

As might be expected, only the insects which have the best-developed ears are able to "sing." In other words, they have "musical ears." The shrill chirping of crickets and grasshoppers, and the steady singing of locusts is associated with well-developed powers for hearing and appreciating each other's songs. As is true with us, the best singers have the best "ears for music."

This applies also to birds, which have very acute and sensitive powers of hearing. This power is evidently correlated, as in the case of the insects, with their ability to sing. The ears of birds are located on the sides of the head.

Among the higher animals, hearing organs are always located on the sides of the head. Fish, frogs, and turtles have ear-drums on their heads, but no large, flexible external ears on the outside of the head, as is found in the mammals. The large external-ears of the rabbit, the donkey, and some kinds of dogs, indicate that these animals should hear quite well, for these outer ears act as horns or loud-speakers, and catch slight sounds.

In man, the outer ear is fairly large; we have a good sense of hearing, but not as acute as that of a dog, which will prick up its ears at sounds which we have not heard at all. Blind people soon develop very good powers of hearing, because they have to depend on this sense for so much information. Singers and other musicians have well-developed and very sensitive powers of hearing, and can tell when a note is only slightly off-pitch.

Hearing, then, is quite universal in land animals, although the ears themselves may be located on various parts of the body.

JUST A SMILE

The thing that goes the farthest
Toward making life worthwhile—
That costs the least, and does the most,
Is just a pleasant smile.

It's full of worth and goodness,
And it's kindly in its bent—
It's worth a million dollars,
And it doesn't cost a cent.

—Selected.

AN ANCIENT FRUIT TREE

By Cora P. Emerson

The olive tree is said to be the Methuselah of the plant world. This evergreen tree has come down to us from prehistoric times. The early Greeks and Romans were using olive oil to anoint their bodies long before man learned how to make soap.

The olive tree is mentioned in the Bible. We are familiar with the story of the flood. When Noah sent the dove out of the ark, it returned with an olive leaf in its beak.

The cultivation of these trees began at a very early time. In 1776 B. C. we learn that the Greeks were crowning the victors of the Olympic Games with a wreath of olive leaves. These leaves were said to have come from the sacred grove of olive trees back of the temple of Zeus. According to tradition, these trees were planted by Heracles (Hercules), who was the founder of the games.

Men from all parts of the Greek world came together for these games, and thus friendship and unity were fostered. The olive leave became a symbol of trust and peace.

In many ways this ancient tree is no different from other fruit trees. It is a low branching evergreen from twenty to forty feet high. The leaves are not as large as those of the apple tree. They are stiff, narrow and dark green. The blossoms are small and white. They appear during June, July, and August. The fruit is a berried drupe of oblong shape. The skin of the fruit is smooth and nearly black, but the pulp is green.

Most of the fruit trees are short lived, while the olive tree lives to be several hundred years old. There are trees in California that were planted before the Declaration of Independence was signed. In the old world there are olive trees that have stood for nearly a thousand years. Someone has said that if a man plants a grove of olive trees he is laying up riches for his grandchildren.

An olive tree may blossom and have a small number of drupes by the time it is three years old. It does not yield fruit enough to pay for harvesting until it is ten years old. The amount of fruit increases each year. It does not yield a full crop until it is thirty years old.

The tree is a native of Asia Minor and southern Europe. It seems to thrive best in a soil made mostly by volcanic ashes. The Atlas region of northern Africa is well suited for raising olives, as is the southern part of Mexico, Arizona, and Peru.

Olive trees are easily grown. They are propograted from the seeds, from cuttings, sprouts, and suckers, also by layering. The trees are planted in rows from thirty to forty feet apart. The first grove in the United States was in California. It was planted by Spanish missionaries at an early date.

Palestine has a town by the name of Olivet, as well as the famous Mount of Olives. This mountain was named for the beautiful grove of olive trees that grew on it wes-

tern slope. Most of the trees are gone, but we shall always remember the mountain as the place where Christ taught his disciples the Lord's prayer. It was here that our Saviour wept over the conditions in Jerusalem.

Because of its strength and long life, the olive tree has always been respected. A small branch has for centuries been looked upon as an emblem of peace and prosperity.

In the fourteenth century an order of Benedictine monks was founded and given the name of Olivetans. In Spain on the west bank of the river Guadiana is a tow named Olivenza.

Olivine is the name given to a mineral that is found in lava, basalt and some meteorites. There seem two reasons for the name, the fact that it is found in volcanic ashes, and its peculiar olive-green color.

The wood of the olive tree is hard and has a beautiful grain. It takes a high polish. Woodworkers like it for ornamental cabinet work. The wood is of a pleasing color and has an agreeable odor.

Dried ripe olives are eaten in Greece, but in most places they are pickled before they are eaten. When pickled from the tree, green olives are extremely bitter and have to be soaked in lye before they are salted.

At the age of ten years an olive tree will yield six or seven gallons of olives. But when the tree is thirty years old it often produces as many as fifty gallons. Today, as in olden times most of the fruit is made into oil, for olives are from sixty to seventy per cent oil.

Olive oil is the lightest of all fixed oils. It is both a medicine and food. In southern Europe olive oil takes the place of butter. In some localities the fruit and oil take the place of bread and meat.

The rich yellowish-white oil that is obtained when the fruit is first crushed, is the oil used for salad dressing, cooking and medicine.

Water is then poured over the remaining pulp. This produces a greenish oil that can be used for lighting, soap-making, or any purpurpose where an inferior grade of oil is all that is needed.

Although the olive industry in California and other southwestern states has devloped rapidly, the United States imports both olives and olive oil. Our manufacturers buy millions of gallons of olive oil from the Mediterranean countries every year, as well as large quanties of the pickled olives.

Three Americans have memorials in Westminster Abbey: Henry W. Longfellow, in the Poets' Corner; James Russell Lowell, commemorating his service as American Ambassador to Great Britian, and Walter Hines Page, for the same distinction. The latter two memorials are in the vestibule of the Chapter House.—Selected.

NONE SO BLIND

By Ernest L. Thurston

Dave Osgood's great black riding horse suddenly pricked up its ears and swung its head to peer into the woods.

"What is it, Major?" Dave reined in to listen.

Presently the faint breeze bore to him the crack of a whip, sharp commands, and the thrashing of animals in harness.

Dave's lips tightened. For an instant he hesitated. Then, as a whip cracked again, he swung his mount around and threaded his way swiftly among the trees towards the source of the sounds. Shortly he reached the edge of a cut whose slope extended steeply downward to an earth road.

Just beneath him was a wagon loaded with firewood logs. It had bogged down, the wheels breaking through a frozen crust into the muck beneath. Its team of mules was thrashing about under the urgings of a slender young chap who stood on the logs. But the effort of the team was half-hearted.

Even as Dave glanced downward, the young chap yelled again and cracked his whip above the mules. Dave saw red. Already his quick glances had told him the animals showed harness sores. His hands drew on the reins in silent signal to go ahead.

The horse drew its feet together and slid down the slippery bank. The mules, sighting his coming, pricked up their tired ears. The driver stood motionless, his mouth half open in surprise, his whip partly raised, as rider and mount came to the bottom in safety.

Dave pulled up at a wagon wheel. "How dare you handle your mules like that, Jerry Little?" he demanded angrily.

Jerry had started to smile a greeting. It froze in the making. His grey eyes sparkled.

"The man said—" he choked. "Hey! What business is this of yours? These lazy beasts have got to jerk this load out."

He yelled at the mules. They threw themselves against their collars in a wild thrust that threatened the harness. Then they subsided with heaving sides.

"Stop it!" cried Dave sharply. Then he added quickly, "Treat those mules right and they'll do the trick. I could do it easy with them."

Jerry stifled a sharp retort, his cheeks red. "Oh, you could?" he sneered. "Let's see you."

Dave swung to the ground.

"Shall I hold your horse?" asked the other boy.

"I wouldn't have a fellow like you lay hands on my horse," flared Dave. "Besides, Major can be trusted."

As if to give the lie to the words, Major tossed his head, neighed in pure enjoyment, and loped off down the road. Jerry snickered.

Ignoring him, Dave walked to the mules. He was not so sure of success, but having boasted he had to

try. He patted the animals. They flattened their ears and nipped at him with bared teeth. One kicked at him. He paid little attention to these evidences of rough treatment.

Taking a shovel from the wagon, he cut sloping paths in front of each wheel and tamped in a little gravel from a roadside pocket. Then he took the reins. At once the animals quivered and jerked. He checked them, quieting them with his voice. Several times that happened, while Jerry looked on, grinning unpleasantly.

Finally the animals seemed to understand and strained at the traces in a different way. "Get up!" ordered Dave firmly. "Come on!"

Suddenly the wagon quivered, a wheel moved. "Now then," snapped Dave, clucking sharply. The mules stiffened to the task. Feeling the wagon start, they put forth renewed effort. Out came the wagon.

Dave stopped when they reached firm ground. "That's the way to handle 'em," he said sharply.

Jerry gave him an odd glance. "Thanks," he said shortly. "Shall I help you catch your horse?"

Dick grinned in turn. He whistled. Far down the road, Major lifted his head. He pirouetted on his legs and came tearing back. Beside his master he halted.

Mounting, Dave rode off without a glance. On sudden impulse, he turned back down the earth road, intending to return home by another woods trail. His mind was full of the meeting just past.

Jerry Little's family had recently come from town to take up a run-down farm not far from the Osgoods. They were not experienced in farming, and Dave had an idea they were due for hard times. The mules, he thought, had been bought from a road contractor who was selling his stock to avoid the cost of wintering it. That might account for the harness sores. Nevertheless, he felt he had given a needed lesson.

Suddenly he stiffened as another thought came to him. "Seems to me I remember that odd twisted birch log on top of that load. I do believe it's from our woodlot. This will bear looking into."

As swiftly as it was safe to travel, he hurried on to the woodlot that bordered the creek. His mouth set grimly as he noted fresh wagon tracks leading in. A most casual inspection showed timber had been taken. Angrily he swung his horse about and set out after the Little team. He caught up with it just at the turn-in to the Little farm.

"What do you mean," he flared as Jerry halted at his signal, "by stealing our firewood?"

Jerry stared. "Why—why—" he stammered, in evident confusion.

"You can't deny it. I traced you. Besides, I recognized that birch log. If—if you needed a load, we might have given you one, but to go and take it, to steal—"

Jerry whitened, though his eyes reddened and his fists clenched. "Sometimes mistakes occur," he began coldly.

"No mistake this time," whipped back Dave.

"If you say it's yours, I'll take your word for it," retorted Jerry.

"I'll return the wood. No—since you'd have to haul it later, I'll leave it in your yard."

"No," growled Dave. "Let it go, but keep out hereafter."

Jerry gathered up his reins, spoke to his team and drove on. He swung into the Osgood lane.

"I said, let it go," snapped Dave.

Ignoring him, Jerry drove on and up to the Osgood woodpile. There he began pitching off his load. When Dave, rather shamefacedly tried to help, he was ordered to keep "hands off." Then, without a backward glance, Jerry drove off.

Uneasy in mind, Dave watched him go. Later he sputtered and growled about the matter to his sister, Mollie. The rest of the family were away.

"It doesn't ring just right," responded Mollie, slowly. "Are you sure you didn't go off half cocked, Dave?"

"I know what I know," growled Dave.

"Probably," laughed Mollie.

Snow followed that night, deep and moist. Two days later a heavy thaw followed and water stood in fields and roads. Mollie, returning from a run to the village, brought the news, "The highway bridge was damaged in the freshet, and more people are using the earth road. It's terrible. I saw Jerry Little using his team to haul out one auto."

"And undoubtedly soaking the driver a pretty price," growled Dave.

Late in the afternoon he mounted Major and rode down to the woodlot to convince himself that no more firewood was being taken. Then he rode back up the road by the Little farm. He noted one field with standing water, and then he saw that Jerry was cutting a ditch to drain it into the roadside gutter. Nearby, in the road were the marks of stalled cars. Dave put two and two together, and rode on, ignoring Jerry, and striving to keep from speaking his mind.

"Why it's as easy to see as the eyes in your face," he complained to Mollie, later. "That chap is draining water into the road, so as to keep it so bad he'll have more people to haul out."

"I—I don't believe it," said Mollie, troubled.

"You never will see the evil in people," snapped Dave.

Several days later he had to haul a number of crates of winter apples to the station, to meet a rush order. He struggled along in low gear, thankful he knew every bog hole in that old road. Passing the Little farm, he noted additional evidence of stalled cars. But he saw, too, that gutter and culvert were cleared and water was running off freely.

"Guess the road inspector got onto his trick," he told himself, "and made Jerry put things right."

Just then the car lurched under him, and slowed down. Dave came back to his surroundings. He put on power. The wheels spun. The car stopped. In his moment of inattention he had dropped neatly into a well-known soft spot.

Raging inwardly, Jerry climbed down into the muck and collected brush from the roadside. With this he tried to make a mattress, to give

the car wheels traction. But they could not get a grip. He began to worry. The farm truck was laid up for repairs, and no help was at hand. He would have to unload, pull out, and load again.

"Want help?" called a familiar voice. Jerry leaned over the fence. "I'll get my team if you say so."

"And soak me a pretty penny for doing it," growled Dave.

"Glad to help out," said Jerry, shortly.

"N—" Dave began. Then he checked himself. That load had to catch the train. "Make it snappy, then," he growled. "I must catch the down freight."

Jerry swung away on the run. In a surprisingly short time, he came back astride one mule and leading the other. Rapidly and expertly he arranged tackle. Then, to Dave's surprise, he handled his team much as Dave himself would have done and —horsepower reinforced by mule power,—the car soon stood on firm ground.

"How much?" snapped Dave, as Jerry unhitched his team.

"No charge," returned the other. "Just a return favor for the other day." He swung onto a mule. "Gid-dap, Mike!" He was off.

"Grandstand play, knowing I'm on to his tricks," growled Dave.

After that, as winter moved on, he ignored Jerry. Once, coming from the post-office, he found Jerry patting Major. Without a word he crowded the other away, mounted and rode off.

Will Potter caught up with him as he left the village. The two rode on together.

"Nice chap, that Jerry," remarked Will presently. "He's carrying a full load, with his father sick."

"I don't like him," said Dave coldly.

"I've noticed that," returned Will. He said nothing more until they passed the Potter woodlot, which was just across the creek from the Osgoods. "I don't understand how Jerry manages to load timber all alone," he remarked then. "We've sold him a few loads. He's rigged up a sort of hand crane to help handle the big pieces. He—"

"How long ago did you arrange with him?" asked Dave.

"Oh, a month ago at least. He's been hauling when the roads are passable. Why?"

"Did you tell him what timber to take?"

"Why no," responded Will with a curious glance. "Told him where the lot was, down by the bridge, and told him to help himself."

"Good-by," snapped Dave, swinging around. "Got to go back."

He rode back uncomfortable in mind. Honesty drove him. At a road fork he met Jerry and reined in his horse. Even as Jerry stopped his team, his quick eyes noted that the mules looked better kept.

"Sorry about that wood," said Dave shortly. "Easy to see how you mistook our woodlot for Potter's. I—"

"Thanks," broke in Jerry. "Gid-dap, Mike!" He drove on.

Again days passed. Dave's parents were still detained away.

And to make matters worse, Mollie had to make a promised visit, and he

had to remain alone to care for the farm stock. With roads as they were, his chums were not likely to drop in. It was an aggravation to see the roof of the Littles' house, and know a young chap of his own age lived there.

Late one afternoon, he sped villagewards on errands. His desire for companionship made him linger. Dusk was beginning to fall when he topped a hill and saw, far to the right a mushrooming pillar of smoke and a faint giow. "No woods fire at this season," he told himself. "I wonder what that is."

He sped on. From the top of the next hill he knew he would have a better view. Skidding, he sent his car up as fas tas he dared. Over the crest he went, and the view opened before him. Then he gasped in dismay. Against the sunset glow, he made out his home and back of it the cowsheds. The barn was to the left, and from it thick smoke shot with red towered upward.

"Major!" he gasped. "I've got to get him out!"

Pressing down the accelerator he drove recklessly, though skilfully. Again and again the light car skidded, but he took up the slip expertly. Sobs choked him as, with each swift glance across-field, he saw the glow had deepened. True, he could make out scattering, scurrying black spots. Neighbors were on the way, but they would hardly be in time.

Then disaster overtook him. The car struck a stretch of glare ice. It swayed and whipped around. Desperately Dave strove to take up the skid. But the machine went out of control. It nose-dived into the ditch, tossing him sideways into a snow bank.

Picking himself up and digging the snow from his eyes and ears, Dave scrambled up the bank, toppled over the fence and ran staggering across-lots. The soft snow retarded him. Weariness tugged at him. Often he fell. But as he ran, he saw ahead other figures converging on the now roaring blaze. Among them he glimpsed one mounted figure, riding hard.

Nearer—nearer, yet so far. Suddenly Dave's very heart seemed pierced by the cry that came faintly to him. That unforgettable squeal of a horse in terror. Tears streamed down by the boy's cheeks.

Now, hardly able to keep his feet, he gained the yard. The dense smoke now mounted from every part, pouring even from the stable door that led to Major. Over the door, bright tongues of flame shot out. And in the upper sections of the barn great, billowing masses of orange-yellow flame writhed and twisted.

"I've got to get Major," Dave gasped.

"Too late," someone insisted, holding him against his struggles. "Besides someone went in for him."

They waited, Dave still struggling feebly. A section of roof fell, sending sparks streaming high. A side of the building began to bow out. The fire roared and crackled angrily. Dave buried his head in his arms.

"Look!" cried an excited voice.

Dave looked up. From the door, as if propelled from a mortar, shot a black horse. Around its head was

a coat, held tight by a blackened figure that clung to the animal's neck. As the animal was caught by the nearest man, the figure on the horse slipped to the ground and lay with clothes smoking and flaming.

Running forward with the rest, Dave found himself looking down into the blistered face of Jerry Little.

Willing hands bore him away for the first woman arrival to care for. Then Dave with the others worked hard to save the sheds and the house. It was a bitter battle that lasted more than an hour and ended with all safe except the barn. That lay a blackened heap of ruins.

As Dave finally came towards the house, Jerry came out, a mass of bandages. Dave tried to speak, but Jerry beat him to it.

"Is Major all right?" he asked. "Let me see him. I couldn't bear to think of his being trapped there. You showed me what kindness to animals would do. The man who sold us the mules said we would have to treat 'em rough to get work out of 'em."

"I'll never forget your saving Major," said Dave. He whistled rather tremulously but Major came tearing up to be petted. After nosing his master, his head swung around to Jerry, he whickered softly.

"Why, you're friends," cried Dave. "Major knows. There are none so blind at those who won't see, Jerry. Come, ride him home. I'll go on the mule."

Jerry gave him a glance that was thanks enough. Happy, but silent, the rode slowly, to ease, as much as possible, the rescuer's hurts.

As they passed Dave's ditched car Jerry broke the silence. "Have to harness up the mule team and get the car out, Dave. You know, I've had real fun helping people out of the mud this winter. Just the appreciation of the motorists was thanks enough. I tried to drain the road, but that did not wholly cure those mudholes. You see—"

"I do see," grinned Dave, "at last. *Boy*, what time we have ahead of us, old chum."

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

—Shakespeare.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Reports from the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, are that Patton Capps, of Cottage No. 13, who is being treated for a knee injury, is getting along very nicely.

—o—

Our poultryman reports that his five hundred baby chicks, the first of the season, are getting off to a good start. We hope to get some of our early Fall layers from these early chicks.

—o—

R. B. Norton, of Cottage No. 7, who underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Concord Hospital some time ago, has made rapid recovery, and we hope to have him back at the School soon.

—o—

Our herd of Holstein cows was recently tested for Bang's disease. One was found to be infected, and was slaughtered immediately. Our cows are tested yearly for this disease and tuberculosis.

—o—

Hugh Fesperman, formerly of Cottage No. 2, who was paroled a little more than two years ago, visited the School last week-end. Hugh is now living in Kannapolis, where he is employed in a cotton mill, and reports that he is getting along nicely.

—o—

Due to the rainy weather during the early part of the week, the boys on our outside forces spent most of the time indoors. Part of this time was utilized by shelling peanuts for planting, this work being done in some of the cottage basements. Between the showers a carload of coal was unloaded at our siding and the barn boys hauled coal to the various buildings on the campus.

—o—

George Gurganus, 19 years old, formerly of Cottage No. 1, called on us last Wednesday. He has been away from the School more than two years. Upon being paroled George went to Asheville, where he was employed as messenger boy for the Western Union. Several months ago he went to Charlotte and was employed for a while in the old Dutch Bakery. George tells us that he obtained employment with the Charlotte News a couple of weeks ago and is now serving an apprenticeship on the linotype machine. He says he likes his new work very much and is going to stick to it.

—o—

Henderson Sarvis, of Bessemer

City, one of our old boys, called on friends at the School last Thursday. After staying at the institution about eighteen months, he was paroled August 5, 1921. During his stay here Henderson was a member of the barn force, and played bass horn in the School band. For the past eleven years, he has been regularly employed as a barber, having worked in his present place of occupation for nine years. He informed us that he is married and has two sons, aged nine and ten years, respectively. Henderson expressed his appreciation for what the School had done for him, and seemed to be delighted to meet old friends among the officers, who were equally glad to see him and to learn that he has done so well.

—o—

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read II Samuel 15: 22 30, and John 18: 1.

Rev. Baumgarner's talk to the boys was on the subject, "David as a Character That Foreshadowed Christ," in which he called attention to somewhat similar characteristics in the lives of both.

Here are some facts concerning the life of Christ, listed by the speaker: (1) Christ was the greatest king the world has ever known; (2) He established a kingdom in Heaven; (3) Christ was chosen by God; (4) people sang praises and followed Jesus; (5) Christ had no sin, but suffered for the sins of the whole world; (6) Christ was betrayed by Judas, one of His disciples, and the same people who sang His praises when He made His triumphal entry into Jerusalem, later were ready to follow the mob who would crucify Him; (7) Christ was willing to act according to the wishes and divine plan of God. He crossed over the brook, Cedron, to a garden to pray, at the same time telling His disciples they could not suffer the things He suffered; (8) Christ prayed to God for support, strength and help in His hour of trial—in His agony in Gethsemane, He prayed, "Oh, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt"; (9) Judas, the betrayer of Jesus, went out and hanged himself; (10) Christ was hung on the cross, but triumphed over death.

Rev. Baumgarner then cited some facts in the life of David: (1) David was the greatest king Israel ever had; (2) He accomplished things for his country that other kings had not—he established a kingdom on earth; (3) David was chosen by God; (4) He was praised and honored for what he had done; (5) the Heaven-wide difference between Christ and David was that the latter realized that his sins were ever before him; (6) David was betrayed by his own son Absalom, who stirred up the people against his father; (7) David had betrayed a friend and because of this sin he was willing to give himself up—fleeing over the brook, Kidron, and at the same time begging his friends to go back and not suffer with him; (8) David prayed for

strength and here it is supposed he wrote the 3rd Psalm, "Lord, how are they increased that trouble me, many are they that rise up against me"; (9) Absalom, his father's betrayer, while fleeing was caught on a tree by his flowing hair and a soldier killed him with a sword; (10) David's army won, but his victory was turned into mourning for his son, Absalom.

If David was a great king, continued the speaker, then Christ was his "greater Son," because He had to bear alone the burden of the sins of the world.

In conclusion Rev. Baumgarner said we should not trifle with sin today, for we know the dangers of a sinful life. Since Jesus so willingly gave His life in order to save us from sin, we should give ourselves to Him.

LIFE

To the preacher, life's a sermon,
  To the joker, it's a jest;
To the miser, life is money,
  To the loafer, life is rest.

To the lawyer, life's a trial,
  To the poet, life's a song;
To the doctor, life's a patient,
  Who needs treatment right along.

To the soldier, life's a battle,
  To the teacher, life's a school;
Life's a "good thing" to the grafter;
  It's a failure to the fool.

To the man upon the engine,
  Life's a long and heavy grade;
It's a gamble to the gambler,
  To the merchant, life's a trade.

Life is but a long vacation,
  To the man who loves his work;
Life's an everlasting effort
  To shun duty, to the shirk.

Life is useful or unuseful,
  Life is false or life is true;
Life is what we try to make it—
  Brother, what is life to you?

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

By reason of having made outstanding records in their respective cottages, five boys from each group are selected each week for the Cottage Honor Roll.

Week Ending March 17, 1935

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Wayne Fowler Earl Rogers
Robert Radford Lewis Tarkington
Ashley Thompson

COTTAGE No. 1

Clifford Bowers Ivan Morrozoff
Joe Johnson Otis Therrell
J. R. Williamson

COTTAGE No. 2

Edgar Anderson James Cooper
Virgil Cecil Thomas Horton
Henry Tucker

COTTAGE No. 3

Robert Ashe James Burns
William Barber Percy Gurganious
Cleveland Wilson

COTTAGE No. 4

James Bartlett Roland Davis
Fleming Collins Bobbie Orrell
Robert Penland

COTTAGE No. 5

Willie Ange Claude Hoyle
Maynard Hicks Paul Johnson
George Kye

COTTAGE No. 6

Earl Barnes Clinton Keen
Thomas Hamilton James Stepp
Joe Wheeler

COTTAGE No. 7

Boyd Barringer Joe Long
Emerson Frazier Jack Pyatt
Floyd Watkins

COTTAGE No. 8

John Auton Sam Belk
Charles Banks Henry Flowe
Wallace Pendergraft

COTTAGE No. 9

Charles Crotts Levi Merritt
Lee Dickens Edgar Lee White
Bryan Williams

COTTAGE No. 10

Jack Baity Troy Reynolds
James Kellum Fred Ward
Winston Strickland

COTTAGE No. 11

John Cantrell Bennie Moore
Lewis Crawford Charles Smith
Cecil Webb

COTTAGE No. 12

Earl Atwood Alfred Holleman
Walter Beaver Ely Philemon
John Owens

COTTAGE No. 13

Urban Hill Eugene Smith
Linwood Potter Elbert Williams
Howard Wilson

COTTAGE No. 14

Jack Comer Berry Rogers
Howard Cook Joe Stockton
Wilbur Suit

COTTAGE No. 15

Robert Alexander Wyatt Medlin
John Caddell Sam Pegram
Glenn Stewart

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 30, 1935 No. 13

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CHARACTERISTICS OF SUCCESS

To be able to make use of criticism without letting it whip you.

To be able to do one's duty when one is not checked up.

To be able to carry money without spending it.

To be able to bear an injustice without retaliating.

To be able to keep at the job until it is finished.—The City Builder.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

MARCH

When you remember that all the playmates Celia Thaxter had were birds and flowers and sea and rocks, you will not wonder that all her poems are full of the same things. They made the days wonderfully sweet and full for her. She loved beauty and saw it everywhere. Each new flower as it blossomed gave her a fresh delight.

Watching eagerly for the spring, she hailed even March with joy. In spite of the tempests and furies that came to the Isles of Shoals with the March winds, along came the early flowers.

Throwing open her window one early morning she saw the first daffodill. Its shining yellow made it seem to her like fairy gold. The purple crocuses seemed like bubbles of amethyst, a rare jewel. There were snowdrops, too, and hyacinths. What does the poem say these are like?

Would you like to be able to see things in the way Celia Thaxter did? You will find that she uses her imagination all through her poems.

Do you know the names of the months in order? If you do you can think for yourself what the last line of the poem means.

I wonder what spendthrift chose to spill
Such bright gold under my window sill!
Is it fairy gold? Does it glitter still?
Bless me! It is but a daffodil!

And look at the crocuses, keeping tryst
With the daffodil by the sunshine kissed!
Like beautiful bubbles of amethyst
They seem, blown out by the earth's snow mist.

And snowdrops, delicate, fairy bells,
With a pale green tint like the ocean swells;
And the hyacinths waving their perfumed spells!
The ground is a rainbow of asphodels!

Who said that March was a scold and a shrew?
Who said she had nothing on earth to do
But tempests and furies and rages to brew?
Why, look at the wealth she has lavished on you!

O March that blusters and March that blows,
What color under your footsteps glows!
Beauty you summon from winter snows,
And you are the pathway that leads to the rose.

—Selected.

HOW A CALIFORNIA GIRL WON RECOGNITION

For the benefit and edification of the readers who love southern history this issue of The Uplift carries an article, "How A California Girl Won Recognition", from the facile pen of Mrs. Al Fairbrother, a southern girl and a tried and true North Carolinian.

We have read and re-read the engaging article and never during the life of the writer have we ever seen so much history, and true history, crammed in such a short space and told in a manner that holds the attention to the last word. It is an article that should be placed in the school room and in some manner the different items taught till every child knows the different events and the courageous men who participated in giving the south such a noble heritage.

It is a subject that requires study so that one may assimilate with a better understanding of the many handicaps overcome before there can be the right appreciation of the "Building of the South."

Without reservation we take pleasure in saying that United Daughters of the Confederacy should see that "How a California Girl Won Recognition" be widely distrubted so that the children of the south know more southern history.

* * * * * * *

AN ADDITION TO THE LIBRARY

The King's Daughters Library has received another contribution of books and the many boys have already begun to stand in line so as to be among the first to read the new books.

This time the gift, consisting of twenty books of fiction on subjects of interest to boys, comes through the influence of Mrs. Bru ton, who is active in the work of the First Baptist Church, Reidsville. This gift is peculiarly fitting since about two-thirds of our boys are from Baptist homes—homes that have been broken up in many instances because of marital differences, or poverty.

Also, Francis Hart, one of our old boys, recently gave eight volumes of fiction to Cottage No. 7, with the provision that after the

boys of that cottage read the books, they are to be placed in the Library for the benefit of all the boys.

Thomas Carlyle, a Scotchman, and one of the most original and vigorous writers of his age, says, "The true university of these days is a collction of books."

Our Library has proven to be a great stimulus to the boys for more and better literature, therefore, we beg that our interested friends keep in mind that all discarded books, of good literature, can be used at this institution.

Our goal is to have one of the best libraries in the State.

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REFORMS FOLLOW TRAGEDIES

We have hesitated to mention the brutal treatment of the prisoners in Mecklenburg county. This paper is the mouth-piece of an institution that has the moulding and making of better citizens of the boys who never had a chance, therefore, we know full well that there is something of greater importance in moulding character than the physical power to wield the lash and shoulder a gun. Officers chosen to supervise this class of criminals should have the combination of a sympathetic human understanding with the necessary sternness to properly discipline.

It is an "ill wind that blows no good," therefore, we believe that this inhumane treatment that has focused the attention of the state upon the prison system of discipline will bring about an adequate parole system, a reward system in lieu of punishment, and some training, either to learn to read and write, or a vocational training for the inmates of all institutions.

By the reward system, hope would be planted in the prisoner's breast, which is the first step toward regeneration, and by education or vocational training the basest would be given a definite purpose when passing out over the threshold of any penal institution in the country.

This question is a most complex one to be worked out, and is as necessary as any question that contributes to the welfare of the home and society and we commend the committee who have been

invested with power to work order (in the penal institutions) out of chaos.

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TRUTH, A DIVINE ATTRIBUTE

"Hypocrisy is the only evil that walks invisible, except to God", declared Milton, the blind poet, It is true that the unseen, and invisible power that ruleth all things is omnipotent, but it is equally true that there is the gift of power, that indescribable intuition in human nature, especially in those built upon the finer elements of life, to discern the veneer of hypocrisy.

Sincerity is truthfulness, emanating from the heart, the source of all fine impulses, and when in the presence of such a character the atmosphere radiates truth and simplicity, because there is not a suggestion of wishing to deceive by outward demeanor.

The only safe mode of life is the kind that rings true, between whose inside and outside there is no discrepancy. There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed. For instance a tree stripped of its outer covering shows every branch, knot and other blemishes. A wood technologist can in the most minute style show that all blemishes start from the tree's heart, the same holds true in human life.

Therefore, the person who practices chicanery and indulges in juggling words is planting dangerous germs that will prove a thin veneer of hypocrisy that sooner or later will mark one as a 'gay deceiver."

The moral to the lesson of life is "to keep the heart pure and delightful, for out of it are the issues of life." Besides, remember that "truth" is a divine attribue, the very foundation of every virtue to be desired.

* * * * * * *

WAR ON ILLITERACY

There are in this country 4,000,000 illiterates, and 8,000,000 others whose reading and writing are so limited that they are classed as "near-illiterates." The FERA expects to reach 2,000,000 who

have not been helped by existing state educational activities. What is wrong? Is it the compulsory school law, not made effective, or is it the fault of the schools?

However, let the cause be what it may, there is no reason to stop the war on illiteracy with the hope of thinning the ranks of illiterates. If for no other reason than to lessen the crime wave that is sweeping over the country. Ignorance is one of the contributing factors to crime.

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THINK OF IT!

Knowing that there are 3,000,000,000 pounds of soap used annually in the United States, and if divided out would mean 25 pounds to each person, the conclusion is that if used for the purpose intended there is no reason in the world that any individual should permit their skins to become grimy or dirty.

Some one has taken the time to work out the problem to the effect that if the soap used was in cases there would be enough to pave a highway 10 feet wide completely around the world at the equator. This means how many miles? The story sounds a little soft-soapy, but it may be true.

* * * * * * *

SUCCESS

It is the man who watches the storm clouds and continues to turn the hay while the sun shines if he saves all his hay, during the season to cure forage. The wise old man, Thomas Edison said, "the successful man not only makes hay while the sun shines, he makes it from the grass other people let grow under their feet, and neither does he make it sitting under the shade of the tree." "Time and tide waits for no man," was one of the copies in the old Spencerian copy books, when writing a legible hand was an essential, and such copies took lodgment deep down into the life of the children of the "ole-school."

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

A LENTEN PRAYER

"Our broken spirits, pitying, see;
True penitence impart;
And let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

"When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly Thine."

—o—

The general practice is to swear in public officials, and then cuss them out.

—o—

More people are worried over things that never happen than they are over those that do happen.

—o—

Stay on the right hand side of the mark in the middle of the highways, and you will lessen accidents.

—o—

With a great many people money comes first. But the trouble is we can't make it last.

—o—

Happiness is the art of never holding in your mind the memory of any unpleasant thing that is once passed.

—o—

Co-operation would solve most of our problems. Freckles would become just a nice coat of tan if they would only get together.

Seeing is not always believing. There are a great many people you can see, but not believe.

—o—

Of all the things that keep people active, it is curiosity. It keeps a whole lot of people busy, from morn till night, and then works over time.

—o—

It is all right for a motorist to take half the road, but the great trouble is they seldom let you know which half they are going to take.

—o—

The one who thinks of life as a burden comes, before long, to find it so. The one who is always looking for beauty and cheer finds them in most unexpected places.

—o—

Write your name in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of those with whom you come in contact year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

—o—

Every now and then there is a cut up in Congress, which is not altogether edifying. Instead of cutting up, our Congressmen should be cutting down.

—o—

So many of us are so prone to criticize the mistakes of others, forgetting that we are not paragons, and immune to mistakes ourselves. We never do see ourselves as others see us.

—o—

If you will notice things in this world even up pretty well, all round.

The fellow wth less hair to comb has more face to wash. And the person with false teeth is never bothered with the tooth-ache.

—o—

Just to pass on a story picked up through the medium of reading letters to Raleigh News and Observer's editor: A family named Penny down Edenton way named their eleventh child Sale Tax. If he is a boy the State will collect when he gets old enough.

—o—

A bandit shot point-blank at Herman Nageli, Wisconsin filling station operator, but no serious harm was done since the bullet struck a silver dollar in his vest pocket. And Ferris Bark, an Oklahoma lad, owes his life to the fact that his heart is on the right side of his body. A bullet passed through his left side.

—o—

Though you're as blue as indigo, look cheerful. You know the heavens are the happiest when they are the bluest. You're prettier when you smile, you know, look cheerful. The world abhors a gloomy face, and tales of woe are common place. So stir yourself, and take a brace up. Look cheerful—that is, as cheerful as you can.

—o—

Americans who wish to understand the Italy-Abyssinian imbroglio—which is of international importance inasmuch as it is complicating the already chaotic European situaton—would do well to think of it in the light of the Japan-China issue. Like China, Abyssinia is an independent power—and like China, it is a hundred years behind the times. Italy, like Japan, is an up-to-date nation which needs new territory. China possesses a wealth of mineral resources,which Japan wants—and Abyssinia possesses a wealth of gold which Italy wants. If Italy and Abyssinia fight, it seems inevitable that the latter will lose. Victorious Italy would then establish an Abyssinian protectorate—and reap the rich rewards.

—o—

Anything which strikes at the welfare of basic industries strikes immediately at their welfare—and therefore at the welfare of every person who has a dollar in the bank or is the owner of an insurance policy. To blame these conditions on a man, a party, or a group would be unjust. National distress naturally breeds experiment—the need for alleviation is so great that it seems as if anything were worth trying. But the great responsibility falls upon those given high public office in such times—namely the responsibility of protectng our constitutional rights and privileges. There can be no greater duty, and no more necessary task. If mistakes are made, they will be forgiven—but they should be corrected, not continued. There are signs that this is being done now—signs pointing to a re-approachment between political and industrial leaders. If these groups honestly seek to co-operate to iron out misunderstandings and differences, our nation will make real progress towards recovery—we will regain the priceless ingredient of good times, CONFIDENCE. Let it once be known that investments will be encouraged and

protected by government, that the honest business has nothing to fear from political influences, that savings will be held inviolate by those trusted with the management of our national affairs, that private property rights will be held sacred, and the road to prosperity will stretch clearly ahead. There should be no despair on the part of the people. Our land is still feritle. Our industries are still great. Our intellectual abilities have been increased by the ordeal of depression. Only that intangible element—CONFIDENCE, based on the knowledege that our constitutional ideals will be maintained, not destroyed—is needed now.

WHEN THE GREAT GUEST CAME

While the cobbler mused, there passed his pane
  A beggar drenched by the driving rain.
He called him in from the stony street,
  And gave him shoes for his bruised feet.

The beggar went, and there came a crone,
  Her face with wrinkles of sorrow sown;
A bundle of faggots bowed her back,
  And she was spent with the wrench and rack.
He gave her his loaf, and steadied her load
  As she took her way on the weary road.

Then to his door came a little child,
  Lost and afraid in the world so wild.
In the big, dark world. Catching it up,
  He gave it the milk in the waiting cup,
And led it home to its mother's arms,
  Out of the reach of the world's alarms.

The day went down in the crimson west,
And with it the hope of the Blessed Guest,
And the cobbler sighed as the world turned gray,
  "Why is it, Lord, that your feet delay;
  Did you forget that this was the day?"

Then soft in the silence a Voice he heard:
  "Lift up your heart, for I kept My word.
Three times I came to your friendly door;
  Three times My shadow was on your floor.
I was the beggar with bruised feet,
  I was the woman you gave to eat;
  I was the child on the homeless street."

—Edwin Markham.

HOW A CALIFORNIA GIRL WON RECOGNITION

By MRS. AL FAIRBROTHER, HISTORIAN
General Joe Wheeler Chapter, U. D. C.
Long Beach, California

"I think I shall compete for one of those prizes," said Rosa Tompkins to a companion as they emerged from the City Library one day last summer after a long and interesting morning spent in research work.

"What prizes do you mean?" inquired the girl friend, who, like Rosa, was a member of the School in Journalism at the Woodrow Wilson High School at Long Beach, California.

"Why, did you not see the list? I mean the list left by the Historian of the General Joe Wheeler Chapter of prizes offered by the General Organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy for the best essays correcting some of the common errors of Southern history written by uninformed or prejudiced historians and introduced into our schools as text books, from which the young people of this generation are expected to get their information and impressions of the tragic days of 1861-65."

"I take very little interest in prize offers of any kind," replied Christina Johansson, the girl friend, "they are nearly all fakes. Anyway, I know I would never win one, to waste my time on anything so unprofitable?"

"Well, I know these are not fakes," retorted Rosa rather warmly. "The U. D. C. is not a fake organization and the noble, self-consecrated women who founded it and who are carrying on the work today would feel outraged and insulted at such an insinuation."

"My, you needn't get so hot about it," remarked the other, "you act like a real southern rebel."

"Ah, there you have it! The text books again. The people of the seceding states were not rebels, on the contrary they were simply upholding their constitutional rights which had never before been questioned, although Massachusetts and others of the New England states had several times threatened to secede, notably prior to the war of 1812, and nobody thought of making war on Massachusetts. However, a southern man, Henry Clay, seeing the danger of the New England states being annexed to England, felt that war must be declared to prevent future interference with American seamen. If there was any rebellion anywhere it was the North rebelling against the South. And not only rebelling against it but invading it and attempting to cœrce it. And the South is not alone in this opinion. Fair-minded thinking people of the North are willing to concede it. Even the son of the woman whose book, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' had more to do with bringing on the war between the States than any other one thing, is on record as

having expressed that conviction. In an address a few years ago—I think about 1910 or 1911—at Fiske University, Nashville, Tennessee, a leading educational institution for negroes in the South, Charles E. Stowe, son of Harriet Beecher Stowe, is quoted as saying: "It is evident that there was a rebellion, but the North were the rebels not the South. The South stood for states' rights and slavery, both of which were distinctly entrenched in the Constitution." And another high authority, Professor Goldwin Smith, the Canadian author, who strongly championed the U. S. Government during the war and wrote some very harsh criticisms of the South, said: "You cannot accuse the sooothern leaders of being rebels because secession is not rebellion."

"Well, that's news to me. I had always understood that the Confederate soldiers were rebels."

"They were not rebels for the reason that sovereign independent states, co-equal, could not rebel against each other. They may have rebelled at the treatment they were receiving from some of the citizens of the northern states who were persuading their negroes to run away and keeping them in hiding, which, as long as the Constitution recognized them as property, was as much theft as stealing a man's watch or anything else that he possessed. But they were not rebelling against any government. They could not do it. They could make war on another state but they did not care to do that. Instead they proposed to withdraw or secede from the Union of States and set up a government of their own which, they believed, would better protect their interests."

"But they wanted to set up an opposition government and disrupt the government of which they were a part," Christina insisted.

"Not so fast, my friend. Remember we were not a nation until after the War between the States had been fought and won by the Union forces. Of course some of the war-mad politicians at the North tried to claim that we were, but under the wisest and generally accepted interpretation of the Constitution we were simply a federation of independent sovereign states, each state having the right to manage its own affairs and decide its own destiny. I was just reading in the library some very interesting and valuable data sent out by the Historian General in connection with the list of prize offers. It was especially interesting to me, certainly if I undertake to write a paper on southern history. Speaking of constitutional rights, on which the seceding states were standing, the Historian General says: 'Judge William Rawls, of Pennsylvania, one of America's ablest authorities on the Constitution, had written a text book under the title, Views of the Constitution, which text book was studied at West Point. In it he says: 'If the states are interfered with, they may wholly withdraw from the Union and their secession depends on the will of their people. The Union was formed by voluntary agreement of states, and the Federal Government would have no means of maintaining its claim against secession, either by

force or by right.' Have you never seen 'The Birth of a Nation' on the screen? Of course you know it was a dramatization of Tom Dixon's 'Clansman.' And by the way, I can't understand why this particular movie should be banned in some of the northern and western cities since it is history to the letter, without exaggeration or distortion. There would be as much logic in suppressing a movie depicting the French Revolution because it was so terrible. The American people, all of them, should know the true history of their nation, every part of it, and now that we are one, could better understand and appreciate each other for that knowledge."

"No, I never saw 'The Birth of a Nation' and don't care to see it. I am very well satisfied with the grand old U. S. A., just as it is. I am not interested in any crowd that tried to overthrow the government."

"You are wrong there too," replied Rosa with her usual tenacity when she was sure she was right. "They did not desire nor attempt to overthrow the Federal Government. All they wanted was to quietly withdraw and be allowed to run their own affairs in their own way. They simply wanted to be in a position to enjoy the rights guaranteed to them when they ratified the Constitution. As far back as 1833 John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, speaking of secession said: 'Whenever the time comes for seceding it were better for the people of these disunited states to part in friendship from each other than to be held together by restraint.'"

That the Federal authorities knew it was not rebellion is proven by the fact that President Davis and other southern leaders were never brought to trial. Chief Justice Chase said: "If you bring these leaders to trial it will condemn the North, for by the Constitution secession is not rebellion." Wendell Phillips, a bitter enemy of the South, admitted that "Looking back upon the principles of '76 the South had a perfect right to secede." Daniel Webster had said the same, as had also Horace Greeley. Even Lincoln himself had to admit that it was true, but Lincoln was swayed by the frenzied abolitionists and was willing to make any sacrifice to preserve the Union."

"You talk very learnedly," said her companion derisively, "you probably know all about it."

"No, I don't know all about it, but I know a good deal about it," replied Rosa composedly. "My people are all from the South, the fact is I was born there myself. My grandparents lived there through the War between the States and my grandfather served as Major in the southern army. I have heard them discuss the causes that led to the war and I have learned a great deal more from them than I have from text books. And then my mother belongs to the General Joe Wheeler Chapter U. D. C. and is very much interested in having us children know the TRUTH about the part played by the South in that bloody conflict."

"Well, I am glad that none of my people participated in it I know nothing about it and don't care to know anything about it," came the rath-

er impatient retort, indicating a desire to dismiss an uninteresting subject.

But Rosa would not have it so. She was intensely loyal to the land of her forefathers and sincerely in earnest in wanting to correct wrong impressions entertained by persons, who, unlike herself, had not had advantages of first hand information. She was disposed to be very charitable and considerate of people, especially of young people, who had been brought up on frightfully distorted stories about the South and its institutons, their imaginations fired by such allegedly patriotic stories as Barbara Fritchie. Ishmæl Day and the rest of that kind of fiction. And so she was determined whenever opportunity presented itself to do her small part in trying to overcome unwarranted prejudices. Her school friend, of whom she was very fond, was a product of the Middle West, of Swedish extraction although born a full fledged American. Her grandfather coming from the Old Country in early pioneer days took a homestead in one of the frontier states after taking out his naturalization papers. Her father being under age escaped the draft in the call to arms in the early sixties. And so naturally Christina's family not being in the conflict and a long way from the scene of action, was not affected in any way by the national upheaval. And so, if any American could be impartial she was certainly in a position to look squarely and broadly at both sides. For this reason Rosa felt that she had a good subject and was encouraged to go on.

"See here, Christina," she said, "you are a sensible, fair-minded girl. You know me, you know my parents, you know my grandfather, and you don't think we are such terrible people, do you? If you knew how dear to us who are southern born are the principles for which our fathers fought, as never any people fought before, you would not treat the subject as lightly as you do. We only want TRUTH and justice. And we believe that in this later day, now that we are a truly united people when the smoke of passion has cleared away, that the rising generation will welcome the truth if the truth is properly presented to them. And I want you, if you are my friend, to help me get the truth across to the young people of our acquaintance, particularly of the Woodrow Wilson High School in this city."

This appeal from her closest school friend impressed Christina who was sobered by the earnestness and evident sincerity of Rosa's challenge.

"Of course I am willing to know the truth of any proposition, and willing to help promulgate it. But I really know nothing in the world about the South or the War between the States, then how can I be expected to share your interest and enthusiasm?"

"I will undertake to instruct you," replied Rosa, "and I will guarantee you will find it the most fascinating history study you ever engaged in. As a first lesson I will give our authority for designating this particular conflict as the 'War between the States,' which is no other than the Supreme Court of the United States

of America. In referring to the war then in progress the Court speaks of it as the 'war being waged between the northern and southern states.' It goes on to say that 'several of these states have combined to form a new Confederacy.' So when the highest tribunal in the land has so named it we are certainly authorized in accepting it as historically correct."

"That's all right," agreed Christina, "but is not the term 'Civil War' universally used by writers in the South as well as at the North?"

"To our shame be it said that has been for years," assented Rosa, "and in the light of this generation it is hard to understand just how it came about. But in this instance, as in almost all others, it took the women to correct the wrong done the South in the revolutionary appellation, carrying with it the stigma of ignominious warfare. In the heat and fury of contending forces some rabid frantic at the North cried 'civil war' and the South was too busy fighting for its very life to take time to discuss it. You know how easy it is for political slogans to take hold and finally to be accepted without question. It was not until the U. D. C. got on the war path and went after some of these long neglected abuses that records were looked up and authorities established. In addition to the Supreme Court of the United States we find that in England's declaration of neutralty she recognized this as a war between two GOVERNMENTS and not between two parties of the same state."

"That is all very interesting," said Christina, "but the South must have a great deal of interesting history apart from this particular war period which everybody who talks about the South seems to dwell on so much. I know that the first English colonies settled there, that the oldest town in America is in Florida, and that the southern states, especially Virginia, in the early days produced many of our leading statesmen, for the reason that it was the most settled part of the country. I have always thought of it as a land of romance where women were idle and men were chivalrous, caring for nothing much but having a good time. I have often thought that I would have liked to live in such a country during the days when everybody had plenty of money with nothing to do except to enjoy life."

"There you are wrong again," replied Rosa, "but the South really has a wonderful, a marvelous history. However it is too late to start on it today. It is a long story. Wait until I write my prize essay—you see I expect to win a prize—and I will let you criticize and revise it before I send it away."

And with that the girls separated, Christina going on a vacation back to her old home in the Middle West. Rosa preferred to remain at home that she might write her contemplated essay which she got to work on at once.

PART SECOND

Rosa began her essay with a brief resume of the building of the nation from the founding of Jamestown to the election of an Alabama negro to Congress from Chicago on the Democratic ticket in November 1934. She

called attention to the fact that prior to 1860 the United States had had fifteen presidents, nine of whom were from the South; that nearly all the men most prominent in public life until that time had been slave holders, now so much maligned. She cited the fact that at the first Continental Congress Peyton Randolph of Virginia was chosen president of the body; and that when a resolution had to be drawn declaring that these colonies had to be free and independent states Richard Henry Lee was chosen to write it. When some one was wanted to write the Declaration of Independence Thomas Jefferson was selected. The first Declaration of Rights ever passed on this continent was given by George Mason of Virginia, and when it became necessary to have a commander-in-chief for the army they chose George Washington. Then there must be a commander-in-chief for the navy and James Nicholson, also of Virginia, was the choice. And when it was found that a paper stronger than the articles of the Confederation was needed our James Madison was chosen to write it—that great document which was our Constitution before amended since the War between the States. And again when they needed a Chief Justice who could interpret that Constitution did they not select that most eminent jurist, John Marshall of Virginia, who to this day is accepted as the highest authority? And did not Marshall and Taney of Maryland hold that office for over sixty years?

When it came to territory, who had given the greatest gifts to the United States? Thomas Jefferson, while President, added the Louisiana Purchase—which included the entire area from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean, except the portion then occupied by Spain—the territory now occupied by the states of Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, a large portion of Minnesota and the parts known later as Indian Territory. Under the administration of James K. Polk, of Tennessee, U. S. territory was extended to the Pacific slope. It took two able southern generals, Zachary Taylor and Winfield Scott, to conquer Mexico. True, Winfield Scott afterwards went over to the Union forces and organized the Union army but not until he had insured our title to Texas. It was James Monroe who bought Florida for the United States and to his Monroe Doctrine we are indebted for keeping America for Americans so long. It was Meriwether Lewis of Virginia and William Clarke of Kentucky who opened up the Yellowstone and the great West. Alaska was bought during the administration of a southern president. Although not wanting to rob Seward of any credit due him. the fact that Seward and President Johnson were in accord on the policies of the Reconstruction program suggests that they were also in accord on this purchase.

While on the subject of war and after war policies the essay proceeded to mention some of the southern heroes of other wars. In 1742 the Spaniards having determined to take all the territory claimed by England from the coast of Florida to the St. Lawrence river moved on the colonists with five thousand men, well

trained and well equipped, fifty-six ships well provisioned, and were met by Oglethorpe with six hundred and eighty-one brave Georgians and two poorly equipped ships at Bloody Marsh on St. Simon's Island. For the first time on American soil the Spanish flag was trailed in the dust. But for that victory there would have been no American colonies to delare their independence. No wonder that one of Georgia's counties is named Oglethorpe. George Whitfield, the great English clergyman, who did so much for Georgia, said: "That victory was like one of the Bible victories where God fought the battle for his people." The northern colonies expressed their gratitude and so wrote to Oglethorpe.

In 1659 Governor Fendall of Maryland, taking exceptions to the arbitrary acts of the Lords Proprietors, declared Maryland a republic. Courts of Justice were appointed by Culpepper of North Carolina and the president of this colony was imprisoned one hundred years before the formal Declaration of Independence. In 1719 South Carolina ousted her Lords Proprietors and chose her own governor. From 1672 to 1676 and 1677 Virginia was having trouble with her Governor Berkely on account of inefficient Indian policies and his failure to keep his promises. This state of general dissatisfaction led to Bacon's Rebellion, climaxed by an attack on the governor of Williamsburg.

The first demand for independence from England originated in the South. In 1735 Charles Pinkney said in the state assembly: "South Carolina has as much right to make her laws and levy her tax as England." And it is generally accepted that North Carolina passed a Declaration of Independence on May 20, 1775, the first such declaration in America and that memorable date is on her state flag. Andrew Jackson was the hero of the battle of New Orleans, the greatest victory over the British on American soil, and that victory effectually ended the interference not only of England but of other powers with our freedom at sea. It was as necessary to our complete independence as the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. It raised the United States in the estimation of other nations and greatly strengthened the national spirit and confidence of the people at home. It gave the lie to the claim of political opponents that the war of 1812 was brought on by political demagogues to satisfy the ambition of such men as Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun. It really meant the death of the Federal party. And tere a number of other heroes from the South too numerous to mention, during the struggle, notably General Winfield Scott at Lundy's Lane; General William Henry Harrison, afterwards President of the United States, at Fort Meigs; James Johnson, as Lieutenant Colonel in the Battle of the Thames, all of Virginia. And another not to be overlooked was Richard McRæ, who led the famous "Cocade" in 1812 and to whom a monument was erected at Petersburg, Virginia.

Two thirds of the men who fought in the Mexican War were from the

South. The two leaders were from the South and the hero of nearly every battle was from the South. Heading the list of heroes were our Robert E. Lee and Jefferson Davis. William Doniphan, the "Patrick Henry of Kentucky," capture Chihuahua; and Thomas Jackson, our "Stonewall," was the hero of Chapultepec. Of the many more who rendered distinguished service in that conflict were Moore, Houston, Fanning, Bowie, Crockett, Austin, Travis, Bonham and many others, whose valiant deeds are remembered in the state of Texas. In summing up the high lights of that victory the historian in conclusion asks: "Who planted the U. S. flag in the City of Mexico? Quitman of Mississippi. Who first scaled the ramparts of Monterey? Rodgers of Alabama. And was not Daniel Hill of South Carolina called the bravest soldier of that war?"

In the Spanish-American War the story was repeated for more soldiers from the southern states in proportion to their population volunteered than from any parts of the Union. And this coming together of patriotic young men from all parts of the country, enlisted in a common cause, went farther than anything that had happened up to that date to heal the wounds left by the still remembered reconstruction days with their consequent asperities.

Quoting from Miss Mildred Rutherford, deceased, formerly Historian General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and one to whom the South and the Nation is greatly indebted for correcting many false statements made by ignorant or prejudiced writers against the South and southern institutions. Miss Rutherford, a careful and painstaking chronicler, has produced proofs to back up all she has stated. "Who was Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic squadron? Winfield Scott Schley of Maryland was made Minister to Havana? Fitzhugh Lee. Who was called the 'Wizard of the Saddle?' Joe Wheeler. Who commanded the Brooklyn when Cervera's fleet was destroyed? Schley. Who fired the first shot at Manilla? Stoakley Morgan of Arkansas. Who was promoted for gallantry on the field? Micah Jenkins of South Carolina. Who shed the first blood in the war? John B. Gibbs of Virginia. Who was the first to fall in battle? Worth Bagely of North Carolina. Who was Dewey's right hand man? Tom Brumby of Georgia. Who was the hero of Santiago Bay? Winfield S. Schley. Who was the backbone of the Santiago campaign? Joe Wheeler. Who sank the ships to block the enemy and saved the day? Hobson of Alabama. Who raised the flag at Manila? Brumby of Georgia. Who was sent with a message to Garcia? Rowan of Virginia. Who was sent to count the ships in Santiago Bay? Victor Blue of South Carolina. Every one our southern boys. Then who was put in command of our American troops in the Philippines? Luke Wright of Memphis. And does not this show our boys of the South equalled in courage and heroism the boys of the North?"

And so, she continued, she might go on to the World War, during the administration of our great Wood-

row Wilson, with a southern man, Josephus Daniels of North Carolina, as Secretary of the Navy, and many Southerners in his official family. And the list of Southerners in the ranks who distinguished themselves by their deeds of daring that astonished the world is indeed a long one. One of the greatest, if not THE greatest of these, was Sergeant Alvin York of Alabama, who, single-handed and alone, surprised and captured a whole nest of Germans. And a greater thing yet to the credit of Sergeant York was the turning down of several extraordinary attractive invitations to enter the movies, a temptation that could not be resisted by the Quaker father of John Dillinger. He refused to commercialize his courage and patriotism, thereby proving his claim to true greatness. And right here she gave full credit to the Negro troops from the South who ran a close second to their brave white companions in arms.

And having spoken of the movies it was a good time to call attention to the fact that among the producers the two men who rank highest in the screen world today are both southerners—Griffith of Kentucky and DeMille from North Carolina.

But getting back to the question of public service our glory was not all in the past. At this present time our Secretary of the Navy is a southern man—Claude Swanson of Virginia, and the man conceded to be the most distinguished in the U. S. Senate is a southerner—Carter Glass of Virginia. It is to him that we are indebted for the National Reserve Banking System, the greatest banking reform measure that had been enacted up to that time. And in the National Defense, both in the army and navy a great many of the men in high command are from the southern states. Our first hero of the sea was John Paul Jones of North Carolina, when the United States had no navy. And nowhere in naval history is recorded a greater hero than Captain William Lewis Herndon of Virginia, when his ship sank n 1857 on his way to Havana with 501 passengers on board.

In the field of invention she mentioned several notable ones such as the harvesting machine by Cyrus McCormick of Virginia, which revolutionized harvesting; the Gatling gun, invented by James Gatling of North Carolina; the Gillet safety razor by Gillett of North Carolina; the cotton gin by Joseph Watkins of Georgia, although northern historians give credit to Eli Whitney; and very recently an automatic type-setting machine invented and demonstrated by Buford L. Green of Charlotte, North Carolina. This machine is described as one of the greatest inventions of the age and is destined to completely revolutionize the printing business.

In scientific discovery and accomplishment our Matthew Fontaine Maury of Virginia discovered the ocean currents and rendered invaluable service to the world by shortening the ocean paths between America and Europe and greatly reducing the hazards of ocean travel. If it had not been for him Cyrus Field would probably never have succeeded in laying the Atlantic cable. He was directly responsible for the establishment of

the Naval Academy and for our Weather Bureau as it is operated today. Dr. Crawford W. Long of Georgia discovered anæsthesia, the greatest boon to suffering humanity ever known and Sims of South Carolina first suggested surgery in hospital service. Dr. Gorrie of Florida taught us to manufacture ice and introduced artificial ice into the hospitals. Dr. Charles H. Herty of Savannah, Georgia, has recently invented rayon yarn, made from southern slash pine; and a southern man, William Gorgas of Alabama, while serving as Surgenon General of the U. S. Army, cleaned up the Canal Zone and made it habitable. And another gigantic undertaking was the tunnelling under the Hudson River, made possible by the engineering of a southern man, William Gibbs McAdoo, formerly of Georgia but now representing California in the U. S. Senate. But greater than all, a southern man, Rear Admiral Byrd of Virginia, is just now engaged in the greatest scientific undertaking yet attempted, the value of his discoveries in the South Polar regions being as yet untold. His activities at "Little America" have won the admiration of the world which is eagerly awaiting future developments and their contribution to science.

In literature the South has produced the greatest American poet—Edgar Allen Poe and hundreds of lesser lights of whom Sydney Lanier is generally conceded one of the highest rank. A southern man, Francis Scott Key, gave us our national anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner," and a southern man wrote "The Bivouac of the Dead" after the war with Mexico, immortalizing our heroes. Nor did she fail to mention Father Ryan, author of "The Conquered Banner," nor James Ryder Randall who wrote "Maryland, My Maryland," the song which fired the people of the South with a more intense patriotism during the stirring period of the War between the States. Among those who had, she thought, struck a real poetic note she listed John Henry Boner, Henry E. Harman, Paul H. Hayne, Henry Jerome Stockard, John Chas. McNiel and James Larkin Pearson, as those with whose work she was most familiar. In dialect verse and prose composition she named Thomas Nelson Page, Joel Chandler Harris and Frank Stanton as leaders, with hundreds of others worthy of honorable mention. In fiction there were too many to be given even passing notice in this brief essay. Augusta Evans Wilson was probably the most widely read. Marian Harland, a very popular writer in her day and the author of many novels; Tom Dixon, Mrs. Cole Young Rice, author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," Dr. Archibald Henderson, biographer and historian, Gerald White Johnson; and last and more famous than any of the prose writers with the possible exception of Augusta Evans, William Sydney Porter, better known as "O. Henry" and generally recognized as one of the greatest of short story writers.

In a summary she showed that the South had been first in almost everything worth while. Even the Pilgrim Fathers were advised to go to Plymouth Rock by a member of the

Jamestown colony, John Smith, who had discovered New England and Plymouth and named them. That the first organized society was in the South—the first to have a postoffice, a court house, a church, a hospital, a school, a Masonic Temple, a library; the first to stand for religious freedom, to have a trial by jury and a Thanksgiving Day, as early as 1609. The first chartered college for women in the world was the Wesleyan College at Macon, Georgia. The first railroad built was in South Carolina. The first American ship was built at Norfolk, Virginia. The establishment of the rural free delivery system in the United States is credited to a North Carolina congressman, John Steele Henderson, who is referred to as the Father of the Rural Free Delivery. In his fight for this wonderful advance in the postal service he was ably assisted by another southern man, Thomas E. Watson, congressman from Georgia. Guilford county, North Carolina, was the first county in the United States to have a whole time health officer. Memorial Day originated and was observed in the South long before it was adopted by the North. Mother's Day was suggested by a southern woman and the idea was communicated to a southern U. S. Senator, Heflin of Alabama, who introduced the bill. The Girl Scout movement was started by a southern woman Mrs. Samuel C. Lawrence of Savannah, Georgia; and Miss Perkins of South Carolina first suggested the Civil Service Reform, and national prohibition was brought about by a bill introduced by Senator Sheppard of Texas. These, she explained, were simply some of the big things initiated by southern people. There were countless other movements in which the South led of almost equal importance.

The first book ever printed in America was written by George Sandys, of whom the English poet Dryden said "he was the best versifier of his age," and who was given high praise by Alexander Pope. William Shakespeare's great play, "The Tempest," was suggested by William Strachey's "Shipwreck at Sea," written in 1609. The first literary society in the United States was at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1748.

She cited the fact that when the "Boston Port Bill" was passed it was the southern colonies that rallied to her support. Washington said: "I will equip, if need be, a regiment of soldiers at my own expense to relieve poor Massachusetts." Georgia said: "I will send her 600 barrels of rice and the equivalent of $720.00 to aid her." North Carolina said: "I will send the equivalent of $10, 000.00 to her." South Carolina said: "I will also send her rice and money." Patrick Henry said: "An insult to Massachusetts is an insult to Virginia." The spirit of the revolution was gathering force, culminating in that impassioned speech by Patrick Henry in old St. John's Church in Richmond, Virginia, and closing with the memorable words: "Give me liberty or give me death."

She pointed out that at the constitutional convention of 1787 it was proposed by a northern delegate that slave-holders should be entitled to three votes for every five slaves. And

thus it was that slavery became entrenched in the Constitution at the suggestion of the North. All of the states owned slaves in those days and it was considered right and proper. They saw no harm in owning slaves, but the traffic was a deep concern to the southern more than to the northern states. Georgia was the first state to legislate against the slave trade. The Carolinas legislated against it as early as 1760, and Virginia legislated against it 32 times. In the original draft of Jefferson's Declaraton of Independence there was a protest against the slave trade. It was upon the advice of John Adams of Massachusetts that it was stricken out. Massachusetts was the first state to legislate in favor of the slave trade, and New Jersey the last to legislate against it. New York never legislated against it, so in truth New York and Massachusetts were carrying on the slave trade in violation of the United States law as late as 1860.

To quote again from Miss Rutherford: "It had been decided by law that the slave trade should cease in 1808, and yet as late as 1857 it was known that 75 slave ships had sailed from Massachusetts ports, and between 1859 and 1860 it was known that 85 slave ships left New York, sent out by merchants, carrying 60,000 slaves to Brazil. As late as 1857 the Chlotiide was sent to Mobile, Alabama, with 175 slaves; the following year the New York Yacht Club sent the Wanderer to Brunswick, Georgia, with 750 slaves, and the next year it returned with 600 slaves and sailed up the Satilla and Savannah rivers and sold this cargo in violation of the law. An attempt was made by Georgia to prosecute two Georgians who were accused of encouraging the transaction, but they could not be convicted of complicity in the scheme. If the Federal Government ever punished Massachusetts and New York for violating the law it is not so recorded."

She stressed the fact that there was not one of the original thirteen colonies which ratified the Constitution that did not own slaves. In 1776 there were 500,000 slaves in America, 300,000 of whom were in the northern colonies. Before 1850 there were 130 abolition societies in the United States, of which 106 were in the South. In these societies there were 5,175 members in the South and only 1,162 in the North. In the Confederate Army only one-third of the men had ever owned a slave. General Lee had freed his before the war began, and Stonewall Jackson never owned a slave except one husband and wife who begged him to buy them that they might not be separated. When Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation was signed it did not free all the negroes in the United States but only those in the seceding states. That proclamation was made, not because of his great sympathy for the negro but because he wanted to punish the seceding states for standing up for their constitutional rights. Slavery remained after the war in Missouri, Maryland, Kentucky, Delaware and other states that did not secede. It remained for a southern man, John Henderson of Missouri, to propose the 13th amend-

ment, freeing all other slaves in the United States, after Lincoln's death.

And so, she explained, the war was not fought by the South in order to hold its slaves, on the contrary the people were anxious to get rid of them provided they were paid for them. But under the Constitution they were legal property and the South had a right to expect them to be recognized as such. General Grant said: "If I thought this war was to abolish slavery, I would resign my commission and offer my sword to the other side."

As was before stated in this paper, the War between the States was brought on by a crowd of frenzied fanatics, as fanatics always are, who nursed little jealousies born of petty rivalries. That the South, with her population of only NINE million, of whom FOUR million were negroes, brave as they were, would not have been fool-hardy enough to have gone up against the North with its THIRTY-ONE millions and its army of nearly 2, 800, 000 with the world at its back. If they had contemplated war it stands to reason that the 43 captains and 62 commanders in charge of U. S. ships would have brought their ships South, as they had a right to do, instead of resigning their commissions and coming home to cast their lots with the people of their own states, which were without ships and scarcely any resources of any kind. Ah! how we needed a Woodrow Wilson at that time and a League of States modeled after his League of Nations.

PART THIRD

And so the essay was completed and sent in and Rosa awaited her fate with great expectancy. When the chapter held its annual Joe Wheeler luncheon in September on the anniversary of the birth of the great southern hero, announcement was made that the daughter of one of the members was a contestant for one of the prizes offered by the general organization, which announcement gave rise to a good deal of speculation as to who the aspirant was. But Rosa's mother kept her own counsel.

And finally the General Convention was held in New York City, the first time it had ever been held north of the Mason and Dixon line. And when the names of the prize winners were read Rosa Tompkins' name headed the list. When the news was flashed by wire to Long Beach every member of the Joe Wheeler Chapter and all of her friends were proud of her and showered her with congratulations. It was indeed a proud day in Rosa's life and she felt well repaid for all the time and study expended.

But there was something better yet still in store. Some of the southern men who had left their old desolated homes after the war and had gone North to mend their fallen fortunes and had been successful beyond their dreams, were intereted in this group of southern women and had gone down to look in on the convention. The longer they stayed the more interested they became, surpassing even the delegates in enthusiasm. When Rosa's essay was read two bachelor brothers from North Carolina whose father laid down his

life in that famous Pickett's charge, when eight hundred brave men went in and only eighty came out alive, were observed to have been greatly stirred. They were quiet men, considered eccentric, with no aim in life except the accumulation of wealth. Now they were old and childless with few friends and no prospective heirs. They were thinking! What better thing could they do than to help along the work of these earnest, corageous women from their home land? And so they went home and talked it over and an agreement was reached. One would endow a Chair of Southern History in a southern college and the other would found a Southern Magazine in Washington, D. C. as memorials to their father who had fallen in the southern cause. And inasmuch as North Carolina had furnished more men and suffered greater losses in the war than any other state the Chair of Southern History should go to some college in that state, and the North Carolina College for Women, at Greensboro, ranking as the third woman's college in America and now a unit of the State University, was chosen. And the magazine, the mission of which would be to right the wrongs of history, especially of southern history, should properly be published from the National Captital and the girl who wrote the prize essay should be a contributing editor, which would not necessitate her removal from Long Beach, at a salary much in advance of what she could hope to receive in ordinary journalistic work. The letter carrying the announcements of these plans was so timed as to reach her on Christmas eve and made for Rosa a most joyous Christmas season—the happiest in her entire life.

And Christina Johansson, like a true friend rejoiced with her and from that time on became an ardent defender of southern principles and an enthusiastic booster for the South and the southern people, who, she was now convinced were a sadly misunderstood and cruelly maligned but truly a great people.

HONOUR

I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It wears me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.

—Shakespeare.

WHO KNOWS?

By Elbert Hubbard

I have profound respect for boys. Grimmy, ragged, tousled boys in the street often attract me strangely.

A boy is a man in the cocoon—you do not know what it is going to become—his life is big with many possibilties.

He may make or unmake kings, change boundary lines between states, write books that will mold characters, or invent machines that will revolutionize the commerce of the world.

Every man was once a boy. I trust I shall not be contradicted; it is really so.

Very distinctly and vividly I remember a slim, freckled boy, was born in the "Patch" and used to pick up coal along the raiload tracks in Buffalo. A few months ago I had a motion to make before the Supreme Court, and the boy from the "Patch" was the judge who wrote the opinion granting my petition.

Yesterday I rode horseback past a field where a boy was plowing. The lad's hair stuck out through the top of his hat; his form was bony and awkward; one suspender held trousers in place; his bare legs and arms were brown and sunburned and briar-scarred.

He swung his horses around just as I passed by, and from under the flapping brim of his hat he cast a quick glance out of the dark, half bashful eyes and modestly returned my salute. His back turned, I took off my hat and sent a God-biess-you down the furrow lane after him. Who knows?—I may go to that boy to borrow money, or to hear him preach, or to beg him to defend me in a lawsuit; or he may stand with pulse unhastened, bare of arm, in white apron, ready to do his duty, while the cone is placed over my face, and Night and Death come creeping into my veins.

Be patient with the boys—you are dealing with soul-stuff.

Destiny awaits just around the corner. Be patient with the boys.

Under every grief and pine
Runs a joy with silken twine.
It is right it should be so;
Man was made for joy and woe;
And when this we rightly know
Safely through we world we go.

—William Blake.

THE FAULT OF FINDING FAULT

(Young Folks)

Have you ever come across persons who seem to have the feeling that it is their duty to reveal the faults of others? I do not hear anyone answering no to this question. There is a Chinese proverb which is very rich. It runs this way: "Think of your own faults the first part of the night when you are awake, and of the faults of others the latter part of the night when you are asleep."

Let us hasten to admit that all of us have faults. To deny it is to give all who know us a good reason to smile. We are full of imperfections and could provide others the occasion for some gossip if they were disposed to take advantage of it. If they should belong to that group of individuals who believe in retailing all that has come to their ears they give us some uncomfortable moments.

It is barely possible that all of us at times have stepped aside from the straight path to take delight in exposing the flaws of others. To err is human and to indulge in this unbrotherly behavior is surely to err. The pity of it all is that so many of us seem to feel that to parade the weaknesses of others is not out of place at all.

Those who take this view are to be pitied. Surely they have the wrong slant on life. It is probable that they are injuring themselves most of all. May it be that they suppose they are increasing their own chances and bettering their own name to the degree that they place others in an unfavorable light?

How beautiful it is to show appreciation of what others have and do, to put a charitable construction on their iconduct, to helph them preserve their good name, and to make it easier, so far as we can, for them to live life at their best! In that way we enter into our own best heritage, multiplying our joys and making the most of our gifts.

THE MOUNTAINS

The mountains they are silent folk,
  They stand afar—alone;
And the clouds that kiss their brows at night
  Hear neither sigh nor groan.
Each bears him in his ordered place
  As soldiers do, and bold and high
They fold their forests round their feet
  And bolster up the sky.

—Hamlin Garland.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. R. M. Rothgeb, state engineer, of Raleigh, spent last Tuesday and Wednesday at the School, estimating the damage done by the severe storm on Monday afternoon.

—o—

Horace McCall, a former member of our printing class, called at this office last Tuesday. Horace was paroled about six years ago, and now lives with his mother near New Bern.

—o—

Arbie Phillips, of Cottage No. 12, is a patient in the "little white house," suffering from a gland infection. After having been lanced recently by Dr. King, our attending physician, the gland has almost completely healed.

—o—

R. B. Norton, of Cottage No. 7, who underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Concord Hospital some time ago, returned to the School last Saturday. He is confined in the "little white house," but is greatly improved and is able to sit up a little while each day.

—o—

Patton Capps, of Cottage No. 11, who spent several weeks at the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, for treatment of an injured knee, returned to the School last Monday. While his knee is still in a cast it is much improved, and we hope it will soon be completely healed.

—o—

John Keenan, of Charlotte, one of our old boys, visited the School last Tuesday. John, who is now twenty-five years old, was paroled eight years ago. He is married, and for the past several years has been employed in the warehouse of the Railway Express Company, Charlotte, and reports that he is getting along fine.

—o—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, boys' work secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., had charge of the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday.

After the opening hymn, and Scripture recitation led by Clyde Kivett, Mr. Sheldon presented Mr. J. B. Ivey, prominent department store owner, of Charlotte, who talked to the boys on Bunyan's "Pilgrim Progress."

In the course of his remarks Mr. Ivey pointed out how John Bunyan, a preacher, was put put into prison —not for committing any wrong, but for denouncing evil and doing right. It was while he was held in jail that he wrote his greatest book, the "Pilgrim's Progress."

This great literary masterpiece, said the speaker, has been read more than any other book with one exception—the Holy Bible. All through the ages even up to the present day, the Bible has been the best seller, with Bunyan's great narrative running second in popularity among book-lovers.

In his talk to the boys, Mr. Ivey, stressed the fact that great things, if done for the right, could be accomplished even under the most adverse

circumstances. His comment on the hardships met and overcome by Christian, leading character in the story, was most helpful and interesting.

Mr. Ivey is not a stranger to the boys of Jackson Training School, he having visited us on several previous occasions, and his ability as a story-teller has made him very popular with the youngsters here. We feel greatly indebted to him for his kindly interest in the work of the institution and take this opportunity to assure him a most cordial welcome any time he may be able to visit us.

An additional featlure of the afternoon program was the singing of Mr. David Kelley, one of Charlotte's talented young baritone singers, a member of the choir of the First Reformed Church of that city. Mr. Kelley rendered two familiar numbers, "Sweet Hour of Prayer" and "In the Garden," in a most delightful manner. The entire audience thoroughly enjoyed this young man's singing, and to him also we extend a hearty invitation to "Come again."

—o—

The Training School suffered greatly from the cyclone which visited this section last Monday afternoon. The storm struck about 3:05 p. m., just as the boys of the school section were returning from the afternoon recess.

It is needless to say that a number of our large family of boys, particularly the smaller ones, were very much frightenned as the terrific wind and hail were performing their destructive work on crops, forests and buildings.

Not a building on the campus escaped some damage. The Cannon Memorial Building possibly suffered most, as one of the large chimneys on the south front collapsed, falling through the roof, scattering slate and timber several hundred feet. The continuous downpour of rain ruined plastering and floors in both upper and lower front rooms and halls in this building. Additional damage was done to the roof and copings all over the building, and many window-panes were broken in this and all other buildings at the School.

Next in extent of serious damage were Cottages Nos. 12, 13, 14 and 15, of the western group of cottage homes just in the rear of cottages along the highway. Numerous sections of slate and tin were blown off these buildings and the rain damaged walls, ceilings and floors, Cottage No. 13 possibly suffering heaviest.

In Cottage No. 12 the boys were removed from the dormitory on the second floor to the sitting-room on the first floor, where they were quartered for the night. This was quite necessary as continued rains throughout the night caused great quantities of water to pour in through the damaged roof.

The cottages along the highway were all damaged to some extent, most of this damage being to walls, ceilings and windows.

Our grandstand, with a seating capacity of more than eight hundred, was lifted completely off its foundation by the high wind and moved forward about eight feet. The roof was torn off and scattered all over the baseball diamond.

Many large oak trees in the path of the storm were up-rooted, and pactically all the larger cedars were either blown down or twisted off.

The fields of alfalfa, garden peas and early onions were cut to the ground and presented the appearance of having been swept. Some of these fields were also badly washed.

The smoke-stacks at the laundry, dairy and school buildings were toppled over, the one on the latter being badly twisted.

The machine shed, measuring about 25 x 35 feet, in the rear of the granary, was completely demolished, some of the timbers being carried as far as the campus in front of the Cannon Memorial Building, a distance of five hundred feet.

Down at the barns the greatest damage done was at the small calf barn, the roof being partly ripped off.

The dairyman reported that as the cows were being brought from the pasture to the stable just as the storm struck, one cow was knocked down and rolled over several times by the force of the wind, but was not injured.

The coping on the roof of our shop building was damaged considerably, and in the printing department two large doors were blown in, tearing loose the door-jamb and several feet of wainscoating. The floors in this department were covered with mud and water to the extent of about three inches in depth.

The cooling tower at the ice plant was a total wreck.

The huge electric sign on top of the memorial bridge built by the King's Daughters, which spans the National Highway, was blown from its moorings and badly twisted and torn.

The large ball on top of one of the steel flag poles, at the north entrance to the campus, was blown off and the pole slightly bent. These poles are fifty feet high and we are awaiting volunteers from the outside (we have plenty of them here) to climb this pole and replace the ball.

While all this property damage is deplorable, we feel very fortunate and thankful that no one at the School was injured during this severe storm, the most destructive that has visited this section since the establishment of the institution in 1909.

If you are the sort of person who will compromise with your neighbor over a difference rather than let a mnior grievance develop into an open breach with long time bitterness, you have that self-control and grace and magnanimity which will mark as distinguishing character that generation of men and women who will settle their international differences without resort to war.—John Edwin Price.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending March 24, 1935

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Wm. McCormick
Earl Rogers
Robert Radford
Richard Sullivan
Ashley Thompson

COTTAGE No. 1

Sam Batts
Ivan Morrozoff
Clifford Bowers
Millard Owenby
Russell Ferris
Eugene Whitt
William Goodson
Harvard Winn
Herman Lamb
J. Yarborough

COTTAGE No. 2

Edgar Anderson
Robert Harrison
James Cooper
Thomas Horton
Woodrow Spruill

COTTAGE No. 3

Robert Ashe
Charles Van Hoy
Jewell Barker
F. E. Mickle
John Walsh

COTTAGE No. 4

Vernon Bass
Lenzy Chavis
Clarence Boren
Fleming Collins
Gray Wright

COTTAGE No. 5

Connie Dickens
Paul Johnson
Braxton Grady
George Kye
Maynard Hicks
Perry Russ
Claude Hoyle
Robt. Worthington

COTTAGE No. 6

Earl Barris
Clinton Keen
Robert Benfield
John McKay
Thomas Hamilton
Joe Sanford
C. Hamilton
James Stepp
Carlton Henry
John Uptigrove

COTTAGE No. 7

Emerson Frazier
J. B. Murray
Joe Long
Lewis Parker
Floyd Watkins

COTTAGE No. 8

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Lonnie Holleman
Sammie Belk
Harry Flowe
Clyde Bolton
Edgar Jackson
Jesse Freeman
John Penninger
Morris Hicks
Luther Pierce
Norman Pike

COTTAGE No. 9

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Levi Merritt
Chester Duncan
Esmond Reams
Charles Freeman
Homer Smith
Hoyt Henderson
Bryant Williams
Richard Wrenn

COTTAGE No. 10

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James Kellum
Henry Chester
Charles Pollard
Steve Talbert

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Warren Holleman
James Montford
David Hodge
Charles Smith
Cecil Webb

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Trojan Aiken
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John Owen
Walter Beaver
Eli Philemon
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Leonard Potter
Leonard Ellis
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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 6, 1935 No. 14

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Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

—Oliver Goldsmith.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAI

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

ENOUGH RESPONSIBILITY

On every ocean vessel may be noticed a waterline mark.

The vessel goes best when it is loaded to this line. If overloaded, or if not loaded enough, it is in danger of floundering or becoming less stable. It is equally important for an individual to know how much responsibility he can carry; in other words, at what water line he can sail best.

If he has too many responsibilities, he is likely to flounder, and if not enough, he may become unstable.

A man should not take on too many responsibilities, and he should not have too few.

All life is a balance, and it important for every person to learn just how much load he can carry and how little.—Selected.

A LETTER FROM AN OLD BOY

Letters from our old boys are welcomed, and especially so when there is an evidence of improvement and ambition for the finer things of life. It is not expected that this institution turn out finished products, so to speak; but the goal of the school is to inspire to ideals that lead to the greater attainments necessary for the development of true and noble manhood.

Mr. Jesse C. Fisher, assistant superintendent, was proud to hear from Clyde Bristow, who, when here operated the linotype in The Uplift office. He was efficient in his work and very dependable, discharging every duty with an earnestness that inspired confidence in the officials who knew him.

During the time Clyde Bristow was at the Jackson Training School he showed a decided taste for good literature,—never miss-

ing an opportunity to read the best books while serving an apprenticeship in the print shop.

As proof of the fact that Clyde has an ambition we give in this issue an article,—a short story of our flag and when the "forty-eight-star-flag" was first floated in the breezes above Fort Macon. There are great possibilities for all of our boys if given an even chance with the young people who enjoy the privileges of the public school system throughout the state. Read the article captioned, "The Forty-Eight Star Flag—Floating Over Fort Macon." After reading carefully the interesting sketch you will agree the state spent money wisely in giving a delinquent another chance under the best supervision.

* * * * * * *

NEWS-HERALD—A FINE ISSUE

Miss Beatrice Cobb, editor of the News-Herald, Morganton, scores again. This time laurels are added to those already achieved when the 48 page photogravure, "School Achievement Edition," was issued, telling of the progress and activities of the public school system in Burke County for the past ten years.

With pride the whole story was traced with impressive and generous pictorialization from the one-room log school house to the prsent day structures unsurpassed in construction and equipment.

Incidentally the story of the local educational system was enriched by calling attention to the founding of America's first free public school, Boston, April 23, 1635, to be celebrated this month throughout the nation with appropriate programs.

Also that this institution has served its community for three hundred years, significant of the enduring principles put into effect; and the names of Cotton Mather, Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Adams, John Hancock, Phillips Brooks and Charles W. Elliott are numbered among its roll of graduates.

Burke county people may not only take pride in their educational accomplishments, but in a paper that so creditably sets forth the developments of a community suggestive of progress and thrift.

THE ORIGIN OF APRIL FOOL'S DAY

The first day of April is an occasion for many jokes perpetrated with no other intent than to have innocent fun. This is the privilege of young people, and one that cannot, or should not be denied, because the thrill of a real good laugh helps to develop finer natures.

The people of the land, old and young, get a kick out of life by an exchange of jokes not maliciously designed, but few of us know the origin of the "April Fool's Day." Well this we learn from an exchange without an endorsement of its authenticity:

At the time the calendar was changed to have the year begin on January 1st, rather than April 1st, many people objected to changing their celebrations to the middle of winter in the Northern Hemisphere, or in the middle of summer in the Southern Hemisphere, and they made all sorts of joking and mockery over it. Each year they would send to those who made the change all sorts of mock New Year's greetings on April 1st, and paid them foolish formal visits, and generally made fun of them. And so thy say the custom began, and is continued till this day.

Whether this be true or not the joker on the first of April is looking an easy mark, so to speak, and never fails to pass a joke, if for no other reason than to perpetuate the custom.

* * * * * * *

BLIND SEEING

A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

There are two visions, the physical and spiritual, one sees the effect with the eyes alone, and the other with the soul drinking deep down into the source with an appreciation of the possibilities.

For instance, the city of Florence bought a large piece of marble with a flaw from the famed quarries of Carrara, and it was discarded because of the flaw. Later Michelangelo with eyes that went deeper than the surface, oblivious of the flaw, saw the possibilities and carved the statue of David.

With a similar vision a real estate man sees soil with a commer-

cial eye, and another sees the possibilities of the soil,—a promise of beauty and joy which refreshes the soul. Also in the glow of a gorgeous sunset the beauties to some are but a momentary pastime, while to another it is an inspiration, making it possible to pass over the barriers that clutter the way and aspire to the heights.

It is evident the dual natures of mankind, the commercial trend of mind and a taste for the aesthetic, or a deep appreciation of the beauties of nature, are both essential, but the development of one should not result to the detriment of either.

The famed Minnehaha Falls, the beauty immortalized by Longfellow, was commercialized by various industrial plants in Minnesota, using the stream for power. This danger has been voiced on other occasions, instead of seeing the beauty of tons of water tumbling over cliffs, the power of the water was run and harnessed by man and light and heat supplied to consumers hundreds of miles away.

In either case the mind has to be trained with a certain speculative interest, so as not to conserve to the detriment of better living and at the same time not to destroy the God-given beauties that it took centuries to develop, and in many instances all for commercial purposes.

* * * * * * *

THE VALUE OF TREES

Familiar things, among which one lives, are apt to be taken for granted. Take for instance, trees. Too often they are appreciatd only by nature lovers, or poets.

Now however, comes new information on the value of the tree, which since this last year of bitter drought, is of momentous interest. That trees and water are naturally associated, is a truth. Can your imagination picture a lake without its neighboring trees? Does not a brook suggest drooping willows? E. N. Munn of the United States Forest Service asserts that what becomes of rain and snow after it falls to the earth, depends largely on trees and forests. Heavy rains falling upon hard ground do not sink in, but

rush over it carrying away the valuable top-soil and often making deep cuts and gullies. In recent years, it is estimated, over one hundred million acres of land in this country, have lost most of their rich soil from washing and erosion.

In a test on hard open ground, 90 per cent of the water ran off immediately. In a scrub oak forest, only 2 per cent ran off while in a dense forest, only one half of one per cent ran off. Thus, asserts Mr. Munn, we learn a valuable lesson on trees as great water conservationists. Treeless lands, become hard and non-porous from constant weathering, and thus eventually lose their fertility. Tree roots penetrate and loosen the earth; the decaying leaves not only fertilize but make soil spongy and porous. Doubtless you have noticed the light rich soil of forests, as compared to the heavier and less rich farming and gardening soils. Trees are one of Mother Nature's most valuable servants. "Only God can make a tree," but you can help to increase them by planting.

Just at this time, one's mind turns to the beauties of nature, the planting of trees, shrubs and other plants, with a faith and an appreciation of the mysteries that make life glorious and beautiful at this season of the year. Joyce Kilmer, the poet writes this tribute to trees:

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast.

A tree that look at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

THE HEART OF FRIENDSHIP

"Here's to the heart of friendship, tried and true,
That laughs with us when joys our pathway strew;
And kneels with us when sorrows, like a pall,
Enshrouds our stricken souls; then smiles through all
The midnight gloom with more than human faith,
Here's to the love that seeks not self, and hath
No censure for our frailty, but doth woo,
By gentle arts, our spirits back into
The way of truth; then sheds upour lives
A radiance that all things else survives."

—o—

It often happens that a man's sins find him out before his creditors can find him in.

—o—

While the administaration is seeking ways and means to raise prices, many people are trying to raise cash, while some others are raising the devil.

—o—

Poltical doles, political jobs, political control of business and the individual, results in wholesale public charity, destruction of opportunity, exorbitant taxation. Politics produces no wealth. Instead it absorbs the stored savings of centuries, just as a snail absorbs the leaf of the plant it finally destroys.

—o—

A hypocrite is the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde that acts differently when some one is watching him. He is a parasite in politics, and everything else.

—o—

Tennessee is still insisting in her laws that we can't be descended from monkeys, while some people in Louisiana, and other states, are inclined to seriously doubts such a theory.

—o—

Malcom Campbell did not make 300 miles an hour. But all hope is not gone. There are still hundreds of truck and taxi drivers and other foolhardy drivers, who keep on trying it around corners.

—o—

Senator Vic Donahey is demanding an investigation of the natural gas situation, while "Hooie" Long is asking them to quit investigating him for a brief period. It seems the country is being flooded with gas of one kind and another.

—o—

A heavy foot on the accelerator is the best friend the Dark Angel of Death has. At the present time, campaigns are under way in all states and most cities and towns to enforce reasonable traffic regulations. The driver who thinks he can "safely" drive as fast as he wants, whenever he wants, must be

taught the errors of his ways.

—o—

Hair dressers, meeting in Cleveland, say women will be bald in another hundred years. This is bad on the women; but it is good news for the men. No more hairs will be found on men's coats. But the present generation need not become elated over such a possibility—they will not be interested in this matter when it does—if ever—come to pass. It is most likely they will not be here.

—o—

There are various types of automobiles. They are as thick as filling stations in cities and towns. There is one called the Hupmobile. From the looks of some of the new designs by some of the manufacturers, it would seem more appropriate to call some of them Humpmobiles, from the little hump in the middle. Then there's the Dodge. It does not dodge you, but you have to dodge it. In fact you have to dodge all of them.

—o—

Oregon has a governor, General Martin, retired army officer with a long and honorable record, who set his foot down and told the legislature of his State that he didn't want any new tax laws or increase in old ones. No better psychological influence could be offered the people of any state than to show that a state can perform its essential functions and meet its essential obligations today, without imposing further tax burdens on an already over-taxed people. More power to public officials like General Martin!

—o—

In this Lenten season it is well for all of us to follow the admonition of the Apostle Paul, in his espistle to the Hebrews: "Draw near the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and may find grace to help us in the time of need." We need grace to help us in every trouble. For us sinners, all times are times of need. We need mercy to pardon and forgive all who do us wrong, and grace to purify and nourish it; mercy to rescue us, grace to guide us. We need grace every day in all circumstances—in prosperity lest we forget God; in adversity lest we distrust Him; in temptation lest we fall; in conflict lest we yield, in trouble lest we faint.

—o—

In all states, legislatures have shown a tendency to seek "easy" ways of borrowing money. When they succeed, it may be easy enough to borrow money, if a state's credit is in fairy good shape—but it is extremely hard for the taxpayers to pay back the loan, plus interest, when it comes due. The special assessment, for example, has been the bane of property owners for years—levied, as it usually is, without specific authorization, it has piled up debt burdens which many business and home owners affected are utterly unable to pay. The public should see to it that political borrowing is made harder—not easier. If bonds are vitally needed for a worthy project, the voters may be trusted to endorse their issuance. And if it is necessary to deprive the voter of his right to pass on a bond issue in order to get it by, it may be taken for granted that the project is unneces-

sary. Almost every political subdivision in the country—from the smallest county to the federal government itself—gives witness to the folly of indiscriminate issuance of bonds. Hundreds of millions of dollars of bonds are outstanding in this country which were issued for wasteful, "political" or otherwise unworthy purposes. And the harassed taxpayer must dig down deeper each year to pay his share of their cost. The State of California has a constitutional provision making it necessary for a two-thirds majority of the voters to approve a bond issue. That provision should be retained—and other states would do well to adopt similar safeguards against waste of their hard-earned tax money.

A SCHOOL PROBLEM

Earnest educators throughout the United States are giving serious thought to a reform of curricula, with a view to better adapting them to the needs of the present-day student. No current question deserves more thoughtful consideration.

It is no reflection upon our educational leaders that present methods are proving inadequate to the demands of the times. With the ever-increasing store of available knowledge, it becomes more and more difficult to choose that which should be taught in the limited time that can be given to formal education by the average student.

But the problem is not new. As far back as 1758 the prevailing system of education in England came in for drastic criticism by Thomas Sheridan, who labored with little success for its reform.

Sheridan contended that the established system of that day did not fit the young for their duties in life; that it was uniform for all and profitable for none. He also stressed the importance of imparting a better knowledge of the English language.

The latter point, at least, might well be taken to heart today. It would be a great step forward if our children might emerge from high school with a reasonable acquaintance with their mother tongue.—Selected.

FORTY-EIGHT STAR FLAG—FLOATING OVER FORT MACON

By Clyde Bristow

Coastguardsmen on duty in the towner near historic old Fort Macon were somewhat surprised last April when one afternoon two Army trucks and four State trucks, pulling heavily in low gear came slowly through the sand and on up to the gateway of the Fort. This was "moving in" day for officers and men of an advance detail, Civilian Conservation Corps.

At six o'clock that evening, eight Army pyramidal tents had been pitched on ground that had once been battled for—it was now a peaceful company street.

The next morning early, a Conservationalist, with "Old Glory" folded under his arm, made his way to the top of the bullet-scarred garrison. There, just over the main entrance had been placed, temporarily, a flag pole.

Then somewhere below in the fort the first sergeant blew a whistle and men came to attention as the flag was being raised. And this according to history, was the first time a forty-eight star flag had floated in the breeze above Fort Macon!

History which brings us to the present day flag, dates back to 1775, when a sturdy gathering of American pioneer statesmen appointed a committee to design a flag suitable for the colonies who were at that time under the rule of the English. Benjamin Franklin was immediately elected chairman of this delegation.

Days of planning and designing brought forth a flag of thirteen stripes with the cross of St. George and St. Andrew. The plan was heartily adopted. This pattern was made and the flag was first flown from the staff at Washington's headquarters in Boston.

Then the battle, on the morning of April 19, 1775, at Lexington, sealed the doom of British rule in America and Patrick Henry, who had only a few months before predicted war when a speaker at the convention held in Richmond, Virginia, now saw his forebodings materialize.

News of the fighting spread fast. Men on horses galloped through towns and villages with cries, "To arms! To arms! The war has begun!"

The Continental Congress was in session in Philadelphia when the news of the fighting reached that city. George Washington was immediately appointed commander-in-chief of the American forces.

It wasn't until after the battle of Bunker Hill though, that Washington took command of the army—Though it could hardly be called an army. Many did not have bayonets and some even lacked muskets. The only food they had was that which was given them by patriotic farmers.

The next Spring, however, Washington, in one night fortified Dor-

chester Heights, (a hill near Boston) and strategically placed his guns as to have the British fleet and army at his mercy.

By request of Congress, General Washington penciled a design of the Stars and Stripes before Robert Morris and George Ross. It was Betsy Ross who then suggested the five pointed stars, now used.

So it was decided that since the Colonies' desire for Independence had grown, the Continental Congress, on July 4th, 1776, adopted the Declaration of Independence.

The design of a star and stripe for each colony or state which entered as one of the "United Colonies" was accepted. Betsy Ross made the first flag then, with the red and white stripes and with thirteen stars sewed in a circle in the upper corner on a square blue field. This flag was made the official flag by act of Congress, June 14, 1777, (Flag Day).

The Stars and Stripes were first "under fire" at Brandywine Creek, in Pennsylvania, Setptember 11, 1777, when Washington was defeated by superior forces of the enemy.

Although the flag flown over Fort McHenry, Baltimore, when the Star-Spangled Banner was written, James Monroe, on April 14, 1818, signed a bill restoring the flag to thirteen stripes with a star for each state and a new star to be added as each new state joined the Union.

In December 1861, the Army garrisoned it's coast defense at Fort Macon, just across Bogue Sound from Beaufort, for the first time. At this time the Union had increased to twenty-four states, so there was a flag with twenty-four stars and thirteen alternate red and white stripes raised over the newly garrisoned fort.

Early in 1836, two more stars were added, thus two more states had pledged allegiance to the Union. The Mexicans, after forbidding the Americans to settle in Texas, in this same year, appeared before the Alamo.

The garrison made a heroic resistance and it was seven days before the overwhelming force of Mexicans succeeded in scaling the walls that surrounded the fort. Once inside the enclosure the invaders killed every survivor and marched away.

In 1845, after remaining an independent republic for nine years, Texas was admitted to the Union.

By 1860, all the region east of the Mississippi River and even the west bank of the river for it's entire length had been made into states. Gold had already been discovered in California and pioneers had passed over the intervening territory and settled, developing states on the West Coast. The population of these "United States" was then thirty-one million!

In 1861, Fort Macon was captured by the Confederates. The Stars and Stripes then boasted thirty-four stars on field of blue and since the Federal government had never recognized the loss of those states in the Confederacy, the Federals, when they re-captured the fort, April 25, 1862, a United States flag took the place of the Confederate flag.

Thirty-six stars decorated the upper corner of this historic old flag in 1864. Then during 1898 when the Americans proudly boasted forty-six

states, John Phillip Holland made America more famous when he built a submarine which was a success!

The last troup garrisoned in Fort Macon was a detachment of negroes under the command of Colonel Jim Young in 1898 and they paid homage to the forty-six star flag. After this detachment was gone and all equipment was removed from the garrison, the caretaker also was withdrawn.

Then, January 6, 1912, New Mexico was admitted to the Union. Just over a month later, (February 14, 1912,) Arizona was admitted and then the blue square of our present day Stars and Stripes were complete! Or were they complete? Just recently another "State" has been clamoring to be recognized!

The Fort Macon military reservation was, in 1924 converted into a North Carolina State Park.

The little group of men stood rigidly at attention. Again the whistle sounded. As one, they went on with routine duties, while above them floated "Old Glory" over Fort Macon for the first time—in Peace!

IT DOESN'T PAY

It doesn't pay to worry
  Or give up in despair,
When there's so much of gladness
  For you freely to share.

It doesn't pay to grumble,
  If things seem to go wrong,
Better down your disappointments
  With a burst of cheerful song.

It doesn't pay to dawdle
  When there's urgent work to do,
A clear and noble purpose
  Will inspire the best in you.

It doesn't pay to be sorry
  Over chances missed and gone,
For however black the night,
  Then surely comes the dawn.

—Selected.

YOU-ALL AND YOUSE GUYS

(Morganton News-Herald)

Southern dialect has furnished a subject of discussion, particularly in the North, that is always interesting, to say the least. A lot of jibes have been thrown our way about the use of "you-all." It is, therefore, a little more than satisfying to have a defender step forth from that recognized "center of culture," staid old Boston, with the argument in our behalf that "you-all" used as the plural is correct. The Anderson, S. C., Record discovered the defense in a recent issue of the Christian Science Monitor, published at Boston and, in quoting it, makes the following interesting comment:

One of our pet abominations has always been the "non-Southerner" who attributes the use of the colloquism "you-all" to the singular instead of the plural, in which it is generally used in the South.

"You-all," we still contend, is good English. It means all of you, and is a less stilted expression. It of course is used in the plural, and we have yet to hear it used in the singular here in the South. Eddie Cantor is the last person we heard use it wrong, and he was trying to be smart in mocking a Sothern negro.

And so, it is with a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction that we found a letter to the editor of the Christian Science Monitor from Peter S. Land of Boston, which reads as follows:

"Since the Mason-Dixon line does not divide me geographically or grammatically, I would like to get in this discussion on your editorial page as to whether 'you all' is singular or plural (providing it is a public and not a private contest.) Basing my deduction on a story told about a gentle-woman from the South, I am inclined to the belief that 'you all' is plural. Without being reminded, I recall the following story:

"A charming old lady from the South who came to New York to visit frequently used the expression 'you all' in a voice that carried with it the delightful atmosphere and genune kindliness and courtesy of the South. One very important, and more or less pompous member of the first several hundred in New York's elite one night at dinner focused her lorgnette and inquired, 'My dear, tell me why do you always say you all?' 'Well,' replied the gentlewoman in her sweetest and most innocent manner, 'you see, I have lived in the South for sixty years and I gradually acquired that habit, I presume. I am sorry. but I have been in New York only six weeks, so you can hardly expect me to say "youse guys" quite yet.' "

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.—Emerson.

MIDDLETON PLACE GARDEN

By Laura Cromer Hemingway

At Middleton Place are the oldest landscaped gardens in America. This is seventeen miles above Charleston on the Ashley River, that was once the high road for the families of the rice planters who occupied the large homes built up and down the river.

The original owner of Middleton Place became president of the First Continental Congress. One of his descendants, Arthur Middleton, who sleeps beneath a massive tomb in the heart of the gardens, was a signer of the Declaration of Indepence. While still another member of that family became governor of South Carolina, and to him is attributed the honor of having established the state free school system. He later became minister to Russia, which post he served with credit to his family and to his country.

The name of Middleton has been associated with the history of this nation for more than two centuries. It is a name that carries honor wherever heard.

In the year 1740 Henry Middleton, master of the great plantation on the Ashley, sent to England for an experienced gardener. All along the river there were women, as well as men, who could not forget the ordered beauty of the old English gardens upon which they had turned their backs when they had come to the new land of America in search of something better than their country could offer them, torn as it was by religious and political differences.

When spring came to the Carolina coast it brought a profusion of yellow jessamine, dogwood, redbud, bay blossoms, honeysuckle, wild magnolia, woodbine, shadblow, wild currant, hibiscus, roses, begonia and other blossoms. That awakened memories that would not be stilled. The urge to bring order and system to these natural gardens was irresistible. Along with these native plants were many that these colonists on the river had brought with them from the Old World gardens.

When the first landscape gardener arrived from England at Middleton Place he was given one hundred negro slaves to do his bidding. For ten years he and the laborers worked at the task of building a garden. This was terraced down to the riverside. Inland water pools were controlled to form artificial lakes, five in all, placed on graduated land levels. These serve even today as mirrors to reflect the wealth of color when the gardens are at their height. The terraces were connected by flights of steps made from hand wrought brick, while winding walks lead the stroller on and on amid labyrinths of beauty. These are bordered by trim box hedges.

As nowhere else in America at that time had a formal landscaped garden on so great a scale been attempted in America, the undertaking attracted attention far and wide, even in that day of slow communication. Mr. Middleton received a number of plants from far corners of the

world, sent by interested persons. So well suited was the soil to these, varied as they were in climate, that hardly any were lost. Many live today and are pointed out to the visitors who come to these gardens by the thousands daily during the spring.

Among the plants contributed to Middleton Place Gardens from time to time are some that have been lost to botanical records. Thus it is that the Arnold Arboretum is conducting research work there in the hope of discovering lost specimens as they classify unknown plants.

Long before the Revolutionary War the fame of Middleton Place Gardens had reached Europe. The enthusiasm of gardening ever has been contagious.

The work begun by the first master of Middleton Place has been carried on down the years through the succeeding members of that family which has held the plantation more than two centuries. When the second Henry Middleton came into possession of Middleton Place he brought over from France the celebrated botanist, Andre Michaux, who brought with him four *camellia japonicas*. Although more than a century old three of these still bloom profusely each year.

Michaux, after acquainting himself with the soil and climate of the Carolina coastal country, was convinced that tea should thrive there. He brought over a number of plants and set upon the plantation. They grew rapidly and from these the first tea in America was picked. It was not grown as a commercial venture but was used on the plantation.

One of the most striking features of Middleton Place is the "Butterfly lakes." These are twin lakes so arranged in the tidewater marsh as to suggest a huge butterfly with wings outspread. The quiet waters become iridescent with reflections of sky and blossom.

Another striking feature is the great blocs mokre than two and one-half acres in dimension each, packed solid with a mass of azaleas of harmonizing hues, laid like so many bright patches of chintz upon the emerald background that is the lawn.

The work of completing these gardens has gone on and on until today they cover more than forty acres and require the constant attention of a trained horticulturist and thirty-eight laborers.

Middleton Place Gardens boast more rare plants, perhaps, than any other along the coast. There the visitor may find a Chinese candleberry tree; a Chilean pine that came from South America; a Japanese varnish tree; a ginko tree; and many others, too numerous to mention individually.

And running freely among these are mutitudinous native plants and trees, as though anxious to proclaim the natural beauty of this low country. There is a gigantic holly tree that blazes with scarlet berries during the winter and is covered with masses of early blossoms in spring. There is a "firecracker" plant, so called because of the blossoms that resemble the small red firecrackers that are dear to the heart of every boy, and girl, too, at some time in their lives. Mimosas, with their abundance of fragrant pink blossoms

that resemble small powder puffs, and their lacy sensitive leaves that go to sleep each evening, add an exotic touch to this beauty spot.

Sweet olive scents the air with a fragrance that is tantalizing. Formal beds of carefully pruned roses add their fragrance to the already perfumed breezes that float gently up from the river. And, standing sentinel over all, are the patriarchal live oaks that carry upon their widespread arms mantles of neutralizing grey moss.

One of these oaks in particular attracts visitors because of its excessive dimensions and because of its historical associations. It is thirty-five feet in circumference and has a limb spread of one hundred and eighty feet. It is estimated to be between seven and nine hundred years old. Underneath it Henry Middleton is reported to have sheltered his colonial regiment.

Only one wing of the old Tudor brick mansion remains, the remainder of the house having been burned during the War between the States. The house originally was one of the finest on the river. The main body was three stories tall. From it a right and a left wing extended through arched colonnades, each two stories tall. It was noted for its handsome furnishings, valuable paintings, brica-a-brac, and silver.

The house was built to face the river, as were most of the country homes of that day, because of the fact that a great part of the traveling was done on the water. Boats of various sorts and sizes were owned by every rice planter along the river. There were slaves in plenty to make the brick used in the building of this massive house in 1740. And, there were vessels plyng back and forth between Charleston and English ports, taking rice across the Atlantic and bringing back brick and other material needed in the building and furnishing of this home.

The house was set upon a little bluff and the original brick steps, over which the feet of many personages have trod, still mark the entrance to the garden. A fence made of hand-made brick, outlines the garden and protects it from the herd of sheep that graze peacefully upon the broad lawn through which the visitor approaches the gardens.

A rear avenue formerly ran up from the old stage coach road to the entrance of the house. The old carriage house stands to one side and an antiquated vehicle may be seen within that.

On the side of a hill just within the gardens, and near the right wing of the house that still stands, is the little spring house, built of brick, and arranged as it was in the days when perishable foods were preserved by cool water trickling through receptacles that held the food. Several rooms, that were used by servants, have been preserved with their colonial furnishings.

Down beside the water the old brick rice mill still stands, but it is the scene of other activity in this day and time. Each spring members of the Junior League of Charleston operate a tea room in this attractive old building.

But perhaps the most interesting spot to be found within the extensive

gardens is at the entrance where the ruins of the old chimney and hearth are to be found. Those who revere the history of the nation approach this spot with something akin to awe. About the hearthstone sat the great and the mighty when America was in the making. Who knows what discussions took place there? Who knows the trepidation, or the courage, brought home to brave hearts as they gathered about those old weather-beaten stones?

Certain it is that many a heartache was carried there to be soothed by the crackle and glow of the flames, for those who sought a new existence in this country forced themselves to face a new world with resolute courage. Not soon did they forget the comforts, the pleasures, and the ties of the mother country.

The gardens spread out and beyond the old hearthstone bear mute testimony to the yearning of those early colonists for those left behind. It has been said that when the pioneer women climbed into their covered wagons and set out upon their uncertain journey to the west, many of them carried along geranium slips which took root and grew to brighten that wilderness and make it a better place in which to live. The women who stepped into those small sailing vessels to come to Carolina almost three centuries ago were only the forbears in spirit of those pioneer women, for they brought with them the plants and other chattel dear to them, with which they not only made brighter this land for themselves and their loved ones, but with which they "builded better than they knew." They erected a bulwark of tradition that included a love of home, a reverence for God, and a feeling of duty toward their fellowman that has come down through the ages to bear fruit in the men and women of character this country has produced, and in the beauty of the gardens which lent enchantment and in which they lived and loved.

Middleton Place Gardens is more than a place of beauty; it is a historical shrine.

INGRATITUDE

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

—Shakespeare.

CYPRESS GARDENS

By Laura Cromer Hemingway

The love of beauty is an heritage to man from the Creator who placed man in a garden when the world was new. Surely no one man has preserved that heritage more jealously than Benjamin R. Kittridge of New York and the South Carolina Low Country, who looked into the inky waters of an expansive swamp and caught a vision of a garden not unlike the original garden of man's estate.

About a quarter of a century ago Mr. Kittridge purchased Dean Hall, one of the former rice plantations on the Cooper River twenty-four miles north of Charleston. It was one of the most ancient of the many rice plantations that had made that part of the counry famous the world over. Its historic background was rich. But it was not the massive brick house, reminiscent of more than two centures of patrician living, nor was it the old garden that rioted between the house and the river's edge that appealed to his sentiment. Instead it was the old rice reservoir, stretching over two hundred acres, flooded here and there with transparent waters and inky hue, from the depths of which towered gigantic cypress trees of undetermined age, since they are related to the California Redwoods and live to be a thousand years old. It was the apparently fathomless depths of the Stygian water reflecting the measureless reflections of the cypress boles that intrigued his fancy. Standing there time ceased. A sense of limitless space above and beneath pervaded the atmosphere. The solitude was broken only by the mellowed call of a water bird, or the swish of the wings of a snowy airgrette as it swept with incredible swftness and skill onto the mirror-like surface of the water in pursuit of a fish.

The love of beauty testifies to the fact that it is a divine heritage in that it is unselfish. Every true gardener longs to share the results of his toil with others. Cypress Gardens was thrown open to the public free of charge after six years of toil, planning, and compromising with nature on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Kittridge and Mr. W. G. Vardelle. No landscape gardener was employed. The garden just grew out of the love fostered upon its by its owners and their associates, and out of the abundance of nature.

Unfortunately vandals mingled with garden lovers that came to enjoy the lovely place, and Mr. Kittridge found it necessary to withdraw his invitation to the publc. But the public begged for admittance. An admittance fee became imperative, much to the dislike of the man who had planned and made the gardens for the the enjoyment of flower lovers. Approximately 10,000 persons visit these gardens each season, which begins on Christmas eve and runs until May first. From every section of the world they come. Writers of repute have eulogized it the world over. An Irish author speaks of its as "Beautiful and unearthly."

Once Mr. Kittridge had caught his vision of a water garden his enthusiasm knew no bounds. He hired laborers by the hundred. The great swamp that in the days of rice planting been a fresh lake was drained. The rubbish was cleared from its depths and burned. Every summer this process was repeated for six years.

Finally the swamp was cleared and work began on the laying out of miniature islands between which the water was to be allowed to course in winding streams. Each of the many islands was planted with gay blossoming plants, azaleas prevailing, until they looked for all the world like huge flower pots. Paths totalling three and one-half miles, were allowed to take their natural winding course around the water's edge and across the lake over many rustic bridges, no two of which are alike. The borders of these paths run the gamut of color that is furnished by numerous plants. This is repeated in the still depths of the black water. Through the lofty branches of the lacy cypresses slanting sunbeams steal to the blossoms, only to pick out the gayest hues and accentuate them in pleasing modulated contrasts against the blackness of the water.

Along the winding paths nature works out an interesting study in chiaroscuro that is ever shifting, ever alluring under the hand of the supreme artist. The brown of the fallen leaves blends harmoniously with the emerald of the new grass that runs eagerly up the inclines of the borders, only to lose itself in the flowing rhythm of color that is azaleas, narcissi, daffodils, violets, amaryllis, iris, and other plants too numerous to mention.

More than 50,000 tons of bulbs of various kinds have been planted in Cypress Gardens. Azaleas by the hundreds and of every color grown blossom there. Some of these are twenty years old. These were transplanted from the centuries-old-garden back of the house. The fragrance of sweet olives placed at intervals along the path border permeates the air.

Thoughts that are altogether holy possess a lover of beauty in the course of a stroll through this modern Garden of Eden. It is as though the person who achieved this masterpiece had slipped his hand into that of the Creator, who had responded by placing that matchless artist, nature, at his disposal. About the bridges that man has fashioned from portions of lichen-painted tree trunks and branches nature has twined the Virginia creeper, the trailing wistaria, clematis, woodbine, and yellow jessamine. The hand of man has transplanted thousands of iris beneath the overhanging boughs of the live oaks and nature has marshalled her array of wild purple flags down beside the water's edge where it smiles back at the work of man. Among the daphne, magnolia, myrtle and plants of man's own raising along the path borders nature has woven a tracery of wild fern and sweet fennel.

No more heavenly spot on the face of this earth can be found than Cypress Gardens in the time of spring. Through the vista of the trees, where

gently swaying streamers of soft grey moss trail from boughs to gather to themselves the purple of the shadows, native dogwood casts a silvery spell among the intense color of the azaleas, and the waters repeat the tale of loveliness. From the lushness of nwe grass wee whiet violets peep out with a shyness that is fetching. Easter week usually finds the garden at its best. Happy bursts of bird song suggest a pæan of joy that thrills the whole world at springtime. Almost the listener can hear a symphonic strain of music in the rustle of the leaves.

Desirious that those who visit the gardens may enjoy them to the fullest, the owner has placed in glass frames along the paths maps of the gardens to guide those who walk. Turquoise blue boats and canoes and a schooner may be used by those who prefer to paddle about the one hundred and forty acres of water that, despite its suggestion of limitless depth, is hardly more than three feet deep. Wheel chairs with negro attendants are available for those who find walking or boating too strenuous. Rustic benches offer resting places along the paths for those who wish them.

The care of the gardens during the summer is a gigantic task. Although there is a flowing well three hundred feet or more in depth, the water is mineral and cannot be used for watering the thirsty azalea plants. The mineral water neutralizes the acidity of the soil, and azaleas must have acidity to thrive. Therefore fresh water must be pumped two miles distant. A water truck mounted with an engine and five hundred feet of hose is kept busy during the summer when the water is drained from the gardens.

When the Cooper River becomes flooded the water is tested to determine if it be fresh. If so certain of the old flood gates used during the time of rice cultivation, are opened and the water conserved for use in the gardens. Rain water also is caught in quantity.

"The American Venice" is a name justly conferred upon Cypress Gardens by those who go there. So closely have Mr. Kittridge and his wife, who is a Charleston woman endowed with the love of the South Carolina Low Country flora, worked in harmony with nature that nature has recompensed them by bringing forth abundant offerings of flora indigenous to that section. It is impossible to tell where the work of man leaves off and that of nature begins. Certainly no one would suspect that these gardens, with exception of the stately cypress trees, are no more than six years old!

So ethereal is the beauty of design and blossom that the cypress trees serve the purpose of lending assurance that it is not all a dream that will fade away at any moment.

Knowledge without goodness is dangerous, goodness without knowledg is useless.—Exchange.

THE SUGARING PARTY

By Miriam Vincel

In her *cabane* that April morning, Isabel Tavener was washing dishes; and as she dried the cups, she hummed an old *chanson* of the Northland:

"When the ice lets go the river,
When the wild geese come again
When the sugar-maple swells,
When the maple swells its buds."

Her grandfather had been to the village and brought her back a letter.

"*Merci, Gran'pere,*" she thanked him, in the soft patois of Quebec.

He patted her cheek and left her to work in the vegetable garden.

Flipping the dish towel over her shoulder, Isabel slit the envelope and began reading.

"Why, Lois and Joan and Eleanor are coming! They'll be here over the week-end; they want to see the sugar bush in springtime."

She thought: "Everything must be spick and span before they get here. I'll start cleaing the *cabane* right away."

She went into the big living room. The ceiling beams had been aged a deep mahogany color by time and smoke; the casement windows swung outward to catch the tangy odor of spruce from the hills. A fireplace took up one end of the room, with shelves of books snuggled on either side of the hearth.

When Isabel's father was alive, he liked to sit in his own niche near the fireplace and write up his scientific experiments for publication. Now that he was gone, Isabel used his favorite armchair, read his medical books, and dreamed of carrying on his work among the *habitants.*

As she stood in the room now, all the glamor suddenly left it. The home-made furniture, the hand-loomed curtains and couch covers, the rag carpets, the iron pots hanging in the fireplace—everything looked tawdry and old-fashioned.

"I do want the girls to come! But I can't let them see the *cabane* like this!"

She ran out to Gran'pere, who was stooped over a cold frame of early tomato plants. All in one breath she explained: city friends were coming; the *cabane* was dingy; she would be ashamed for the girls to see it. She must get new things. She must go to Montreal and buy new rugs, new curtains, new cooking pans.

With a hand on his rheumatic back, Gran'pere straightened up. Andre Pierrot was old. Seventy winters he had seen the ice freeze in the river; seventy springs he had seen the sap rise in the sugar bush to make the golden flowing syrup.

"*Non, p'tite,* eet ees not necessary to go to the ceety," he objected. "We have no need for things new."

Like many olden folk, Andre Pierrot lived in a world of his own making. A dozen hives of bees drummed in the buckwheat patch. Over the hill, the milch cows pastured in the apple orchard. Yonder in the barn lot was the horse and the two-wheeled *caleche* in which he rode to church

on the Sabbath. After his day's work, he could rest contentedly in the chair he'd made at the carpenter's bench.

He laid an affectionate hand on her shoulder. Shaking his white head, Gran'pere said, "*Mon fille,* the new and the old cannot be mixed."

Tears came to Isabel's eyes.

With a prayer on her lips that she should do the right thing, she turned and walked back to the *cabane.*

* * *

Midday found Isabel steering her outboard canoe down the wilderness-buried Riviere Memisette. The *Nancy Girl,* stored in the boat shed all winter, was making its first spring trip with many rebellious knocks and labored squeaks.

The somber, rainy day expressed Isabel's mood perfectly. It was one of those orphan days of late April that belong neither to winter nor to spring. Isabel, realizing she could stay no longer at the sleepy *habitante* settlement, dreaded to leave the village and seek new work and new friends.

She lashed herself for quarreling with Gran'pere; indeed, she felt herself the worst of ingrates. When she was a motherless little thing he had shielded and cared for her. He'd boasted volubly over her first speckled trout, and had let her fry it all by herself. He'd popped corn to decorate her Christmas trees, and had carved toys to fill her stockings. He'd named her, "La jeune Doctoresse," because she'd tagged along with her dad on his visits to the sick.

Isabel reached for a handkerchief. In a corner of it she'd tied a child's tooth—one of *p'tite* Paul's front teeth that she pulled for him. He'd given it to her as a reminder that she mustn't forget to bring him back some chewing gum.

Resting her head on the steering wheel, she cried heartbrokenly. There would be no more operations of tooth-pulling and splinter-removing, with their cookie and chewing gum rewards

Gran'pere had said the old and the new were incompatible. She had decided to choose the new. . . . . .

The current, tugging at the sides of the canoe, jerked her alert. She pushed the tiller far to the left, that she could swing in a wide semi-circle around an island in mid-channel. Glancing over at the tree-studded plot of land, she saw a man at the water's edge. He was signaling to her, but she could not hear him.

She cut off the engine in order to hear what he was saying.

"*Mam'selle,*" his voice came across the water, "I've had a bad canoe accident. Could you stop and lend a hand?"

Isabel veered the canoe around, headed for the island, and deftly skirled into a willow at the island edge.

Hopping out of the canoe, she lapped the painter around the sapling and ran over to the man.

He'd gone back to his handful of coals. In wet clothing, the raw wind off the water made him shiver with cold. There was an ugly gash on his cheek; his forehead was bound up; and blood was seeping through the makeshift bandage on his right hand.

"Mericiful heaven, M'sieu!" Isabel sympathized. "How did you get hurt? What happened?"

The man explained that he had been canoeing up river; and ignorant of the treacherous currents, had thought to rest at the island. The boat had been capsized; he had been knocked against jagged rocks; and only by sheer luck and hard swimming had he reached the island at all.

Running to the canoe, Isabel fetch- a blanket to wrap him in while his jacket could dry. With a belt-ax from the boat, she cut pine boughs; and throwing them on the fire, fanned the coals to leaping flames. Then she turned to give the man a hand. Taking off his sodden bandages, she bound up his cuts with strips torn from her clothing.

A short time later he was sitting on a "feather bed" of spruce boughs, and was sipping hot tea from the top of her thermos bottle.

As Isabel refilled his cup, she asked, "Feeling better?"

"I certainly am—thanks to you."

"Where were you going, M'sieu? My canoe takes two people as easily as one."

"We were headed in opposite directions, Mam'selle," he told her. "How far are we from Ste. Memisette?"

Isabel opened her eyes in astonishment. "Ste. Memisette! That's where I live, M'sieu. It's about eight miles up river."

"Maybe you can tell me whether anyone is staying at Dr. Traverner's house. He died recently—but—" The man bit off the sentence.

"I'm his daughter, Isabel."

"I'm Dr. Keith, of Montreal." The stranger shook hands. "Our Medical Society is very interested in your father's book that was published last month. He hinted at an experiment that he was working on. The Society asked me to get permission to go over his notes. If he perfected the formula of the serum in that experiment, the medical world will put his name among the great bacteriologists of all times."

They were silent a few minutes. As Isabel fed the fire, she did some swift thinking. If she didn't go on to Montreal, she'd have no other opportunity to buy those new things. If she took the doctor to the *cabane* he'd see those tawdry furnishings. He'd need three or four days to study her father's notes—he'd be at the sugaring party!

What would a city doctor think of Andre Pierrot's utter disregard for those things called germs?

Isabel's reasoning went to a deeper question.

Her father had always found time to take care of his humblest patients along with his monumental experiments. She was thinking about her house; Dr. Keith was thinking about the suffering of mankind. She felt she'd be breaking faith with her dad if she went on a trip of her own and did not take Dr. Keith to the settlement.

She looked up. "I was going to the city," she said truthfully, "but my trip can wait. Dr. Keith. I'll take you to Ste. Memisette." . . .

Later that afternoon they were four miles from the isolated little

village. They were both soaked, for shortly after leaving the island rain had come down in blinding sheets. It had settled into a drizzle that would keep up all night.

The old engine in the *Nancy Girl* had been rebelling the entire trip up river; and now with a last cough, it turned over and died. The swift current was pushing the canoe back down river.

Isabel bent over and felt under the blankets in the bottom of the boat.

She saw Dr. Keith's worried face, and assured him: "Doctor, this motor is so temperamental—it's really downright 'mean' at times—that I always travel prepared."

She slipped a pole over the side of the canoe—a straight-grained piece of ash ten feet long with a steel guard at the end. It was sturdy and reliable, like old Andre, who felled the timber and made the pole at his carpenter's bench.

Heading the boat into the current to keep it from swinging one way or the other, she started the last four miles of their trip. Slowly she "climbed" the pole with hand-over-hand holds; and then, reaching ahead, began another "run."

An hour later they saw the village far in the distance.

The lights from the *cabanes* blinked drowsily down on the river. Friendly smoke curled up from the chimneys as the busy housewives prepared the evening meal. From the barn lots came the neighs of horses and the tinkle of cow- and goat-bells. High in the rainy sky rose the church spire; and from its aloof height it looked down on the peaceful settlement like a gray, silent guardian.

* * *

The sugaring party was in full swing. Gran'pere was presiding over the two iron cauldrons of boiling golden syrup.

The one-room shed where Andre Pierrot was making the sugar should have been torn down long ago, and a modern and a more adequate one built. But each spring he patched the roof and replaced any bricks that had fallen out of the chimney.

One could buy thermometers that showed the various heat-stages of the syrup; but Andre Pierrot put no faith at all in such new-fangled "tools". He used a broad, flat wooden spoon with a round hole in the bowl; and with ritualistic solemnity, he'd dip the spoon in the bubbling syrup, blow through the hole and count the bubbles.

The youngsters swarmed about his elbows. "*Non, non, mes enfants,*" he told them again and again, "*la tire* (the candy) eet ees not yet ready!"

They would shuffle back to the low benches around the wall, to wait for the next dipping and blowing and tasting.

Isabel, huddled in one corner of the smoke-filled room, was trying to gauge how the party was coming on.

She saw the doctor—and gasped.

A youngster had sneaked up behind Gran'pere and had dipped his spoon into one of the cauldrons. Andre Pierrot turned and whacked that thieving spoon. While Gran'pere was busy with the "thief", Dr. Keith dipped his *palette* into the pot.

In one jump the doctor was at his

place on the bench, licking the stringy sweetness with gusto.

The children shrieked with delight. The mistiness in Isabel's eyes wasn't caused altogether by the smoke. They were tears of real joy, for she'd thought that Dr. Keith wouldn't care for such old-fashioned amusement; but he was having the time of his life.

Outside the *cabane* there was a tremendous racket.

Francois was blackening faces!

He had slipped in and grabbed a fistful of the sticky soot that formed on the outside of boilders. Shrieks of protests and wistful pleadings to soften his stony heart—then roars of laughter as the black hand left its mark.

The soot was a sign of popularity for the lucky girl.

Lois burst into the smoke-filled room and sat down beside Isabel.

"Darling, this is the grandest party I ever went to," she whispered, a happy lilt proving her words sincere. "I love your *cabane;* it's so snug and old-fashioned—why, I felt a welcoming hospitality the instant I stepped into it."

Gran'pere boomed the summons:

"La tire! La tire! C'est fini!"

A concerted rush for the pile of wooden spoons. The dipping began!

P'tite Paul had a spoon in each fist. He sidled over to Isabel.

"Look Isabel, in dis pocket," he lisped, indicating the right pocket of his little homespun pants. "Docteur Keith, he gimme all dose mooch!"

His impish sooty face broke into a grin.

Isabel peeked into the pocket. Two whole packages of gum! She looked at him in open-eyed astonishment. other front tooth was gone!

* * *

They stood in the doorway of the *cabane,* Dr. Keith, Andre Pierrot and Isabel, to wave *au revoir* to the last departing guest.

Then, turning back to the room, they gathered about the lighted fireplace. Dr. Keith sat in a handmade rocker between them.

He spoke to Isabel:

"Last night Andre and I talked about your plans to leave Ste. Memisette. We think you should go away, but not to stay; for your work and happiness lie here.

'Isabel, your father finished his experiment. The serum, that I'd mentioned to you, can now be put on the market; and you will get a royalty. Wouldn't you like to use that money to go to medical college?"

Isabel couldn't say a word!

The doctor went on:

"While you're studying in the city, I'd like to look out for you. During vacations Andre will keep you the lovely unspoiled girl that you are. Then after you get your degree, you should come back here as the doctor for Ste. Memisette."

Gran'pere patted her hand affectionately. "I thought once the old and the new were incompatible. How much better eet ees, *P'tite,* to use the best of the old and the best of the new!"

Isabel's eyes lit up like candles. She would be carrying on her father's work among the people who needed her, and whom she knew and loved.

HONOR ROLL FOR MARCH

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

ROOM No. 1

—A—

Edgar Anderson, Robert Benfield, Robert Conklin, James Cooper, Bryan Williams, Charles Wagoner, Robert Worthington and Jim Kellam.

—B—

Robert Alexander, Boyd Freeman, Homer Smith, Clifford Bowers, Walter Guy, Ed Lockamy and Willie McDade.

ROOM No. 2

—A—

Allen Barrett, Paul Eason, William Hare, Earl Hill, Warren Holloman and William Hill.

—B—

Braxton Grady, Willie Ange, D. C. Winston and Clarence Deal.

ROOM No. 3

—A—

Vasco Robinson, Hilton McMath, J. T. Lovett, Vernon Lamb, Council Holden, Tom Brown, Henry Chester, Hoyte Hudson and Paul Shipes.

—B—

Thomas Horton, Kenneth Messick, H. B. Tucker and James Yarborough.

ROOM No. 4

—A—

Curtis Coleman, Edgar Hatley and Norman Owens.

—B—

Boyd Baker, Harry Flowe, Lonnie Holloman, Homer Jones, Jas. Boyce, Morris Hicks, Boyd Barringer, Bennie Holland and Eli Philemon.

ROOM No. 5

—A—

Leonard Potter, James Montford, Barney Caviness, David Hodge, Irving Medlin, James Young, Clinton Keen, Spurgeon Dowless and Fred Vereen.

—B—

Sam Everett, Joe Sanford and Perry Harvell.

ROOM No. 6

—A—

John Caddell, Roy Pope and Lynwood Potter.

—B—

John Auton and F. E. Mickle.

ROOM No. 7

—A—

Sanford Collins, Lee Dickens, Joe McPherson and James Hodges.

—B—

Thomas Hamilton, John Drum, John Killiam, Clarence Matton, Theodore Rector and Luther Wilson.

No amount of straining, crying, agonizing can re-make one single day of the year that is past. A little careful planning and thoughtful working out can make many glorious days in the future.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

A group of boys were recently engaged in unloading a carload of coal at our railroad siding. This will soon be distributed among the various buildings on the campus.

—o—

Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been busy for the past few days salvaging lumber from the grandstand at our athletic field, which was demolished during the storm last week. A goodly quantity of this lumber will be available in re-building the stand.

—o—

Richard Wrenn, of Cottage No. 9, had the misfortune to sustain a fractured leg while at work in the woods last Tuesday. He was engaged in helping to clear some of the damage done by last week's severe wind storm. Richard was taken at once to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, where the injured member is being treated.

—o—

Since last reported in these columns, February 16th, twenty-eight boys have been paroled or permitted to go. Having made good records during their stay at the School, these boys are now at home attending school or engaged in regular employment. They are: Randolph Elliott, Kannapolis; Glenn Conner, Rockingham; Robert Morris, Ellerbe; Glenn Ennis and James Finley, McDowell County; Edward Casstevens, Winston-Salem; Monroe Denham, Wake County; Leroy Shields, Greensboro; Clyde Peeler, Salisbury; Dallas Beasley Benson; Wallace Anders, Hendersonville; Guy Emerson, Canton; Jack Williams, Reidsville; James Greer, Hendersonville; James Johnson, Altamahaw; Glenn Young, Sylva; Archie Batts, Duplin County; Clarence Deal, East Durham; Louis Stinson, Burlington; Bunk Stout, Statesville; Bill and Allen Barrett, Gaffney, S. C.; Ralph Meecimore, Alexander County; Russell Ferris, Rockingham County; Claude Hoyle, Lenoir; J. R. Morrow, Shelby; Ned Martin and John H. Owens, Duplin County.

—o—

The following letter was recently received from one of our paroled boys:

Marshville, N. C.
March 24, 1935.

Dear Mr. Boger:

I will take pleasure in writing you for this month's report.

I am working on the farm, gaining pounds and getting a good sun tan. Everything seems to be going along like well-oiled machinery.

No, I didn't think you were joking when you said you would write me often, but I didn't think you had that much interest in me, but I see I was wrong.

I have been plowing this week, and in a new ground at that, but it seems that I am making it better than I expected. I'll bet we have something that you don't have up there—we have corn already up.

Will close now, wishing you the best of luck.

Yours Truly,
James B. Dunn.

—o—

Rev. C. E. Baucom, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read Mark 4: 35-41 and Mark 5: 1-15 and 25-34.

The subject of Rev. Baucom's talk to the boys was "Jesus, a Storm Calmer," citing three kinds of storms —a storm at sea; a storm of the mind, and a physical storm—and Jesus' power to conquer them.

The speaker first told how the disciples, crossing over the sea in a small boat, were caught in a terrible storm. They became frightened and awakened the Master, who calmly slept while the storm raged, saying, "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" and he arose and said unto the sea, "Peace, be still" and immediately the sea became calm. People marveled at the power of this man whom even the waves of the sea obeyed.

On another occasion Jesus and his disciples met a man who was possessed of an unlean spirit. He had his dwelling among the tombs. No man could bind him even with chains; no man could tame him; and night and day he cried and cut himself with stones. The people said he was possessed of the devil, but in this modern day, his ailment would be termed a mental storm, or insanity. When this man saw Jesus, he cried out that he might be realeased from his torment. Jesus had pity on him and commanded the unclean spirits to depart from him. The spirits went out from the man and entered into a herd of swine, they immediately running violently down a steep incline into the sea, and were drowned. Thus Jesus calmed a mental storm.

On another occasion when Jesus was talking to a multitude of people, a woman who had suffered terribly and had spent all she had in her efforts to be cured, but failed to find relief, came to Him and touched the hem of His garment. Straightway "the fountain of her blood was dried up, and she felt in her body that she was healed of that plague." She fell down before Him and He said, "Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace and be whole of thy plague." This incident shows Jesus' power over physical storms.

Rev. Baucom then said that today we find persons who are passing through most trying experiences—financial storms, mental storms, physical storms, storms of doubt and fear and storms of tmeper. The latter causes men to do horrible things. A person who would murder, kidnap, rob, etc., said the speaker, has demons in his heart. But when we have Christ and love in our hearts, we need not be afraid of any kind of storm—we can even face death without fear, but to one who is without God, the way is dark and fear overcomes him.

In conclusion, Rev. Baucom, said, if the we take the Master of all storms into our hearts, we can stand before the final Judgment seat of God without fear.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending March 31, 1935

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Ervin Martin
Earl Rogers
Billie McCormick
Richard Sullivan
Robert Radford
Louis Tarkington
Ashley Thompson

COTTAGE No. 1

Sam Batts
Herman Lamm
Clifford Bowers
C. McLaughlin
Homer Bunn
Millard Owenby
Russell Ferris
Harvard Winn
Ray Hutchins
P. Yarborough.

COTTAGE No. 2

James Cooper
Vasco Robinson
Thomas Goodman
Woodrow Spruill
Thomas Horton
H. B. Tucker

COTTAGE No. 3

Barney Caviness
Percy Gurganous
Julian Gregory
Frank Hutchins
Johnnie Walsh

COTTAGE No. 4

James Bartlett
Robert Orrell
Vernon Bass
Lloyd Pettus
Fleming Collins
Clyde Reece
Joel Moore
Melvin Walters
Jack McRary
Hubert Williams

COTTAGE No. 5

Max Cecil
Maynard Hicks
Jack Freeman
Claude Hoyle
Robert Worthington

COTTAGE No. 6

Earl Bass
Leonard Melton
John McKay
Joe Sanford
Ernest Stepp

COTTAGE No. 7

Boyd Barringer
Lewis Parker
J. B. Murray
Theodore Nines

COTTAGE No. 8

John Auton
Jesse Freeman
Sam Belk
Ed Greer
Harry Flowe
Clarence Haney
Norman Pike

COTTAGE No. 9

Alvis Browning
William Fowler
Ervin Coward
Thomas McCarter
Kester Sutphin

COTTAGE No. 10

Jack Baity
Hilton McMath
N. Cockerham
William Peden
James Kellum
Charles Pollard
Fred Ward

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Hefner
Ralph Mecimore
David Hodge
Bennie Moore
Bennie Holland
James Rector
Lee Watkins

COTTAGE No. 12

Earl Atwood
John Owens
Alfred Holloman
Eli Philemon
Ed Lockamy
Homer Quick
Tom Welch

COTTAGE No. 13

Clarence Douglas
Jennings Norris
Urban Hill
Eugene Smith
Howard Wilson

COTTAGE No. 14

Billy Baker
Vernon Sheaf
Jack Comer
Virgil Sheaf

COTTAGE No. 15

Robert Alexander
Ned Martin
Marvin Ashe
Claibourne McKee
Tom Brown
Gilbert Murray
Denver Beshears
Sam Pegram
Jack Barlow
Harley Pennell
Floyd Causey
Charles Pennell
John Caddell
Paul Rhodes
John Early
Glenn Stewart
George Gibson
Roy Wyrick

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Southern Railway System

CAROLINA ROOM
Ap 13 35

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 13, 1935 No. 15

EASTER

See the land, her Easter keeping,
  Rises as her Maker rose.
Seeds, so long in darkness sleeping,
  Burst at last from winter snows,
Earth with heaven above rejoices,
  Fields and gardens hail the spring;
Shaughs and woodlands ring with voices,
  While the wild birds build and sing.

You, to whom your Maker granted
  Powers to those poor birds unknown,
Employ the craft by God implanted;
  Use the wisdom not your own.
So, while Heav'n and earth rejoices,
  Each an Easter tribute bring—
Work of fingers, chant of voices,
  As the birds who build and sing.

—Charles Kingsley.

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAI

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

GOOD FRIDAY

The whole Christian world is interested in Good Friday because on that day we celebrate the death of our Lord. The suddenness of it stunned the apostles. The hopes they entertained were swept away in an incredibly short period of time. They believed till the very last that with a display of His mighty power He could escape the trap set for Him.

He knew all things in the mind of man; He knew of the silver changing hands sealing His death; the "via dolorosa" was no surprise to Him,—with such knowledge of oncoming events could He not have caused the wicked purposes of His enemies to be frustrated?

He came not into the world to defeat, only through the preaching of the Gospel. He could have summoned legions of angels to subdue the adversaries. HE DID NOT SAVE HIMSELF. He could have.

But, Christ came to atone for the sins of the world by His death on the cross.

He was nailed on the cross by His enemies, and through the death He died He was able to save that which was lost.—Young Folks.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF EASTER

Easter day comes early in the beautiful season of Spring. All nature rises from its winter sleep, taking on color, taking on life, and we, too, become infected with the spirit of the season, wanting to shake off all sluggishness, live in the midst of the riot of colors and unite with the song birds in the great Hallelujahs!

Through the centuries, since the date when the Saxons honored "Eastre," the goddess of light or spring, the Christians have endeavored to impress men that the forty days of the Lenten season is the time specifically for an inventory of self. The word Easter is derived from the ancient Saxon word "Eastre."

When the ancient Christians came among the primitive people, the Saxons, it was difficult to make them discard all festivities to their goddess, "Eastre," even after they had embraced Christianity. Finally they were convinced their religion was all superstition and instead they glorified at this season Jesus Christ.

To Christians all over the world, Easter is significant of the resurrection of Jesus Christ, occurring on Sunday, the second day after Good Friday, corresponding to the Jewish Passover. In accord with the decree of Nice, Easter Day is always the first Sunday after the full moon that falls on or after the 21st of March; if the full moon falls on Sunday, Easter is celebrated one week later.

By Christians, Easter is regarded as the most important day in the chuch calendar, culminating in the forty days of self-denial the Christian faith in the immortality of the soul. It is a day of triumph over death, a day of great hope and joy.

The Lenten season is an occasion to resurrect ourselves from the despair of the past mistakes and with higher ideals of living lift ourselves to a more perfect plan of life.

Those who believe Him as the Son of God believe that on the first Easter Sunday He worked His greatest miracle; on that day He fulfilled His promise; He triumphed over His enemies; He proved Himself Master of life and death. No day holds a greater meaning for Christian people.

* * * * * * *

RENAISSANCE OF THE CLASSICS

Half a century ago the education of both young men and women was not considered finished without some knowledge of the works of such authors as Dickens, Thackeray and other classic writers of the Victorian period. It is an occasion for thanksgiving that the dawn of a new day is breaking for a renewal of interest in literature that cultivates a taste for the refining things of life.

Charles Dickens, though passed to the great beyond these sixty-five years, enshrined in Westminster Abbey, declines to rest in peace. His books refuse to lie quietly on the shelf. The characters depicting some phase of humanity, led by David Copperfield, when thrown upon the screens of movie theatres throughout the

nation are accepted with delight in spite of the fact the background was when letters were an event, telegrams a rarity, the railway not accessible for all people, traffic consisted of horse, cart and coaches only for the "well-to-do."

This would be a slow and dull scene for the 20th century youths, but to Dickens the silence, the lack of bustle and confusion was solace to his soul and gave time and inspiration for the study of symphony of mankind. When life is cluttered with the ambition to out-strip friends for social position or material gain there is no time left for the divine injunction,—"love thy neighbor as thyself." To write a sweet story or sing a song with sweetness of voice there must be a soul, the source of love,—God is love.

Dickens wrote with an understanding heart, he loved life; he loved people; he made his books a study of pen-pictures, or photographs of different natures surrounded by plots of infinite variety to further enhance real characters. Remembering how he himself had been a boy, and what are boys sufferings when neglected he never failed to befriend the friendless boy. He was truly a friend of the forgotten, and every body who was nobody became somebody to Dickens. A character of this calibre never dies despite the intervening sixty-five years. Character, like truth, can never be crushed.

* * * * * * * *

THE PONTIFF'S DECREE

Pope Pius XI, the 78 year old pontiff, of the Vatican city, gathered twenty cardinals about him in secret consistory, and told them the nations were talking war, but impossible; because he could not persuade himself to believe that those who have at heart the prosperity and well-being of the people wish to push suicide, and extermination not alone upon their own nation but a great part of humanity.

"If," the pontiff continued, "there were some wishing to commit this enormous crime of war, he could do nothing else than pray to God to destroy the people who so desire war." Following this speech, he issued the proclamation that three days of prayer be observed in Lourdes, France, that "God might illumine the minds

of those who have in their hands the government and fate of people in the present sad anxiety of time which leads to fear for a still sadder future."

Knowing that the Roman Catholics had the courage, given from above, to stimulate the interest of people so that action be taken to purge the motion pictures of all slush suggestive of sex appeal, there is assurance that the same courage, prompted by prayer, will inspire in the heart of all people a love for mankind and a desire for universal peace.

* * * * * * *

THE FIRST FIRE ENGINE

The old city, Alexandria, Virginia, filled with traditional history that is of interest to all people, there rests the fire engine used in fire emergencies, the gift of George Washington, as long ago as 1774.

It was made by Rogers Brothers, Baltimore, and is now in the possession of the "Friendship Fire Association," Alexandria. From the article telling of this hand-drawn antique it is apparent "Friendship" was the name of the fire association at the time the gift was presented by Washington; that the "father of our country" first saw the fire apparratus in Philadelphia and that many years the engine disappeared, and no one knew of its whereabouts. Later, in 1931 it was discovered in an old out-house covered with dust and many coats of paint that somewhat concealed its identity.

In the reclamation of removing the dust and scraping the paint the word "Friendship' was visible. To the mind of all interested people this evidentily cleared up all doubt in the mind of doubting Thomases. Whether the story is authentic or not, we believe it is, the circumstantial evidence is sufficiently strong to give the F. F. Vs. the courage to acclaim "we have the first apparatus for fighting fire ever used in the United States." These Virginians are a proud people, you cannot lose them, they are proud of their past achievements and never fail to add luster to the fame already attained.

NEW SANITORIUM SPONSORED

Realizing the needs of the state the members of the General Assmbly gave final approval to a bill making provision for a bond issue of $250,000 for the erection of a Sanatorium in the western part of North Carolina for tuberculosis patients residing in that area.

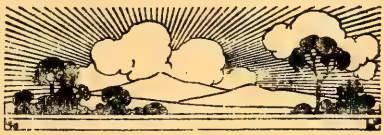
It is hoped by the tuberculosis enthusiasts that an additional sum of $250,000 will be made available by the Federal government through a P W A grant, which will make possible the provision of at least 200 beds.

The next step to bring into realization a dream of those who study the future welfare of the citizens of North Carolina is a suitable site, selection of personnel and approval of a board of directors to be appointed by the Governor.

The tuberculosis associations have rendered a great service throughout the country, by segregation, treatment and information as to the best methods of living, having in this way reduced greatly the tuberculosis mortality.

The question confronting scientists today,—"is tuberculosis approaching control?" The consensus of opinion of those who have made a constant study of the plague is that "a complete conquest of this disease still appears remote, but there are great hopes it may be reduced to relative impotence within the next ten years."

The finest economy to be practiced in spending tax money is to build a citizenry strong mentally, physically and morally. With this ambition, the control of tuberculosis, as the goal, there is not a doubt this dread disease can be arrested within a definite period. An ounce of preventive measures is far better than a pound of cure any time.



RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

LOVE IS ALL

"But all true things in the world
seem truer,
And the better things of earth
seem best,
And friends are dearer as friends
are fewer,
And love is all as our sun dips
west.

Then let us clasp hands as we
walk together,
And let us speak softly in love's
sweet tone,
For no one knows on the mor-
row whether
We two pass by, or but one
alone."

—o—

The most dangerous man on the highway is the fellow with a tank full of gasoline and a stomach full of moonshine liquor.

—o—

A Pee Dee Valley school boy wrote a composition on man and he said it was a fellow split half way up, and he walked on the split ends.

—o—

Nature is kind to humanity. She gives sense to a whole lot of people—but the trouble is she gives it to them too late to do them any good.

—o—

A cynical-minded person comes forward and says "Women are a snare and a delusion." He may have been caught in a trap—up to some of his meanness, on saying that. But I have noticed that most men have a fondness for hugging delusions of one kind and another.

—o—

In sending limburger cheese through the mails it just means there will be an extra scent on each package.

—o—

There is an old adage, "Man wants but little here below." Well, that's about what he gets. But that adage was written before income taxes and tax collectors were invented.

—o—

We are told that every shirt made for a man gives employment to about 37 persons. I always wondered if it did not take a lot of hands, from the number of pins a fellow has to pick out of the blooming things.

—o—

It is said that bumpers for motor cars were first introduced in 1906. And bumps for pedestrians have been in vogue ever since the first motor car was introduced.

—o—

Clarence Darrow says "Good times are gone forever." I, for one, don't believe any such thing. However, Darrow is not a good prognosticator. Some years ago he said the 18th amendment would never be repealed.

—o—

When man begins to meddle with the bounty of nature, it looks as if the Lord takes a hand and shows man he doesn't know as much as he thinks he knows. Weather conditions can knock the best-laid plans of men

into a cocked hat. If we deliberately curtail crops when nature smiles, we may find our stomachs more or less empty when she frowns.

—o—

I am always delighted and encouraged to hear from my reader friends everywhere. It is like the cool summer breezes on a hot day. I feel sure my readers will pardon me for copying a few words of appreciation, which, to me is like a bouquet of fresh roses. And admiring friend, in Oxford, writes: "Your red stick of candy paragraph is alone worth the price of admission. Keep up the good work, and more power to you." A very dear friend and godly man in Warrenton writes: "Your comments on Lent are the most apropos that I have seen. You said in one paragraph almost as much as some say in a volume. I get a great "kick" out of 'Old Hurrygraph's' 'squibs.'"

—o—

This world of ours is changing rapidly. New conditions mean new needs. Anticipate them, and your ideas, too, will become blueprints to progress. There's nothing so good in this world that there can't be something better. Take a look into the future. Think ahead of the masses. Be prepared to supply the demand when the idea for something crystallizes. You may seem way ahead of the times until the world wants what you can supply—then it will come around with the price. Today is the time to look ahead. The world did not want flying machines until Wright built them, nor sewing machines until Howe invented them, but both saw that the world would need them. It pays to think ahead, if you have a head that will look into the future, and think.

—o—

A North Carolina Judge's Hobby for Walking Canes.

Did you ever see a walking stick? Of course you have. But you have never seen a stick walking by itself. There are hurricanes, but they have nothing to do with walking canes. Most every one has a hobby of some kind, to a greater or less degree. It has come to light that former Lieutenant-Governor and present county Judge of Bertie County, North Carolina — Bertie's "grand old man" — Judge Francis D. Winston, has a hobby for walking canes. He has a most unique assortment, second only to the huge collection in the Old Museum, in Washington, D. C. At 77 years of age Judge Winston has no more use for a walking cane than he did more than half a century ago, but walking sticks is the hobby of this distinguished jurist, and he has them to the number of 103. It is told that Judge Winston has oratorically touched every one of the one hundred counties in North Carolina, and the reward for his flights of oratory has been a walking cane, different sizes, different styles, different makes. How the cane mania got started the Judge cannot distinctly recall, but the first one got to him in some way with the name "Thomas Sumter" engraved on its bone head. General Sumter was a Revolutionary War veteran and a cripple, and he had this stick as he went over the battle fields. It had a hole in the top for a thong in case the Gen-

eral was ahorse, and it is so adorned today. I am told by a correspondent at Windsor, Judge Winston's home town, that during the Spanish-American War, or soon thereafter, this government destroyed the Rena Merceise, a captured Spanish gunboat in Norfolk. For his talk the Judge got a cane made from the timber of the boat. Dr. Joseph B. Outlaw, a Bertie county physician, while in Memphis, nursed an English actor taken ill in a hotel there. The Thespian was grateful and voiced his appreciation by paying a fee and giving Dr. Outlaw a cane upon which were carved several masks representing comedy, tragedy, drama and other symbols of life behind the footlights. Judge Winston got that cane when Dr. Outlaw returned home. Judge Winston is especially fond of a stick made for him in Cuba out of Leopard wood and given him by the late Gen. Julian S. Carr. There are also half a dozen or more canes from fraternal bodies all over the State, and many more from Masonic lodges, bearing Masonic emblems, presented for his eloquence, and one very extraordinary cane carved out of the wood of one of the trees still growing in the Mount of Olives, outside of Jerusalem.

I WOULD BE TRUE

I would be true,
For there are those who trust me;
I would be pure,
For there are those who care;
I would be strong,
For there is much to suffer;
I would be brave,
For there is much to dare.
I would be friend
Of all—the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving,
And forget the gift;
I would be humble,
For I know my weakness;
I would look up,
And laugh, and love, and lift.

—Howard A. Walter.

THE DAY OF PALMS

By Wouter Van Garrett

Many thousands of people had journeyed to Jerusalem for the Feast of the Passover. They came several days before the Passover to submit themselves to the rites of purification. That sacred feast was observed year after year in the month of Abib, or Nisan, our April, in commemoration of Israel's deliverance from her bondage in Egypt. It was a week of wondrous solemnity; and unfortunate was the devout Jew who was prevented from making the pilgrimage to the Holy City.

The worshipers who gathered in Jerusalem for the Passover on this particular occasion had one great topic of conversation. On every hand there was but one question that echoed and re-echoed:

'Think ye that the Man of Galilee will come to the feast?"

The fame of Jesus had gone throughout all the land. And recently one Lazarus, a young man from Bethany, had been raised from the dead by this same Jesus of Nazareth. The report had advanced the fame of Jesus to a high pitch. The pilgrims hoped that He would come; the previous year He had been absent.

At last, however, their doubt was set at rest. Word came that He was even then at Bethany, and would proceed to Jerusalem on the morrow. The crowd became even more enthusiastic and many hundreds resolved to go forth to meet Him, early in the morning, and escort Him into the city.

And on the morrow He did come; and He came riding on the colt of an ass. In the Orient the ass was, and still is, a creature as large as a small horse. Great men rode upon asses. When kings went forth to war they rode on rorses, but when they went on peaceful missions, they rode upon asses. Since Jesus was the Prince of Peace, and was about to announce Himself as the Promised One, it was fitting that He should enact His Messianic role and ride into the city on the colt of an ass.

The multitude had gone out of the city at daybreak, and had hurried along the road toward Bethany. Their enthusiasm was running high; they wanted to give Him a fitting welcome. As was the custom when royal personages visited a city, they strewed the road with their garments, and they cut boughs from the palm trees along the way. As they moved along they waved the palms above their heads.

When they met Him they escorted Him toward the city. It was a long procession, and men and women came before and after Him, shouting as they proceeded. Again, and yet again, they kept shouting precious promises of Holy Writ:

"Hosanna to the Son of David."

"Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord."

"Hosanna in the highest."

It was truly a royal procession. But even in the midst of all this jubilation there were rumblings of a coming storm. The rulers of the

Jews, ever on the alert for any disturbances, had learned of the multitude that left the city in the early hours of the day. They had sent some Pharisees along to learn what was about to happen. When these spies saw Jesus approaching in royal manner, they were bitterly provoked.

"Teacher," they cried, "rebuke Thy disciples!"

"I tell you," He replied, "that should these men be silent, the very stones will cry out."

As the procession wound its way along the road, and finally descended the mountainside, Jerusalem came into view. Jesus wept; and then a lament broke from His lips. He murmured a prophecy about the unresponsive city that lay spiritually dead before His eyes. His prophecy came to fulfillment just forty years later, in 70 A. D. when Titus laid the city in ruins.

The multitude pushed its way through the city gate. People along the street cried out, "Who is this?" And the spirited voices from the procession replied: "This is the Prophet Jesus. He called Lazarus out of the sepulchre and raised him from the dead." And all the while the Pharisees, hearing and seeing the popular plaudits of the crowd, snarled in contempt:

"See! the world hath gone after Him."

The Master rode on to the temple, and entered its sacred courts. The sick and afflicted flocked about Him, and He healed many of them, so that the voices of gratitude were mingled with the shouts of praise. He stood not only within the city of His enemies, but in the sacred courts, fearless of evil and yet merciful to all. With all their jealous indignation, the Pharisees dared not arrest Him, because they feared the multitude. But fertile minds were already busy trying to find a method of killing this Prophet of Galilee.

With His apostles, He found an obscure seat near the temple treasury, and there he observed the worshipers as they dropped their contributions into the trumpets. In the Court of Women, beyond which women were not suffered to proceed, stood thirteen boxes. Because of their peculiar shape they were called trumpets.

Many prominent Jews liked to be known for their generosity. So, when they changed their Roman money into Jewish money, at the tables of the money-changers, whose tables Jesus once overturned, they requested small change. And as they passed the metal trumpets, where every worshiper was expected to drop an offering, they hurled the handful of small change into the boxes. It sounded and resounded on its way to the bottom, and the spectators turned to look. And as men turned to look, the hypocrite smiled an inner satisfaction.

Jesus was much displeased with their efforts at "theatricals." But He refrained from comment. After a time, however, there came a poor widow, and in her hand she carried a poor offering. She had only two lepta, or halves of a quadrans, the fourth of an assarin which was one sixteenth of a denarius. It was a small gift, and she felt ashamed that

she had so little to give. So she dropped the two small coins quietly so that no one would hear or see. Jesus saw beyond the gift and to the depth of the devout heart that brought it. To Him the offering was richer than that of those who gave to make an impression.

The world might estimate her gift as cheap. But its value lay in the fact that she brought all she had. Many others brought more, but it was only a small part of their possessions.

As the sun crept back of the Judean hills, Jesus left Jerusalem. With His apostles He ascended the slope of Olivet. They did not return to the home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus, in Bethany. He spent the night, as He spent the succeeding nights, in a little park, called Gethsemane, on the side of the mountain. There under the Syrian sky and amid the olive trees, He lay down to rest.

The time had come, and passed, when the nation must receive Him, or reject Him. It had been prophesied that the Messiah should enter Jerusalem, in the manner He entered on this day of palms. And He came with a message that was the only message that could fulfill all that had been dreamed of in His name. But the people did not realize the deep spiritual meaning of His coming. It had been a day of destiny for Israel. Jesus of Nazareth came unto them as the Promised One. While they thronged about Him, and waved palms in the procession, and while thousands shouted, "Hosanna to the Son of David," priests and Pharisees scowled.

It had been a full day. Thousands had raised their voices to shout His acclaim. But His heart was heavy; He knew full well that before another Sabbath dawned, angry voices would shout:

"Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"

He had come as an answer to the prayers of devout Jews, for many centuries. He had come as the Messiah. Whose coming prophets had long foretold. For three long years he had moved about among His people, but the animosity of their leaders had prevented them from accepting Him as their Messiah.

Even at that moment those leaders were plotting how they might kill Him; He knew the jealous hatred in their hearts.

So He lay under the open sky, conscious of His Father's presence, and prepared to face the trial that was sure to await Him.

And so ended the Day of Palms!

Men attract to them the positions that belong to them. A small magnest never has the power to drag after it big things.

—Selected.

The Old Rugged Cross

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross, The emblem of suffering and shame, And I love that old cross where the Dearest and Best for a world of lost sinners was slain. In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine, A wondrous beauty I see, For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died, To pardon and sanctify me. To the old rugged cross I will ever be true, Its shame and reproach gladly bear; Then he'll call me some day to my home far away, Where His glory forever I'll share. So I'll cherish the old rugged cross, Till my trophies at last I lay down; I will cling to the old rugged cross, And exchange it some day for a crown.

HE IS RISEN

By Amy Bruner Almy

"He is risen! Hallelujah!" is the trumphant note running through the Easter hymns and carols of the centuries. To all the Christian world Easter comes as a season of deep spiritual rejoicing: spring has loosed the bleak rigor of winter; death, everywhere, has given place to renewed life. Is it not natural that the heart should break into praise when brought face to face with the miracle of immortality

The earliest Easter hymn of which we have any knowledge is attributed to Ambrose, Bishop of Milan. Tradition has it that, on Easter Day, in the year 387 A. D., Ambrose baptized Augustine in the Basilica of Milan, in the presence of a great throng of people. As if the Bishop foresaw the future greatness and saintliness of his youthful convert, he raised his hands to heaven and, filled with holy rapture, chanted:

"We praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.
All the earth doth worship Thee: the Father everlasting!"

He paused; from the lips of Augustine came the response:

"To Thee all Angels cry aloud: the heaven and all the powers therein.
To Thee Cheribum and Seraphim: continually do cry."

Thus, stave by stave, alternating between Ambrose and Augustine, was born the inspired "Te Deum," that royal hymn that has served Christianity for nearly sixteen centuries, and that has been the inspiration for hymns as sublime as the "Holy, Holy, Holy!" of Bishop Heber.

Another ancient Easter hymn sometimes attributed to Ambrose, but which probably dates several centuries later opens thus:

"The upper of the Lamb to share,
We come in vesture white and fair—
Author of all, to Thee we pray,
In this, our Easter joy today."

This hymn was used as a processional; the worshipers were maidens clad in robes of white.

These hymns of ancient and medieval times were all written in Latin; unrhymed verse was the form of the most ancient. Many jubilant Easter hymns were composed after rhyme was introduced; the mere sound of some of these was so rapturous that they appealed even to the dullest ear; many of them, however, were mediocre in theme and so lost all their beauty with translation.

From out the far past comes the beautiful Easter hymn, "Welcome Happy Morning!":

"Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say:
Hell today is vanquished; heaven is won today!—

Lo! The dead is living, God forever more!
Him, the true Creator, all His works adore!
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their face to Thee!"

This exultant hymn was written in the sixth century by an Italian, Venantius Fortunatus. He was a lover of poetry and oratory. His early years were spent in gay idleness. From castle to castle he went, pouring forth his light, happy songs at wedding feasts and other celebrations. He was cured of a threatened blindness by oil from the lamp of St. Martin's, at Tours. Out of gratitude, he made a pilgrimage there and he became a priest in Gaul, and later, a bishop. Though a priest, he was still a happy-hearted singer. It is said that no scandal ever touched his life. Fortunatus may be called a true forerunner of the troubabours.

In those ancient days the most beautiful Christian poetry came from the monasteries. The monk, experiencing himself the penance of solitude and, frequently, bodily torture, found, in the life and sufferings of Christ, an inexhaustible theme. He poured forth his soul in hymns of passionate intensity.

One of the best known and finest of ancient Easter hymns, was written by John of Damascus, in the eighth century. He was the last, but one, of the Fathers of the Greek Church. The last years of his life were spent in the lonely monastery of St. Sabas, in Palestine. In this monastery, rock bound, and threatened at times by the Bedouins, where wild beasts crept to the walls to be fed by the monks, there sprang from the heart of St. John of Damascus a hymn of such radiance that it has become immortal:

"The day of Resurrection:
Earth, tell it out abroad!
The Passover of gladness!
The Passover of God!—
For Christ the Lord has risen,
Our Joy that hath no end!"

Another hymn of St. John of Damascus is the "Adeste Fideles," written probably four hundred years before the Christmas "Adeste Fideles."

" 'Tis the spring of souls today;
Christ hath burst His prison—
From the frost and gloom of death
Light and life have risen."

The Middle Ages are especially rich in hymns of the resurrection. The monk found little here on earth to solace him: the monastery was, for the most part, a place of gloom and discipline; the world without was full of wars and unrest. Is it any wonder that, within the walls of his narrow cell, he dreamed of the resurrection of his Lord and of paradise?

The most famous hymn of the Middle Ages was written in the twelfth century by Bernard of Clairvaux, preacher of the second crusade.

As we now know it, it is but a part of a long poem of some forty or fifty stanzas. Many students of hymno-

logy would include this hymn of exquisite beauty in their collection of Easter hymns. It has been a veritable mine for translation from the Latin. Our best version is that of Caswell, the most popular translator of Latin hymns, with the exception, perhaps, of J. M. Neale:

"Jesus! the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.
Jesus, our only Joy be Thou,
As Thou our Prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our Glory now
And through eternity!"

Martin Luther translated into the German a hymn from the Latin of John Hus, weaving into it the "Kyrie eleison," "Lord have mercy upon us!" The German, turned into English, has given us the well-known resurrection hymn:

"Jesus Christ today is risen,
And o'er death triumphant reigns;
He has burst the grave's strong prison,
Leading sin herself in chains—
Kyrie eleison—"

A century after Luther, Michæl Weisse wrote an Easter hymn frequently found in our modern hymnals:

"Christ the Lord, is risen again;
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark, angelic voices cry,
Singing ever more on high, Alleluia!"

Charles Wesley, who is said to have written more than six thousand hymns, composed a number upon the theme of the risen Christ. The following is almost universally found in our hymnals:

"Christ, the Lord, is risen today;
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth, reply,—
—Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies."

Because of the very wealth of material found in our hymn books it is difficult to select certain Easter hymns and omit others. However, all that we may choose have the one dominant not, the triumph of immortality over death. John Peacock sounds the victorious strain in:

"All hail the glorious morn
That saw the Saviour rise—
Ye saints extol your risen Lord,
And sing His praise with sweet accord."

The most famous of Thomas Kelly's many hymns, and one of the most jubilant of all Easter hymns, is familiar to most of us:

"Hark! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the notes of praise above!
Then with golden harps we'll sing
'Glory, glory to our King!' "

From Thomas Hastings, author of hundreds of hymns, and composer of more than a thousand hymn tunes, we have this:

"How calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb—
O weep no more the Saviour slain,
The Lord is risen, He lives again."

Phillips Brooks has given us an Easter hymn, popular, yet not as universally known as his Christmas carol, "O Little Town of Bethlehem." The first stanza runs thus:

"God hath sent his angels to earth again,
Bringing joyful tidings to the sons of men:
They who first, at Christmas, thronged the heavenly way,
Now beside the tomb-door, sit on Easter Day.
Refrain:
Angels, sing His triumph, as you sang His birth,
'Christ, the Lord, is risen, peace, good will on earth.'"

Many are familiiar with Frances Havergal's Easter hymn that begins thus:

"Golden harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened,
Opened for the King."

P. P. Bliss, who has written more sacred songs than any other American, unless it be Fanny Crosby, has left us, amongst other Easter hymns, the following:

"Hallelujah, He is risen,
Jesus is gone up on high!
Burst the bars of death asunder,
Angels shout and men reply,
'He is risen, He is risen,
Living now, no more to die,
No, no more to die.'"

Besides the almost inexhaustible treasure house of hymns, as such, poets and musicians have found in the resurrection of Christ, with its promise of immortality for all men, a theme that has inspired them to their sublimest expression. Think of the number of anthems and cantatas with the Easter motif! And the oratorios! To speak adequately of Handel's "Messiah" alone would demand a chapter. How appealing to the heart is the solo, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth!" To what heights of worship the "Hallelujah Chorus" lifts the soul!

Easter ceremony and spectacle have been especially notable in the Greek Church; travelers from the East have brought back accounts of the unique celebration. On the eve of Easter, the congregation assembles in the Greek Church for a solemn service. As midnight approaches, the multitude gathers expectantly, each person holding an unlighted taper. When the cannon announces the hour of midnight, trumpets ound, bells peal out, and the waiting throng bursts into acclaim with the song of John of Damascus, "Christ is risen! Christ is risen!" Or

they may sing, "Welcome Happy Morning!" that immortal hymn of Fortunatus. While the priests chant, the tapers are lighted, one from another. Thus, with myriad lights and song, the mutltitude proclaims the miracle of the resurrection.

For nearly two hundred years the Moravians in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, have ushered in Easter with a solemn and beautiful service, "a service," says a writer, "that is one of the truly great and abiding things of cur present-day American life.' Long before dawn of Easter Day, trombone players pass from street to street summoning worshipers from their sleep. At first dawn, a trombone choir, stationed on the high steps of the old church, greets the sacred day with the song "Awake, Thou That Sleepest!" The choir then plays "How Lovely Shines the Morning Star!" After the congregation has passed into the church, orchestra, choir, and organ unite in a glorious harmony, "Hail, All Hail, Victorious Lord and Saviour!" When the service indoors is ended, the trombone choir leads the people up the steep street to the burial place. Here a hollow square is formed and the trombones lead all in singing the hymns, "The Graves of All the Saints Christ Blessed," and "I Give Thee Thanks Unfeigned." It is a service never to be forgotten.

Annually, for a quarter of a century, Easter services have been held on the summit of Mt. Rubidoux, a small mountain rising from the level, on the outskirts of Riverside, California. This celebration, inaugurated by Jacob Riis, has become a notable contribution to the religious life of America. Long before sunrise people begin to climb the mountain. As many as ten thousand at one time have gathered at the summit, about the great cross that commemorates the work of the early mission fathers. Just as the rim of the sun shows golden above the slope of the distant mountain, a cornet bursts forth, "Jerusalem, Lift Up Your Voice and Sing!" The Lord's prayer follows; appropriate passages of Scripture are read, and portions from Van Dyke's pœm, "God of the Open Air." The service is devout, without creed, and of great simplicity.

More and more, it is becoming the custom to celebrate Easter, aside from the regular services of the church, in some outwardly impressive way. A simple sunrise service may be held in the church; or children may gather to sing carols of the resurrection; or there may be community worship in some open square or church court, where every one may take part in the service of cornet or orchestra, reading of Scripture, and singing of great Easter hymns.

Whether the service be short and simple, or whether it be marked by spectacle or tradition, one thing is common to all Easter worship, and that is, a spirit of intermingled gratitude and exultation—"Christ the Lord is risen today! Hallelujah!"

Honesty is the one card in the pack you can play at any time

A THANKFUL MOTHER

We present below one of the many letters received in which mothers have expressed their gratitude for the help Jackson Training School has been to their boys.

Dear Mr. Boger:

You did not ask me to write you, but I want to write anyway. My son, James, formerly of Cottage No. 14, is now working on a farm, and so far as I know he is doing fine.

James says they are very kind to him and that he likes his work, and I told him to try to make them like him as well as he likes them. He promised me he would do his best.

He made up his bed the first morning he was there and then went on to the barn to help his employer feed the stock. The farmer's wife got up and, seeing that the bed was made up, called her husband and told him that she believed James was gone, as his bed was made up just at it was the day before. He told her that James was with him at the barn. She couldn't understand why the boy would make up his bed, as she thought that was her job.

James does not get much money for his work, and I told the County Superintendent of Public Welfare about it, but he said he thought it would be best for him to work there, and so do I.

Mr. Boger, I don't know what you think of me but I know what I think of you. You are doing a great work there at the Training School, and I am very thankful for what you have done for James. You have saved the boy from destruction. You have guided him along when he needed help most, and I want you to know there is at least one mother who is very thankful to you for saving her boy. I will always speak a good word for you to any of my friends or to any one who wants to know more about you. The only thing I regret is that you cannot give all of my boys the training you gave James.

James is a better boy in every way. He can see now that he was headed for ruin and he knows that you saved him. Several people have told me that he has improved a lot.

I also want to thank you for the letters of encouragement you have sent James. His road is not easy because his parents do not live together. He declares he will never drink strong drink again, and I know he has had the chance, for his father drinks. There are eyes watching him all the time, and I would know if he did drink. He says that from now on he will take orders from me.

Although I do not want to build my hopes too high, it looks like James is going to be the best boy I have. I have another boy fourteen years old, but because he is out of the school age, I cannot send him there. But he needs the same training James received and he needs it badly. The Welfare Officer said he could not send him to the Jackson Training School unless a charge of some kind could be brought against him. He has not been going to school for a long time

and I don't know what to do about it. I have no money to send him off to some other school, so I am afraid he will have to grow up and be just nothing. It looks like the boy simply must go to the Training School and I don't know how to get him there. I want at least one more boy to be proud of, but I know I shall never be proud of him the way he is doing at the present time.

Well, Mr. Boger, I guess you must be tired of this letter, but I simply had to write to you and tell you I am very proud of my boy, James. I am very thankful to you because I know you have saved him from bad trouble that surely would have come to him.

May God's richest blessings rest upon you, and may you live many years to give your helping hand to the many boys who come to you. I am sure I will always be thankful for the help you have given my boy.

A very thankful mother.

THE SONG OF THE FLOWERS

The little flowers came through the ground
At Easter time;
They raised their heads and looked around,
At happy Easter time.
And every pretty bud did say,
'Good people, bless this holy day,
For Christ is risen, the angels say,
At happy Easter time."

The silver lily raised its cup
At Easter time,
The crocus to the sky looked up,
At happy Easter time.
"We hear the song of heaven," they say;
"Its glory shines on us today;
Oh, may it shine on us alway,
At holy Easter time!"

'Twas long and long and long ago
That Easter time,
But still the silver lilies blow
At happy Easter time.
And still each little flower doth say,
"Good Christians, bless this holy day,
For Christ is risen, the angels say,
At blessed Easter time."

—Laura E. Richards.

PINEHURST TEA GARDENS, SUMMERVILLE

By Laura Cromer Hemingway

The Pinehurst Tea Gardens are built literally upon the scriptural teaching that "Man cannot live unto himself." Situated some 24 miles above Charleston, it, like other gardens of renown along the South Carolina coast, attracts visitors by the thousands every spring.

Unlike the other coastal gardens, the "Tea Gardens" was first a commercial venture, not from an æsthetic standpoint, but from a material one. It was for a number of years the only tea farm of any consequence in the United States. But, after some years, when the cultivation of tea in this country proved unprofitable, the farm was converted into a garden that is comparable to the world-famed Magnolia and Middleton Place nearby. And, like other gardens of note in neighboring communities that have in late years been opened to the public, these gardens were created for the pure love of beauty and the satisfaction seeing dreams come true.

The "Tea Gardens" not only are so beautiful in the springtime that they suggest a bit of fairyland, but they have a historical background that is interesting and romantic.

Originally the gardens were a part of the Newington plantation which received its name from an early owner, the gracious Lady Rebecca Axtell. It is thought the South Carolina plantation, that had been a land grant to Landgrave Axtell from the King of England in the seventeenth century, was so named after Stoke Newington in England, where Landgrave Axtell lived.

The plantation was handed down through generations of the Axtell family until finally it was sold to Henry A. Middleton, who was a member of the illustrious Middleton family that gave to this country a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

In the year 1876 Mr. Middleton leased the site of the old house and gardens to the United States government to be used as an experimental tea farm, according to the late Judge H. A. M. Smith, whose historical work in South Carolina is recognized as among the state's most authentic.

The Newington plantation was noted two centuries ago for its elaborate gardens, its double row of gigantic live oaks on either side of the long avenue that led up to the palatial brick house, and for this house that was said to have had as many as one hundred windows on its front.

Eliza Lucas, the fifteen-year-old girl who introduced into South Carolina the indigo industry, which for many years was the leading industry of the young province, in writing of the unique double row of live oak trees along each side of the avenue, expressed the opinion that these seem designed by nature for pious meditation and friendly converse.

Much of the charm of the colonial gardens has long since passed with

the changes brought about by time. it was not until Dr. Charles Upham Shepard came down from New Haven, Connecticut, in 1890, and began his experiments with tea as a commercial product, that the old gardens began once again to take on life and beauty.

But Dr. Shephard's first concern was for the success of the tea farm. So convinced was he that the cultivation of tea on the old Newington plantation, with its equable climate, its acid soil, and its proximity to the port of Charleston, should prove profitable, that he succeeded in interesting the United States Government in the project. The Agricultural Department sent down from Washington Dr. George Mitchell, a man of national repute, to assist Dr. Shepard in developing this new industry.

The United States Government owned the greater part of the machinery used in the tea factory set up upon the plantation, machinery that Dr. Shepard had invented for that purpose.

In time the industry prospered Twelve thousand pounds of tea were shipped each year from the Pinehurst Tea gardens. This included many brands, several of which became standard throughout the nation, some of which sold for as much as five dollars a pound.

But this industry, like South Carolina's other two, rice and indigo, after a time found it could not compete with cheaper labor elsewhere, and it gradually waned. Eventually the factory, with its valuable and distinctive machinery, was destroyed by flames that escaped from woods fires nearby.

With the passing of the tea farm and factory great numbers of negro children, who had picked and dried the tea leaves, were left to find other work as best they could. This was not easy in a land crowded with black people on plantations that gradually were being abandoned by owners for life in the towns and cities.

Dr. Shepard turned his attention to the little black children whom he set about to fit tosome degree to mtet the problems of life, both physical and spiritual.

When the good people of Summerville realized the task this man had undertaken they sought some way to help him. They had found Dr. Shepard a sociable person. He loved to gather about him in his home amidst the lovely gardens he had made, "some of the flower of South Carolina aristocracy," as he himself expressed it. While he personally brewed and poured various brands of the tea grown on the plantation, the doctor delivered informal lectures on the culture and preparation of the tea.

The guests were interested in what their host had to say, but they were even more interested in what he was undertaking in the name of humanity. So it was, that after each of these occasions, Dr. Shepard found a neat silver offering tucked away in some inconspicuous corner of his home.

It seems an infallible rule that the person who loves others loves the beautiful things of this world. Dr. Shepard's unselfishness found expression in the bit of earthly para-

dise he wrought about his dwelling. In this he was aided by a niece who was at that time traveling extensively. From a number of foreign countries she gathered and sent back to his gardens rare plants. These still blossom each spring to bear testimony to her love of the beautiful and to her consideration for another who loved man and nature.

The United States Government, too, became interested in the horticultural experiments Dr. Shepard was making on old Newington plantation. From time to time it sent down rare plants to be tested out on that soil in that climate. These, chiefly a wide variety of evergreens that serve as a background for so much pageantry of color in blossoms, are there today to add a note of substantiability to a scene that otherwise would be almost too ethereal to be real.

After all the years the "Tea Gardens," as these are still called because of the number of original tea plants found there, offer visitors a wealth of seasonal beauty.

One of the most entrancing spots is the azalea basin, a huge, bowl-shaped dell covering ten acres or more, filled with hundreds of azalea plants that, in spring, burst into such a riot of color that it is dazzling to the eye. A wealth of color that escapes the basin to run down the rolling contour of the landscape and tempt the beholder almost to believe that some great palette has been overturned upon the brown canvas of the earth.

And underneath the virgin pines, that lift their lofty heads majestically to the clear blue of the skies that appear to be resting lightly upon their topmost branches, the azaleas have crept to light the cool shadows with all but celestial glory.

Between 600 and 700 Camellia Japonicas are to be found within these gardens. A description of these is beyond the adequacy of words. Their range of color is extensive, running from pure white that resembles carved marble, to deep scarlet. There are several that bear four distinct colors on one root, with no evidence of their having been grafted. The blossoms are so perfect that they have the appearance of having been molded from wax. They vary in size from small rosettes an inch in diameter, to those measuring several inches across. The stately blossoms contrast strikingly with their waxy, dark, evergreen leaves.

Then, there is Banksia Lane, where masses of yellow and white Lady Banksia roses have climbed high on each side to form a trellis and to suggest to the stroller beneath the illusion of pale amber tints of a spring twilight.

Wistaria, a charming symbol of the South, and a herald of spring, sprays an amethyst mist against the purple shadows of the pines, creating the effect of a silver sheet of summer rain as it falls across a far distant and sunlit hillside.

The tea plants, no longer of any material use, have been removed to the gardens, where they form a hedge that is of especial interest to the many visitors. Springtime brings forth their fragrance of tiny white blossoms that contrast most pleas-

ingly with their rich foliage.

In the "Tea Gardens," as in the other coastal gardens of South Carolina, life is truly a "thing of joy forever" in the spring. A blended fragrance is in the air. Arising from it is the cloying sweetness of the tea olive, so suggestive of southern romance and poetry. As a musical accompaniment to so much loveliness, the singing of birds of many species is heard constantly. Now it is a minor note, soft and plaintive; again it is a major outburst of melody close by. There they find sanctuary, and they are grateful.

Perhaps Nature smiles upon man's attempt to work in harmony with the Creator of all things good. In these gardens are many evidences of the assistance of nature in this task of making a garden. The wild Cherokee rose seems to have been tossed gently at the feet of the massive pines, where they have climbed jubilantly to the cloudy depths of green needles to spill their wealth of snowy, golden-centered blossoms.

Woodbine has crept into the fastnesses of this garden and each spring its scarlet-tipped tendrils catch eagerly at sturdier plants.

Yellow jessamine,—and the South Carolina garden lover still clings to his individual spelling of this coastal favorite,—holds court in every fragrant dell. Dogwood lights its beacon fires to spring. All nature's subjects have conspired to make of this still one more of the enchanted spots that dot the Carolina coast.

Those who enter there become filled with a sense of ineffable peace that is the heritage of this spirit of nature glorified by a Divine Hand.

There is the little house that was used as a school for the negro children, built by the man who befriended them. At the entrance of the town, which is known throughout the nation as "The Flower Town Among the Pines," is the tiny chapel of St. Barnabas, which was erected as a memorial to Dr. Shepard's work among the colored people.

In the "Tea Gardens" the beauty Dr. Shepard labored to achieve lives on for those who come and go to enjoy, working as a potent influence to draw mankind closer to the One who "maketh all things beautiful in season."

No one can enter any one of these coastal gardens of South Carolina that have come to be known all over the world without feeling as Eliza Lucas felt about the patriarchal oaks that once graced the plantation upon which the "Tea Gardens" have their being: that surely God, through nature, has designed the beauty of His handiwork for "pious meditation and friendly converse."

Failure after a long perseverance is much grander than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure.

—George Eliot.

BOULDER DAM HARNESSES MIGHTY COLORADO TO MAKE IT WORK FOR MANKIND

(The Pathfinder)

Some 3,000,000 years ago, geologists say, the river now known as the Colorado started cutting a channel which today is one of the mightiest in the world—700 miles long, and in some places 10 miles wide and a mile deep. Through the ages it had never been harnessed and its roaring waters allowed to flow unchecked cut its canyon deeper and deeper. Its periodic floods have caused such damage that about 30 years ago President Theodore Roosevelt asked Congress to make an extensive survey, the beginning of a project which was completed under his cousin, President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

It required 25 years to complete the study and to put plans down on paper. On September 17, 1930, Secretary of the Interior Lyman Wilbur drove a silver spike into a railroad tie near Las Vegas, Nev., which marked the beginning of a railroad spur to the selected dam site and hence the beginning of the project. At that time the engineers figured seven years would be needed to complete the job of building Boulder Dam but construction records were broken and early this year—two years ahead of time—the first of the great gates was lowered into place and the big dam began impounding the waters which will form a lake 11 times as large as any hitherto made by man. But it will take another year and a half to complete its complicated system of intake towers, tunnels, etc.

In height, the great dam will measure 726 feet from foundation rock to the top or crest while towers and parapets will extend upward for another 40 feet. Its length will be 1,180 feet along the crest which will be 45 feet wide as compared to a width of 660 feet at the bottom. Concrete masonry in the dam will total 3,250,000 cubic yards or about 4,200,000 in the entire works.

Boulder Dam is not the longest dam ever built, according to the National Geographic Society, but in nearly all other respects it has not even a close competitor. It will take nearly three years to fill the lake and when the water becomes 585 feet deep at the dam the lake will extend up the Colorado river for 115 miles and for a long distance up the Virgin river in Nevada. Much of this last named valley will be under water and one portion of it will be 30 miles wide. Filled to its capacity the big reservoir will contain about 80,000 gallons of water for each man, woman and child in the United States. Altogether about 30,500,000 acre-feet of water will be impounded or enough to cover the entire state of New York to a depth of one foot. Most of this

land to be flooded, incidentally, was owned by the government.

Now let us see why the government built such a big reservoir at a cost of $385,000,000 (including spillways, aqueducts, etc.). It has already been stated that floods had caused great damages to crops in the Imperial Valley region which annually produces vegetables, fruits and cotton valued at $100,000,000. No longer need these farmers fear these floods. A great canal, the All-American, as part of the project will extend 130 miles into the Imperial Valley and 80 miles into the Coachello Valley thus opening up irrigable land equal to half the area of New Jersey. Atogether it will submerge 145,000 acres of land.

Another group of engineers are building a giant aqueduct which when completed will carry a billion gallons of water a day to 26 neighboring cities in southern California. This great aqueduct will extend for 241 miles through mountains and across deserts—91 miles of it through mountain tunnels, 46 in number. While the intake of this great water line is a hundred miles away from Boulder Dam nevertheless it depends upon the great dam for its success. Boulder Dam will not only regulate the level of the river but will furnish the power with which pumps will force the water through the aqueducts.

Although Boulder Dam was originally intended for irrigation and flood control, power production has also become one of the main objects. Despite the heavy cost it is figured that the contracts already signed for power and water would pay the cost of the dam, its maintenance and operation in less than 50 years with a substantial surplus left over. But it is estimated that when completed the plant will be capable of developing over 4,300, 000, 000 kilowatt hours of electricity and the probable sale of energy it is estimated, will return over $7,000,000 annually at once with a steady increase as needs appear.

Some idea of the big undertaking may be gained from the following facts. When workmen finished excavating the foundations a 10-story building could have been placed in the cavity without its roof appearing above the river bed. If the Washington Monument were placed beside the dam pedestrians on the highway (which crosses the dam's crest) would have to look down for more than 100 feet in order to sight the top of the famous obelisk. And when the last batch of concrete has been poured there will have been enough used to build a standard 16-foot concrete highway from Miami to Seattle. So far 97 men have been killed on this huge undertaking.

Quite a few persons are puzzled as to the proper or official name of this great water-gate because it has been changed at various times. When the plans were first made it was intended to build the dam in Boulder Canyon and of course it was known as the Boulder Dam project. Later, the plans were changed and Black Canyon decided upon as the proper site. Secretary of the Interior Lyman Wilbur then ordered the name changed to Hoover Dam in honor of President Herbert Hoover, then in office. How-

ever, a special order by Secretary of the Interior, Harold L. Ickes, restored its original "moniker"—Boulder Dam. Completion of this great project, which is called the world's biggest engineering job, will of course have unprecedented affect on the natural conditions of the great Southwest.

A little thought and a little kindness is often worth more than a great deal of money.—John Ruskin.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys are making excellent progress with the repair work about the campus, made necessary by the cyclone which visited this section a couple of weeks ago.

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Mr. John W. Russell, left for Fort White, Fla., last Monday night. Mrs. Russell and children, who have been in Florida for some time, will accompany him on the return journey in a few days.

—o—

J. Mack Alexander, one of our old boys, called on us last Sunday afternoon. Mack is now 28 years old and is living in Charlotte, where he has been employed for several years by the Charlotte Engineering Company.

—o—

Instead of having the regular classes last Sunday morning, ,the Sunday School hour was given over to the reorganization of the classes. This occurs each time the boys are promoted in school in order that they may be graded in Sunday School according to their grades in their daily studies. New lesson quarterlies were issued and for the next three months we will study outstanding New Testament characters.

—o—

Perry Russ, of Cottage No. 5, who underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Concord Hospital on Friday of last week, returned to the School last Friday. He is now in the "little white house' and is making a rapid recovery.

—o—

Mr. Robrt A. Marshall, of Worcester, Mass., who is spending some time in Concord, where he is installing machinery in various cotton mills, was a visitor at the School last Sunday. Mr. Marshall, who has visited penal and correctional institutions in different parts of the United States, seemed to be delighted with the manner in which the work is being carried on here.

—o—

Rev. R. S. Arrowodd, pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Con-

cord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read from the tenth chapter of II Corinthians, and in his talk to the boys he chose as his text, II Cor: 10: 5—"Casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

The speaker told briefly how the Apostle Paul was raised in the city of Tarsus, a "proud citizen of no mean city", and gave a short historical sketch of that city. He told that long before Paul's time, there were pirates in that section which were a source of much trouble to the Roman Government. These pirates captured cities and many islands, among them some of the richest shipping points sending products to Rome. These robbers of the sea had ships with purple sails and their vessels were decorated with precious metals. When Roman citizens were captured, the pirates would make sport of them and often put them to death.

After Rome had suffered for many years and her people were starved, a leader was elected. A man named Pompey was made grand admiral, and to him was assigned the task of stopping the pirates. Pompey started his warfare against them and emerged victorious on several occasions, until the pirates were compelled to retire to their forts at Tarsus. Pompey kept on until they were driven from the forts and fled to the mountains. Here the new grand admiral continued his attacks until they were forced to surrender, giving up everything they had. Pompey did not treat them as they had formerly treated their captives, but gave them an opportunity to make good citizens of themselves.

The speaker then stated that according to the Apostle Paul, if our thoughts are piratical, we, in our imagination become disloyal to God, and we should strive to bring into captivity every thought unto Christ. Therefore, we should see that our thoughts are of the right kind and in keeping with the will of God. He cited a quotation from Emerson—"Great men recognize that the spiritual is greater than the material, and thought rules the world."

Everything existing today in the material world, continued Rev. Arrowood, first existed in thought. All things in the world, before coming into being, first existed in the thoughts of God.

Thought determines what we shall do. There is no sin among the people of the world that was not preceeded by sinful thoughts. There is no success without dreams ahead. Thought determines character. What we think, we do; what we do, is what we are.

In conclusion the speaker urged the boys to have clean and noble thoughts, for by our thoughts and deeds in youth we are weaving our character in manhood. A boy who thinks evil thoughts will bring sorrow to those who love him, but the boy who thinks truly, clearly and honestly, will develop into the sort of man of whom all his friends and loved ones may be proud.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 7, 1935

(The figure after a name indicates number of consecutive times boy has been on Cottage Honor Roll.)

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Robert Radford 5 Richard Sullivan 3
Hassell Shropshire Ashley Thompson 5
Vermont Whitley

COTTAGE No. 1

Sam Batts 2 C. McLaughlin 2
William Goodson Millard Owenby 3
Herman Lamm 3 Harvard Winn 3

COTTAGE No. 2

Edgar Anderson Thomas Horton 5
James Cooper 4 Lemuel Murphy
Vasco Robinson 2

COTTAGE No. 3

Elbert Bryant F. E. Mickle
Claude Hicks Bobby Poole
Frank Hutchins 2 Porter Willhite

COTTAGE No. 4

James Bartlett 2 Billie Justice
Vernon Bass 2 Erving Luther
Clarence Boren Percy Newsome
Fleming Collins 5 Robert Penland
Robert Conklin Melvin Walters 2
Roland Davis Gray Wright

COTTAGE No. 5

William Ballew Maynard Hicks 5
Connie Dickens Monroe Keith
Braxton Grady James Seawell
William Hare R. Worthington 3

COTTAGE No. 6

Earl Bass 3 Milton Hare
John Drumm Carlton Henry
James Stepp 5

COTTAGE No. 7

William Green Joe Long
Charles Griffin J. B. Murray 3
Walter Guy Lewis Parker 3
Caleb Hill Paul Saunders
Harding Kluttz Floyd Watkins

COTTAGE No. 8

John Auton 5 Harry Flowe 5
Charles Banks Willie McDade
Clyde Bolton Luther Pierce

COTTAGE No. 9

Ervin Coward 2 Jack Livesay
Randolph Davis Kester Sutphin 2
Lee Dickens Bryant Williams
Woodfin Fowler 2 Ed Lee White
Hoyett Hudson Luther Wilson

COTTAGE No. 10

Jack Baity 5 Hilton McMath 2
Harold Brown Steve Talbert
N. Cockerham 2 Fred Ward 2
James Kellum 4 William Knight

COTTAGE No. 11

James Enloe Bennie Moore 2
Bennie Holland 2 Norman McGee
Warren Holleman Lee Watkins 2
Cecil Webb

COTTAGE No. 12

Earl Atwood 5 William Faircloth
Walter Beaver Ed Lockamy 2
Frank Dickens Glenn O'Quinn
Horace Faulkner Homer Quick 3
Olive Weaver

COTTAGE No. 13

Clarence Douglas 3 Jennings Norris 2
Urban Hill 5 Claudius Pickett
Eugene Smith 5

COTTAGE No. 14

Billy Baker 3 Robt. Singleton
Curtis Coleman Berry Rogers

COTTAGE No. 15

Robt. Alexander 5 Marvin Malcom
Denver Beshears 3 Sam Pegram 2
John Caddell Harley Pennell 3
Avery Eason Charles Pennell 2
George Gibson 2 Marshall Scoggin
Wilson Medlin Glenn Stewart 4
Gilbert Murray 3 Robert Teeter
Billy Moose Frank Wakefield

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 20, 19 No. 16

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IF

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a MAN, my son!

—Rudyard Kipling.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAI

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

Why, why repine, my pensive friend,
At pleasures slipped away?
Some the stern Fates will never lend,
And all refuse to stay.

I see the rainbow in the sky,
The dew upon the grass;
I see them, and I ask not why
They glimmer as they pass.

With folded arms I linger not
To call them back, 'twere vain;
In this, or in some other spot
I know they'll shine again.

—Walter Savage Landor.

THE POWER OF WOMEN

There never has been seen a finer galaxy of women in Concord than the representatives of the 23rd annual convention of the Missionary Societies of the Western North Carolina Conference of the Methodist Church. The representation numbering five hundred, assembled at the Central Methodist Church, Concord, for the purpose of hearing reports from the different units of the many churches, and devise "ways and means," to carry out the decree of the Master, "go ye, and teach all nations, baptizing in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost."

True to their heritage, "full of good works",—the women have been sponsoring the activities of the church from the date of the earliest church history. It was an inspiring scene to look out up-

on the beautiful and spacious church lawn with an abundance of trees, fringed with a tender bud of the freshest green, and see a large delegation of women rendering a service for sake of humanity.

May their tribe increase, and the names of those who love their fellow man be written in the book of gold. After having witnessed this panorama in life, it is impossible not to more fully realize the power and influence of woman who rules in the homes, in the schools, in civic affairs and last but not least in the church.

Without the leadership and the refining influence of women in society there would be danger of the prestige attained, by our courageous forbears for the freedom of religion and the power of the government derived from the "consent of the governed," be forgotten or lost.

Some of the women conspicuous as leaders in this missionary group were:

Mr. J. F Spruill, Lexington, recording secretary; Mrs. W. R. Harris, Asheville, conference secretary; Mrs. W. W. Hagood, Charlotte, vice president, having the distinction of never missing but two meetings during the forty-six years she has been attending the conference; Mrs. P. N. Peacock, Salisbury, treasurer; Mrs. George Foard, Statesville, superintendent of supplies, and Mrs. C. C. Weaver, president for ten consecutive years, possenses the grace of noble womanhood—a gentle spirit, a fine intellect combined with a superb poise that places her in the forefront as a leader of any group of women.

* * * * * * *

MRS. R. H. LATHAM—A LEADER

Mr. R. H. Latham, president of the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs is a Virginian by birth, but a most loyal North Carolinian by adoption. During her two years term of office she has aroused great interest among the club women in the development of the resources of the state of her choice; stressed the training of classes for better citizenship, and endeavored to make women better informed as to the educational, cultural and economic advancements by means of study courses.

Mrs. Latham possesses all of the qualities of a broad-minded citizen, showing an interest in all public questions for the betterment of the country at large, yet, she feels that a woman's greatest responsibility, and greatest power lies in creating more attractive homes, the homes of the youth of the land, the bulwarks against outside forces that tend to tear down character.

With an understanding heart as to the needs of the day her conviction is that around the hearthstone, as of old, the finest type of American citizenship can be built, that serves as an armor to withstand the influence of the modern age.

Mrs. Latham has shown she possesses the finest qualities of true womanhood by the efficiency in which she has accomplished the many duties entrusted to her care.

* * * * * * *

MONEY WELL SPENT

It is evident that Elizabeth City has faith in her young people, due to the fact they are the most valuable assets, greater than dividends from stocks and bonds—the state can offer. This conclusion is drawn after learning from the press that Elizabeth City has a "director for boy life." The official title of the director is not known, nevertheless he is on the payroll like the water and light superintendent or the policeman, or the fireman and his salary comes from the tax-money.

The program of activities is for boys only, including all grades regardless of class. They have equal privileges, the rich and the poor meet in the parks and on the play-grounds without discrimination. The duties of the director are both to work and play with the boys, directing their energies to worthwhile channels, with the hope of curbing delinquent tendencies and finally make of the boys good citizens. In this work all of the churches and civic organization co-operate, realizing that to prevent crime is cheaper than punishing crime with the hope of a cure.

The individual who projected this idea of keeping the boys busy in wholesome sport has a vision, knowing it is often difficult and expensive to reclaim a criminal after having fallen from the paths of rectitude. The reasons for delinquency are faulty environment,

maladjustments and inheritance and it is easy for a physical director to discern these handicaps in any sport and help to correct the same. With defects of this nature there is no chance to succeed for success is hard for the better class unless guided.

The example of Elizabeth City is one to be considered in all cities and communities of the state for we are marching forward upon the feet of the young people, therefore, the destiny of the country rests with them.

That crime is more expensive than education, or reformation work, in the current issue of "The Literary Digest," entitled "Penitentiaries Loom Larger than Schools," there is shown that in 1931-32, the total for education in the United States, including kindergarten, public and private schools on through college was $3,083,808,785 and the amount estimated for crime was $13,000,000,000. If the billions spent to cure crime, or punish crime, were spent in preventive measures there would be a hope of satisfactory results; but the manner in which we are treating criminals and delinquents today means we are only marking time in the program of reformation.

* * * * * * *

SOWING GOOD SEED

There are some of our boys who have neither father, mother nor any other kinsman to even so much as write them a letter. That is a terrible lonely feeling not to have a soul in this big world to pen you a line. Suppose it was you, my kind reader? How would you feel?

Well, to make a long story short several months ago the writer hunted out many fine, Concord women who adopted many of these boys, so that just once a week or a month a letter would be passed with some little "reminder that some one cared."

Mrs. Richmond Reed, the city librarian, adopted a little red-headed-freckle-faced youngster, but bright as a new silver dollar. It would do you worlds of good to hear the reports this youngster makes as to the many nice things done by his adopted friend. There are other women in Concord who are playing the good Samaritan, but for reasons we confine this story to one name.

Listen! A few Sundays ago Mr. J. B. Ivey, Charlotte, came over to the school and he made a talk, taking as his theme "Pilgrim's Progress." Would you believe it? The little adopted friend of Mrs. Reed asked Mrs. Reed if it would be possible for her to loan him Pilgrim's Progress, knowing Mrs. Reed was the city librarian.

Now, this is the story in a nut-shell. Mr. Ivey sowed unconsciously good seed in the heart of a small boy who some day may stand at the top. You know that President Garfield said, "don't ever treat a boy unjustly, for you never know what is fastened up under his vest, or how much is under his little hat," or words to that effect.

The man or woman who cannot see some good in the worst of us better turn the search light within, and illumine the dark chambers of her or his own soul. It is cruel to crush a child by unkind, cutting remarks. You were a child once, and remember the child of today will be the man or woman of the future. Stop at least long enough in this mad whirl of pleasure, and unholy ambition and see if you cannot by some kind act make "two blades of grass" grow where one only grew previously.

* * * * * * *

THE MEETING OF THE TRUSTEES

Last Thursday was the date of the Spring meeting of the trustees of Stonewall Jackson Training School. There were in attendance the Hon. L. T. Hartsell, Sr.. Chairman, Hon. D. B. Coltrane, on. J. F. Spruill, Hon. Paul C. Whitlock, Mr. Herman Cone, Mrs. R. O. Everett, recording secretary, and Miss Easdale Shaw.

A full report of all activities of the school were given by the superintendent and after considering many proposed plans for the school's progress along with usual detail work the meeting adjourned. All business during the interim of the quarterly meetings of the trustees is directed by the executive committee. The members of the executive committee who aid the superintendent in emergency cases are Hon. L. T. Hartsell, Messrs D. B. Coltrane and Roy C. Propst of Kannapolis.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

THE BRIGHTER DAYS

"There never yet were days so dark
But sunshine followed soon,
And when the stormy days will come,
With nature out of tune,
We only have to look beyond
To find the brighter day,
When sunshine will soon come around
To drive the clouds away."

—o—

They talk a great deal about the price of hogs advancing. The road hog remains as cheap as ever.

—o—

Every man is a hero in his own home until after the company leaves. Then he finds out that he isn't.

—o—

It is a self-evident fact that the man who assumes to know the most about other people, knows the least about himself.

—o—

Girls far back agone times, when they went to swim, dressed something like Mother Hubbard. Now-a-days, they dress more like her cupboard.

—o—

In noting a lecture, by a woman, before a Pennsylvania college, the account says: "She illustrated her talk by slides." It must have been great.

—o—

Andrew Mellon claims that his wealth grew from good will. There is many a boy now spending his father's fortune which came to him through a good will.

—o—

A friend sends in this: "A day or two ago you should have seen two young girls, finely dressed, trying to thumb a ride from town, shooting a toy cap pistol at every car that would not let them ride."

—o—

It is told that in the universities in France there are no papers, no athletics, no glee clubs and no fraternities. It would be discouraging for an American college man to attend one of these institutions. All he could get would be an education.

—o—

Now that the fad of tinting the toe nails has become boring to the American co-ed, a new stunt has been inaugurated by girls in a woman's college out in the pioneering state of Colorado. There they sign their letter with a kiss, each girl striving for her own particular shade of lipstick for the signature.

—o—

It looks as if one-half of the world is trying to get what the other half has—especially as to coin. Lack of a common goal, and lack of co-operation to attain that goal, is the main trouble with our nation today. Let's quit fighting as groups. Let's enjoy the products of each others' hands and brains instead of battling for their possession.

We cannot take a thing out of this world when we die. Everything must be left behind, even our bodies. What kind of a monument are you going to leave to your memory? The man is wise who realizes that there are just two things to leave behind when he dies that are really worth while—some real friends to shed a tear at parting, and a few unfortunates whose lives have been the richer and brighter because of his service to them.

—o—

Johnston Jones breezes around and makes a show of his business qualities in much speech-making and is the type of man many admire. He can step into a hotel lobby or restaurant and command, "Boy, get me so-and-so," and he gets immediate attention. But this line backfired on him the other day when he went in the Fidelity bank, up to the bookkeeper's window and said: "Boy, what is Mr. Jone's balance?" The bookkeeper flipped the pages of his A. B. C. ledger, and replied: "Mr. Jone's balance is twelve cents." Mr. Jones turned and walked away.

—o—

Usually, when the red birds begin to build, the gentleman red bird does not do a lick of work, but sits around and hollers pretty, pretty, pretty at his lady as she eats that kind of stuff alive and works her head nearly off fixing the nest. But this red bird I'm talking about, near my domicile, is a difftrent kind of red bird, it seems. He is building the nest himself, with his lady keeping books on him every minute. It is funny to see him sitting on a limb of a tree, down near the lawn, fitting twigs and feathers around his person like they ought to be, and shoving off for some more twigs when the Boss gives him the high sign. The nest has been built according to their style of architecture. The little lady is in it just as happy as you please, and so is he and if he had built the Rock Mountains he couldn't be any prouder of it.

—o—

A Macon woman tells of a South Georgia weekly editor who awoke after a big drunk and suddenly realized that it was his publication date. He put a head line across the front of his last issue, reading, "Last Week's Issue Published by Request," and ran off the papers and sent them out. That is equal to what Max Adler says he did, many years ago, when he was asked to edit a paper for a friend. When he took hold people complained about too much of this and that in the sheet, and as each one made his complaint, Max orded out everything complained of, and consequently when the paper appeared, it was a blank sheet. Adler said he had published one paper according to every one's whims and the public could see the result. An editor cannot please all the people all the time.

—o—

We need a new patriotism in this country. A patriotism that believes in "live and let live," instead of one identified with war, which becomes destructive of the life which it is set to serve. We have learned to think of a patriotic people as a people ready on the instant to take up arms

and march away to battle. The personification of patriotism in every age has been the soldier and, when he is on the march and soon afterward we hear "the clash of resounding arms," then is patriotism seen and known of men. Though it be heroic to die for one's country, is it not also glorious to live for one's country—to cleanse its politics, to heal its disease, to extirpate its poverty, to conquer its ignorance, to banish its injustice? True patriotism is the fulfillment in the life of any particular nation or people of that great ideal of love to God anl man which is the one and true religion. What Moses laid down in his immortal code; what Isaiah prophesied with vivid words; what Confucius saw in wisdom; and Buddha in pity; what the spiritual leaders of every age and place have united with one voice in affirming as that divine law which is the will of God, this is patriotism in its true character. It is the religion of "peace among men", love towards God and to your fellow man—high religion—applied to the affairs of state and nation.

A PIECE OF CLAY

I took a piece of plastic clay
And idly fashioned it one day,
And as my fingers pressed it still,
It moved and yielded to my will.

I came again when days were past.
The bit of clay was hard at last;
The form I gave it, it still bore,
But I could change that form no more.

I took a piece of living clay
And gently formed it day by day,
And molded with my power and art
A young child's soft and yielding heart.

It came again when years were gone.
It was a man I looked upon;
He still that early impress wore,
And I could change him nevermore.

—Anonymous.

BELLE ISLE GARDENS

By Laura Cromer Hemingway

In none of the coastal gardens of South Carolina is an historical background more colorful than that of Belle Isle, sixty miles north of Charleston, near Georgetown.

Evidences of pirates, mute reminders of the grimness of war, and reminiscences of colonial days when "knighthood was in flower" throughout the province of South Carolina, are found there in number.

Within recent years treasure seekers, lured on by tales of long-forgotten pirate wealth buried within its confines, left a yawning hole at the foot of a gigantic oak, showing the imprint of a rectangular receptacle of some kind that had been buried there. What it was, or what it contained, no one has been able to determine.

The old ramparts of Battery White, where Confederate troops attempted to guard Winyah Bay when Fort Sumter was bombarded, provide a picturesque background for the lavish outlay of color found in the masses of azaleas that flame beneath the shadows of the century-old oaks.

The ramparts are mantled with the sweet offerings of nature, that great mother of mankind, as a tribute to the years of peace that have healed the breach between brothers of a nation.

The heavy old cannon that were abandoned upon the ramparts when the Confederate soldiers were put to rout, were pushed over the sides by federal troops, into heavy sand at the base of the fortification. There they lay until only a few years ago when Francis Johnston, owner of the gardens, found them and unearthed them and restored them to their places along the ramparts.

Across the historic waters of Winyah Bay visitors to Belle Isle Gardens can see North Island where Lafayette landed in 1777 when he paid his memorable visit to South Carolina.

They can see steamers and sailing craft silhouetted against the flat wash of the sky. And there, in the yellow waters of the bay, they can see the boiler of the *Harveste Moon* where a Confederate torpedo left it half submerged.

The tall shaft on North Island is the lighthouse. The island was used in long ago days as a summer resort for the wealthy rice planters of the coast.

So attractive is the historical atmosphere of Belle Isle Gardens that the visitor feels that alone would make of them a wonderland. But not even the historical could hold the most devout lover of history with so much ethereal beauty spread out before the eye, as far as it can reach.

The patriarchal live oaks, upon whose wide-spread arms hang silky mantles of Spanish moss, lend a note of substantiability to the fairy-like loveliness of the rippling sea of color cast by innumerable azaleas and native plants at their feet. So massive are these oaks that the clasped hands of ten adults can just circle one of them.

A hint of similarity runs through all of the old gardens of the South Carolina coast country, but the similarity obtains only in the presence in each of plants of the same species. That may be explained by the fact that all of these gardens have been built around a nucleus of native plants, such as the sweet myrtle, the yellow jessamine, the Cherokee rose, wild azalea or woods' honeysuckle, bay, holly, magnolia, and the like, in which this section abounds.

The natural design has been followed chiefly as the one best adapted to the luxuriant growth of native shrubs and flowers. In view of this, it would be impossible to compare any one of the renowned gardens of South Carolina with another. Each is a little world of enchantment within itself.

Belle Isle Gardens lie just off the old King's Highway down which George Washington traveled when he made his presidential visit to South Carolina. Lafayette also rode in the stage coach along this highway. Today it is one of the national highways leading from Boston to Florida.

One of the chief attractions of Belle Isle Gardens is found in the many natural lakes that have been bridged with rustic bridges and surrounded with massed azaleas in a way that makes it only natural for these to cast their reflections in the black waters. These vary from those in Cypress Gardens in that the lakes are small and not a continuous body of water, and the bridges form connecting points with natural paths that lead away from the water into sweet, grassy spots where wild flowers peep shyly from behind clustered native evergreens or creeping vines.

Another attraction of these gardens is the natural effect. The visitor has the sense of feeling that the little footpaths leading here and there to unknown delights are primeval and that all the cultivated beauty is indigenous, so subtly is the hand of man slipped into the masterful palm of the Creator. Along with the azaleas of countless hues are blended other blossoms of color with the natural background of green until the effect of a riot of pigment spread upon a vast canvas of neutral greens and browns is given.

Like others of the coastal gardens, foreign plants have been sent there by former guests and owners. Tea olives scent the air with a fragrance that is elusive and typical of the Southern coastal gardens. The tea plant is found there also, but not in such abundance as in the Pinehurst Tea Gardens at Summerville. A clump of gigantic bamboo, sent from the Spanish coast, has formed a heavy background for other exotic plants. Among these are many *camellia japonicas,* Chinese *eunonymous,* camphor trees that exude an aroma akin to the medicinal property, and a cork tree that is very rare, this being one of only two in South Carolina, and one of a very small number within the United States.

The cork tree never fails to excite curiosity in the visitor. Frequently a knife blade is dug into the bark to test its authenticity. Just beneath the outer bark that resembles closely that of a live oak, lie layers of genu-

ine cork. The leaves partake of the nature of both live oak and holly.

Belle Isle was formerly the property of General Peter Horry, the close companion of General Francis Marion, the "Swamp Fox." A bit of the hearthstone of the old Horry mansion may be seen close beside a mammoth magnolia tree, the age of which has been estimated at two centuries. It was an early custom among plantation owners of the province to plant native evergreens on the north side of their homes to act as windbreaks in winter, even though the winters were mild.

A visit to Belle Isle Gardens transports one from the reality of the present to days of the long ago, when the songs of the African slaves drifted out across the rice-bearing and indigo-growing acres; when the jolly refrains of buccaneers burst upon the ears of the peaceloving Cavaliers of the Carolina Low Country, and when those who wrote in life blood the history of that section of this great nation gathered about the hearthstone of the history-famed Horry mansion.

At Belle Isle Gardens the legend, the myth, the traditional and the historical are so closely interwoven that it is difficult to choose between these. Today all is peace and quiet. Only beauty reigns. Beauty and contentment. Thousands of visitors from far places come each spring to hold tryst with its beauty. The register bears the names of titled foreigners and of writers of international fame. And artists of national repute place their easels amidst the flame of color and sheen of water views, hoping to catch a bit of the wanton charm and beauty.

It was Adolphe Van Glabbake of Ostend, Belgium, who wrote after his name on Belle Isle's register: "Belle, Isle, A little bit of heaven."

TRUTH

Truth is the trial of itself,
  And needs no other touch;
And purer than the purest gold,
  Refine it ne'er so much.

It is the life and light of love,
  The sun that ever shineth;
And spirit of that special grace,
  That faith and love defineth.

It is the warrant of the word,
  That yields a scent so sweet,
As gives a power to faith to tread
  All falsehood under feet.

—Ben Jonson.

JEFFERSON, THE MAN

(Selected)

Each year on April 13, the anniversary of his birth, the virtues, patriotism and statesmanship of Thomas Jefferson are recalled at gatherings of his countrymen, especially of Democrats, who claim him as the founder of their party, although it was known as the Republican party in the beginning.

Jefferson's public services are generally well known, but a few facts concerning his personality and private life may be of interest.

He was born April 13, 1743, the son of an obscure and uneducated Virginia planter, who, however, left Thomas a considerable estate. By his marriage in 1772 to Mrs. Martha Skelton, a rich and handsome widow of 23, he became one of the wealthiest citizens of Virginia.

At the time of Jefferson's admission to the bar in 1767, he was described as being "6 feet 2 inches in height, slim, erect as an arrow, with angular features, a very ruddy complexion, and extremely delicate skin, full deep-set hazel eyes, and sandy hair; an expert musician, the violin being his favorite instrument, a good dancer, a dashing rider, and proficient in all manly exercises; frank, earnest, cordial and sympathetic in manner."

During eight years in the active practice of law he acquired an extremely large clinetele, it being recorded that in a single year he was employed in 430 cases. Yet, in spite of the remarkable facility of his pen, he was no orator, and almost never attempted to make a speech.

One instance is related in which even his pen failed him, when an address he was commissioned to write to the new governor of Virginia by the House of Burgesses was rejected, and another member was given the task. But he overcame this humiliation and later wrote the Declaration of Independence.

Once when a friend asked how he could reconcile the phrase in the Declaration that "all men are created equal" with the fact that he, Jefferson, was a slaveholder, the author of the document is said to have replied: "By God, I didn't think of that."

It may be said, however, that Jefferson was really opposed to slavery, and only held slaves who had come into his possession through inheritance or ownership by his wife. He never trafficked in them, and advocated their gradual emancipation. He secured the passage of a law forbidding further importations of slaves into Virginia.

By a strange coincidence, Thomas Jefferson and his predecessor in the presidency, John Adams both died July 4, 1826, on the 50th anniversary of American independence.

What makes old age so sad is, not that our joys but our hopes then cease.—Jean Paul Richter.

RICHMOND GUARDS IMMORTAL DUST

By Vera Palmer

Many illustrious persons have lived in Richmond and their names are familiar to the veriest stranger as well as to the least informed native, but there are countless men and women that may not know of the great men of the past who are occupying their allotted six feet of earth within the boundaries of tihs old town. The graves of these distinguished dead date from the time when the Red Men roamed the forest which was destined to give place to the Virginia capital, and from the days of the colonists there has been a steady addition to this group of the departed whose impress is now indelible on the pages of history.

Probably the oldest grave even approximately located in this section is that of Powahatan, the powerful chief of the Five Nations, although the exact spot it not known. Tradition asserts that the father of Pocahontas, that altogether American heroine, was buried on the Mayo estate just east of the city. When the property was sold a good many years ago the remains of those interred there, in so far as was possible, were transferred to Hollywood, but exactly where the famous old Indian began his journey to the Happy Hunting Ground will never be determined.

In that the cemetery which used to be situated on the present site of the Whitlock branch of the P. Lorillard tobacco factory, has gone the way of all things and only a few persons know it once existed, the little Acre of God surrounding St. John's Church contains the earliest graves in Richmond. The most important man whose remains lie within that inclosure is Chancellor George Wythe, whose grave was unmarked until a few years ago, except for a piece of gas pipe.

This Virginian who was delegate to the Continental Congress and first professor of law at the Colltge of William and Mary, it will be remembered, was poisoned by his nephew, who placed a drug in his coffee, hoping to inherit the fortune of the elder man. But the chancellor, so the story goes, lived several hours and sent for his friend and attorney, Major DuVal, who drew up another will in which the name of the avaricious nephew was not mentioned.

In the same quiet little churchyard is the grave of Elizabeth Arnold Poe, mother of Edgar Allen Poe, whose frail body lies almost mid-way between Broad and Grace Streets on the east side of the church and close to the iron fence.

It is quite a long walk from St. John's to the head of Fourth Street, but if one goes over the viaduct it will not seem far, and the quaint epitaphs on the ancient stones in Shockoe Cemetery will prove a full reward. The public seldom visits Shockoe, for it is off the beaten path and it is not beautiful like Hollywood, nor peaceful like St. John's. But in this small inclosure lying between Fourth, Second, Bates and Hospital Streets, many a worthy son of the Old Dominion has been borne

to his resting place by eminent colleagues and mourned by the entire nation.

There the dust of Chief Justice John Marshall and his beloved invalid wife, Mary Ambler, of Yorktown, mingles with the historic earth. We are told that the immortal defender of the Constitution died in Philadelphia, July 6, 1835, and a full complement of military and civilians turned out to meet his body at the wharf. The procession moved up Main Street to Fifth, then to "H," now Broad, east to Ninth, where it turned north for one square to the home of the jurist at Ninth and Marshall then known as "I" Street, for he had requested that he should enter once more that much loved domicile.

Bishop Moore conducted the last rites, both at the house and at Shockot, where today the following simple inscription may be read:

JOHN MARSHALL

Son of Thomas and Mary Marshall, was born the 24th day of September, 1775, intermarried with Mary Willis Ambler, the 3rd of January, 1873; departed this life the 6th day of July, 1835.

Mrs. Marshall was a daughter of Jacquelin Ambler and by her side is buried her sister, Mrs. Ann Fisher; Ann's husband, George Fisher, and Mary Harvie, a daughter of the illustrious Marshalls.

It is only a stone's throw to the grave of John Minor Botts, that brilliant Virginian, who died in Mexico in 1869, aged 67 years. His epitaph declares that he "was under all circumstances an inflexible friend of the American union." It was Botts who welcomed Daniel Webster at the dinner given at the Exchange Hotel in the spring of 1847, and who also represented Virginia in the Congress, thereby adding luster to that body.

Botts was a bondsman for President Davis and was present at the trial of the Chief Executive of the Confederacy. It was his home, situated where Elba Station stood for many years, to which prisoners were taken when they were liberated from Libby Prison after the War Between the States. Botts himself was incarcerated in that prison, so the records say. His father was one of the victims of the Richmond Theatre fire in 1811.

Judge Dabney Carr, that gifted Revolutionary hero, who sponsored the system of inter-colonial committees in 1771, in which he was supported by Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee, also lie in Shockoe. Among his near neighbors in this quiet inclosure is John Wickham, who defended Aaron Burr at his trial here in the capitol in 1807, and to whose segacity alone is credited Burr's acquittal. John Marshall was the judge who sat in the case and John Brockenbrough, who built the home later to become the White House of the Confederacy was a member of the jury, of which John Randolph of Roanoake, also served.

Another famous resting place in Shockoe, and also long unmarked, is that of Colonel Claudius Crozet, that

powerful veteran of the Napoleonic wars. Few people realize that Crozet was an honor graduate of the Ecole Polytechnic and Artillery School at Metz. He came to America in 1816 and filled many posts of distniction, including that of a professorship at the United States Military Academy at West Point, where he introduced the black-board system. Colonel Crozet probably was the most distinguished engineer Virginia has known and had a large part in bringing into being the Chespeake and Ohio Railway.

Under a beautiful shaft of marble lies that is mortal of Peter Francisco, the Sampson of the Revolution. The tale goes that this mighty man once lifted a horse over a fence, while in his later days he contended himself with the task of sergeant-at-arms of the House of Delegates, which at times probably required all his vocal strength. His funeral took place four years before that of Marshall and the entire military of the city, including the famous Public guard turned out to do him honor. Judge Benjamin Watkins Leigh, whose father-in-law was the great chief justice, also is an inhabitant of this cemetery at the north end of town.

It was in Hollywood, however, that the eminent of a later day have found a resting place. In the group are two Presidents of the United States, the Chief Executive of the Lost Cause, and many others who make the Anglo-Saxon world look with envy on Richmond for being the custodian of their immortal dust.

Although Hollywood came into existence about the middle of the nineteenth century, the first distinguished citizen of this City of the Dead was a hero of the Revolution and the youngest officer in the Continental Army—James Monroe.

In 1856 the Legislature appropriated $2,000 to bring the body of the former President from New York to Richmond to be re-interred, and his tomb is one of the most familar as it is also among the most unique. The plate was of silver and had 13 stars representing the original States, the inscription reading:

"James Monroe of Virginia,
died July 4, 1831, aged 74 years."

After the interment the soldiers who had brought the body from the North under military escort, were gaily entertained and returned to their homes the following day. One of the boys, Lawrence Hamilton, a grandson of Alexander Hamilton, was accidentally drowned in Gillie's Creek—his body was found floating on the surface. The remains of the young soldier were escorted home by a detail of the First Virginia Regiment.

Within a year another favored son of the Old Dominion was taken to Hollywood and placed close to Monroe, for Judge John Y. Mason, United States Minister to France, who had die in Paris, was brought back to his nativt city. The funeral took place October 29, 1859, the Rev. Charles Minnegerode, D. D., of St. Paul's Church, who read the office for the dead over so many distinguished men, conducting the services.

Meantime, the storm between the North and South had broken in all

its fury and just when the entire Confederacy was mourning so many sons, Virginia was called on to give up one of her most eminent, although not directly as a result of war. John Tyler, former President of his country, died her in his room at the Ballard ouse, that famous holstelry of an earlier day. With all flags at half-mast, the body of the one-time occupant of the White House, was taken to the capitol to lie in state, after which it was conveyed to St. Paul's, where Bishop Johns officiated at the funtral. The distinguished dead was then borne to Hollywood and placed to rest not far from Monroe and Mason.

It was a sad day for Richmond when the city was called on to attend the last rites for Jtfferson Davis, who died in New Orleans, on December 6, 1889, and whose body arrived at Richmond on Memorial Day, 1893. Several years later Mrs. Davis, who breathed her last in New York, was placed by his side and not far from their daughter, Winnie, "the Daughter of the Confederacy," who had preceded her by a few years.

Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury, the immortal "oathfinder of the seas," was taken to Hollywood in 1873 and the grave of this great scientist is not far from that of the dashing J. E. B. Stuart. In the vicinity are the mortal remains of at least a half dozen Virginia's Governors, including Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, while John Randolph of Roanoke—one of the most romantic figures in all the history of the Old Dominion—also rests within its walls. His home was in Chesterfield County and there is a cherished legend which relates that one of the trees in the yard of Chtsterfield Courthouse was planted when Randolph, attending "court day," stuck his riding switch in the ground and forgot all about it.

Among other citizens of Hollywood is John R. Thompson, a widely known poet of a half-century ago, who not only was a friend of all the literary men of this country. But also of Thackeray, Dickens and others of their time, while unders its shade rests, too, the great Dr. Hunter Holmes McGuire, chief surgeon of the Confederate Army.

It is a noteworthy gathering, these residents of Richmond's cemeteries, for among them are numbered those who, being richly endowed in mind and spirit, gavt of their best to State and country. In return, they have been justly rewarded by the gratitude and admiration of a loyal people that will continue to live in the hearts of the generations yet to come.

That man will be a benefactor of his race who shall teach us how to manage rightly the first years of a child's education.—James A. Garfield.

FORT MACON AS IT LOOKS TODAY

(Selected)

When this historic old structure was deeded to the State of North Carolina by the Federal government in 1924 it was overgrown with sea-oats, marsh grasses, poison ivy and other foliage, not to mention rattlesnakes, mosquitoes and such. But those days are gone and today thanks to Uncle Sam who came to the rescue with a group of energetic C C C boys working under the capable leadership of U. S. Army officers, Foresters and Landscape artists the entire picture of the old structure is changed.

Not only has the mosquito breeding moat been filled with sand and the foliage removed but two or three rooms which were used as quarters for men during the days Fort Macon was garrisoned have been repaired. A beautiful winding road leads from Atlantic Beach highway along the edge of marshes, through cedar thickets, around and over sand dunes direct to the walls of the structure. And a large parking area has been provided for the automobiles that will bring hundreds and thousands of visitors to view the location that has played roles in one war or another for the past 100 years.

To be exact, Fort Macon was completed in 1836. That was 12 years from the time work began, a great part of which was done by negro slaves hired or rented out by their masters or owners. The cost of Fort Macon originally was about $463,700. It was named in honor of Senator Nathaniel Macon who was instrumental in getting the appropriation for the construction of the fort. It was built to protect "Old Topsail" later to become Beaufort Inlet from the depradation of enemy forces and pirates. And Fort Macon replaced a facine type of forth that had been built during Governor Dobb's administration back in 1756 or thereabouts.

In 1803 the State of North Carolina ceded to the United States part of the present site of the fortification and then in 1826 conveyed 405 more acres for the sum of $1,287. In 1861 it was seized by the Confederates, in 1862 it was seized by the Yankees, during the Spanish-American War it was garrisoned by negro troops, in 1924 it was given back to North Carolina and then several months ago it was 'seized' by the C C C and they have done a good job of renovation and their job is about finished.

The man that counts is the man who makes himself a force for decency, a force for clean living, for righteousness.

—Theodore Roosevelt.

WHEN BILL ARP LOST HIS WIG

By Marguerite Steedman, in Atlanta Journal

A Georgia man made Abraham Lincoln smile at a moment when the war-time President was finding out just exactly how much of a misnomer the words "United States" could be.

It was the spring of 1861. In the newly formed Confederacy, regiments in colorful uniforms were drilling feverishly and wondering between parades just how long it would be before the Yankees started something. In the north the same thing was happening, while Lincoln and his cabinet made strange and secret plans about Fort Sumter. It was a feverish time, and the President was beginning to feel the strain.

Then one day, when Lincoln was reading a Richmond paper, he came across an open letter to "Mr. Abe Linkhorn, Sir:"

The letter was full of quaintly misspelled words. Its backwoods humor was fresh and spontaneous. It was the sort of fun that Lincoln understood.

The President not only smiled but, as he read further, the White House rang with a series of hearty laughs.

The author of the chief executive's mirth was a man who might very fittingly be called "The Will Rogers of Georgia." In private life he was Major Charles H. Smith, of Cartersville, Ga. His pen name was Bill Arp.

This story of Bill Arp's literary debut, together with many other reminiscences of the Georgia humorist, was related by his daughter who recently addressed the Atlanta Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy. These reminiscences of her father are worth more than passing interest.

But we will let Bill Arp himself tell the story of the way his career as a humorist began.

"When our southern boys were hunting for a fight, and feeling like they could whip all creation," wrote the Georgia humorist, "Mr. Lincoln issued a proclamation ordering us all to disperse and retire within thirty days and quite cavorting around in a hostile and belligrent manner.

"I remember writing an answer to it as though I were a good Union man and a law-abiding citizen, and was willing to disperse if I could. But it was almost impossible, for the boys were mighty hot, and the way we made up our military companies was to send a man down the lines with a bucket of water and sprinkle the boys as he came to 'em, and if a feller sizzed like hot iron in a slack trough, we took him, and if he didn't sizz, we didn't take him. . . . . I thought he had better give us a little more time, for I had been out in an old field all by myself and tried to disperse myself and couldn't do it."

It was this masterpiece of foolishness that ultimately found its way to the White House and came into the hands of Lincoln, who, by becoming President, probably robbed the United States of one of its foremost humorists.

When Major Smith read his effusion to several people an old backwoodsman by the name of Bill Arp asked if "Squire Smith was a-gwine to print that." On being assured that such was the state of affairs, the old man said:

"What name are ye gwine to putt to it?"

Smith replied that he hadn't thought of a name.

"Well," replied the real Bill Arp, "I wish you'd putt mine. Them's my sentiments!"

It really should not be necessary to introduce Bill Arp to the southern people. But to the younger generation he seems to be comparativly unknown. Although he wrote for Georgia newspapers for a number of years, and his book, "From the Uncivil War to Date," went into many editions, his readers are for the most part among the older generation.

Much of Bill Arp's humor, like that of Will Rogers, dealt with current events, which, of course, inevitably dates his writings. But more of his work deals with the simple, country people of his day. His descriptions of their life and customs have, under the added coloring of years and changing circumstance, taken on the dignity of sketches which preserve, with the most loving fidelity, every detail of a scene which will not be again.

Miss Marion Smith brought another side of Bill Arp's character into her recent lecture. Among other things, she told of her parents' happy married life, culminating in a golden wedding celebration which was most elaborate for its day and time.

The invitations, bearing the dates 1849-1899, carried a verse from the old Scotch song, "John Anderson My Jo." The guests were invited to assemble at "The Shadows," Major Smith's home in Cartersville, at early candle light."

"Many people," commented Miss Marion Smith, "wanted to know just what time was 'early candle light.' Almost every one had some spare room to offer, and carriages and conveyances of every kind were constantly driving up to the house. Father said that the town reminded him of Ober-Ammergau, where the Bible story was acted, because everybody just opened their homes to the guests. Rooms were listed and all regular and special trains were met. Business in Cartersville stopped for the day and night. And there were more newspaper reporters than I ever saw before or since."

So did Georgia celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of one of her most loved citizens.

Bill Arp and his wife received many things which were either golden in color, or made of the real metal. In one case, a unique card was sent to the couple. A drawing of a man pushing a wheelbarrow held a gold piece which was worked into the design as the single wheel of the vehicle.

One old woman who loved Bill Arp's humor had nothing to send, until she remembered that the whole Smith family loved flowers. Her anniversary present was a colored page cut from a seed catalogue!

Many old ladies of Cartersville and elsewhere sent socks they had knit-

ted. One pair, resplendent in golden thread, was made by an old lady, aged 93.

Indeed, so many valuable gold objects were received that each one of the masculine members of the family and gentlemen among the guests took a number of the precious things to bed in order to guard against theft. Like most other southern homes of the period, emphasis had been upon doors and windows opening freely, rather than upon locks and bars.

But the festivities took an unexpected turn when it was discovered that the huge bowl of turkey meat, destined for salad for the multitude of guests, had frozen in the night. A huge fire was kindled, in order to thaw out the salad. Then somebody pointed out that the golden flowers which decked every spare inch of space in the house were already beginning to wilt in the fierce heat.

It was just such a mix-up as Bill Arp delighted to write about. Things like that were always happening to him. It is hard to see how the man could have been anything but the humorist he was.

Readers of Bill Arp's writings know all about the time he had toothache, and took all the medicine in the house. They are familiar with his account of the "Green Corn Dance" and the predicament in which he found himself when city visitors were hovering in offling. It was then that Mrs. Arp and the girls, having reduced the house to a rigid and painful cleanliness, discovered Major Smith gingerly rinsing his face and fingertips in the small depression of an up-turned washbowl, rather than turn it over and risk the wrath to come. Yes, Bill Arp liked to make fun of himself, and did it lavishly. But Miss Marion remembers a time when fate played a joke on the Major which apparently never got into print.

"Papa was getting bald," said Miss Marion, "and didn't like it. A visit to New York was taken, and mamma came back with a beautiful set of furs that caped around the back and reached down to the hem of her dress in front, with lots of fur tails hanging down. Also, a great silk parasol, with a handle that bent at any angle."

(Handles on paraspls or sunshades were made this way so that they might be bent to keep the sun off a lady's delicate and carefully guarded complexion.)

"Mamma had a chignon and some curled bangs and a big bustle," continued Miss Marion. "Her hat was like a plate with long feathers hanging down, and she had bronze shoes and everything. A watch stuck in her belt, and lots of trinkets on a chain, and a lace cravat, and the biggest hoopskirt you ever saw. We couldn't even get near her.

"But papa came back with a wig that hid the bald place on his head. He was quite dignified and grand.

"In a few days one of the city fathers died, and, of course, his was an important funeral. Papa was one of the pallbearers. To add extra respect to the esteemed citizen, the coffin was taken out of the hearse at the gates of the cemetery and borne through an avenue of maples

to the grave. The home band played 'The Dead March From Saul' as they marched.

"Suddenly a branch from one of those low-limbed trees reached down and grabbed the newly bought wig from papa's head. There it hung, dangling in the sight of all. There were no dry eyes, taking the citizens and mourners together. Papa never tried a toupee again, but went balder as time wore his hair off."

While Major Smith enlisted in 1861 and fought through the entire Confederate war, he did not dwell upon his military experiences as did many of his contemporaries who also published books after the struggle. The major was much more intent upon the simple, homely people back in Georgia, whose trials and sufferings he understod and recorded in a way that the years have failed to dim or render in any way unreal. But perhaps the major's part in an incident once famous through the length and breadth of the south deserves repetition here.

Stonewall Jackson's self-sacrificing nature is too well known to need any explanation. Indeed, his death from pneumonia after his wounds received at Chancellorsville seems directly traceable to his unselfishness towards a fellow officer. Jackson rose in the night and placed his coat over the sleeping officer, who was worn out after a long ride. The general became chilled in the night and was so weakened that he could not rally after the tragic accidental shooting at Chancellorsville. That Jackson really did not succumb to his wounds at all was a belief of many of his contemporaries.

One night, earlier in the struggle, Major Smtih joined a group of Confederates at headquarters, made his report and stayed to supper.

"It was still raining," explained his daughter, "and the table was set in a small tent. A man was lying on the floor in a deep sleep, his hat over his face, his legs partly under the table.

" 'Sick?' asked my father.

" 'Nope, Stonewall Jackson—been on a three-day march,' was the answer.

"The supper consisted wholly of boiled sweet potatoes. and they ate it in silence."

There are several conflicting accounts of the identity of the men who ate that memorable meal, almost over the body of the exhausted leader. But it seems quite certain that the Georgia humorist was one of them. And it was utterly characteristic of Jackson to refuse any special accommodation after his campaign, and to prefer a soldier's rest to the comfort which might easily have been his.

Humorists have the reputation of being sprightly conversationalists in in public, and dour, sphinx-like creatures at home. Of course there are many shining exceptions to this, and Bill Arp was certainly one of them. Miss Marion remembers how her father used to wake the family in the morning by walking around the halls at "The Shadows," playing "Way Down Shinbone Alley," and "The Old Gray Horse in the Wilderness," on his flute. It is a pretty certain guess that the last-named selection

was a peace-time version of "Old Joe Hooker" so gallantly chanted on many a calvary foray by Jeb Stuart and his men, with whom it seems to have been an especial favorite.

"'Twas the nicest thing to open your eyes to music," commented Miss Marion, "and as we waked up we would rush out, the first one would grab his coat and then we would all string along and sing until somebody made us dress."

* * *

At the time when Bill Arp graduated from the State College at Athens, almost the entire graduating class played the flute! Unless college boys have changed materially for the worse, it is easy to imagine the nervous system of the patient Athenians at the close of that four years' audition.

Miss Marion Smith, like her famous father, possesses a keen wit, and has written many sketches and reminiscences dealing with the Old South. She is a member of various patriotic organizations, in which she has held positions of trust and honor. As Bill Arp's daughter, she became acquainted with many of the leading American writers and artists of the latter part of the nineteenth century. Josh Billings and James Whitcomb Riley visited "The Shadows" and many of the great legal figures of Georgia were Major Smith's warm friends. Miss Marion still has memories of Alexander Stephens, in his roller chair; of Robert Toombs, with his lion-like shock of hair, and many famous men of the time.

Literature, like eclipses, fashions, prejudices and politics, moves in cycles. There was a time in England when Shakespeare's plays were first deemed rude and vulgar, and then all but forgotten by the masses. This is by no means a comparison, but it does indicate how far forgetfulness will sometimes go. And while Bill Arp's genial, gentle humor is far from forgotten, it is safe to say that there is too much actual merit in his writings—too much local color, presented with accuracy and humor—for his work to remain much longer on the dustiest shelves of any modern library.

SEAWEED AND ITS MANY USES

By Cora P. Emerson

"Blue, glossy green, and velvety black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire."

We read the words of Coleridge and we picture seaweed as a tangled forest for the little water sprites. We see it as the sparkling home of tiny fishes. The mollusks, jelly-fish, sea-worms, crabs, and many other gayly-colored deep-sea creatures live in its shadows. It is the haven of rest and safety for the wandering albatross and petrel.

We think of the Sargasso Sea, and how Columbus on his first voyage to America had to steer through this great mass of vegetation for more than two weeks. We know that the winds and ocean currents from the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea have brought this great island of plant life together in the North Atlantic Ocean.

Large drifting islands of seaweed, made up mostly of the variety known as the "gulf weed,' are found in the Pacific as well as in the Atlantic Ocean. This gulf-weed is a long, many-branched plant buoyed up by little air-bladders about as large as grapes.

Many other kinds of seaweeds are found in all parts of the world, in both salt and fresh water. They range in size from the small blue-green slimes seen on fresh water ponds to the giant kelps. These kelps are composed of tough, leather-like branches that sometimes reach a length of one hundred or more feet. Why do we have these great masses of sea plants?

Many of these varicolored water plants are useful as well as interesting and beautiful. They form breakwaters that protect the coast from the wear and tear of the waves, and sometimes they make natural harbors. They form the real basis for sea life, since all the larger creatures of sea feed upon the smaller animals, which live upon the seaweed. By throwing off oxygen they help to keep the water pure.

Burnt seaweed ashes are used in manufacturing soap and glass, also in making iodine and fertilizers. Some species of seaweed contain a gelatinous nutriment used in cooking materials. Others are dried and used by upholsterers in stuffing mattresses, chairs, and couches. Certain kinds of seaweed are used in making paper.

In 1930 Japan, the leading producer of seaweed, harvested over two hundred and twenty thousand tons of the plant. The demand for Japanese seaweed is so great that the natives cultivate plantations of seaweed as we have plantations of cotton and rice. Over twenty five different kinds of seaweed are used as foods in Japan. More than three thousand people are employed on these seaweed plantations in Toyko Bay.

For hundreds of years, the Japanese, Chinese, and Hawaiians have used seaweed as a common food. More than fifty varieties are eaten in Hawaii, where fish and seaweed are the principal foods of the poorer people, during the greater part of the year.

In America, ever since the colonial times, Irish moss and seaweed products have been served in foods. At first it was imported from England. In 1835, the Mayor of Boston declared that there was no further need of paying the mother country two dollars a pound for "Irish Moss." He claimed that the Massachusetts coast had an ample supply for home needs.

An investigation followed which showed that the rocks from Maine to North Carolina were covered with this water plant. An "Irish Moss" industry was started at Scituate, Massachusetts, which still exists. This seaweed goes into the product

from which blanc-mange and other desserts are made, also in remedies for coughs. Some kalsomines, shoe-stains, and dyes for printing cotton good use this moss as an ingredient.

Agar-agar, a dried, partly bleached, jelly-like substance, extracted from certain species of seaweed, is served in American homes. It is found in ice cream, pastries, candies, and cereal foods, also in many salad dressings.

Drug stores sell agar-agar in cosmetics, adhesive tape, and soap. It is needed in mixing certain medicines. The industries that can certain delicate fish, which are likely to be badly broken in shipping, use agar-agar to pack the fish. It is said to be eight or ten times as strong as ordinary gelatine, and not so readily affected by changing climates. Isinglass and flypaper often contain agar-agar.

Kombu, another seaweed, is shredded and cooked with meat and soups, also served with vegetables. Powdered kombu is used in rice dishes, and a popular Japanese tea is made from the leaves of the kombu plant. In Osaka there are over forty kombu factories, for this one of the principal products of Japan. We are told that a kombu plantation yields from $150 to $300 worth of seaweed per acre.

Acids are obtained from many kinds of seaweeds. One is used in manufacturing buttons, combs and insulating materials. Others are used in making brown stains, also in a liquid which is used in removing shellac.

Farmers, living by the sea, found out that seaweed made good fertilizer for their land. In 1902, a scientist discovered that certain seaweeds of the Pacific coast contained potash, which is an important fertilizing material. Factories now make fertilizer from these sea plants.

Nearly a million tons of seaweed is harvested annually. Most of the countries that border on the sea contribute their share. Holland exports two or three thousand tons every year.

In 1931, Norway reported that it had produced ten million pounds of kelp ash. About two-fifts of that amount went to Norwegian manufacturers of iodine. Thus you see that seaweed is a help to us we cut or bruise our flesh.

We are likely to think of seaweed as a playground for small sea creatures. We are annoyed by it, when it clogs the path of our motor boat. But this lowly seaweed is really a most important commodity in the markets of the world.

Let Fortune do her worst, whatever she makes us lose, as long as she never makes us lose our honesty and our independence.—Alexander Pope.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mrs. George Frazier, of Shelby, a former federal relief worker in Cleveland County, visited the School last Wednesday afternoon.

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Mr. Query and his group of barbers have been busy during the past week giving the boys a much-needed hair cut, which greatly improves their appearance.

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Superintendent C. E. Boger and W. M. White, our purchasing agent, made a trip to Raleigh last Tuesday, on businesss pertaining to the needs of the School for the next biennium, which begins July 1, 1935.

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Last Monday evening Miss Eva Taylor, of Concord, brought out quite a number of fine magazines for the boys, and we wish to take this opportunity to thank her for her kindly interest in the Training School boys, and assure her that the reading material is greatly appreciated.

—o—

On Thursday of last week a group of ladies who had been attending the annual convention of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Western North Carolina Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the sessions being held in the Central M. E. Church, Concord, stopped on their homeward journey for a brief inspection of the Training School. As they were conducted through the various depepartments these good ladies evidenced great interest in the work being carried on here. Members of the visiting party were: Mrs. J. O. Hearne, Jr. and Mrs. Parker Holmes, of Forest City; Mrs. O. K. Padgett, of Cliffside; Mrs. L. B. Harriel and Mrs. J. E. Whitesides, of Caroleen.

—o—

The section of the School property through which the cyclone and hail storm passed a couple of weeks ago can be easily traced by the lateness in the development of the foliage on trees and shrubbery. In several places one may see huge trees which were partly sheltered on one side by a building, and on the side next to this building leaves are quite plentiful, but on the side exposed to the storm there's not a leaf in sight.

—o—

Our school principal reports the list of the winners of the Barnhardt Prize for the quarter ending March 31st, as follows:

First Grade—James Corn, most improvement; second grade—Fred Mickle, best in arithmetic; third grade—Jack McRary, most improvement; fourth grade—Edgar Hatley and C. D. Grooms, best in spelling; fifth grade—Vasco Robinson, best general average; sixth grade—Braxton Grady, most improvement; seventh grade—Robert Alexander, most improvement.

—o—

We heard from two of our old boys this week who have been making good records since leaving the School. One letter was from Franklin Beddingfield, formerly of Cottage No. 9 and a member of our bakery

force. Frank is now living at East Flat Rock, where he is attending school. He is very proud of the fact that he has recently passed to the ninth grade. The other lad writing about the same time is Milton Mashburn, formerly of Cottage No. 6. Milton now lives at Andrews where he is a member of this year's graduating class of the Andrews High School. The class numbers fifty, Milton enclosed a very neat invitation to several of his friends among the members of the Training School staff. We congratulate these lads on the manner in which they have carried on since leaving the institution.

—o—

Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read the account of the triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem as found in Mark 11: 1-11. He then showed the boys some palm branches and briefly explained why so many churches observe Palm Sunday with special services.

In his talk to the boys, Rev. Hughes in his usual interesting and entertaining manner, used the Parable of the Sower. He told how Christ, at the time of telling the multitude this parable, was speaking to them from a boat.

Rev. Hughes said it was the thorny seed in the hearts of those who listened to Jesus that caused them to forsake Him at the Cross. The good in their hearts had been choked out by the thorny seed of selfishness, self-will, greed and other vices. Rather than reign in the world in pomp and glory, Christ wanted to be King within the hearts of men.

The palms, continued the speaker, are to remind us to be good seed; to bear good fruit and to be true to Christ. The palm is therefore a symbol of loyalty and represents the triumph of good over evil.

Rev. Hughes then told the story of the "Great Stone Face." He told how Ernest, a small boy of the village, watched and studied the face daily. As he grew he thought about this wonderful face and it made a great impression on him. Then followed a brief account of the visit of the rich man; the general; the statesman and the poet, familiar to all who have read the story.

Ytars later when Ernest had reached the age of sixty years, they were having a great meeting. The poet arose said, "There's the great stone face," and pointed to Ernest, who had grown up among them and was loved and trusted by all.

In conclusion, Rev. Hughes said, that it is not what we say, do or think, but what we really are in our daily lives, that makes us what God would have us be.

The wise are instructed by reason; ordinary minds by experience; the stupid by necessity; and brutes by instinct.

—Cicero.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 14, 1935

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since the method was adopted March, 10, 1935.

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Erwin Martin 2
(6) Robert Radford 6
Earl Rogers 5
(2) Hassell Shropshire 2
(4) Richard Sullivan 4
Ashley Thompson 5
Vermont Whitley 2
Louis Tarkington 3

COTTAGE No. 1

(4) Sam Batts 4
Clifford Bowers 4
Douglas Carter
Robert Cashwell
(2) William Goodson 3
(4) Herman Lamm 5
(3) Claude McLaughlin 3
Ivan Morrozoff 3
(4) Millard Owenby 5
Folie Phillips
Bunn Shoe
Eugene Whitt 2
Everett Williamson 2
Harvard Winn 4
Junius Yarborough 2
Preston Yarborough 2

COTTAGE No. 2

James Boyce
Leland Crosby
Boyd Freeman
(3) Vasco Robinson 4
Woodrow Spruill 3

COTTAGE No. 3

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 4

(4) Vernon Bass 4
(2) Clarence Boren 4
(6) Fleming Collins 6
(2) Robert Conklin 3
(2) Percy Newsome 2
(2) Robert Penland 3
Hubert Willams 2

COTTAGE No. 5

William Ange 2
(2) William Ballew 2
Ernest Beach
Max Cecil 2
(2) William Hare 2
(2) Monroe Keith 2
Randolph Miller
(2) James Seawell 2
(4) Robert Worthington 5

COTTAGE No. 6

(4) Earl Bass 4
Earl Barnes 3
(6) James Stepp 6
Jack Turner
William Young

COTTAGE No. 7

William Beach
(2) Caleb Hill 2
Kenneth Messick
(4) J. B. Murray 4
Theodore Nines 2
Percy Sanford
(2) Floyd Watkins 4
Douglas Wilkes

COTTAGE No. 8

(6) John Auton 6
(2) Luther Pierce 4

COTTAGE No. 9

Joseph Brooks
(2) Lee Dickens 5
(2) Hoyett Hudson 3
(2) Ed Lee White 4
Homer Smith 2
(2) Bryan Williams 5

COTTAGE No. 10

(6) Jack Baity 6
(3) Fred Ward 4

(5) James Kellam 5
(2) William Knight 2
James L. Singleton
Winston Strickland 3

COTTAGE No. 11

Edward Carpenter
(2) James Enloe 3
(3) Bennie Holland 4
(2) Warren Holloman 3
Charles Hefner 2
David Hodge 4
(3) Bennie Moore 4
(2) Norman McGee 2
James Rector 2
Oscar Vereen
(3) Lee Watkins 3
(2) Cecil Webb 4

COTTAGE No. 12

(6) Earl Atwood 6
(2) Frank Dickens 2
(2) Horace Faulkner 2
Alfred Holloman 4
(3) Edward Lockamy 3
Eli Philemon 4
Arbie Phillips
(4) Homer Quick 5
Thomas Welch 2

COTTAGE No. 13

Boyd Baker
(6) Urbane Hill 6
(3) Jennings Norris 3
Linwood Potter 3
(6) Eugene Smith 6

COTTAGE No. 14

Jack Comer 4
Howard Cook 2
Hubert Hooks

COTTAGE No. 15

(6) Robert Alexander 6
Thomas Brown 2
(6) James Caddell 6
Floyd Causey 2
John Early 2
(2) Avery Eason 2
(3) George Gibson 3
Earl Hill
Clarence Lingerfelt
(2) Marvin Malcom 2
Edward Martin
Wilson Medlin 3
William Moose 2
S. T. McGinnis
Claibourne McKee 3
(4) Gilbert Murray 4
(3) Sam Pegram 5
(2) Charles Pennell 3
Paul Rhodes 3
(2) Marshall Scoggins 2
(6) Glenn Stewart 6
(2) Robert Teeter 2
(2) Frank Wakefield 2
Roy Wyrick 2

HAMILTON HOME A MUSEUM

Alexander Hamilton's old home, Hamilton Grange, is all set as one of the show spots of New York City. It was built about 1801 and became a meeting place for many well known statesmen of that day. But Hamilton did not long enjoy it. He went forth one morning in 1804 and met Aaron Burr in a duel which resulted fatally for Hamilton. His widow, Elizabeth Schuyler Hamilton, did not long reside there but disposed of it to strangers. About 80 years later it was bought by a church which in turn sold it to the American Scenic and Historical Preservation Society in 1924. It was thoroughly renovated, Hamilton relics secured as the nucleus of a collection and was formally opened as a museum this year.—The Pathfinder.

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CAROLINA ROOM
-7 '35

THE UPLIFT

Carolina Collection
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VOL. XXII CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 27, 1935 No. 17

SOMETIMES

Across the fields of yesterday
He sometimes comes to me,
A little lad just back from play—
The lad I used to be.

And yet he smiles so wistfully
Once he has crept within,
I wonder if he hopes to see
The man I might have been.

—Thomas S. Jones, Jr.

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

FORGET!

Be a forgetter. Life is too short to remember that which prevents one from doing his best. "Forgetting the things that are behind, I press forward," said a brave old man in the first century. The successful man forgets. He knows the past is irrevocable. He lets the dead past bury its dead. He is running a race. He cannot afford to look behind. His eye is on the winning post. The magnanimous man forgets. He is too big to let little things disturb him. He forgets quickly and forgets easily. If any one does him wrong, he "considers the source" and keeps sweet. It is only the small man who cherishes a low revenge. Be a good forgetter. Business dictates it, and success demands it.—Selected.

AN EASTER PAGEANT—SPLENDIDLY RENDERED

Last Sunday, Easter morning, was anything but a bright day. The clouds hung heavy over the Jackson Training School grounds, but there was cheer within the walls of the institution for the boys seemed very happy, anticipating a good dinner with a number of brightly colored Easter eggs.

To start the day off in the right spirit at nine o'clock all of the boys and officers assembled in the school auditorium and a most beautiful pageant, "God's Candles," directed by Miss Virginia Smoot and Mr. George Barrier, one of the teachers, was presented in a most creditable style by some of the boys. Prior to the presentation of the pageant Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer, pastor of the Reform Church, Concord, conducted the devotional in a manner that made most impressive the true significance of the blessed Easter season.

The setting for the pageant was most effective, showing Golgotha or Calvary, where Christ was crucified, and pyramided with a brilliantly lighted cross, the symbol of death and the hope of eternal life.

Each boy was dressed appropriately to play the part assigned. including vestments for the choir boys, making a scene that would have been a credit to any school or any group of boys in the state.

One is impressed that there is much latent talent in this crowd of five hundred boys, that there rests many possibilities awaiting the chance for development into the finest citizenship. This school offers the finest field in the country for inner-mission work, therefore, it is the duty of Christian people to render some service towards salvaging the "forgotten-and-neglected youth" and transforming him into most worthwhile manhood.

* * * * * * *

MR. D. B. COLTRANE—A FINE FRIEND OF THE BOY

The State, in its weekly survey of North Carolina, carries a splendid picture of Mr. D. B. Coltrane, one of the state's most outstanding citizens, with a short sketch of his long life filled to the brim with activities for the uplift of his community and state.

Mr. Coltrane is a native of Randolph county, born on a farm, developed in the school of experience with a heritage to become better informed as to the finer things of life which he has acquired, and is today at the advanced age of ninety-two years enjoying life to the fullest in the midst of his family and legion of friends.

Elsewhere in this issue can be found the short sketch of Mr. Coltrane, and we commend the same as a challenge to much younger men who retire from business activities at an early age, and the natural consequence is they "rust out" instead of "shuffling—off-the-mortal-coil" from over work.

Service is the best game of all,—it gives joy, also a solace that is beyond understanding; and those who play it most successfully are friendly, helpful, inspiring human beings.

The thought suggested by the life of this veteran of the War-Between-The-States is that, "a wise traveller goeth on cheerily,

through fair weather and through foul; he knoweth that his journey must be sped; and so he carrieth his sunshine with him."

* * * * * * *

DON'T WAIT FOR A DOLE—BUT WORK

Elsewhere in this publication is a short story of a cripple, captioned, "Bed-Ridden, But Not Beaten". The story graphically tells something of the life of Upton G. Wilson, Madison, N. C.—a columnist most widely quoted—who in the face of adverse circumstances due to physical handicaps, has won.

The sketch of this cripple should prove to be an inspiration to those who feel that fate has not dealt kindly with them, to create some kind of work, instead of sitting supinely like "Micawber" and wait for "something to turn up." We believe in the old adage that "where there is a will there is a way."

* * * * * * *

THE NUMBER OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS

On April 9, 1865—70 years ago—General Robert E. Lee surrendered his tired, straggling army to General U. S. Grant at Appomattox Court House, Virginia. Of the nearly 3,000,000 men who took part in the War between the States, only about 20,000 survive. Of the surviving veterans, 14,474 wore blue uniforms and 5,612 wore gray. Pensions paid in 1934 to Union veterans totaled $20,051,397, to Confederate veterans and their widows, $10,327,890,—the states paying the pensions. Striking relentlessly as the years pass, death has spared only 5,612 men from the once proud and powerful forces of the Confederacy 70 years ago.

Appomattox quieted the tumult of the war between the North and the South but failed entirely to quiet the tumult in many a heart beneath the Blue and the Gray uniforms. Those who wore the Gray never admitted a defeat, but simply accepted the fact that the opposing army was too strong numerically, passing down to the sons and daughters of the southland a noble heritage,—a love for home and undying faith in the future of the southland.

The army of Norther Virginia, after arduous service of four

years, marked by courage and fortitude, had to yield to overwhelming forces. General Lee's last words in part to his men, a most touching farewell were:

"With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration for myself, I bid you all an affectionate farewell."

* * * * * * *

THE TWO SISTERS

Alice Cary was born near Cincinnati, Ohio, April 26, 1820. Her early life was spent on a farm, and her educational advantages were limited. At seventeen years of age she, with her sister Phoebe, only thirteen, began to write verses of poetry; in 1849 they published a book of poems in Philadelphia, Alice assuming the nom de plume of "Patty Lee." This was followed by numerous volumes. They removed to New York in 1850, where they lived the rest of their days. Perhaps the best-known work of Alice Cary was "Clovernook Children," a series of prose sketches. She died February 12, 1871.

Phoebe Cary was also born near Cincinnati, Ohio, September 4, 1824. She wrote about one-third of the poems published under the name, "Poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary." She assisted Dr. C. F. Deems, her pastor, in editing "Hymns for all Christians" in 1869, and prepared "Poems of Faith, Hope and Love" in 1868. She died a Newport, R. I., July 31, 1871.

* * * * * * *

GEORGE FIFTH, HIS JUBILEE

God willing, King George V will celebrate his silver jubilee on May 6th, 1935. Twnty-five years is a long time to play the role of a great man, and especially long if during all that time, one is placed in the public eye. Publicity is an acid test, it eats quickly and deeply into the personalities of those in the flash lights, or if continually on the front page of the press. To stand it one must be truly genuine.

Suppose you were the King of Great Britain, Ireland, the British Dominion beyond the seas, Defender of the Faith and Emperor of India; the man whose influence must be exerted daily over several hundred million people, do you think you could carry the responsibility without faltering?

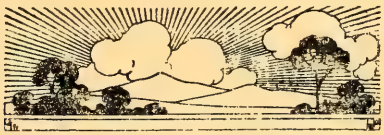
Well, that is the test which the King of England has spent a quarter of a century in meeting, and doing it most victoriously. The public opinion is that he is a far greater man now than when ascending the throne.

* * * * * * *

RUBBER FROM GOLDENROD

Experiments by scientists state that the common uncultivated goldenrod found all through deserted fields of the country may soon become a practical source for the making of rubber. Doubtless, if the experiment develops favorably, this will prove a specter to haunt the dreams of foreign rubber companies. If nothing more develops—there is reason to believe the idea will put a check upon unwarranted rises in the foreign markets for rubber. Before results can be anticipated, or the new project realized, the problems as to successful cultivation and extraction of rubber from the plant will have to be solved.

From all newspaper reports it seems that there is a fortune for many who do not realize the possibilities of the scrub pine if converted into news print, and the deserted hills that give forth a prolific growth of goldenrod if used in making rubber. These are resources without the least effort upon the part of the poor landlord, and the only thing now is that the scientists find a way to use the undeveloped products of the southland.



RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

THE HAPPIEST HEART

"The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in a quiet breast,
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to heaven the rest."

—o—

In the old days a girl could tell which beau was calling by his tap or whistle. Now she knows by the honk of his horn.

—o—

Making newsprint paper out of North Carolina pine trees will give automobilists a chance to read pine trees instead of hitting them.

—o—

There is a good deal of talk about taking profit out of war, but nothing tangible is being done about it. What we really need is the putting of profit into peace.

—o—

Elisha Bowman, of Indiana, died March 21, 1865. The following is engraved on his tombstone: "He believed that nothing but the Democratic party will ever save the Union." There's faith for you—even in death.

—o—

There are pledges and pledges. Some are religiously kept and some are not worth the paper they are written on. Here's one that seems good. It is said that the co-eds at the University of Missouri have agreed not to eat more than fifteen cents worth while out on a date. Thes girls ought to find themselves very popular.

—o—

It has been proved, says a New York psychologist, that one mind can affect another at a distance. I'm convinced of it, having seen men when they have been dunned for the second time through the mails.

—o—

Horace Greeley once told the people to "Go West and grow up with the country." It might be said today, Go West and blow up with the country, from the dust storms they are having out there.

—o—

The Norfolk (Va.,) Virginian-Pilot says, "The Republican Party is to be reborn. Considerable interest attaches to whether the infant will step off on its Right or Left foot." It will be the left foot, of course, or what is left of the party.

—o—

Another glorious Easter has passed. I hope every one has profited by the lessons it taught. Easter is the spring-time hope in the soul, the promise of better things to come, the fulfillment of the greatest service ever recorded in the written history of the world.

—o—

Many of life's finest possessions are of such an intangible nature that

it is difficult to appraise them at their true values. One of these intangible possessions is friendship. Nothing in life has greater value, even when measured by the standard of dollars and cents. Nothing is more easy to gain. To the young people I would say, in all your getting, get wisdom; but also get friendships. They are above price.

—o—

An incident of human inconsistency comes from New York. The wife of a Wall Streeter, who is often in the newspapers against the New Deal, went into a jewelry store which carries no stock but makes everything to order. She bought a bracelet, a clip and a tiara to match. They cost $225,000. "My husband will send you a check. He is in Washington today to protest against Roosevelt's terrible extravagrant relief plan." How is that for incongruity?

—o—

The entire program of government competing in business with its own citizens would be laughable if it were not so serious. The politicians get votes by promising the people something for nothing, and the people try to get something which they think somebody else will pay for. In reality the people pay for the whole works, including the government-owned tax-exempt enterprists which destroy their own highly taxed businesses and ultimately government income itself. If this isn't an endless circle of destruction, what is? Unless the people wake up to the menace of government ownership of property and industry, they will find more of their savings taken to finance political "hen houses," than they will have left to build homes for themselves.

—o—

As falling leaves indicate the death of summer and the advent of winter so, too, do budding leaves indicate the dying days of winter and the approach of summer. Budding leaves, new life, rebirth and regeneration, the return of a former spirit; all these harbingers foretell the glory to come—the glory of our approaching season. We should all take fresh hope. The new spirit of Faith, as it has fled through the centuries, struggled past obstacles and emerged triumphant in all conflicts, is again infused in our souls to revivify, and re-inspire us to greater heights.

—o—

The birds are coming back from the tropical clime where they went to get warm last winter. The crested fly catchers, the wood thrushes and the humming birds have put in their appearance. The latter were somewhat disappointed as the red flowers had not bloomed, the kind they like best. Catbirds have rolled in and they look like the same ones that spend their summers at our house, and they went to a little tree in the back yard where catbirds nest every year, and looked it over like as if they were picking out a place to build, and not ask any favors, or loans, from the government. The brown thrasher that built in a rose vine in the back yard, have got some

quintuplets it looks like only you can't see anything but mouths when you look in the nest, and the mamma thrasher won't let you look long enough to count but the merest few of them. We are all glad the birds are back with us again. They are cheerful neighbors. Their morning concerts are a delight.

NOBILITY

True worth is in being, not seeming,—
  In doing, each day that goes by,
Some little good—not in dreaming
  Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in their blindness,
  And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
  And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—
  We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
  For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
  The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
  And straight, for the children of men.

'Tis not in the pages of story
  The heart of its ills to beguile,
Though he who makes courtship to glory
  Gives all that he hath for her smile.
For when from her heights he has won her,
  Alas! it is only to prove
That nothing's so sacred as honor,
  And nothing so loyal as love!

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
  Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the thing our life misses
  Helps more than the thing which it gets.
For good lieth not in pursuing,
  Nor gaining of great nor of small,
But just in the doing, and doing
  As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating,
  Against the world, early and late,
No jot of our courage abating—
  Our part is to work and to wait.
And slight is the sting of his trouble
  Whose winnings are less than his worth;
For he who is honest is noble,
  Whatever his fortunes or birth.

—Alice Cary.

NINETY-TWO YEARS DON'T MEAN ANYTHING

By G. E. Dean

Ninety-two years young is D. B. Coltrane, courtly Southern gentleman, veteran soldier of the War Between the States, scholar and industrialist of Concord who hasn't missed a day's work at his desk as president of the Concord National Bank since its doors opened for business 47 years ago.

At 92 he is the active head of six large corporations all taken on after he reached the age of 55. He has no idea of retiring anytime soon, because he loves to work too well.

"Retire?" he asked, then smiled whimsically. "Why I'm as good as I was 50 years ago and as active as any man you'll find in Cabarrus County. I work as many hours, if not more, than any man I know, because I love my work."

Most Active From 55 to 65

The greater part of his long and active business career came, he says, during the ten years between the ages of 55 to 65, and that part of his long life he considers the most productive and successful financially. It was during this period that he assumed the responsibilities of heading six large corporations, and today he is also active cotton buyer for one of the mills. He makes a detailed statement of his bank's condition every morning before nine o'clock in his fine and scholarly hand and is on hand in the bank until well after the closing hour in the afternoon.

Education has been his pet hobby in Cabarrus County for a number of years. He says that when he first came to Concord and opened a bank on July 5, 1888, the first three men who came in to get checks cashed could not write their own names. What learning there was to be had was dispensed in a tiny two-room wooden schoolhouse.

Today Cabarrus County has a splendid school system. When the recently constructed Concord High School was opened, the trustees had two paintings hung in the corridor—Governor Charles B. Aycock and Daniel B. Coltrane; one the father of education in the state and the other the father of education in Cabarrus County. Recently the town of Concord decided to honor him by naming the first brick school erected there the "Coltrane school" because he was instrumental in getting necessary funds for its construction and personally contributed to its improvement.

Born in Randolph County

Daniel Branson Coltrane was born 92 years ago on a farm in Randolph County. He was one of a family of eight children of Scotch descent. His father died when he was quite young and on himself and his mother fell the burden of keeping the farm going. The Coltranes later removed to the edge of Guilford County where they were living when the War Between the States began. The boy, Dan Coltrane, then 19, volunteered

under Dr. Baxter Craven and was assigned to prison duty at Salisbury where he served eight months. He re-enlisted in the Fifth North Carolina Cavalry, was assigned to the Sixty-Third North Carolina Regiment and saw his active fighting service mostly in Virginia where he was wounded three times.

Re-construction days in North Carolina made it exceedingly difficult for a youth without means to get along, so he decided to go to Missouri. Taking Horace Greely's advice he "went west" to Marshall, Mo., where for 22 years he was cashier of the First National Bank in that town.

The most amusing of his early experiences in the little Missouri town concerns the loan of $100 he secured from a total stranger for a period of four months. When the four months had passed he found he couldn't repay the $100 loan in full with interest and hire a buggy to ride out to the man's house. So he walked 17 miles to return the loan. This 17-mile walk really was the basis of his credit, he says. For in eight years he had $50,000 in credit in Missouri and could have easily obtained more. He sold out his interest in the Missouri bank and, returning to his native state, cast around for a little town in which there was no bank. He hit upon Concord which was at that time only beginning as a textile center and was largely populated by Dutch, Swiss, German, Scotch and Irish farmers. With a dozen directors and a capital of $50,000 the the doors of the Concord National Bank swung open for business on July 5, 1888. Since that time he and his son have had complete charge over the bank's affairs. During the 47 years it has been in operation it has remained at the same location and is perhaps the only bank in the State of North Carolina today which a father and son have operated constantly and uninterruptedly for so long a time. It has paid regular semi-annual dividends averaging 5 per cent and has set aside as surplus and undivided profits a sum almost equal to two and one-half times its capital stock of $100,000.

Interested in Church Work

Mr. Coltrane considers his most successful business venture to be the establishment on a sound basis of the nearly-defunct Methodist Board of Publications. Taking it over when it was practically without means and burdened with debt, it is today free of any encumbrane and has a property valuation of $150,000. He has been its president for 54 years. Another active part of his life is his work as treasurer of Jackson Training School, for which he does much of the active buying.

A faithful attendant and communicant of Central Methodist Church at Concord for over 70 years. Mr. Coltrane takes a keen interest in the affairs of his church and frequently entertains the whole congregation at dinner in the church parlors.

He was twice married. By his second wife, who was a native of Kentucky, he has three children living in Concord, Mrs. Charles A. Cannon, wife of the president of Cannon Mills, Inc., Mrs. R. E. Jones and Lester D. Coltrane, cashier of the Concord National Bank. Another daugh-

ter, Miss Jenn Winslow Coltrane, known the length and breadth of North Carolina and beloved by all who came in contact with her, died recently after a sudden illness in New York.

Had Very Little Schooling

Work on the farms in Randolph and Guilford counties, fighting for the Confederacy and reconstruction days did not permit him to obtain much of an education, he says. Consequently he received very little formal schooling, but since 1868 he has been a constant and habitual reader of good literature including philosophy and theological pamphlets. He holds the view that any man, if he makes up his mind that he won't go through this life positively ignorant, can in the short space of a few years develop his mind by constant reading of good things until he is on a par with the univresity or college graduate, with the exception mathematical and technical training.

Mr. Coltrane, who is older than the Morse telegraph system, sees great things ahead for North Carolina and has a desire to live at least 20 years longer. He is of the opinion that man has but scratched the potential wealth that lies in the Old North Sae but the sad part of the picture is the apparent lack of intelligence among the masses to realize and benefit from the gifts which nature bestowed so abundantly from the mountains to the sea.

Gentle, courtly, modest almost to a fault, kindly, tolerant and full of the love of living and love for his neighbors Daniel Branson Coltrane is "Concord's Grand Old Man," a noble example for the youth of his community to follow.

Here is a list of the large Piedmont North Carolina corporations of which D. B. Coltrane, veteran Concord banker, actively heads: At 92 years he is:

1. President Kerr Bleaching and Finishing Company.
2. Vice President Locke Cotton Mills.
3. President Farmers Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Cabarrus County.
4. President Norwood Cotton Mills.
5. President Linn Cotton Mills.
6. Treasurer Jackson Training School.
7. President Methodist Board of Publications, publishers of North Carolina Christian Advocate.
8. President Concord National Bank.
9. President Poplar Tent Gin Company.

All above responsibilities assumed after reaching the age most men retire—ten years between 55 and 65!

We need some one to believe in us—if we do well, we want our work commended, our faith corroborated. The individual who keeps his mind on your good qualities and does not look for flaws, is your friend. Who is my brother? I'll tell you; he is the one who recognizes the good in me.—Elbert Hubbard.

BED-RIDDEN, BUT NOT BEATEN

(N. C. Health Bulletin)

Upton G. Wilson, Madison, N. C., for twenty-three years has been an inspiring example for the afflicted to emulate.

On July 24, 1912, he was shot through the spine by a miserable coward whom he had just discharged for intoxication and disorderly conduct. Months of intense suffering followed, during which time he had several major operations in an effort to save his life. The physicians did not think he could live. From the moment the shot was fired he was completely paralyzed from the ninth vertebra down.

The story of Mr. Wilson's life and his remarkable fight against an adverse fate has been told many times in magazines and newspapers of national importance. Other people have fought against hard circumstances and won. Many others will do so again. The highlight in his record is the way in which he has conquered, and the manner in which his family have helped him.

The writer has suffered from a serious physical handicap for more than thirty years, which long ago buried all possibility of practical reward in his profession. The other day, however, on a brief visit to Mr. Wilson's bedside he felt ashamed that he had ever complained. In the presence of this man, now forty-six years old, who has spent half his life in bed, much of it in pain, unable to even fall off the bed alone, an overwhelming sense of the essential greatness of the human mind and character and a knowledge of its all but divine power comes over one. He is confined to bed within the four walls of a room, but in mind and spirit the world and all the cosmos is in his province.

After the first long months of suffering were behind him, in which he decided he would not die and didn't, he had to make several hard adjustments. Among such was to quit pain-relieving drugs, which has been too much for many a strong man. He had to renounce self-pity and decide not to be sorry for himself, one of the hardest jobs any physically handicapped person has to do. Above all, he decided to be cheerful. Right here let it be written that he himself says: "That I have lived this long totally paralyzed from my chest downward, I attribute to two things: First, to careful, loving care by members of my family (mother now 79, father 82, sister, brother, niece); and second, to the scientific medical attention of my other brother, Dr. Newton G. Wilson. But for these two things I am sure I would have traveled on long before this."

He looked upon his plight as a challenge and cheerfully accepted the dare. He decided on two ventures, both of which have been successful. First he took up writing. After years of study and practice his work now is accepted by newspapers and magazines of the highest type. His weekly column formerly in the Winston-Salem Journal and now daily in the Reidsville Review is probably

more widely quoted than any other writer in North Carolina. Second, he proceeded to build up a magazine subscription business. He has been successful in this. We hope that both these efforts may continue to grow.

As the writer left his bedside and his room on the sunny southern side of the fine old farm home, with the beautiful vista of rolling hills and farm homes and orchards and trees, he realized that in this case the walls were not a prison and that truly "Full against wind and tide some men win their way."

God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are always ready to guard and defend it.—Daniel Webster.

HOW A LAUGH ENDED DUELS IN AMERICA

By John L. Parkinson

"Bowie Knives in a Closed Room"—these six words, the answer to a dueling challenge, which an 1860 Wisconsin congressman wrote on a slip of white paper and delivered to a Virginia member of the House, are said, in some circles, to have brought about the end in the United States of what was left of the ancient custom of dueling.

The story is not long, but one or two historical references and a few old newspaper descriptions, it has always been somewhat of a legend kept alive in the memories of a group of old-timers.

For these words, plus other facetious remarks, placed dueling in such a ridiculous light that the tradition was practically laughed out of existence. Later would-be duelers refrained from challenging because they were really afraid their anticipated opponent might merely smile and pass it off as a joke.

Recent press accounts of minor dueling engagements in Europe call to mind the fact that the practice carried a not unimportant role in American history. The death of Alexander Hamilton at the hands of Aaron Burr and the eventful career of Andrew Jackson are known to every school boy and girl. But since 1859 there is no record of a fatal dueling engagement among high officials of the United States.

The man whose hand penned that terse phrase was John Fox Potter. At the age of 43 he was sitting in the House of Representatives as a member of the Thirty-sixth Congress from the First Wisconsin Congressional District. He was 21 when he came to the Badger State from his birthplace in Augusta, Maine, and

he had just been admitted to the bar.

One incident in his boyhood Potter believed significant. A British member of Parliament, Thompson by name, was to give a speech in the interests of the anti-slavery movement in an Augusta publiic hall. But the Britisher was mobbed by an irate crowd, and Potter, then only 12, offered his protection to the speaker and walked home with him. Of course the protection of a 12-year-old boy is nothing to boast about, but Potter himself later traced his opposition to slavery to this rather small event of his youth.

Potter never became an abolitionist, but his sense of fair play was responsible for his belief that each State ought to decide for itself whether it should be slave or free. By no means a giant, he was strong, rugged, and compactly built. As a man he was positive and uncompromising, and although he was not reckless or pugnacious, was said to be "utterly lacking in physical fear." His congressional friends knew him as "Potter, the wiry, from woody Wisconsin," says Edward Goodman, a pallbearer at Potter's funeral, now living in the village of Mukwonago, Wis.

An indication of what was to follow could be seen in something which occurred in February, 1858, two years previous to the matter in question. Even then the air was filled with forebodings of the coming of the War Between the States. A certain Galusha A. Grow was speaking on the floor of the House, when several Southerners took exception to his remarks, and in a flash there was a fight.

But let Potter himself tell the story, as quoted in an 1890 issue of the Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin: "When Grow was attacked," declared Potter, "it was nearly 4 o'clock in the morning. I seized the man who had him by the throat and threw him to the floor. Then Reuben Davis (Tennessee), Lamar (Lucius Q. C. Lamar, Georgia), and others came up and joined in the melee. It was raining blows all around.

"I hit Davis and he drew a knife. Some one seized him. Barksdale (William Barksdale, Mississippi) came up then. I never saw a man who looked more as if possessed by a demon than he did at that moment; he was gritting his teeth like a tiger.

"I struck out right and left and men fell down. I never struck any of those fellows but once, and every blow was in self-defense. It appeared to me that half a dozen were down at one time. The floor seemed strewn with men.

Afterward, another member of the House, apparently a Quaker, spoke to Potter saying, "Thee must have taken lessons in the pugilistic art."

"No," replied Potter. "I never took a lesson in my life."

"I noticed thy blows were very effective," the other responded dryly.

And now the Virginian, the man whose challenge elicited such an extraordinary reply, was Roger A. Pryor, born in 1828 near Pettrsburg, also a lawyer and member of the House. Having been graduated from the law school of the University of Virginia, he was admitted to the

bar, but instead decided to enter journalism on the staff of the Richmond Enquirer.

At 27 he was sent by President Pierce on a diplomatic mission to Greece, and on his return he refused an appointment as minister to Persia. Elected to Congress in 1859, he became known as a fiery orator and exponent of the Southern cause, frequently finding himself involved in bitter arguments with his Northern opponents.

Pryor was only 32 when, as a result of one of these set-tos, he and John F. Potter became personally opposed. The year was 1860, and Owen Lovejoy (Illinois), brother of an abolitionist martyr, was delivering a speech on the subject which was so important at the time. Pryor, quick to take offense, jumped to his feet to reply. And Potter rose to the defense of his colleague, thinking to prevent a fight. Thereupon Pryor directed himself to the Wisconsin man. However, after a few exchanges of wit, things cooled off and Potter forgot the matter.

On the other hand, Pryor did not forget. He went to the office of the Congressional Globe publication in which the congressional records were printed, and struck from the proof the remarks made by Potter. When the latter's friends informed him of this, he too went to the Globe office and reinserted what he had said, being sure to reproduce his exact words.

A few days later Pryor read the Globe. Immediately he demanded that Potter's remarks be expunged from the record. Potter refused. The Virginian turned upon him and asked, "Do I understand the gentleman from Wisconsin to say that he did make these remarks? Do you stand by them?"

Potter replied that he did.

"The sequel shall demonstrate," Pryor hissed, "whether you do or not!"

"Let it demonstrate," rejoined Potter. These words, "Let it demonstrate," were afterward inscribed on the gun John F. Potter which was used to fire salutes in Milwaukee during the war.

The same afternoon Potter received his challenge. "I was not a good shot with the pistol," the Evening Wisconsin again quotes Potter, "and I did not propose to have any hair-trigger business." He may have remembered that Senator David C. Broderick of California was killed in a duel with Judge Terry of the same state when the former's gun exploded prematurely.

"I proposed to bring the combat down to the first principles of human butchery," Potter continued. "Pryor, having already been concerned in a duel in which bowie knives were weapons, could not consistenly refuse to fight with bowie knives. Therefore, I accepted his chalelnge with the stipulation that the weapons should be bowie knives, and that the encounter should take place in a closed room in the District of Columbia, each of the principals to have two friends, both armed, and the fight to go on till one of the principals fell."

To "demonstrate" that he meant business, Potter bought a knife to use in case the Virginian accepted

the terms. (This knife, more on the order of a hunting knife, as its blade is straight and not curved, is now on display in the State Historical Museum at Madison, Wis.). But people began to laugh at the story, and Potter, a lover of the practical joke, aided in the amusement by circulatin gthe report that "being a farmer used to killing pigs back in Wisconsin, and that at the same time never having engaged in the gentlemanly game of killing men with pistols," his choice of weapons was only natural.

Potter's friends knew he had never killed a pig in his life, and the City of Washington began to hold its sides in mirth.

Several days passed. It chanced that one day both men were absent from the House roll call. So when Potter's name was called, a friend rose and responded for him, saying, "The gentlamen from Wisconsin has gone to fill a Pryor engagement." And at the mention of the other's name, still another friend answered that Pryor had "gone to be made clay in the hands of the Potter."

The duel was never fought. Pryor's friends informed Potter that the terms were too "barbarous," although Proyr later claimed these friends acted without his knowledge. The affair became the laughing stock of the capital. Pryor declined his seat after being re-elected in 1860.

Pryor attended the first Confederate Congress and then was made brigadier-general in the Southern Army. He resigned his commission, however, and re-enterd the army as a private.

After the war he went to New York City to practice law and presided over a local court. Soon he was elected justice of the State Supreme Court.

His affair with Potter did not show Pryor at his best, for he was really a dashing figure, and his chest was covered with scars from numerous duels of his early career.

Pryor's fame as a lawyer was by no means small. Gilbert J. Clark of Kansas City, writing in his "Life Sketches of Eminent Lawyers" in 1895, characterized Pryor this way: "Mr. Pryor is more renowned as an advocate than as a counselor. He is an indomitable worker, a ripe scholar, and a cultivated, original thinker. As he sits, patient, dignified, impartial, long-haired, occasionally overlapping his nose with his lower lip, he looks every inch an English chancellor." Pryor lived until 1919.

HOW NOT TO LIVE IN VAIN

Love thyself last; look near, behold thy duty
To those who walk beside thee down life's road;
Make glad their days by little acts of beauty,
And help them bear the burdens of earth's load.

—Selected.

PITCHER BY PROXY

By Bayard Daniel York

Bob Foster dropped on the low gym stool and fumbled with the laces of his baseball shoes. The knowledge that he had pitched Weston to victory once more was only making things harder for him.

He looked up as a stocky round-faced fellow clattered to the adjoining stool. Jimmy Steane was the Weston catcher.

"Classy work, Bob!" he said. "Mid-season form already. And are we going to need that good right arm of yours this year? I'll say we are."

There was a pause before Bob spoke.

"Want my stuff, Jimmy?" he asked.

"I'd like some of the stuff you put on the ball," Jimmy replied. "Say, what you mean—do I want your stuff?"

"This was my last game," Bob told him. "I'm leaving school."

Jimmy was pulling off one of his shoes. He let it fall with a dull thud.

"You're—you're—what?" he demanded. "Don't joke like that, man—for a minute I thought you meant it!"

"At seven-thirty tomorrow morning," Bob stated slowly, "I go to work full-time in Bentley's Grocery. The business has grown so fast that helping out Saturdays and odd times isn't enough. It was full-time—or nothing."

Jimmy stood up—and kicked the stool viciously from him.

"So Bentley's business has grown, has it?" he muttered. "And why? Not because anybody wants to trade with that old grouch. No, not anything like that. It's grown because of Bob Foster. And just for that you have to leave school!"

"Of course, I'll get full-time pay," Bob remarked. "And mother and sis need it. Since dad went—"

He broke off abruptly. After a minute Jimmy's hand fell on Bob's shoulder.

"Must be tough, having the full responsibility like that," Jimmy said. "You've sure done a great piece of work building up Bentley's business—you've got that to be proud of. Your advertising ideas and your clever window-displays did the trick. He ought to pay you well. But he won't," he added.

"Oh, Mr. Bentley's not bad when you get to know him well," Bob said.

"I'll never get to know him well," Jimmy retorted. "Say—your leaving will hit the team hard. Doug Potter will be the only pitcher left."

Bob nodded. He was thinking of the Hartley game at the end of the season. Last June these old rivals of Weston had beaten him; all the year he had been looking forward to a chance to get even with them.

"Doug will improve," he said.

"I hope so!" Jimmy murmured grimly.

The next morning Bob was at the store early. He was arranging a huge sunburst of cereal boxes in the window when Mr. Bentley came in.

The man peered through the bone-rimmed glasses and kept sliding down on his nose—and scowled.

"Fixed that window last week, did you not?" he said shortly. "You'll wear the goods all out changing them around so often."

Bob smiled.

"Just leave it to me, Mr. Bentley," he responded. "It draws customers."

The grocer stamped on into his little office.

"Humph!" he commented.

Bob turned as a customer entered.

"Good morning, Mrs. Morrison," he said. "Did you like the macaroni?"

"You know your business, young man," the woman told him. "I've walked past two stores this morning just to get three more cans of it."

Bob threw himself into his work. For one thing, he wanted to forget school and baseball; and the planning he put into the grocery business helped to keep his mind off the team. He changed several lines of goods and revised prices—all with many "humphs" but final agreement on the part of his employer; and he began running a "special" each week to attract new customers.

Jimmy, dropping in after school one day, jerked a scornful thumb toward the sign over the door.

"Bentley's Grocery!" he intoned. "Why don't you take that sign down and put up the correct one—Bob Foster's Grocery! That's what it is!"

Bob grinned.

"Thanks, Jimmy," he replied. "But I think we'll leave the old sign up a little longer—Mr. Bentley might get sore, you know? How's the team?"

"All right—so far," Jimmy admitted. "Doug's good—against easy teams. Tomorrow's his first real test—the Forestville sluggers. They are our mid-season test, and they're no cat's fur for any pitcher!"

The next evening Bob heard the gloomy story. Doug had gone well for five innings. Then he began to get into trouble. In the seventh he gave four free passes and allowed six hits. The final score was 14 to 3 for Forestville.

"The trouble is, we've no one to send in when Doug blows up," Jimmy said. "Imagine what Hartley will do to us! Their pitcher, Rochford, is likely to hold us to one or two runs—he's got the ball trained so it will do anything except stop for a red light! And the worst of it is —Doug's almost good. Why, in the second inning today he struck out three men!"

Bob whirled so sharply that Jimmy jumped.

"I have some spare time evenings," he cried. "I'm going to take Doug in hand and give him some pointers. His great weakness is being afraid of the batter. I'd give an arm to get into the Hartley game. I can't do that; but maybe—"

He looked up with a thin smile.

"Maybe I can sort of pitch by proxy," he concluded.

During the next week Bob worked doubly hard. He was putting on a new advertising campaign for the store, printing small handbills and having them delivered from house to house. And each evening in the long May twilight he held a pitching ses-

sion with Doug Potter.

He coached him in steadiness and accuracy by holding his glove still and telling Doug to hit it. And all the time he kept dinning one idea into the pitcher's mind—"forget the batter!"

"Pitch to his weakness—then forget him," he said. "You'll see Jimmy's mitt—plunk the ball into it. But forget the batter. Even if he's a home-run king, forget him just the same. See?"

Slowly Doug began to "see." His work improved noticeably.

"We've three weeks more," Bob said at the end of the first week. "We'll give those Hartley batters something to think about."

"We've got to beat Hartley," Doug said with a set jaw. "They've won for two years now; and there's talk around that they'll drop us from their schedule if they win this time. They are carrying the line that we aren't in their class at all."

Bob's hands clenched. If only he could pitch!

"Think we're sort of beneath them, do they?" he muttered. "Well, we might change some of their ideas. We might."

But he knew it was not going to be easy. Hartley had an unusual team. As batters they were dangerous to the last man.

At closing time Friday night Bob suddenly realized that he was dog-tired. He had been hustling all day long.

He looked up, to find Mr. Bentley's deep-set eyes fixed on him.

"Tomorrow will be our busy day," the grocer remarked.

It was true. Saturday would bring the biggest crowd of the week. Mr. Bentley hitched his glasses into place.

"We need a second clerk for Saturdays and rush times," he stated.

Bob nodded. As a matter of fact his mind was not on his employer's words. His sister Janet had just gone to the hospital with a bad case of appendicitis.

Then he suddenly realized that Mr. Bentley was laboring under noticeable embarrassment. Twice the man cleared his throat without speaking.

"Luther Gates isn't working now," he said finally, his back toward Bob. "He'll take the job—for what I'm paying you. You can go back to part-time."

Bob felt a sudden chill. He knew it was going to take all he could earn to meet the doctor's and hospital bills.

"You—you mean you'll give Mr. Gates my place?" he managed to ask.

Mr. Bentley seemed to find something out of place on the shelf. He leaned and adjusted the row of cans.

"I figured you'd like to go back to school," he said.

"I would," Bob explained. "Only, just now—the money—"

"You'll get the money," Mr. Bentley broke in. "I suppose I'm crazy but your salary will go just as it is."

"You mean," Bob cried, "that I'll get full pay for working part-time?"

A can fell to the floor. The man replaced it with a bang.

"Young man," he said, "I'm paying you for brains and good nature. I don't know why I was born with neither; but that happened a long

time ago and we can't do anything different about it now."

For a moment Bob found himself at a loss of words.

"I can't ever thank you—" he began.

"Don't try," Mr. Bentley said testily. "I don't like palaver. And, besides, they need a pitcher, don't they?"

"Are you interested in baseball?" Bob asked.

"Humph!" Mr. Bentley replied.

Monday morning brought Bob back to school. With Janet safely through her operation and his pay going on at the store, it seemed as if everything was perfect. But he soon found it was not. His pitching would not click. At first he thought it was just lack of practice; but as the week went by, he realized it was something more than that.

"Take it easy," Coach MacKniff advised." You'll hit your stride soon."

But Bob didn't. In fact, as the days sped past and the Hartley game grew near, it became increasingly evident that he was of little use to the team.

He had one consolation—Doug was going strong.

"I'm just pitcher by proxy," Bob told himself. "Well—that's something."

The game was at the Hartley stadium, six miles from Weston. The team must face a hostile environment.

"But we can lick them!" Bob told them—and Jimmy and Doug and the others nodded.

And they went into the game as if there was no doubt about their ability to win. Batting first, they put one run across in the first inning; another in the second. And Doug was good. He fanned two men in the first and held the heavy-hitting Hartley batters to no score through the sixth inning.

It was not until the seventh that he showed signs of weakening. With two out Hartley filled the bases. Then Doug steadied and struck out the next batter.

"Fine work!" Bob told him.

But the eighth was not so good. Hartley batters made four hits in succession. Two runs were in and two men on base when the man at bat swung viciously and met the ball squarely. Denny Morrison, out in center-field, turned and ran wildly. With the ball above his head he leaped high, his glove stretched into the air. With a gasp of relief Bob saw that he had it! But it was a close call.

The last of the ninth came with the score of 6 to 2—a lead that ought to carry Doug through. Bob noted that the lower part of the Hartley batting list was due to bat. That would help.

H leaned forward with tense lips. Doug was shaky—no doubt of it. Bob felt no surprise when the first man up singled cleanly. Then Doug threw four bad ones in a row.

"Steady, old chap—steady!" Bob muttered.

The next moment he jumped a little as a hand touched his shoulder.

"I'm asking Tompkins to warm you up, Bob," the coach said. "We may need you."

His own words came back to Bob—

"I'd given an arm to get into the Hartley game." Yes; but not this way. He still hoped Doug would pull through.

He had thrown three balls to Tompkins when he heard a sharp crack of the bat. He turned to see what was happening. With runners on first and second the batter had taken a mighty swing at a low ball.

Bob saw the ball rise in the air as if it had wings. He saw Denny turn again and race as fast as his legs could carry him. But there was no hope this time—the ball was going far, far beyond Denny's reach. Three runs came in on the homer. The score was 6 to 5.

A minute later a burst of cheering came from the Hartley stands as another man singled—and then Bob saw MacKniff motion him in. He walked slowly to the box. The whole crowd was in a tumult—Weston because their pitching ace of last season was going to the mound, Hartley because they saw hope of a victory.

Rochford was at bat. The Hartley pitcher had a clever way of getting a base on balls—and he proceeded to do just that. There were two on now, still with none out—and Bob was facing the top of the batting order.

Merwin bunted on the first pitch, a beautiful slow-rolling bunt, perfectly placed down the first-base line. Jimmy leaped for it and pegged to first for an out—but the sacrifice placed men on second and third. A hit would win the game now.

Grant, the next batter, walked slowly to the plate. He was a big fellow with heavy shoulders and a vicious way of driving the ball. Bob could see the glint in his eyes as he swung his bat back and forth, waiting for the pitch.

Bob was nervous. He had been out of the game so much this season that he could not feel at home under this terrific strain. He threw to second, not because the runner was taking too long a lead, but to give himself time to get his nerves under control. He knew now how Doug must have been feeling a few minutes ago.

Well, what was it he had told Doug so many times? "Forget the batter." All right—Bob Foster's advice to Doug Potter was still good advice for Bob Foster. It was his business to forget the batter.

Jimmy was signalling for a high inshoot. That was correct. Grant liked a low ball. Bob fixed his eyes on Jimmy's mitt and sent the ball spinning into it. Grant waited—but the umpire called "strike."

On the next ball Grant swung and fouled. Two strikes.

Bob dug the toe of his shoe into the dirt. Grant would naturally be suspicious of the next pitch—with two strikes and no balls he would expect the pitcher to throw one or two "bad" ones in the hope of fooling him.

"Put it close to the edge—but make it good," Bob told himself.

He put all his strength and skill into the pitch. The ball went up like a streak. Just in front of the batter it "broke" beautifully—to cut the inside corner of the plate. Too late Grant realized that it was good. He swung—and missed.

"Strike three!"

That was better; but still Bob did not feel sure of himself. The count on Harrington, the next batter, ran to "three and two." Then Harrington fouled one good pitch after another—until Bob slipped.

"Ball four!"

Bases full—two out. The noise was tremendous, enough to ruin the best of nerves. Bob smiled grimly to himself. Arranging window-displays was simple compared to this!

He took his time. He was afraid of giving another pass and so forcing in the tying run. He looked past Jimmy to the crowd. Suddenly out of the blur of faces, one face grew distinct. Bob looked more closely.

It was Mr. Bentley, in the front row, his puckered face set in tense lines! Thoughts of business slogans, one-day specials, and advertising campaigns jumbled through Bob's mind He had succeeded at the store —was he going to be licked in a ball game?

Conklin, a lanky outfielder, was at bat. To retire this man would win the game. On the other hand, a hit by Conklin meant disaster.

A ball, a strike, another ball. The instant the next pitch left Bob's hand he knew it was wrong. It was to be a "drop"—and he had failed to put the final twist on the ball.

"Ball three!"

A roar broke from the Hartley stands. Bob heard a raucous voice proclaiming "there goes your old ball game!" His lips set.

He tightened his cap, glanced at the men on the bases—and turned to face the plate. His eyes rested on Jimmy's mitt. He had taught Doug to hit that mitt; he could do it, too. The ball sped to the plate.

"Strike two!"

Again Bob fixed his eyes on that brown mitt. Everything else faded from his mind. He must hit that mitt—he must do what he had taught Doug to do.

Tht ball went in, a zipping fast-breaking in-shoot. Conklin swung hard.

Bob heard the sharp crack of bat against ball—and saw the ball shoot out into the diamond. It was a vicious hit, lined low and fast between pitcher and short. The Hartley crowd roared with triumph. Three men were racing around the bases.

With the pitch Bob had run in toward the plate to cover a possible bunt. Now he leaped to the right, bending almost double. The ball was an inch or two from the ground when he got his glove in front of it. It was a wild, almost hopeless, attempt to save the game. The ball struck his glove a glancing blow—and bounced to one side.

Bob scooped it up. He was halfway to the plate. He saw Jimmy's waiting mitt. If he could hit it—

The man from third was almost home. Another second or two would be too late.

Bob hurled the ball. He heared the "plunk" as it struck the mitt. Then he saw Jimmy bending over the sliding runner.

The umpire's thumb jerked backward.

"Out!"

The game was over. Bob had saved that six-to-five score.

Jimmy came bounding to his side.

He was grinning happily.

"Great stuff, Bob!" he shouted. Your old-time form!"

Bob smiled a little.

"Not altogether, Jimmy," he replied. "Partly, it was Doug—pitching by proxy in the last inning!"

THE OTHER MAN

Perhaps he may have slipped a bit—
  Well, so have you.
Perhaps some things he ought to quit—
  Well, so should you.
Perhaps he may have faltered—why,
  Why all men do, and so have I;
You must admit—unless you lie,
  That so have you.

Perhaps if he would stop and think,
  Both I and you.
When painting some one black as ink,
  As some folks do.
Perhaps, if we would recollect,
  Perfection we would not expect,
But just a man half-way correct,
  Like me and you.

I'm just a man who's fairly good,
  I'm just like you.
I've done some things I never should,
  Perhaps like you.
But, thank the Lord, I've sense to see
  The rest of men with charity;
They're good enough if good as me—
  Say, men like you.

—Douglas Malloch.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mrs. Pauline Bunn and Mrs. Octavia Evans, members of the staff at Wright Refuge Home, Durham, called at the School last Wednesday afternoon, at which time they visited several of our boys who were formerly inmates of the home.

—o—

Mrs. G. B. Lewis, of Concord, recently brought out quite a number of fine magazines for our boys. This good friend of the Training School boys has been providing excellent reading material for them for several years, and her kindly interest in them is greatly appreciated.

—o—

Lawrence Bolt, aged 24, formerly of Cottage No. 2, called on friends at the School last Monday afternoon. He was accompanied by his wife and a couple of friends. Lawrence, who was paroled July 23, 1928, now lives in Winston-Salem where he is employed in the dyeing department of one of the mills of that city. He reports that he has a pretty good job, steady employment, and that he is geting along very well.

—o—

The coming of fine Spring weather and the greatly lengthened period of daylight add much to the delight of our boys. Each evening after supper, with the exception of Friday which is reserved for the study of the lesson for the coming Sunday, they may be seen in front of their respective cottages enjoying hand ball, marbles, pitching horse shoes, and other outdoor amusements.

—o—

Last Tuesday night at 7:30 o'clock, "God's Candles," the Easter pageant which was so well rendered last Sunday morning, was repeated in the presence of quite a number of our friends from the city of Concord. The stage was beautifully decorated—a huge cross outlined with brilliant lights against a background of evergreen—and the lighting effect was much better than on Sunday morning. Then too, the presence of the visitors seemed to inspire the boys to render their parts better than on Easter morning.

—o—

Due to bad weather conditions the baseball season at the School will not get underway as early as in the past few years. With the coming of nice weather during the past week quite a number of aspirants for positions on the 1935 team have been working out under the supervision of Messrs. Andrews and Liske, who informed us that there were several promising candidates in the group. After a little more practice our boys will be ready to hop to it when the umpire shouts "Play ball!" and we feel quite

sure this year's team will compare favorably with those of former years.

—o—

Since the opening of the baseball season in the major leagues our boys may be seen huddled around the radios listening to the broadcasts of the results of the day's games. It is quite interesting to note the expressions on their faces when it is reported that their idols among the sluggers have poled out home runs or their favorite pitchers have come through with winning games. Of course, since Jimmie Foxx, Connie Mack's star catcher, visited the School last year, it is easy to understand why they are all "pulling" for him to shatter Babe Ruth's record of sixty home runs during the present season.

—o—

Guy Priest, who came to us from Pitt County, August 16, 1923 and was paroled August 7, 1930, writes a very interesting letter from Honolulu, Hiwaiian Islands. Guy is now a member of I Battery, 64th Coast Artillery and is stationed at Fort Shafter, Honolulu. He tells us of two other former Training School boys who are now members of Uncle Sam's fighting forces—Robert Smith, formerly of Cottage No. 7, who is in the U. S. Army and is also stationed at Honolulu, and Woodrow Mitchell, formerly of Cottage No. 9, who is in the U. S. Navy and is now in Panama. Guy is still very much interested in the School and sent greetings to his friends among the members of the staff.

—o—

We recently received a very attractive invitation to attend the commencement exercises at the Mitchell High School, located at Misenheimer. The invitation was from Noble Lauth, one of our old boys, who was paroled August 29, 1931, and is now a member of the graduating class at the above institution.

We had learned on several previous occasions from the principal of Mitchell School that Noble, was making an outstanding record there. This, by the way, is the same school from which Glenn Miller, another of our boys received high school training and later made such a splendid record at the University of North Carolina.

We feel very proud of Noble and congratulate him upon this fine achievement.

—o—

The report made by J. A. Arey, extension dairyman, in a recent issue of the Dairy Extension News, shows that the Jackson Training School herd of Holsteins made the highest record for the month of March in average milk production and average pounds of butter fat, in the dairy association composed of Mecklenburg, Cabarrus and Cleveland Counties.

We feel this is quite an honor since our herd wins this distinction in competition with some of the finest

herds in this section of the country.

According to Mr. Arey's report the average number pounds of milk per cow for the month was 888, and the butter fat average was 32.4 pounds per cow. The nearest competitor in our association was 596 pounds of milk per cow and 28.3 pounds of butter fat per cow.

Along with this report came an analysis of our herd with reference to the feed cost of 100 pounds of milk. There were four cows producing less than 250 pounds of milk at a cost of $1.49 per hundred pounds milk; nine cows producing less than 300 pounds at $1.25 per 100 pounds; four cows producing less than 350 pounds of milk at $1.13 per 100 pounds; sixteen cows producing less than 400 pounds of milk at $1.07 per 100 pounds; 10 cows producing less than 450 pounds of milk at $.97 per 100 pounds; three cows producing less than 500 pounds at $.89 per 100 pounds. From the above report 100 pounds of milk was produced at a feed cost of $1.13 and 2-3 cents. The report also shows that a low-producing cow is expnesive in any herd, and should be removed as quickly as possible.

GOD'S DAYS

God never made an ordinary day.
The miracle of dawn comes every morn.
The bird choirs always chant a lovely lay.
Wondrous the breeze that rustles through the corn.
Life pushes upward in each blade of grass,
In every budding flower and spreading tree,
Building as days, and weeks, and seasons pass,
The glory of the world that is to be.

The hours like swift battalions hurry by,
Each with its chance to win the guerdon old.
The sun wheels down in the western sky,
And rolls his chariot through the gate of gold.
Then twilight softly, silently unbars,
And Earth folds all its little cares away
And falls asleep beneath the quiet stars.
God never made an ordinary day.

—Clarence Edwin Flynn.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 21, 1935

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since the method was adopted March, 10, 1935.

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(2) Erwin Martin 3
William McCormick 4
(7) Robert Radford 7
(2) Earl Rogers 6
(3) Hassell Shropshire 3
(2) Louis Tarkington 4
(2) Ashley Thompson 6
(5) Richard Sullivan 6
(2) Vermont Whitley 3

COTTAGE No. 1

(5) Sam Batts 5
(2) Clifford Bowers 5
(3) William Goodson 4
John Kellam
(4) Claude McLaughlin 4
(5) Millard Owenby 6
Charles Pepper
(2) Eugene Whitt 3
(2) Junius Yarborough 3

COTTAGE No. 2

Carliss Evans
Thomas Horton 6
Lewis Janey 2
(4) Vasco Robinson 5
Henry Tucker 3

COTTAGE No. 3

William Barber 2
Jesse Holloman
F. E. Mickle 3
William McCreary
Charles Vanhoy 3
John Walsh 4

COTTAGE No. 4

Lindsay Chavis 2
(7) Fleming Collins 7
(3) Robert Conklin 4
Roland Davis 3
Wayne Fowler
Billy Justice 2
Joseph McPherson
Clyde Reece 2
(2) Hubert Williams 3

COTTAGE No. 5

Marvin Adams
(3) William Ballew 3
(2) Ernest Beach 2
William Cassell
Connie Dickens 3
Samuel Everett
Maynard Hicks 6
(2) Randolph Miller 2

COTTAGE No. 6

John McCoy 3
Fred Clark
Robert Benfield 2
Charlton Henry 4
Roscoe Honeycutt

COTTAGE No. 7

Boyd Barringer 3
William Green 3
(3) Caleb Hill 3
Joseph Long 4
(2) Kenneth Messick 2
(5) J. B. Murray 5
R. B. Norton
(2) Theodore Nines 3
Lewis Parker 5
(3) Floyd Watkins 5

COTTAGE No. 8

(7) John Auton 7
Sam Belk 4
John Davis
Harry Flowe 6
Jesse Freeman 4
Norman Pike 3

COTTAGE No. 9

Randolph Davis 2
(3) Lee Dickens 6
(3) Hoyett Hudson 4
Thomas McCausley

(2) Homer Smith 3
Kester Sutphin 4
(3) Bryan Williams 6
Luther Wilson 2
(3) Ed Lee White 5

COTTAGE No. 10

(7) Jack Baity 7
James Bell
Jack Carver
Henry Chester 2
(6) James Kellam 6
(3) William Knight 3
Vernon Lamb
Hilton McMath 3
Lemuel Rose
(2) James L. Singleton 2
(2) Winston Strickland 4
Steve Talbert 3

COTTAGE No. 11

(3) James Enloe 4
(4) Bennie Holland 5
(3) Warren Holloman 4
(2) Charles Hefner 3
(4) Bennie Moore 5
James Montford 2
(3) Norman McGee 3
(2) James Rector 3
(2) Oscar Vereen 2
(4) Lee Watkins 4
(3) Cecil Webb 5

COTTAGE No. 12

(7) Earl Atwood 7
Walter Beaver 5
Alphus Bowman
Joseph Cox
Paul Eason 2
Leonard Ellis 2
(3) Horace Faulkner 3
Bernard Griffin
(2) Eli Philemon 5
(5) Homer Quick 6
(2) Thomas Welch 3
Olive Weaver 2

COTTAGE No. 13

(7) Urbane Hill 7
Charles Lloyd
Warren Medlin 3
(7) Eugene Smith 7
Howard Wilson 4

COTTAGE No. 14

(2) Jack Comer 5
Brevard Hall
Hobart Johnson 3
Stacy Long
Paul Shipes

COTTAGE No. 15

(2) Thomas Brown 3
(2) Earl Hill 2
(2) Wilson Medlin 4
(2) Edward Martin 2
(5) Gilbert Murray 5
(4) Sam Pegram 6
(2) Paul Rhodes 4
(3) Marshall Scoggins 3
(3) Robert Teeter 3
(3) Frank Wakefield 3

—E N D—

FAITH

If you have faith, preach it; if you have doubts, bury them; if you have joy, share it; if you have sorrow, bear it. Find the bright side of things and help others to get sight of it also. This is the only and surest way to be cheerful and happy.

—Selected.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., MAY 6, 1935 No. 18

MUSIC

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet
sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

—Shakespeare.

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAI

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

Soothing to the nerves, easing to the mind, music surpasses any medical sedative for quieting restless beings. Music—the science and art of rythmic combination of tones embracing melody and harmony. Music—the universal medium for the expression of individuality, action and emotion, known and loved the world over. Music—the outlet for pent-up emotions; the inner soul of the composer released in melody. Beethoven, the master, afflicted as he was, poured out his heart in music in a style unapproached to this day; portraying the beauties of a visible but soundless world. Chopin, the passionate lover, burning the souls of his patrons with the fire of his desire, so vivid were his compositions. Franz Schubert, the gentle lovable Viennese master bringing peace and contentment with his "Serenade" and "Ave Maria." The beautiful pathos of Puccini, approached by few, equaled by none in opera. Wagner in a class of his own with some of the most beautiful legends of a country founded on such.

It seems beyond the sphere of human possibility for such perfection of blended tones to be real. Who has failed to thrill to the muted strings swelling volumeless yet with ever increasing intensity until it seems the entire world must be encompassed by its beauty? The sigh of the woodwinds, the stirring rythm of the brass, the throb of the percussions all blended into melody—melody which lifts the spirit of man beyond the realm of human imperfection.

Music—the gift of God to the pleasure of man.—H. O. Curry.

THE INFLUENCE OF GOOD MUSIC

Few people in public life have played so important a part in molding a better taste for music than Walter Damrosch, an internationally known orchestral conductor, who reached the climax

of his brilliant career when celebrating this Spring his golden jubilee in the Metropolitan Opera House. Possibly on this eventful occasion as Damrosch raised his baton in the semi-darkened auditorium of the Metropolitan there were a host of shadowy memories harking back to the days when the "Old Oaken Bucket", "Sweet Adeline" and "Maiden's Prayer" meant music.

Neither is there a shadow of doubt that this outstanding musical genius has contributed greatly to the spreading of the gospel of music, and seen the musical taste of the people grow from the primitive instinct to a desire to hear the best there is. He feels that the phonograph effected the first change towards overcoming insurmountable barriers and disseminating music to the most isolated spots; then in the trail of the phonograph, or victrola, came the radio, making it possible to give the country at large the benefits of the best concerts and lectures sponsored by the finest artists in the land.

While the piano, used only for special events, has disappeared from the parlors of many homes, he thinks they will reappear but next time for better purposes,—a study of the real classics. By the miracle of the radio the results have been awe-inspiring, because the broadcasting of the music of the masters has developed an appreciation of such composers as Beethoven, Bach, Verdi, Wagner and others.

The machine age, with its opportunities for increased leisure, places music in the forefront as a delightful pastime, and as a panacea to overcome the ill effects arising from the army of the unemployed. Music is something that satisfies the spiritual craving, therefore, the desire to make people music-minded is most worthwhile.

The theme for National Music Week, dating from May 5-12, is "Give more time and thought to music." The object of emphasizing Music Week throughout the country is to educate the masses to an understanding and appreciation of music. The more the people know of music, and the more the State does for music, the better it is for the people, because it is an universal appeal that touches the hearts of people regardless of class or clan.

THE VALUE OF A BAND

It is safe to say that no institution of a civic nature gives greater returns for the money and effort expended upon it than does a good town band. The benefits derived through the maintenance of a band touch the entire cultural, social and commercial life of the community.

Members of the organization are enabled to develop their musical talents in pleasant association with their fellows, while the discipline necessary to their successful advancement is most desirable for boys and young men.

After the band is capable of playing in public its presence adds immeasurably to parades, ceremonies and celebrations of every kind, while its regular concerts are a source of enjoyment for the entire citizenship.

As a business proposition, a good band is of the greatest value in advertising its town. The better the band the better the advertisement, of course. In some localities it is the custom for merchants' associations to take the band occasionally on goodwill trips to various rural communities in their trade territory. Such trips invariably result in closer relations and consequently increased trade.

It does not take a large town to maintain a good band; in fact, some of the best amateur bands are found in towns less than 1,000 population. With earnest and willing members, a capable instructor and reasonable support from the leading citizens a good band may be developed anywhere.

A town that does not possess a band is overlooking one of the most valuable agencies for its social and commercial advancement.

—Selected.

* * * * * * *

RURAL ELECTRIFICATION IN CABARRUS

It is a pleasure to ride through Cabarrus county, that is looking up and stepping forward in every way, and see the splendidly built homes, school houses and churches with all of the modern conveniences that are made available because of rural electrification.

All of the northern part of the county, leading from Concord to Kannapolis has the advantages of electricity, this is due to the great textile developments of that particular section. Then turn to the section on the highway leading to Charlotte and see what once was darkness is now lighted the equal of any rural section of any other state. The impulse of this particular step towards extending the electric lines to that part of the county was the interest of the officials of the Jackson Training School in getting for that school every convenience, water, and lights, so as to give the boys a home life. And then later a crowd of good sturdy farmers in eastern Cabarrus banded themselves together into a company known as the "Cold Water Light and Power Company" and threw out in that section of the county an electric line that extends twelve miles into one of the best farming sections of the county.

Say what you please there is man power behind all of this great development in our county, and we are enjoying these wonderful benefits without ever stopping to think that the evolution of electrified homes in Cabarrus county was brought about by men with a vision. Things never just happen. To do things one must have a vision, combined with an ambition to make a reality.

Governor Ehringhaus has appointed a committee to make a survey of the State with the hope of creating interest among the farmers to connect with all rural lines where possible. We will welcome this committee to look over the rural electrification in Cabarrus. The whole county will throw considerable light upon the subject, and Cabarrus will be outstanding as the leading county in rural electrification.

* * * * * * *

AN HONOR CODE

It is gratifying to know that Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia, an institution of learning known throughout the country because of an unsurpassed record, continues to maintain its "honor-code" established and made effective by Robert E. Lee when he became president in 1867.

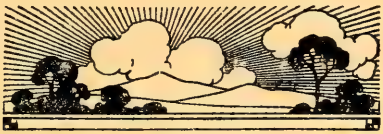
This is a strong evidence that it is not impossible to hold to

things that build to the highest ideals, and is absolutely ridculous to discard the old traditions for the modern viewpoints of life with a shrug of the shoulders, saying, "times have changed, we are living in a new age." Parents, presidents of colleges and other officials yield to the demands of the young people simply because it is the road of least resistance, and at the same time they know the standard of correctness, like the standard rules for correct weight or measure, will remain the same.

An honor system never fails to develop character, and this traditional honor system has continued for four generations and today holds first place in the program of activities of this old school.

For instance, during examinations at Washington and Lee there is no supervision of students and cheating is virtually unknown, neither is the lock and key used, all books, clothes and other properties are left in the open with the assurance things will not be disturbed. Also students who make their way by selling candies, sandwiches, apples and the like, carry on without the aid of a clerk. Every article for sale is advertised with a price card, the customers help themselves and place the money in the cash box.

Upon the arrival of new students they are thoroughly instructed in the requirements of the "honor-code" and impressed with the importance of rigidly observing the code. It is explicitly explained this institution is built around an age-old-tradition,—a code of high morale given by a man—the greatest of the country —General Robert E. Lee. The very essence of the tradition is "it is a genuine pleasure to be a gentleman."



RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

WHAT IS PROMISED

"God hath not promised
Skies ever blue,
Flower-strewn pathways
Always for you.
God hath not promised
Sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow,
Peace without pain.
But He has promised
Strength from above,
Unfailing sympathy,
Undying love."

—o—

Spring is here! Clean up—lest you burn up.

—o—

Barney Baruch's slogan: "Pay as you fight," originated in our police courts. Well, that is better than fighting as you pay. Why do people fight, anyway?

—o—

Have you ever noticed that when a man is willing to give another a lift, there will be a dozen or more standing around to give a grunt, instead of giving a helping hand?

—o—

Wild life will become a thing of the past, unless the administration acts, says one of the leaders. Not while young people have their own way, without parental restraint.

—o—

A mail order divorce, a Tennessee court rules, is not good in that State. So it seems the only legal way for a woman to get a separation from her husband is to shoot him. They do that in some of the States regardless of what the law is.

—o—

A good many people seem to be taking more interest in the spring training than in spring plowing. If it keeps up much longer the baseball field will be putting the corn and wheat fields out of business. That would be a Ruth-less state of affairs.

—o—

Various European countries are now looking to the United States to give a hand in bringing order out of the chaos created by Germany's declaration to re-arm. These countries believe that we will co-operate because of the fact that we, in company with all the powers involved in the World War, signed the Versailles treaty. What if we did? That does not prevent us from keeping out of any entangling alliances with other countries. Let them settle their own difficulties. We have enough for our attention to keep our own country on the road to prosperity.

—o—

A robin sings in the apple tree, whose branches in the snow of blossoms is dressed. His stirring notes, at times very plaintive, makes me forget that life has pain or fear, and feel again, as I was wont to do, when hope was young and life itself were new. Sweet warbler! He wakes the soul to strains of joy, and plays melodiously upon the strings of the harp

of memory. My esteemed and talented friend, Mrs. Lucy Hays Furman, of Oxford, has written such a sweet poem, so characteristic of this delightful little singer, that I am going to copy it right here and let my readers enjoy it as much as I do. Here it is:

A ROBIN'S SONG

I doubt if God e'er made or gave
the sign of Spring
In surer sweeter form than a
robin's song—
In it my senses thrill to every
rapturous note
Laden with all dear thoughts
that to Spring belong.

The joys and sorrows of all time
are in his heart:
A baby's merry laugh—my
mother's dear, white hands
Bees and clover blossoms; a
sleepy lullaby—
A robin sings so much to one
who understands.

—o—

Last year saw 36,000 people killed —unnecessarily—in auto accidents. It is the duty of every citizen and every unit of government to see that a different record is made this year. Traffic laws must be modernized and enforced with the utmost strictness. The dangerous driver has been given every chance. He has been urged to change his ways, and has refused. Now he must be forced to drive safely—or be deprived of the right to drive on public streets and highways.

SPRING IS SPRINGING ON US

Spring is a beautiful season. Always is. It is a natural resurrection; the experience of immortality. Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil, and hang her infant blossoms on the trees. The peach and pear buds glow, in pink and white; the wild bees hum, and the wind-flowers wave in grace-gladness.

It is the sap-head time. The trees have packed their trunks and are leaving for "The Good Old Summer Time." The graceful wisteria has been wishing Spring in royal pale bluish robes. The buttercups have been drinking the silvered dew from their yellow chalices. The modest violets are vieing with other more pretentious blossoms, and blowing their sweet breath to the soft winds of the morning. The crocuses are crowing and "cussing" yellow saffron streaks with subdued modesty. The jonquils are inditing pleasing lines to the season's advent. The varigated tulips are puckering their lips to kiss the sunbeams which steal over their proud heads. Primrose stars shine in the shadowy grass. Pretty pansies peep up and hold out their velvety pans to catch and hold your admiration. The stately plumes of the lilac lack the elements of falsehood to convince you that Spring is arriving, with all of her happy-faced children.

Spring is a beautiful piece of natural filigree work. Not to feel the thrill, and note how it is done, is to not realize what happy creatures we should be; and how patiently, silently, cheerfully, minutely and unflag-

gingly the fair fingers of the season embroider the world for us.

The year is repeating, like love, the same grand old story for us. We are once more, thank God, at its most charming chapter. The hand divine is daily revealing to us new hopes, new beauties, in nature. It always makes a pleasant impression on us when we open again at these pages in the book of life. It speaks so solemnly, and yet so encouragingly, of the immortality of the soul.

Hail Spring! But no hail weather, if you please, Mr. Weather man!

MUSIC

When music sounds, gone is the earth I know,
And all her lovely things even lovelier grow;
Her flowers in vision flame, her forest trees
Lift burdened branches, stilled with ecstasies.

When music sounds, out of the water rise
Naiads whose beauty dims my waking eyes,
Rapt in strange dreams burns each enchanted face,
With solemn echoing stirs their dwelling place.

When music sounds, all that I was I am
Ere to this haunt of brooding dust I came;
While from Time's woods break into distant song
The swift-winged hours, as I hasten along.

—Walter de la Mare.

HONORING AN ANCIENT ART

By Leah Adkisson Kazmark

The second week of May is now set apart each year in America in honor of music, oldest and best known of the arts. As far back as history can be traced, music played its part in daily life. In joy and in sorrow and in praise this was the medium of expression used by all the races of antiquity.

Long before David in the hills of Judea was making sweet tunes upon his simple harp of three thongs, still older races had perfected similar instruments together with many others so that royal households might be suitably entertained. Of special interest on the occasion of Music Week are musical instruments found recently on the site of Ur of the Chaldees. Here, in 1928 to 1929 a joint expedition of the British Museum and the state University of Pennsylvania worked upon a burial ground of royalty dating back to 3500 B. C. Most valuable material and data have been uncovered in the royal tombs which resemble in many ways the tombs of ancient Egypt, showing that like customs and beliefs existed. There was a likeness even in instruments of song.

An extremely beautiful lyre was found with its coverings of strips of shell and semi-rare stones so well preserved that it was easily restored. The strips of shell had been carved into intricate designs which had been laid over the entire body of the lyre. One end of the large sound box is adorned with the head of a ram, a symbol used by many of the ancient countries. Long ago the strings of leather had succumbed ti time but the holes bored through tell that this was a lyre of many strings such as only royalty could afford.

Another lyre excavated was of wood originally covered with silver which now has been reduced by age to fragments. Its shape was a boat, the base being rounded after the manner depicted on Egyptian wall paintings. It bears the figure of a ram standing in water lilies. With the delicate leaves and flowers of copper and the lyre proper of silver, this must have been the handicraft of some skilled worker of Ur. Even its fragments retain charm, and from them a similar lyre will be fashioned to be on exhibit in the British Museum.

Sweet was the music of the lyre, and all nations of the past have used it. The Bible tells how "David took the harp and played with his hand" so that the evil mood might pass away from King Saul. Both harp and lyre took various sizes and shapes among ancient nations. Its exact shape in its earliest form is still disputed among historians. Among the Hebrews it was first three sticks of wood over which three thongs of leather were strapped. Plucked with the fingers, it gave a sweet, vibrant tone, pleasant for accompanying the voice as tales of national interest and timely news were told. Centuries before Christ, before newspapers were

dreamed of, the minstrel strumming his harp spread the news among the people.

The psaltery was related to the lyre. The Jewish historian, Josephus, to whom we are indebted for many facts of the past, tells that the early "Psaltery had twelve strings and was played by the fingers." Assyria knew a like instrument, and many tablets exhumed from old sites in that country bear pictures of this fact.

Chaldea used a lyre or harp in all its festivals of home, city or temple. Babylonia did likewise and varied its form by having one called the dulcimer, which was of many strings. Suspended from the waist of the musician, it was struck by a tiny hammer of metal. Wall paintings and tablets show that the dulcimer was used in processional marches, while one inscription states that a certain ruler had an orchestra made up of 150 women playing upon these sweet-toned instruments of song.

The Egyptians fashioned a massive harp of forty-eight strings whose base was carved, inlaid with precious stones and decked with silver and gold after the manner of those smaller ones now brought to light at Ur. The ancient sabbecca was a tiny harp plucked in the homes of Greece while the minstrel related the epics of the nation's life. The Romans knew it, too, choosing to call it sackbut.

So did the lyre, or harp, in a variety of forms and with numerous names find a place of honor in ancient life. As in the early years of civilization musical instruments played their part in daily life, so do they today. Changing both form and name, the harp is one of the few that retains its first plan of a simple frame and strings.

And so National Music Week pays nation-wide tribute to the music of the past as well as of the present. No other art has been so beloved down the centuries nor has so inspired mankind. On the opening of this week as we sit in the churches of America singing the favorite hymns together, it will bring to mind the words of the psalmist centuries ago as other people gathered to give thanks: "*Let everything that hath breath praise Jehovah.*"

DO IT WITH A SONG

Somehow the task seems lighter
  When we do it with a song;
It stills the heart's complaining
  And keeps the courage strong.

Somehow, though skies are gloomy,
  Or roads are rough and long;
He will not lack for comrades
  Who travels with a song.

—Nellie Good.

THE PHOENIX-MAN

By W. M. Crooks

"Even as the Phœnix, man, immortal is,
Encumbered not by shallow death, whose garb
He casts aside as mere impertinence.
Eternal, he! the past his burning pyre
Wherefrom he springs renewed from day to day."

The phœnix of Egyptian mythology, conscious that old age was coming on, is said to have built a pile of wood and aromatic gums, lighted it with the fanning of its wings, and risen from the flames with new life.

Like the mythological bird, the Phœnix-man builds a pile—a pile of his past experiences, adding as fuel his mistakes and misfortunes, his sorrows and disappointments of the past, then placing himself on this funeral pyre he fires it with hope, and rises from the flame with his youth renewed like the eagle's. Unconsumed in the fire of the dead past, he emerges with the glorious spirit of youth which calls him to go adventuring into the tomorrow with as much enthusiasm and as unafraid as a boy. Despite the mere physical infirmities with which the multplying years may afflict his body, he is not old until he doubts, and he never doubts until the fire of hope has been allowed to go out.

The reason why there are all about us so many old men, the wrinkles of whose faces have reached down into their hearts, shriveling them until they can no longer contain any of the glory of youth, is because they have not submitted themselves to the rejuvenating fire. Unlike the Phœnix-man, they stay on the earth just to tell their regrets, and go to their graves "unwept, unhonored and unsung." They have let their hearts become so encrusted with the scales of joys repressed and ignored that the spirit of youth can dwell there no longer. Romance and adventure, which spring eternal in the heart of the Phœnix-man, as in the heart of a boy, have been strangled in them so that decline, decay and senility are the only fruits of their old age.

Added birthdays may stoop the shoulders, furrow the face and silver the hair of the Phœnix-man, but his heart will still thrill, not only to the sacred memories of Auld Lang Syne, but to the prospect of present and future adventures. The mystic organ whence flows true human kindness is so purified by the funeral pyre that it is enlarged to make room, not merely for his own personal aspirations, but for the aspirations of the youth of the land. He dreams; the boy dreams. The only difference is that a change has come over the spirit of the dream of the Phœnix-man. He no longer "dips into the future, far as human eye can see" to find it filled with self. Aspirations there are, but they are for the son of his breeding—for all sons. In them he sees no limitation to the possibilities of tomorrow, and through them he ever dreams of the goal

whch lies just beyond the horizon. So long as he has dreams of achievement by the youth of today, he stays young, and age becomes just a by-product of the years. For though he may have lived to see his own personal dreams crumble into star dust, glowing only with a pale and ghostly light in his memory, they are reassembled by the aspirations of the youth he has begotten—by all youth—and re-set in the firmanent of adventure and accomplishment and romance.

"Yet is there strength, labor and sorrow," cries the Psalmist. Surely, fourscore years should bring strength—the strength of character that will enable one to live happily despite the weight of years. It should bring labor—the labor of love for all mankind. And there should be sorrow—sorrow for those so mentally barren and estetically shabby that they cannot find "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks and good in everything." To the Phoenix-man the words of the Psalmist are not pessimistic, but ring with the hope and promise that even when the body is old there will be in increasing abundance the very things that animated him as a boy—the strength, labor and compassion of love.

To the young, love is an accident, but to the Phœnix-man it is a necessity caused by long years of the habit-forming practice of loving. After tongues have ceased, and knowledge has vanished, love, with hope and faith, abide. These three, acquired in youth, revivified on the funeral pyre, are the priceless possessions of the Phœnix-man which give him a green old age, unconscious of decay, and Heaven's bank note to draw upon: "My God shall supply all your needs according to His riches in glory."

SETTING YOUR LIFE TO MUSIC

"Many of India's carpets are made by prisoners in the great jail at Poona. An English paper, speaking of this country's carpet output, said that the weaving was really done to music. The designs are handed down from one generation to another, and the instructions for their making are in a script that looks not unlike a sheet of music. Indeed it is more than a mere accidental resemblance, for each carpet has a sort of tune of its own. The thousands of threads are stretched on a great wooden frame, and behind it on a long bench sit the workers. The master in charge reads the instructions for each stitch in a strange, chanting tone, each color having its own particular note. The story makes us think of our life web. We are all weavers and day by day we work in the threads—now dark, now bright—that are to go into the finished pattern. But blessed are they who feel sure that there is a pattern, who hear and trust the directing Voice and so learn to weave the threads of music."—Sunday School Times.

AN UNUSUAL NUT TREE

By Wouter Van Garrett

There is a certain tree whose nuts sometimes drop into the sea, especially if the tree happens to grow on an island or near the coast, and float away. Weeks later, these nuts may be washed ashore, hundreds of miles away. Some of them may take root, and grow into tall trees like the parent. That explains why the cocoanut palm grows on so many lonely islands of the South Seas.

The cocoanut palm sometimes grows as high as ninety feet, the average is more than fifty. The trunk is anywhere from one to two feet in diameter, and it has no branches. The top of the tree has a cluster of beautiful palms. Some of these palm leaves are more than fifteen feet in length.

It is not difficult to tell the age of a cocoanut palm. It grows one extra leaf each year and, even though the older leaves fall off, a scar is left. One needs but count the scars on the trunk to tell the age of the tree. The nuts grow directly under the leaves, in clusters of ten to twenty. One tree grows about ninety nuts each year, and the tree bears about eighty years.

It is interesting to follow the history of the cocoanut palm. Almost four hundred and fifty years ago, a Portuguese ship was sailing on unknown seas, looking for adventure or discovery. One day the sailors came upon a group of islands in the Indian Ocean. The islands were ridged with many mountains, but beautiful because they were covered with luxurious vegetation.

The sailors began to investigate their discovery. They found many new and unknown plants and trees, but their greatest surprise came when they saw the cocoanut palm. There stood trees a hundred feet high, with crowns of gigantic leaves at their tops, and there were nuts on those trees weighing as much as fifty pounds each. But the sailors must have met with other adventure, before they returned to Portugal, because the world seemed to remain ignorant of the cocoanut palm.

About a hundred years later, some of the nuts that fell into the sea, from time to time, were carried to distant shores where they were the cause of a great excitemnt. No one knew where the strange nuts had come from, or on what kind of trees they grew. Many strange tales began to be told of their origin. Finally a French ship discovered the same island the Portuguese had discovered, years and years before. The French found thousands of huge nuts lying about under the trees. Then the riddle was solved; the world soon knew where the cocoanut grew.

It requires ten years for one of the huge nuts to ripen. When the nuts is broken open, the meat taken out and dried in the sun, copra is produced. And copra is used to make cocoanut oil.

The cocoanut palm has many uses besides that of growing huge nuts. The little buds that grow on the

stems are known as "palm cabbage," and are considered a great delicacy by the natives. The huge leaves at the top of the tree are used for making hats, fans, baskets, matting and thatch. The wood of the trunk is hard and durable, and it is frequently used in making cabinets. The fibre on the shell of the nut is used in making certain grades of rope and cable.

The cocoanut palm flourishes in most tropical regions, especially on the islands and near the seacoast. The tree is considered a valuable possession, and the native who owns a number of trees is considered wealthy, even though he may not have any money.

SKIING IN THE ROCKIES

By W. J. Banks

The Rockies, long famed as a summer holiday resort, have been gaining popularity of late as a winter playground as well. Perhaps the greatest single factor in this new development is the opportunity which these mighty mountains offer to devotees of skiing, that ancient Scandinavian skill which has suddenly come into almost world-wide prominence as one of the foremost of winter pastimes. Among the majestic peaks of the national parks which straddle the Great Divide, thousands of square miles of perfect territory for Alpine skiing provide sport which, in the opinion of many experts, surpasses that of the European resorts which in the past have been regarded as the skier's paradise.

The town of Banff, as the starting point for many of the popular routes through the more traveled passes, has become a mecca for North American skiing enthusiasts, and has beckoned many from across the ocean as well. Within two and a half miles from the town, ski lodges where equipment, sleeping accommodation, refreshments and guides are available, are operated at Mount Norquay. Ptarmigan and Skoki valleys, where lodges are also kept for the convenience of skiers, are reached via Lake Louise, one of the most famed beauty spots.

From these headquarters, a variety of skiing routes offers suitable sport for all. The beginner may learn the intricacies of skiing, under expert guidance, on the more modest slides and ascents near the lodges. Gaining skill and confidence, he strikes out farther afield. The expert, indeed, may undertake extended expeditions of weeks' duration through territory which is practically virgin in so far as skiing is concerned. The 250-mile trek from Jasper to Banff, through the very heart of the main range, has been covered by only two parties, who found magnificent skiing which will become more accessible with the opening of a new highway now under

construction. One party of three made a three-weeks' pioneer trip from Louise to the famed Columbia ice-field, a thrilling journey through scenic splendors almost unapproachable by any other means than skiing.

One of the most attractive features of the Rockies from the point of view of the skier is the length of the season in which hard, dry snow and ice surfaces are available. As a matter of fact the great ice-fields of the central range offer good skiing for as much as ten months in the year. In late June and often even into July, when boating and bathing are being enjoyed in the mountain valley streams and lakes, skiing continues on perfect snow just a few miles away. No other region in the world can offer such opportunities, and United States and Canadian skiers, who used to cross the sea for their sport, are now "seeing America first" in the practice of their hobby.

Rocky Mountain skiers have an association in which membership is open to those who have traveled fifty miles or more on skis over established winter routes in the mountains. Some may think that to slide for fifty miles over the snow on skis is nothing worthy of special privilege. But on donning skis for the first time, they will come to the conclusion that even fifty feet is a mighty achievement! It is not as easy as it looks to manage those eight-foot wooden runners, and the learner soon becomes hardened to the laughter of his companions as he spends a good deal of his time tumbling in the snow. But he who perseveres and masters the art of skiing has some right to self-congratulation, for he has long since found out that this is no child's play. Indeed it is a skill worthy of all the painstaking—and sometimes painful—efforts of achievement.

The great thrill of skiing, of course, is in the successful negotiation of a rapid descent. Some slides in the Rockies are as much as two miles in length. The amateur is entitled to a thrill of pride when he first accomplishes such a swift descent without a fall. For at first the simplest slide will be beyond his powers. But as time goes on, and he learns how to keep his legs from spreading, to steer around obstacles, to keep his balance as the grade varies, and perhaps hardest of all, how to stop without tumbling, the real pleasures of skiing are his.

True, the descent is only part of the story, and the alpine ski-hiker has many a long and weary ascent to negotiate as well. But the gorgeous panoramas of the Rockies in winter garb, the exhilaration of healthful exercise in the dry mountair air, the speed thrills of the descents and the satisfaction of mastering an intricate skill, all make a skiing holiday in the mountains a worth-whle experience for vigorous young people.

Paradise is always where love dwells.—Jean Paul Richter.

AT THE RADIO STUDIOS

By Nellie Meader Linn

Alice Brown, who was habitually late, determined to be prompt on this important occasion. True Uncle John and Emma, the maid, growled and warned and urged and assisted according to custom. They were wasting energy for Alice appreciated the opportunity that Uncle John's influence was providing. Never before had she had a chance to sing over the radio. The additional thrill of singing when a permanent engagement lured was almost too delightful to be possible.

Quite by accident Alice had learned that there was an opening for a soloist on a week-day religious program. She hadn't bothered to inquire about the pay. Uncle John gave her a liberal allowance. It was the new diversion that she craved. Her uncle felt a slight impatience with her restlessness. Yet he was more interested than he cared to admit because he regarded the tryout as a test in many ways.

No shadow of doubt disturbed Alice. Her voice, she realized, wasn't great. But personality counted, too. Her name would soon be a favorite on the lips of radio fans. She wished fervently that it were a more distinguished name. How often she had begged Uncle John to let her change it to "Alicia" or "Ellice." Strange to say, he was adamant on the subject and always ended by roaring at her. "Your father and mother christened you plain Alice. They left you to me. As long as you live in my house, you're Alice. Yes, it's a common name. We're common people—we Browns. I'm plain John Brown. It's my business to make this special John Brown a credit to the community so that folks will forget some of the others that are a disgrace."

Remembering his outbursts, Alice sighed as she dressed for the studio. Then she brightened at the knowledge that her appearance was not common. She frankly admired an olive complexion and reddish brown hair and hazel eyes. She wore clothes well, too. With extra care, she tilted her hat to the most becoming angle. How perfectly it matched her coat and shoes! A glance at the clock in the hall—another glance at her watch—yes, for once Alice Brown was starting in plenty of time.

Leisurely she passed along the street. Why hurry and get fussed? Fate, however, began to interfere in petty and unexpected ways. Alice, who was never clumsy, slipped on the only icy spot visible and struck hard on one knee. The bruise didn't matter. The long run in her hose certainly did. She retraced her steps home and changed to a new pair. A fresh start was halted by a talkative friend who insisted on advice for a party a whole week ahead. Alice muttered an excuse and quickened her pace. The delays were becoming exasperating though she could not be cross when little Bobby Andrews insisted on taking a walk with

her. The darling couldn't match her stride so she bought him off with pennies and kissed him goodby. Even kisses take time and her watch was galloping at an alarming rate. Alice vowed that she would not stop again. Alas! The bus conspired against her. Full to the brim with delegates for a conference, it rattled callously by.

The situation was getting serious. Ah! A taxi! One lingered near and Alice beckoned to the driver, "Cathcart Hotel and don't sleep." The man grinned and did his best, keeping a wary eye on the speedometer. Oh, dear, those wretched traffic signals! You couldn't exactly blame him, either, for hitting them wrong. After delays that seemed infinite, the taxi swerved sharply to the curb of the imposing hotel. Alice sprang out, stuffed a bill into the driver's hand and rushed for the entrance.

A black speck slanted across her eyes and lodged on her nose. Soot! Could anything more humiliating happen when you were in the greatest hurry of your eighteen years? Inside the lobby, Alice fled to a corner and squinted in her tiny mirror and rubbed vigorously. The soot was a choice mixture of soft coal and and glue and purple ink. There! She removed the last smear and dashed for the elevator. A fraction too late. The door clanged before her. Perhaps it was just as well for she needed a breathing spell. After all, she was not very late. Five or ten minutes never made any serious difference and Alice knew how to explain convincingly. Almost patiently she waited for another elevator. "Radio studios," she smiled and was wafted to the twentieth floor.

Alice had visited the same studios a few weeks earlier. There had been no reason for careful scrutiny then. It was not a large place yet the doors seemed to have multiplied to a bewildering number. The heavy windows, composed of three separate glasses, shut off the studios while they permitted visitors to gaze enchanted. How incredibly fascinating it was, and how difficult to believe that the rooms were sound proof. You saw every movement that carried on a program. You heard only over a radio outside. Listeners far away could hear as clearly.

Alice glanced around. Somebody would be expecting her. Where was the manager? A tall, lank boy, bending over a sheaf of papers, mumbled at her. "Do' know. Program on. Over there." He waved a vague dismissal and went on studying his lines.

An older man approached and listened absently. "Don't worry. There aren't many blunders made here. Every program is timed for the stroke of the clock." Alice frowned faintly. She hadn't told him that her engagement was scheduled for twelve. He turned to call over his shoulder, "There's a program on in the organ studio, if you care to look." "I'm not here to look," she thought curtly.

A quartette of alert girls came down the hall. One of them noticed Alice. Here was a person who might give intelligent information. Alice stopped her. "I've been invited to broadcast. Can you—"

The girl wanted to be helpful but her companions were leaving. "Don't get nervous," she interrupted. It is not half the agony that you imagine it's going to be. Look through that window at the program. Good luck." She raced for the elevator and disappeared.

Alice felt her temper heating. She couldn't find out a single thing that she wanted to know. Everybody was tremendously busy or pretending to be. Fretfully she moved toward the window at her right.

For the first time, she realized that a modulated voice had been speaking over the radio nearby. A chapter from Isaiah was being read. Humph! the religious program—her program—had commenced without her. She hardly dared to burst in. Well, the window wasn't such a bad idea. They'd discover her and know that she was ready. She moved on and flattened her nose against the pane.

The organ studio was a small room equipped with a pipe organ and a piano. Perfect order regulated the scene. A gray-haired clergyman sat reading, his mouth close to a microphone. The organist waited, his slender hands poised above the keys. The chapter ended reverently. A slight gesture and inspiring music filled the air. Alice was growing uneasy. Had there been a blunder? Or was it possible that she was to be ignored? She noticed a third person in the studio—a girl, who sat half-hidden behind the reader. Some relative, probably, whom he had invited in. Why, she was rising! She couldn't be—yes, she was going to sing into a second microphone.

Alice seethed resentfully. That girl had usurped her place—Alice Brown's—because she'd been a second late. What of it? They would have not allowed her to sing at first anyhow. And here she'd been waiting for ages. Should she make a fuss and upset the whole program? No, that would be undignified. She'd wait and tell Uncle John. He would see that his niece received justice.

The girl was singing now. The sweet soprano rang clearly through the familiar words, "O, sometimes the shadows are deep." Alice listened intently. What expression. That girl knew about shadows. Alice had spent a small fortune on music lessons. She detested the petty spirit that would not be fair to a rival and she knew how to appriase quality. The other girl showed little training but she sang easily as a bird and straight into you heart. The gray-haired clergyman brushed furtively at the tears. The organist played with rare understanding. And the storm of anger that had swept Alice stole away unobserved.

Softly the second verse melted into the third. Oh dear! The girl was getting nervous. Quavering notes crept in. If she'd only hold on! A triumphant finish meant so much. A pair of frightened eyes wandered to the window. Alice clasped her hands frantically. "Go on," she breathed. Her enthusiasm reached the girl in the sound-proof room. She recovered confidence and the beautiful chorus of "The Rock That Is Higher Than I" left nothing to be desired. Alice relaxed with sheer content-

ment. Those two men were glad, too.

The girl slipped out and ran to Alice impulsively. "How can I ever thank you enough? If you hadn't spurred me on, I'd have broken down completely. And I've got to have this job. Do you know what you were saying? You were saying, 'Brace up. Don't be a baby. Jerry needs you'." There was unconscious appeal in the white, thin face. Her coat trailed from her arm—a cheap spring garment, not warm enough for a winter day.

Alice tried to ignore the marks of poverty as she struggled to revive her grievance. There were things she must find out and no gushing burst of gratitude was going to interfere. "Let's talk a while," she suggested evenly.

"I'd love that. I—I guess I'm tired, too." The girl stumbled into a chair and Alice towered grimly over her.

It was hard to be severe with a girl who might even be hungry. Still, she might as well learn that tricks didn't get you far in the business world. That was Uncle John's code. Alice recalled his lectures and felt very mature and experienced. "Why," she began sternly—and changed her question to her surprise. Her tone changed, too, and she found herself sitting close to the girl. "Why, who is Jerry?" she asked mildly.

The girl beamed. "Jerry is my brother. We're pals. We haven't anyone in the wide world but each other. Jerry's splendid. He's always taken care of me—his little sister. He was an office manager and made good until the firm failed. He's a porter in this hotel now. The lifting is too hard. He can't keep on. That's why I've got to have this job. I suppose it doesn't pay a real salary but we can live on awfully little."

"Oh," said Alice slowly. "'I understand—partly. Your brother is employed here. He heard about this position and used his influence for you."

The girl shook her head. "He did happen to hear that they wanted a soloist in the studios. As to influence, we haven't any. We don't know important people." She lowered her voice dreamily. "I can't imagine how I had the nerve to come to this floor unless the song is right. About the Rock, I mean. If you're standing on the Rock you have more courage. It's grand that the Rock is always there. We move. It never does. Don't you think that's true?"

Alice groped for an answer. "I'm afraid life has been too easy for me. I've never felt any real need for the —Rock.'" What a sweet, trustful spirit and how incapable of a dishonorable act!

The girl went on wistfully, "The chance alone was wonderful. Do you think there's a possibility that I'll be engaged?"

Alice considered Uncle John's kindness and his influence and her ability to wheedle him. The girl had genuine talent, too. This was no case of mere charity. She studied the pattern on the carpet before she spoke. "I believe you'll get the place. I know a girl who had a tip, too. She wanted to broadcast. She won't

be in the race now."

The blue eyes shone anxiously. "You mean that you'll tell her not to try? You're kind, but will it be right?"

"Exactly right. She wouldn't make a radio singer, anyhow. She's always late to engagements. She'll be glad to withdraw in your favor."

"Are you sure?" the girl wondered.

Alice straightened confidently. "I'm very sure. Now I want to know exactly how you did break into the organ studio."

"It was ridiculously easy. A man was standing here and he looked at me. My teeth were chattering. I managed to say, 'I've come to sing at the noon service.' It was almost twelve and he just pushed me into that room."

"Was that all you said?" Alice persisted.

"Oh, I told him my name—Alice Brown. I'm really Alice Margaret. I didn't—why, what's the matter?"

The first Alice was laughing riotously. Her mystery had been an ordniary coincidence—a joke, and a joke it should remain. "I'm another Alice Brown—not blessed with a middle name. I suppose there's a dozen of us in the city. I never happened to meet one before. Isn't this fun?"

Alice Margaret caught her breath. "It's more than fun. I'll never forget how you've helped me and I'll try to be a credit to the Brown family, too."

Plain Alice arose hastily. There was a provoking lump in her throat. "I'm starving. I invite you to lunch with me, Alice Margaret."

"That's lovely of you. Maybe I can find Jerry and introduce him."

At Uncle John's dinner table that night, his niece presided as usual. "Did you enjoy the broadcast at noon?" she began mischievously.

He hesitated. "I—well, I don't want to spoil you, Alice."

"Impossible," she giggled. "You liked the song, did you?"

Uncle John, who never used sugar, put two lumps in his coffee. "I suppose any voice sounds different on the radio. I thought you had selected a more classical number. That old hymn appealed to me. And you sang with expression—as if the sentiment came from your heart. I—I didn't know you had it in you, Alice."

"I haven't," she admitted and told him.

Uncle John listened with the growling comments that told how deeply he was touched. "Well, the girl can put her songs across so I have no objection to speaking a word in her favor. I expect you'll nag me into finding a suitable position for Jerry next."

"That's my intention," she answered coolly. "You'll like him in the office."

Uncle John snorted. He rather enjoyed being managed and he was more proud of his niece's character than he could ever be of her voice. But it would never do to say so. "I'll admit," he remarked judicially, "that this affair hasn't turned out badly. However, it should teach you the lesson that I've been preaching for

years—the priceless value of promptness. The old adage remains true. 'It is the early bird that catches the worm!' "

Alice dropped her salad fork. The lettuce had lost its savor. "Worms! Ugh! Horrid animals. I don't want to catch one. Besides, they ought to be left for the hungry birds."

There is no beautifier of complexion or form of behavior like the wish to scatter joy, and not pain, around us.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE OLD TIME SAIL LOFTS

By Harold Emery

Time was when the sail lofts of New England were very important places. In the days of sailing ships, few places in the sea coast towns were more essential to the main industry. Now, with the disappearance of the fleets of sailing vessels, the need for the sail loft has largely vanished. Only a very few are needed to supply the few sailing vessels left on the sea, so another romantic chapter in American history is about to close.

Most of the sail orders today come from the owners of private yachts, rather than from the few sailing vessels still engaged in trade or fishing. Of course there are a good many coastwise ships and fishing boats still under sail, but most of them are equipped with motors to help out in bad weather and so lessen the wear on the sails. The old sail lofts could not operate at all today unless they had such sidelines as covers, bags, and awnings. With these aids, a few have kept going.

Most of these old sail lofts were located in the second or third stories of wooden buildings, where they had a great deal of floor space. They were never located on the ground floor, because they were then too easily reached by the wharf rats. These creatures would damage the canvas to the extent of hundreds of dollars in a very short time. Moreover, a great deal of space was needed for the work on the larger sails of the two, three, four, five, and even six masted schooners which were at one time the mainstay of a thriving trade in sail making. Two or three good cats were always on hand, too, as added protection.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR APRIL

(Figure following name indicates number of times boy has been on Honor Roll since January 1, 1935.)

ROOM No. 1

—A—

Homer Smith 3
Wheeler Sturdivant

—B—

Clarence Boren
Perry Russ

ROOM No. 2

—A—

Paul Eason 2
William Hare 4
Claude McLaughlin
Sam Pegram 3
Paul Saunders
Charles Smith 3

—B—

Elzie Carpenter
William Faircloth
Earl Hill 2
J. B. Murray
Esmond Reams
Melvin Walters

ROOM No. 3

—A—

Henry Chester 2
Randolph Davis
Horace Faulkner
Thomas Horton 2
Wallace Pendergraft
Vasco Robinson 3
Paul Shipes 4
Henry Tucker 3
John Whitaker

—B—

Hoyett Hudson 2
J. T. Lovett 3
Kenneth Messick 2
Hilton McMath 3
Eugene Tyndall
Everett Williamson
James Yarborough 2

ROOM No. 4

—A—

James Boyce 3
Joel Moore
Norman Owens 3
Jack Carver

—B—

Boyd Baker 2
John Capps
C. D. Grooms
Morris Hicks 2
Edgar Hatley 2
Bennie Holland 2
Curtis Coleman 4

ROOM No. 5

—A—

Marvin Adams
Barney Caviness 2
Spurgeon Dowless 2
Samuel Everett 3
Irvin Medlin 3
Wilson Medlin
Leonard Potter 2
Andrew Powell
Ashley Thompson
Floyd Watkins
James Young 2

—B—

Clyde Adams
Henry Hallman
Perry Harvell 4
Virgil Harvel
Arlon Jones 3
Charles Lloyd

ROOM No. 6

—A—

Joseph McPherson 3
A. Ray Hudson 3
Leonard Melton

—B—

John Auton 2
Lake Cooper
William Downes 3
Hubert Hooks
Burrus Rash
William Young 3

ROOM No. 7

—A—

Lee Dickens 2
Julian Gregory
Cling Shelton
Hubert Williams 3

—B—

John Kellam 2
Clarence Mayton 2
Luther Wilson 2
Theodore Rector 2

INSTITUTION NOTES

W. J. Stevenson, formerly of Cottage No. 4, who has been at his home in Lumberton for several months, called on us last Sunday. He was on his way to Hickory where he has obtained employment in a motion picture theatre.

—o—

The first lot of baby turkeys, about seventy in number, were taken from incubators last Wednesday. They were taken to our poultry yard where they were adopted by old turkey hens. The young birds seem to be happy in their new environment and are getting along nicely.

—o—

Woodrow Jenkins, of Cottage No. 4, had the misfortune to fracture his right leg while playing on the campus one day last week. He was taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, and the reports from that institution are that the injured member is healing nicely.

—o—

By reason of having made the best records in their respective grades during the month of March, the following boys were the guests of the management of the Paramount Theatre, Concord, on Friday aftrenoon of last week: Lee Dickens and John Kellam, first grade; John Caddell and John Auton, second grade; Sam Everett and Leonard Potter, third grade; Curtis Coleman and Norman Owens, fourth grade; Tom Brown and Henry Chester, fifth grade, William and Earl Hill, sixth grade; Clifford Bowers and Robert Conklin, seventh grade.

—o—

Mr. Robert Hollis, Superintendent of Public Welfare of New Hanover County, and Mr. S. G. Long, superintendent of the New Hanover County Home, visited the School last Wednesday, bringing with them two boys for admission. While here they made a brief inspection of our dairy and farm.

—o—

One of our boys, who was allowed to visit his parents in Lumberton, returned about three weeks ago. Since his return to the institution this lad developed a case of mumps. Cases like this will show very clearly why the officials of the School discourage visits to boys' homes except in cases of extreme emergency.

—o—

A committee of members of the Cabarrus County Grand Jury, in session at the April term of Superior Court in Concord last week, visited the Training School last Thursday, and were escorted through the various departments of the institutiion

by Superintendent Boger. The members of this committee were: Messrs. M. S. Lyles, foreman; V. M. Barrier, L. M. Safrit, W. G. Coggins and P. W. Lady, all of Concord.

—o—

We recently received a letter from Arthur Hawkins, formerly of Cottage No. 4, who was paroled January 1, 1935. He is now living at Canton where he is attending school. At the time of his parole, Arthur was a seventh grade student here, and from his letter we judge he has made continued progress in his school work. He tells us that he will pass his examinations this year, also that he recently took the State Achievement test and his average was above the tenth grade.

Arthur writes that he expects to be quite busy this summer, having a small garden to attend to, also a large patch of potatoes some distance out from Canton.

This lad was quite enthusiastic in his praise of what the Training School had done for him, saying that his progress in school work since leaving us was due to training received here, also that our library had been a great help to him.

Of course, Arthur's friends here were glad to learn that he is doing so well and extend best wishes for continued success.

—o—

The library established at the School several years ago by the King's Daughters, of Charlotte, under the leadership of Mrs. E. E. Peele, president, was given a healthy boost last Tuesday by the addition of 135 books. Mrs. Peele, who brought the books over, was accompanied by Mrs. Louis Dosh, vice-president of the King's Daughters Circle, also a member of the library committee. Among the donors of these books, according to a list handed us by Mrs. Peele are: Mrs. John Sheppard, Mrs. B. S. Blanton, Miss Violet Alexander, Mrs. J. R. Renfrow and Mrs. C. W. Parker, all of Charlotte.

All the books brought on this occasion were practically new and of a high type, and everyone here is pleased with this addition to our library. Through the untiring efforts of Mrs. Peele the library has made steady growth and we are deeply grateful to her and all others who have in any way contributed to the success of the King's Daughters Library at the Training School.

—o—

Following a custom of several years' standing, the Friedman-Shelby Shoe Company, of St. Louis, has again contributed to the amusement and recreation of the Jackson Training School boys.

Last Wednesday afternoon Mr. Earl M. Ruth, of Charlotte, local representative of the company, came into the office carrying a large package and announced that he was bringing something to "give the boys a little fun." Upon examination we found the package contained ten fielders' gloves of excellent quality and nine baseballs, which will

will make a valuable addition to our athletic equipment.

Mr. Ruth is a great lover of boys, we might say just a big-hearted, grown-up boy himself, and he is ever on the alert to find some way to bring joy to a boy's heart, especially the youngsters of our institution. He knows just what to bring which will elicit smiles and applause from the boys. When he drives up and says he "has something for the boys," we never know just what will be the nature of his contribution—it may be a bunch of whistles, a quantity of marbles, footballs, basketballs, baseballs or bats—but whatever it may be, we know from past experience it will be something that will make many hearts happy. It is needless to say that Mr. Ruth, this dispenser of good cheer, is always a most welcome visitor, and we wish to take this opportunity to extend our hearty thanks for his many acts of kindness to our boys.

—o—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, boys' work secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. After the usual opening exercises Mr. Sheldon presented Dr. Sherrer, financial secretary of Queens-Chicora College, Charlotte, who talked to the boys on "Giants." In the course of his remarks Dr. Sherrer called attention to the 13th and 14th chapters of Numbers, where we read of the giants which inhabited the land of Canaan. The speaker told how the twelve spies sent out from the camps of the Israelites visited this land, returning in forty days, and reported as follows: "We came unto the land whither thou sent us, and surely it floweth with milk and honey; . . . . Nevertheless the people be strong that dwell in the land, and the cities are walled and very great. . . . . There we saw the giants; and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight."

Dr. Sherrer stated that these Israelites were afraid, so it is with us —when we become frightened we exaggerate things, which often causes us to develop an "inferiority-complex."

The speaker then told how Caleb spoke out, "Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it. Only rebel ye not against the Lord, neither fear the people of the land; for they are bread for us; their defence is departed from them, and the Lord is with us; fear them not." Even in moving against what had been reported to them as great odds, Caleb and Joshua were ready to go into the battle because they were trusting in God and not in their own strength.

Dr. Sherrer then told the story of David and Goliath, which he said was another incident where a man trusted in God's strength and not his own, and by so doing won the victory over the giant. In later years, continued the speaker, when David had become a great king, he had a harder battle and a bigger giant to fight. Assuming the leadership of the people of Israel, David had been overtaken with worldly things, pleasure, lust, etc., and his strength

which overcame the attack of the giant, now had failed because he was in the wrong and was not serving God as he had done when a boy.

We have giants today, said the speaker, which we must fight in our daily lives. The worst of the giants are inside us, not on the outside. They are the giants of desires, tendencies to do wrong, selfishness, laziness, anger, hate, lying, stealing, etc., and it is only by relying on the strength of God that we can overcome them. These enemies cannot be subdued until we give ourselves to Christ. It takes courage to do right, and when temptations assail us, we must pray to be given strength to overcome the desire to do the evil things, to conquer our bad habits, and our only hope is to ask God for strength to follow the right paths as we journey through this life, and put our whole trust in Him.

An additional feature of this service was the singing of Claire Bernard, a voice student at Queens-Chicora. In spite of the handicap of being blind, this young man has taken up the study of music, and his splendid voice was a source of great delight to all who were fortunate enough to hear him last Sunday. He sang two numbers, "Prayer Perfect" and "Spirit of God," in a most pleasing manner. He was accompanied at the piano by Miss Elizabeth Starr, teacher of voice at Queens-Chicora.

WHAT'S THE USE?

Man toils at his appointed task till hair is gray and teeth are loose, and pauses now and then to ask, in tones despondent, "What's the use?" We have distempers of the mind when we are tired and sorely tried; we'd like to quit the beastly grind, and let the tail go with the hide. The money goes for shoes and pie, for hats and pork and dairy juice; to get ahead we strive and try, and still are broke, so what's the use? Then gazing 'round us, we behold the down-and-outers in the street; they shiver in the biting cold, they trudge along on weary feet. They have no home, they have no bed, no shelter 'neath the wintry sky; they'll have no peace till they are dead, and planted where the paupers lie. No comfort theirs till in the cell that has a clammy earthen lid; yet some of them deserve as well of Fortune as we ever did. And, having seen the hungry throng, if we're good sports we cease to sigh; we go to work with cheery song, and make the fur and feathers fly.—Author Unknown.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 28, 1935

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since the method was adopted March, 10, 1935.

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(3) Erwin Martin 4
(2) William McCormick 5
(8) Robert Radford 8
(3) Earl Rogers 7
(4) Hassell Shropshire 4
(6) Richard Sullivan 7
(3) Louis Tarkington 5
(3) Ashley Thompson 7
Richard Tysinger
Wiley Willouhgby
(3) Vermont Whitley 4

COTTAGE No. 1

(6) Sam Batts 6
(3) Clifford Bowers 7
Homer Bunn 3
Robert Cashwell 2
(4) William Goodson 5
Ray Hutchins 2
Herman Lamm 6
(5) Claude McLaughlin 5
(6) Millard Owenby 7
Bunn Shoe 2
Latha Warren
(3) Eugene Whitt 4
(3) Junius Yarborough 4
Preston Yarborough 3

COTTAGE No. 2

James Boyce 2
James Cooper 5
Cleatis Daugherty
(2) Carliss Evans 2
Boyd Freeman 2
Thomas Goodman 2
Robert Harrison 3
(2) Thomas Horton 7
(2) Lewis Janey 3
John Mecum 2
Lemuel Murphy 2
(5) Vasco Robinson 6
Y. V. Spates
Woodrow Spruill 4
(2) Henry Tucker 4

COTTAGE No. 3

(2) William McRary 2

COTTAGE No. 4

James Bartlett 4
Vernon Bass 5
Clarence Boren 5
Carlton Calloway
(4) Robert Conklin 5
(8) Fleming Collins 8
(2) Wayne Fowler 3
Ralph Johnson
(2) Billy Justice 3
Irvin Luther 3
Joel Moore 2
Jack McRary 2
(2) Clyde Reece 3
Wheeler Sturdivant
Gray Wright 4

COTTAGE No. 5

William Ange 3
(2) Connie Dickens 4
(2) Samuel Everett 2
Wiliiam Hare 3
(2) Maynard Hicks 7
(3) Randolph Miller 3
Robert Worthington 6

COTTAGE No. 6

Earl Bass 5
(2) Robert Benfield 3
(2) Charlton Henry 5
(2) John McCoy 4
James Stepp 7
John Uptigrove 2

COTTAGE No. 7

(2) Boyd Barringer 4
William Corn
Fred Dysen
Charles Griffin 2
(4) Caleb Hill 4

A. Ray Hudson
James Lyerly 2
(6) J. B. Murray 6
(3) Theodore Nines 4
Thurman Robertson
Paul Saunders 2
Douglas Wilkes 2

COTTAGE No. 8

(8) John Auton 8
(2) Sam Belk 5
(2) Jesse Freeman 5
Clarence Haney 2
James H. Lockamy
William McDade 2
John Penninger 2

COTTAGE No. 9

Ervin Coward 3
Charles Crotts 2
(4) Lee Dickens 7
Woodfin Fowler 3
(3) Homer Smith 4
(4) Ed Lee White 6
(4) Bryan Williams 7

COTTAGE No. 10

(7) James Kellam 7
(4) William Knight 4
(2) Steve Talbert 4
Fred Ward 5

COTTAGE No. 11

(5) Bennie Holland 6
Dallas Hodge
David Hodge 5
(5) Bennie Moore 6
(2) James Montford 3
(3) James Rector 4
Charles Smith 4
(5) Lee Watkins 5
Adolph Watson
(4) Cecil Webb 6

COTTAGE No. 12

(8) Earl Atwood 8
(2) Walter Beaver 6
Frank Dickens 3
(4) Horace Faulkner 4
Arbie Phillips 2
(3) Eli Philemon 6
(6) Homer Quick 7

COTTAGE No. 13

(8) Urbane Hill 8
(2) Warren Medlin 4
Jennings Norris 4
(8) Eugene Smith 8
(2) Howard Wilson 5

COTTAGE No. 14

(3) Jack Comer 6
Nelson Daubenmeyer
(2) Brevard Hall 2
(2) Hobart Johnson 4
Troy Powell 2
Vernon Sheaf 2
Virgil Sheaf 2

COTTAGE No. 15

Robert Alexander 7
Marvin Ashe 2
(3) Thomas Brown 4
Denver Beshears 4
John Caddell 7
Floyd Causey 3
George Gibson 4
(3) Earl Hill 3
Marvin Malcom 3
(3) Edward Martin 3
Wyatt Medlin 5
William Moose 3
George McManus
(5) Sam Pegram 7
Harley Pennell 4
(3) Paul Rhodes 5
(4) Marshall Scoggins 4
(4) Frank Wakefield 4
Roy Wyrick 3

The happiest heart that ever beat,
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to Heaven the rest.

—John Vance Cheney.

Travel anywhere..any day on the SOUTHERN for 1½¢ PER MILE

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* 2½¢ PER MILE — ROUND TRIP TICKETS—Return Limit 6 Months .....for Each Mile Traveled

* 3¢ PER MILE — ONE WAY TICKETS .....for Each Mile Traveled

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Excellent Dining Car Service

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Division Passenger Agent
Charlotte, N. C.

Southern Railway System

P 369
My 11 '35
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., MAY 11, 1935 No. 19

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

TWILIGHT WITH MOTHER

Shadows are dancing about on the wall,
Never a sound as they rise and then fall;
Softly the clock ticks the twilight away—
Children and mother talk over the day.
Twilight with mother! their life she now shares,
Hears all their joys, and their hopes, and their prayers;
Faith that is perfect, no peace such as this—
Twilight with mother, her guidance and kiss.

—Nellie Hurst.

PUBLISHED BY
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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE GREATEST BATTLE THAT EVER WAS FOUGHT

The greatest battle that ever was fought—
  Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you'll find it not:
  It was fought by the Mothers of Men.

Not with cannon or battle shot,
  With sword or nobler pen;
Not with eloquent word or thought
  From the wonderful minds of men;

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart;
  A woman that would not yield;
But bravely and patiently bore her part;
  Lo! there is that battlefield.

No marshalling troops, no bivouac song,
  No banner to gleam and wave;
But oh! these battles they last so long—
  From babyhood to the grave!

But faithful still as a bridge of stars
  She fights in her walled-up town;
Fights on, and on, in the endless wars;
  Then silent, unseen, goes down!

Ho! ye with the banners and battle shot,
  With soldiers to shout and praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
  Are fought in these silent ways.

—Joaquin Miller.

MOTHERHOOD

There is no greater privilege than can come to a woman than that of motherhood, and there is no greater responsibility. How many of us realize that the first seven years of a child's life are

the years that determine in the main the whole future development of that life? During those first seven years the foundations are laid for most of the attitudes, activities and habits of life. During those years the main lines of spiritual, social and moral development are determined. It takes a life of struggle to throw off completely the influence of the experiences that are ours before we are seven. The most crucial period of a human life, therefore, is this plastic, yet active period from birth to seven.

Who is it that has the greatest opportunity to guide and to mould this growing personality, this developing character, this ripening life? The mother! It is she alone who has the privilege of living with her little one twenty-four hours of the day, seven days of the week, and fifty-two weeks of the year. It is she who creates largely the atmosphere in which the child lives and moves and has his being. It is she whose attitudes and acts the growing child imitates. It is she whose feelings and moods the little child is going to take into his own life as an integral part of his future. No other human being will ever have the opportunity —for good or evil—that a mother has during the early years of her little one's life. All the public school teachers, church school teachers, pastors, playmates, and friends of a child taken together will not exert as much influence upon that child's life as his mother exerted upon it during his infancy and early childhood.

Schools, playgrounds, organizations and churches can and do contribute much of large value to the life of our growing boys and girls; but the child's home contributes more. And within that home Mother contributes most. This is not theory; this is fact.

"The hand that rocks the cradle . . ." Of course, mothers do not rock cradles these days. Nevertheless, it is still true that the hand that cares for the lives of our children in their earliest years "is the hand that rules the world." The old Jesuit knew what he was talking about when he asked for the child until he was ten, expressing in return his willingness to give up the child to others for the rest of his life. Modern educators will go him one better and be satisfied with the first seven years, feeling confident that in those years the great foundations are laid. And there are those who would give up even the last two of the seven: "Give

me the child until he is five!"

Whatever of exaggeration there may be in such claims, this fact is indisputable: the first seven years of a child's life are the fundamentally formative ones—and it is the mother who directs those years.

Mother's Day! Every day is Mother's day. It has been so ever since the world began. If only mothers knew it!—Selected.

* * * * * * *

GARDEN-WEEK

"Garden-Week" is a lure that has impelled nature lovers at this season of the year to commute in quest of the beauty spots which contribute to the joy of the individual and the glory of any community.

The benefits of these annual pilgrimages are two-fold. They have doubtless awakened interest in many dormant minds in the culture of flowers, creating a taste for the aesthetic and an urge for better homes with orderly and attractive flower gardens, also the contact with the most cultured people of the land leaves an impress that cannot be effaced.

No pen can paint the magic beauty of the Magnolia, Middleton and Cypress gardens of South Carolina. Their natural settings enhanced in beauty by the magic touch of the landscape artist who recognizes the beauties of nature—the gifts of God, have not their equal in colorful beauty, a unique survival of the Colonial period.

Garden-week in Virginia is a custom that has been established for six years or more. Tourists from every state travel for hundreds of miles to view the gardens within the vicinity of Richmond, Fredericksburg and Williamsburg, of the old estates along the James River and adjacent counties, where may be seen some of the finest and most extensive boxwood in America. Tradition holds that many of the shrubs of these Virginia gardens were brought over from the old country by the early Cavalier pioneers.

The personnel of these garden clubs—women by working and giving out propoganda for the preservation of these landmarks, are contributing greatly towards the development of better homes —the corner stone of the nation.

The words of Joyce Kilmer, "only God can make a tree," brings to mind that when planting small sprouts of different varieties, the same Being works the miracle of colors that are seen in due time. The Creator and the genius who loves the forest and the flowers are always in partnership.

Every home reflects the inner spirit, and every home wields an influence, therefore, just the simple fact of caring for a yard, planting a shrub or tree may lead others to do the same.

The ambition of mankind should be to do something to make the world more beautiful and a little bit better place in which to live and be happy.

North Carolina has many spots where nature herself has done a perfect work,—but has man done his? The camouflage of economy is a poor alibi for barren yards, because the woods are full of beautiful flowering shrubs and evergreens.

The environment of every home can be made a haven of rest with shrubs, evergreens and shade trees, because in the forest there is a bountiful supply.

Garden Week is a beautiful custom that should encircle the states, especially in those states where the floral kingdom yields so bountifully of flowers and trees.

* * * * * * *

JACKSON'S MEN MARCH AGAIN

Elsewhere in this issue is a story, taken from Sunday edition of Richmond Times-Dispatch, captioned, "Jackson's Men March Again," depicting the notable fight, the battle of Chancellorsville, a vivid reproduction of one of Stonewall Jackson's most brilliant military manoeuvers.

This sham battle on May 2, the anniversary date of the battle 72 years ago, will be enacted by the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, representing the Confederate forces under General Lee with a detachment of six hundred United States Marines taking the part of the Union Army under General Hooker. This battle resulted in a brilliant victory for the Southern cause but cost Jackson's life.

There will be in attendance on this occasion twenty eight governors with their staffs as the guests of the Fredericksburg Battlefield Park Association. The troops of each state figuring in this anniversary are designated by regiments, the correct information having been filed by the most careful research work of interested parties developing the Battlefield Memorial of which Chancellorsville is a part.

This is not observed to excite feeling, but, as true and loyal citizens of the "lost cause," to perpetuate history in its right form for the sake of posterity.

On this occasion when Jackson was ready to swing into action, Lee was heard to remark: "Such an executive the sun never shone on. I have but to show him my design and I know that if it can be done, it will be done. No need for me to send or watch him. Straight as the needle to the pole he advanced to the execution of my purpose."

Never in the history of the country has there been a greater demand for men of such dependableness, and there is nothing to do but abide the time with a hope that in another cycle of time histor will repeat itself and there will be given to us Lees, Jacksons, Stuarts and other notable celebrities who have made renown southern history and southern chivalry.

* * * * * * *

NATIONAL COTTON WEEK

From May 6-11 inclusive is the time accepted as National Cotton Week. The observance of cotton-week has become a fixture in the minds of the American people, and interest continues to grow, a fact that is proven by the wonderful displays of cotton goods by all of the merchants.

Exhibits are not confined to the wonderful and beautiful fabrics of that texture used in making the wearing apparel of women, but there are displays of other goods used in automobile tires, besides numerous kinds of material made from the by-products of cotton. The "voice of cotton" can never be suppressed, it is in demand in too many ways, therefore, people are seeing the value of cotton and becoming more "cotton-minded" daily.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

"You can never tell what your thoughts will do,
In bringing you hate or love;
For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
Are swifter than carrier-doves.
They follow the law of the universe—
Each thing must create its kind;
And they speed o'er the tracks to bring you back
Whatever went out from your mind."

—o—

Washington seems to be afflicted with the third-party jitters. Too much is being done with an eye to the next election, instead of the best interests of the country and its weary-depressed inhabitants.

—o—

A large portion of our troubles today come from workers who do not think, and thinkers who do not work.

—o—

Spring is one of the most priceless gifts of Nature to man. But you cannot judge its preciousness by some of the poems it inspires.

—o—

In the western farm belt mortgages no longer hold the farms down. The winds are moving them all about. A Durham lady suggests that the government gather up all the old automobile rubbish, so unsightly about all towns, and put it on the wind-swept areas, to hold the dust down. The idea is novel—and not bad.

—o—

Young ladies of a New York school have protested against being required to wear black cotton stockings. They cry, "They're keeping us in the middle ages." Young ladies, you mean the dark ages, do you not?

—o—

America will be out of the red in a year, says Roger Babson. How uncomfortably strange it will all seem. There will be some people who will not believe it when it comes to pass.

—o—

A scientist says motion pictures may soon transmit the sensation of smell. As a matter of fact I've thought a number of times that I detected a bad odor about some heretofore transmitted.

—o—

The departments of justice may claim Dillinger had a real pistol and not his famous wooden one when he escaped, but the department can't stop a legend as easily as that.

—o—

A survey shows 260,000 pupils in New York schools to be backward. However, the future for these youngsters is not absolutely hopeless while there is the saxophone, yo-yoing and street skating to fall back on.

—o—

The state senate of Ohio refused the governor of Ohio an executive

office expense budget including an item of $1,000 for a new rug for his private office. The prevailing style of private offices of industries today does not show $1,000 rugs on the floor. Possibly a governor's office can worry along without one, especially as it has to be paid for by taxes on already tax-oppressed industry

—o—

Anent the way foreign nations are treating what is justly due the United States on their war debts, and the way they talk about another war, and squabble among themselves, it is my firm resolve that the next time the band starts playing "Over There" I won't even look in that direction.

—o—

Several papers here of late have republished the famous old sassafras song:

"Sassafras, O sassafras,
Thou art the stuff for me,
And in the spring I love to sing,
Sweet sassafras of thee."

But do not belittle sassafras because of this verse. Its root has rich medicinal value, but the bush itself is one of the most unique of our growths. In the fall its glowing red berries are beauty marks along the native landscape. In the spring its yellow flowering is one of the first tokens of springtime. The gold of its leaves in autumn, and the green of them in May—O sassafras! sweet sassafras! yo uare a tonic that tones up our languid bodies to a pitch of "sassy" exuberance.

—o—

The other day I asked one of the gentlemanly traffic experts, who are experting with the traffic situation in our community, why they didn't do something about the shrubbery planted at the corners of lots which a person cannot see around when they are driving a car, and are liable to bump into another car or get bumped into and cause a cataclysm right before all the horror-stricken onlookers. The gentlemanly expert said it was a doggone good idea and why didn't I phone to the people who owned the lots and ask them why they did it to the detriment of the car-driving public. I told him that I did not have the time to phone to all the people in town owning lots, who had or were sassafras! you are a tonic that tones fact, since I mentioned the matter it slipped my mind, as things will do sometimes.

—o—

Farmer Bob Doughton has taken himself out of the gubernatorial picture, and will remain in Congress. A wise decision. An office in hand is worth two or three in the making. Lieut.-Gov. Sandy Graham is stepping along lively for the nomination, and has stated that he will announce his views on the state liquor stores question when it comes to a vote—if the vote is a tie. It looks now that he will be very thirsty before the vote is taken. Clyde Hoey says he will announce his decision as to running for governor after the general assembly adjourns. From the present outlook it appears that Clyde will be left out in the cold, as the legislature does not seem to be in the mood to adjourn until after the convention is held, and that will leave

Mr. Hoey high and dry, too. Our present legislature appears to be the nearest thing to perpetual motion that has been invented in North Carolnia in the memory of man.

—o—

The earth for months has been avaricious. May has come with great prodigality and all things now smile with rapture delicious. May Day, in this latitude, brings assurance that Spring is here once more, rather than promise that it is close at hand. Thankfulness for a new season is in our hearts, and a joyous delight in newborn fragrance of first flowers. And we go forth, informally and under the guise of week-end wanderers, to see again the beauties of the greening fields and know once more the breath of Spring. Human beings, with Nature, should rejoice in this new awakening, revive their hopes, banish their fears and strengthen their faith in the mercies of God.

MOTHER

I see you sitting,
  Smiling today,
You first taught me
  The right way to pray.
No trial is too heavy
  For your noble heart;
One supreme purpose,
  To fill a good part.

Words that were golden
  Fell from your lips,
Bringing to me
  Rich-laden ships
Of thoughts of true service
  And usefel work;
Hard though the task,
  Never to shirk.

My thought of you,
  O'erleaps words and rime;
My love for you,
  Transcends space and time.
If I cannot, dear mother,
  Be with you today,
Your heart will tell you
  What I wish to say.

—Grenville Kleiser.

JACKSON'S MEN MARCH AGAIN

By Frank J. McCarthy, Jr.

"Sunday morning, April 28, 1863, Lee went with Jackson to a religious service, attended by a throng of soldier. . . . That evening, on both sides of the Rappahannock, regimental adjutants were beginning to put together the returns of the personnel of the army, due on the 30th."

Douglas Southall Freeman's Robert E. Lee, Vol. II, p. 506.

This morning, exactly 72 years later, a throng of Virginia Military Institute cadets clad in Confederate gray will attend services at the Lexington churches of which Lee and Jackson were members. Tonight their regimental adjutant will begin to work on his personnel report, due on the 30th, for on May 2, 1935, "Stonewall" Jackson's men will march again!

The occasion, of course, is the reenactment next Thursday of the battle of Chancellorsville, which will be staged by the National Park Service in conjunction with the Fredericksburg National Battlefield Park Association. Members of an active committee headed by Frank M. Chichester of Fredericksburg have been planning the celebration for several months. The materialization of their plans will bring to thousands of spectators a vivid reproduction of one of "Stonewall" Jackson's most brilliant military maneuvers.

The cadets, representing a part of Jackson's force, will be opposed by a detachment from the fleet marine forces at Quantico, representing the Federal troops commanded by General Joseph Hooker.

The Chancellorsville event will not mark the first meeting of these two military bodies in battle array; a number of years ago the marines represented Sigel's Federal artillery when the cadets re-enacted the famous charge of their corps at New Market. Major-General John Archer Lejeune, commandant of the Marine Corps at the time of the New Market celebration, was an "ex officio Yankee," but his present position as superintendent of V. M. I. swings him over to the "rebel" side for the Chancellorsville engagement.

Lee Left Execution of Plans to Jackson

Historically, the Chancellorsville campaign covered a period of several days. General Hooker was moving toward Richmond, and General Lee, with a force decidedly inferior in numbers, was holding Fredericksburg against probable Federal advances.

After the discussion of a number of possible plans, Lee and Jackson met late in the afternoon of May 1 for what proved to be their final consultation. In spite of a situation which naturally placed Lee on the defensive, he indicated to "Stonewall" that he planned to take the offensive. Jackson was highly pleased for as early as April 30 he had suggested attacking Hooker.

Lee had only to indicate the direction in which Jackson was to pro-

ceed. The Federal forces were located in the vicinity of Chancellorsville, 14 miles northwest of Fredericksburg, the immediate Federal objective. It was planned that Jackson should assume command of the major part of the Confederate troops, move around the right flank of Hooker's army, and surprise the Union soldiers by attacking from the rear. "Jeb" Stuart's cavalry was to cover Jackson's movement. The success of the attack depended almost entirely upon the surprise element, for the plan left Lee with only 14,000 soldiers between Hooker and Fredericksburg.

Lee left the execution of the movement to Jackson, and after the battle he wrote to his wounded lieutenant-general attributing its success to that executive.

It was 7 o'clock the morning of May 2 when Jackson started his march around Hooker's flank. General Lee was present for the departure, and he was heard to remark, as Jackson swung into the column behind his leading regiments, "Such an executive officer the sun never shone on. I have but to show him my design, and I know that if it can be done, it will be done. No need for me to send or watch him. Straight as the needle to the pole he advanced to the execution of my purpose."

"V. M. I. To Be Heard From Today."

Before "Stonewall" Jackson joined the column, however, he uttered the remark that established definitely his regard for V. M. I. men as soldiers. After all the orders for the march had been given, and after the troops had started to move Jackson said:

"The Virginia Military Institute will be heard from today."

The full signfiicance of this remark is seldom understood.

For 10 years before the war started Jackson had been professor of natural and experimental philosophy and field artillery tactics at the institute. Although the cadets were not present as a corps at Chancellorsville, Jackson realized that practically all of his units were commanded by men whom he had drilled as cadets on the parade ground in Lexington. The leaders of two of his three divisions, all of his cavalry regiments, two battalions of his artillery, and 200 smaller organizations had been his students before they became his officers. In the Colonel Munford's Second Virginia Cavalry Regiment alone there were 23 officers who had been cadets. General Robert E. Rodes, Colonel Stapleton Crutchfield and Brigadier-General "Polly" Colston had served with Jackson on the V. M. I. faculty.

Thus it is easy to see that "Stonewall" was surrounded by men who knew him well—men who respected him—men to whom he was far more than just a commanding officer. The high morale of his army may be largely attributed to the fact that his subordinates knew what to expect from their leader.

Jackson was more fortunate than he is generally considered in at least one respect. His officers were not raw-boned citizen soldiers; they were highly trained officers who proved a credit not only to "Stonewall," but to the schhol of arms which they represented. In them Jackson knew he

could place supreme confidence for bearing much of the burden of what was destined to become one of his most amazing successes.

As the march began and the units filed by, Jackson looked into many familiar faces—faces on which he saw the expression of determination which he himself had inspired—faces of men who had followed him in peace as well as in war. It was only natural, then, for him to express his reverence for a great institution with the words, "The Virginia Military Institute will be heard from today."

Glad Tidings and Sad News

Avoiding roads which might be observed, Jackson and his corps headed for Catherine Furnace and then, "straight as the needle to the pole," swung up behind the Federal troops. The nine-mile march was interrupted by an attack on the wagon train at the rear, but this attack was successfully repulsed. Late in the afternoon Jackson surprised the soldiers of the Federal XI Corps just as they were eating supper and put them to rout. He had attacked from their rear, charging eastward toward Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg. On and on through the darkness he pressed the movement against the Federal units—Wilderness Church was reached. One mile east of the church he paused for reorganization. Lee, waiting impatiently in his position, heard the firing cease, and wondered. . . .

It was 2:30 the morning of May 3 before Lee heard news of the victory, but the same courier who brought glad tidings brought sad tidings. Jackson, while making a reconnaissance during the reorganization, had been severely wounded by mistake of his own men.

"Jeb" Stuart was now placed in charge of Jackson's corps. Renewing the attack on May 3, he seized and occupied Hazel Grove, one of the best artillery positions in the area, and from there he swept through a clearing to Fairview, another good artillery position which was now occupied by part of General Howard's Federal artillery. Engagements followed one another rapidly, and so successful were the Confederates that on the night of May 5-6 Hooker retreated to the north bank of the Rappahannock.

The battle was won, and a glorious victory it was, but its mentor was lost, for eight days after he rereceived his wound Jackson died. In accordance with his request his body was taken finally to Lexington, where it was buried on May 15, 1863, exactly one year before the Virginia Military Institute was again heard from—this time as a corps of cadets in the gallant charge at New Market.

Guns to Roar Through Chancellorsville Ravines

It is naturally impossible to reproduce the entire campaign, but some of the most thrilling bits of action will be condensed into the pageant of next Thursday. The exercises will begin at 10:30 A. M. at the Bivouac Stone, scene of the last consultation between Lee and Jackson. Here Dr. Douglas S. Freeman, narrator of the event, will explain the circumstances leading up to the movement.

When Dr. Freeman reaches the point at which the march began, Jackson's troops will appear before the eyes of the masses of spectators. Once again the old Catherine Furnace road will resound with the "tramp, tramp, tramp" of marching feet as the cadets of the Virginia Military Insittute re-enact the historic movement executed by their noble predecessors—the V. M. I men of the 'fifties and 'sixties! Raw film sliding through motion picture cameras will receive an impression of the action, and a graphic record of the march will thus be created 72 years after its occurrence. "Jeb" Stuart's cavalry, which covered the movement, will be represented by the Second Cvaalry squadron from Fort Myer.

When "Jackson's men" disappear in direction of Catherine Furnace, there will be an intermission for lunch. At 1:30 P. M., however, the spectators will gather at Fairview, a point just west of Chancellorsville and very close to the monument marking the location at which Jackson received his wounds. Here Dr. Freeman will continue the narrative address, explaining the general features of Jackson's movements and the circumstances under which the great Confederate was wounded. At the proper time the cadets, having completed their march, will reappear and attack the marines, who represent the Federal artillery holding Fairview.

Although the march took place on May 2, and although there was much action immediately following the march, the events at Fairview will be those of May 3, after the wounding of Jackson.

The cadets will represent the brigade commanded by Colonel Funk. They will operate a number of artillery pieces stationed in the Confederate position at Hazel Grove. From there they will sweep through a clearing about 150 yards wide and bordered by woods in which the spectators will be located.

The Rebel Yell Echo Over Fields

There are two ravines running across the clearing. In accordance with history, Funk's men, backed up by Alexander's artillery at Hazel Grove, will press up to the second ravine with the Federal artillery as their objective. Here the ammunition supply will be exhausted, and Funk's men will be forced to drop back to the first ravine. But, after a period of suspense, reinforcements will arrive. The brigades of Archer and Perry, also represented by the cadets, will charge through the clearing and capture the Federal position.

Artillery fire will ring through the hills; hand-to-hand combat will take place within a few yards of the spectators; and, as the Confederates rush through the Federal defensive, the "rebel yell" will be heard again. The short "woh" will be followed immediately by the longer and shriller "who—," which, in turn, will fade into an "—ey" as the "rebels" call forth their courage once again with the yell which helped carry them through many an engagement against superior forces. "Who-who——ey, who——ey, who——ey!" and the Federals will retreat in the face of an inspired attack.

After the conclusion of the actual pageant, an exhibition drill will be staged by the second squadron of cavalry from the Third Regiment at Fort Myer. Troops "E" and "F," a machine-gun troop, and a section of Headquarters Troop will take part, making up a total of 15 officers, 224 men, 220 horses, and 12 motor trucks. The drill will be executed in the large field in front of the old Chancellorsville house.

To Camp May 1 At Fredericksburg

The V. M. I. cadets are looking forward eagerly to the trip. They will leave Lexington at about 5 o'clock Wednesday morning of May 1 and proceed by truck to the battlefield at Chancellorsville. There they will meet the marines, and a rehearsal of the battle will be held at about 1 o'clock. After the rehearsal they will proceed to the Fredericksburg Fair Grounds, where local C C C workers will have prepared a camp for them.

At 6:45 P. M., after supper, the corps will stage a full-dress review and stand retreat for those spectators who arrive in Fredericksburg the day before the pageant.

About 16,000 rounds of rifle ammunition, in addition to a quantity of artillery ammunition, will be issued the cadets for the battle on May 2. They will wear, of course, the Confederate gray; their field uniform is little different from that worn by the southern soldiers of '63. After the battle they will be enetrtained at a "victory ball," and on Friday they will return to Lexington.

The spectacle will be witnessed by a host of prominent figures. The leaders of the three military organizations furnishing troops for the battle will observe. They are Major-General Lejeune, also superintendent of V. M. I.; Major-General Russell, who succeeded Lejeune as commandant of the Marine Corps, and Colonel Kenyon Joyce, commander of the Third Cavalry Regiments and also commanding officer at Fort Myer.

A MAN LIKE HIM

He who can find the good in bad
  Is loved by all the world;
Sometime or other he has had
  A banner that unfurled.

He who can laugh when skies are gray
  Is like a seraphim;
I'm going to start right in today—
  To be a man like him.

—Selected.

TRIBUTES TO MOTHER

(Selected)

All that I am, my mother made me.—John Quincy Adams.

No state is greater than its mothers.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Oh, the love of a mother, love which none can forget!—Victor Hugo.

One good mother is worth one hundred school-masters.—George Herbert.

To a man who has had a mother, all women are sacred for her sake. —Jean Paul Ricter.

If I were hanged on the highest hill, I know whose love would follow me still, mother o' mine.—Kipling.

Mothers, good mothers.—Napoleon, in answer to the question of what France needed most.

I owe a great deal to my mother. She was a seamstress, cook, washlady, and never until late in life had a servant in the house. And yet she was a cultivated lady. She kept up with the literature of the day. When I was a little tot, she used to read good books to me.—Andrew Carnegie.

A kiss from my mother made me a painter.—Benjamin West.

My mother was my first preacher as well as my first teacher.—Lyman Abbott.

All that is good in my life, I think has come from my mother.—Dwight L. Moody.

There is nothing sweeter than the heart of a pious mother.—Martin Luther.

Do you know what especially impels to my industry? My mother.—Jean Paul Richter.

She was the best of all mothers, to whom I owe endless gratitude.—Thomas Carlyle.

All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother.—Abraham Lincoln.

Referring to his mother's death, "I had but one friend in the world and she is gone."—Byron.

My mother was the source from which I derived the guiding principles of my life.—John Wesley.

Back in the brickyard of Philadelphia my mother taught me the principles of success.—John Wanamaker.

My first desire for knowledge and my earliest passion for reading were awakened by my mother.—Charles Dickens.

Ah, who was happier than I when I could utter the name of mother, and it was heard?—Ludwig von Beethoven.

I remember my mother's prayers —and they have followed me. They have clung to me throughout my life. —Abraham Lincoln.

I remember a multitude of maternal kindnesses which I have received from my mother and which have endeared her memory to me beyond expression.—William Cowper.

I had a mother once, who cared for me with such a passionate regard who loved me so intensely, that no language can describe the yearning of her soul.—William Lloyd Garrison.

If ever I make anything of myself

in this world or another, I shall owe it to the blessed influence of home. It was my mother who brought out the best that was in me.—Daniel Coit Gilman.

Whatever I have done in my life has simply been due to the fact that when I was a child my mother daily read with me a part of the Bible, and made me learn a part of it by heart. —Wendell Phillips.

MARIAN FINDS MOTHER'S DAY

By Mabel McKee

The negligee was rose with touches of silver woven through it. The price was quite too high for Marian. Buying it would mean abbreviated lunches for weeks, polishing her own oxfords, cleaning her own gloves and walking home from work every day. But it would be worth all this if it could only bring back mother's smiles. Surely, too, Mother's Day was an occasion for one to be reckless with money, even if the rest of the family had to practice economy because of it.

Marian walked back to look again into the window at the negligee. She could vision mother in it. The rose would bring out the lights in her dark hair, the gleams in her brown eyes, and make her features seem even lovelier than they now were.

Marian, slender and dainty like mother, didn't realize that some of the gleams she wanted to see in mother's eyes were now missing from her own. All her attention, as she laced her slender, beautiful fingers together, was on the negligee and the white, fleecy shawl and the rose satin slippers in the window. They were just too alluring!

"I'll tell Frank to buy the shawl and slippers," she whispered to herself. "They just fit with the negligee."

After that she hurried on to the library, where she was to spend the afternoon in the mending room. Memory of the exquisite negligee kept her from minding the piles of books which needed new backs, books whose leaves were ragged, whose pockets were missing. The memory made even Wretha Gray's chatter seem less annoying. Wretha always recited family troubles over finance and quarrels with her boy friend to Marian the afternoons they worked together in Wayne library. It was because the other librarians had frankly told the head Wretha's chatter bored them that she and Marian had the same mending afternoon.

This afternoon Marian planned wrappings for the Mother's Day gifts while she pasted backs on the worn books. She had some silver paper left from Christmas. She'd tie that with rose ribbon to match the negligee. She'd buy a Mother's Day card for the gift, writing Katherine's name with her own on it. She al-

ways wrote Katherine's name with hers when she bought gifts for the other members of the Tally family.

Birthdays had always been big occasions in the Tally home ever since Marian could remember but Mother's Day was the most joyous of all. This had been especially true in the old days when father had been the head architect in the Wilton Construction Company.

Even now when Frank, police reporter for *The Times*, and Marian, assistant in the children's department at Wayne library, were the only wage earners, birthdays and special days were still observed. But gifts were growing less and less expensive.

Father, who had been unable to find work since the Wilton company had laid off all its high salaried employees so that it could weather the depression, hardly noticed special days now. In fact, he seemed just to endure life as he pottered around the yard and the house, doing needed repair work and running errands.

Of course father didn't have money for gifts, any more than did nineteen-year-old Katherine, who was family housekeeper and caretaker for the younger children. But Frank and Marian never failed to remember to write her name on their gifts. So there was no reason for her being so unhappy when these special days arrived.

"It's hard every week to give mother the food money and put money in the bank for the rent and have so little for myself." Wretha was on family affairs now.

Marian wanted to cry out. Accord- to her lights it was disloyal to the Gray home for Wretha to tell how much she spent supporting her parents. Not for worlds would Marian have told that sometimes she and Frank had only a few dollars left from their weekly pay checks. It gave her a thrill to have the other librarians think the Tally family was still existing partly on its savings of former years. Never, never would she have admitted that those savings were exhausted.

"I told mother I'd have to give her groceries for a Mother's Day gift," Wretha's voice was sharp.

Marian seized an armful of mended books and flew into the children's reading room. She just couldn't stand any more of Wretha's chatter. She was afraid it would make her cry out the grief in her own heart. "I have my own family worries. Father is so broken and unhappy he makes my heart ache. Katherine's eyes look continually as if she had been crying herself to sleep nights. Lucille giggles until my ears ache and I don't blame her teachers for giving her low grades."

She might scream, "I have other troubles, too. Dr. Bob Warren has stopped even coming to the house and he's taking Mollie Drury to parties. Of course she asks him to go, but in time he'll be taking her to see his patients, just as she knows he used to take me."

She didn't blame Dr. Bob for preferring the Drury home to that of the Tallys. Mollie's father, a dentist, still had work to do. He was

jolly, not distraught and moodly like her father. Any young doctor, whose days were spent ministering to people sick in mind and body, would want happy places for his recreation hours.

The head librarian seemed to sense Marian's mood. "If you'll help Mollie Ruth with the stamp club, I'll work with Wretha," she smiled.

While she pasted stamps in the books of the tiniest members of the stamp club Marian wondered if she would in time become like Wretha, if the Tally home would grow like that of the Gray family. Even now they were getting edgy toward each other, especially she and Lucille. The evening before mother wheeled her chair into the kitchen to smooth out what threatened to become a bitter quarrel.

Last Christmas had not really been a happy time at the Tally home. Aunt Betty, who had come from New York for the occasion, had frankly said so. She had added to Marian, "I do hope the building in Lindendale picks up this spring. Your father is tragically unhappy."

"Father's sixty years old," Marian had been frank, too. "And when they start building, the younger men will be re-emplyoed first by the company. Dad will have to learn to entertain himself, Aunt Betty, for they probably will never take him back. I bring him the best books from the library, Frank all the out of town papers from the office and—"

"But darling," Aunt Betty had interrupted, "his greatest heartache comes because he isn't contributing to the support of the home as he always has done."

After that Marian was more gentle with father, just as gentle as with mother, who had been so brave since an automobile accident put her into a wheel chair. She bought him little gifts, she took him to lectures; but still he didn't smile or whistle "Susanna" as he had done in the old days.

And now Mother's Day was looming ahead of the Tallys, just three week away. If it were a counterpart of Christmas, Marian felt the home would crash.

A tugging at her bobbed curls! A boyish laugh. She turned to face her brother Charles, a junior at the technical high school. His eyes were sparkling. 'Sis," he began, "I just had to break in on you. Mr. Gerth visited Tech this afternoon, saw the tables I'm making for the new library and hired me right off the bat to build some new counters for his store."

"Charles, you genius!" Marian's eyes sparkled. "Read something for a little while so that we can go home together. I've something wonderful to show you."

She couldn't help talking then. While she slipped into her light coat she told Wretha about the rose negligee she was going to buy for mother. "And I'm taking Charles by the window to show him the slippers to match it."

Half an hour later a hurt Marian and a determined Charles sat opposite each other at the Tally dinner table. He told her that he was going to build the counters for Mr. Gerth and let the pay for them go on

the grocery bill. "I reckon I live at home," he said, "and it hurts to eat food you and Frank buy with money you need yourselves. I'll make something for mother. She'll like it."

He had seemed unfair to her. If she complained about using her salary to keep the home as Wretha did, she would have deserved that from Charles. She told Frank so after father, mother and Katherine had gone to grandmother's for the evening. Lucille had giggled away to meet friends, and Charles was out at the garage "looking over things,' as he said.

"I can't get anyone interested in Mother's Day either," Marian's voice was edgy again. "When I suggested Katherine bake a special cake she was almost cross and—"

"You quit talking about Katherine;" the fat twin, who had been working arithmetic problems with his brother in the dining-room was at the doorway, his face distorted with anger. "I guess if you were her and didn't have any money to buy presents, you'd despise baking cakes to give away. I reckon you'd cry like she does and wish she could go shopping and I reckon—"

He was sobbing now. The thin twin, who came to comfort him, was storming out in defense of Katherine. And before either of them knew how it happened, the fat twin was on Frank's knees, and the thin one in Marian's arms, being petted to their heart's content.

Later Frank promised to take them to the next circus if they kept secret the affairs of that evening. And later they sang while they undressed in their room. Marian and Frank talked over what the twins had said.

"Now that we know exactly what's wrong with this family," Frank was very determined, "we'll put this home on a new basis. Charles can help work out the grocery bill, and we're going to buy lumber and paint for father to repaint this house and build a new sleeping porch and feel he is contributing to the home, and—"

"We'll make gifts for Mother's Day," Marian's eyes were shining, "just as we did when we were tiny shavers. We can have father and Charles refinish great grandmother's furniture out in the garage and we girls will make new curtains and pillows and—"

"I'll refinish the floor if I get my knees full of splinters," Frank was laughing now. "Exit Lord and lady Bountiful and enter two new members of the Tally home."

Then the family was home again. While Frank talked over the question of making over mother's room as a Mother's Day gift for her, Marian tucked her into bed and dialed the station she liked best on the radio Aunt Betty had sent her.

She found father and Charles explaining different brands of wax to Frank when she was back in the room with them. Katherine was sketching a new kind of cushion for Lucille, and all of them were enthusiastic and gay.

Suddenly Charles turned to his father. "Dad, if you'll teach me something about paints, maybe we can get

the job of repainting Mr. Gerth's store," he said. "It needs it terribly and if we take groceries in pay, I'm sure we can persuade him to do it."

As father and Charles left the house together the next morning the sun seemed to shine more beautifully than it had for many days. "He simply had gotten so discouraged hunting for work he didn't think of making jobs as Charles has done," Marian confided to Frank.

She met Katherine at noon to shop for curtain and comfort material. First they had lunch together in the tea room Marian loved most. That meant postponing the purchase of new oxfords, but the light in Katherine's eyes as she tasted the salad and chatted about new ways to serve food at home repaid her for any sacrifices she might make over it.

It was while they shopped that Katherin who knew so well how to hunt bargains, stepped into the role of leader, which role she held as the three girls sewed together evenings making frilly curtains, beautiful pillows and a warm, sateen comforter.

Katherine danced up and down stairways now as she had done in high school days when she had helped Marian, two years her senior, with her compositions. And father, who directed his sons as they turned the garage into a workshop and old furniture into new, whistled "Susana" so lustily that mother laughed in a delicious, girlish way.

One evening father was late for dinner. When he came in his hands were black with grease. "Young Doc Warner was having trouble with his car down in front of Maceys," he said. "And I stopped to help him tinker with the engine. Well," he was triumphant, "we got it fixed and saved him a garage bill. He wanted to take me out to dinner some evening for helping him, but I," his eyes twinkled, "I just told him to stop in some evening and eat with us and we'd call it even."

Marian's heart gave some rapid little beats, and she quite missed Frank's whisper, "Dad's himself again, thank heaven."

And it was Mother's Day morning, with all of them except father wearing pink snapdragon from Lucille's plants which she had started under glass. Father's white carnation was his tribute to Grandmother Tally who had gone down the long trail years before.

And then mother was in her pretty new room, touching her things with fluttery adoring hands, crying out excitedly, "This is the loveliest Mother's Day of my whole life. The very happiest!"

They went to church together—the Tallys—just as they had done in the old days before the depression had struck. And the thin twin nestled his fingers in Marian's as they sang together from the same book. On the other side was Charles, who had told her only that morning of how many orders to refinish furnishings he and father had for their garage shop, as he proudly called it.

Young Dr. Bob Warren waited outside the church to shake hands with the family and tell mother that she had the biggest representation in church. He reminded father of his invitation to dinner and when it was

given for that day walked home between Marian and the thin twin.

Frank pushed mother's chair down Main street to give her a little air on the way home. They stopped in front of the great Blaine store and the family looked in at the windows. And Marian saw with a start the rose negligee through which the silver threads ran in such an alluring way.

Suddenly mother pointed to it. "Father," she exclaimed, "that's almost like the one I had when Marian was a baby. We called it a kimono then. You said it ruined my complexion and I gave it to my colored washwoman. As I look at it I can understand why you didn't want me trailing around the house in that trying color."

Marian's arm tightened around the thin twin's shoulders. She looked at father, who was straight and smiling again at pretty Lucille whose giggles were really silvery, at Charles, who was so close to father now. They were all talking and laughing together about the white "grandmother" shawl, as they termed it, even Dr. Bob Warren. How beautifully their laughter blended together—just like a perfect symphony. Oh, what a wonderful Mother's Day this was for all the Tallys! For Marian as well as mother herself!

THIS IS HER DAY

This is her day—though every day is hers,
  Brimmed as they are with urgent tasks and deeds:
The glad young mother who must daily meet
  Small children's constant needs.

This is her day: the mother who has seen
  Her children grow like young corn in the sun:
Tall, straight, and clean, who takes a keen delight
  And pride in every one.

This is her day—the mother now grown old,
  Who folds her hands, and slowly rocks her chair,
Who nods and smiles across the gathering dusk
  At a child who is not there.

This is their day, the mothers of the world—
  And the whole nation pauses as it should,
To honor them who know the poignant pain—
  And joy of motherhood.

—Grace Noll Crowell.

THIRTY CENTS AND MOTHER

By Grace Krogh

"If only I have enough," breathed Tom as he shook a few pennies out of his bank. One by one they fell to the rug. Two five-cent pieces followed and then there were no more tiny clinking sounds. Tom had emptied the small iron bank entirely.

"One, two, four, five," counted the boy. "Oh, shucks, five pennies and two nickles! I thought sure there was more than that! Let's see."

He rummaged around in his pockets for a while, until there was a heap of boyish belonging on the bed. A ball of twine, a scrap of paper, stubby pencil, two nails, a key, a clip, notebook, penpoint, knife, and one shiny dime!

"Oh, boy!" grinned Tom as he spied this last. "I knew I had some more money some place. That's the dime I saved from last week's allowance. Those nickels are the ones Mrs. Graham gave me for minding the baby yesterday. And those pennies—let's see—oh, yes! They're saved from the time I started to collect pennies. Twenty-five cents! Well, that's not going to buy much of a present for mother. And Mother's Day is tomorrow! I wonder?"

Tom gazed reflectively at the heap on the bed. His eyes turned to the bureau, where stood a brown box, carved of Japanese wood.

"There must be! Oh, if only there is some money in there!" he whispered as he lifted the box from its resting place. "Sure enough!" he cried in delight. "Sure enough! I knew there just had to be some in there. Five cents, though! Well, that makes thirty, and I'm positively sure there isn't another cent of mine around here any place."

Tom frowned and regarded the tiny mound of coins disdainfully.

"Thirty cents! Now what in the world can I buy mother with that? Thirty cents to show how much I love her and appreciate all she does for me! Shucks! It isn't anything near enough. Won't buy candy, and mother's fond of that. Won't buy silk stockings, and I know she'd like those. Won't buy writing paper, and I know she needs some. Won't buy—oh, guess it won't buy anything.

The small boy placed the miscellaneous articles back in his pocket and carefully transferred the money to a separate one. Then he walked slowly downstairs.

Tom wandered out to the kitchen where mother generally was. Yes, there she was, as usual on Saturday, baking and cooking so he'd have all the things he liked best. What a pretty mother she was, too! Kind, understanding brown eyes, pink cheeks and wavy brown hair. And the nicest mouth! Tom loved his mother's mouth, and the dimple right in the corner of it! The boy leaned against the door-post and sighed. His mother deserved the best, and what had he to give her? Thirty cents! Somehow, the sight of mother rolling out cookies and moving so gracefully about the bright kitchen brought a

lump to Tom's throat. Dear mother! Thirty cents! Tom swallowed hard and said:

"Going down the street, Muz. I'm going to take a little walk. Be back soon, and then I'll go on the errands you said you wanted me to do for you."

"All right, Son," smiled Mrs. Raine, as she carefully set a tray filled with hot brown cookies on the table. "When you come back these will be cool and you can have some."

"Thanks, Mother," smiled Tom. He had to fumble to find the latch on the door because of the mist before his eyes. Thirty cents! Thirty cents and mother!

The boy sauntered down the main shopping street of the little town, watching for something nice which cost but thirty cents. His troubled blue eyes peered longingly in each shop window. My, but there were lots of pretty things for mother! But all of them held signs; $2.50 said one; $5.00 said another. All of them cost so much.

Tom passed the candy shop with his head turned the other way. Of course, he could get a quarter pound of those special kind of milk chocolates that mother liked. But quarter pound! Quarter pound and mother! For thirty cents he could buy about a pound of those licorice baby candies, but then, he liked them and mother didn't No, candy just would not do.

Tom looked at the silk stocking but a minute. They were out of the question, of course. And even the pretty, fancy garters, with ribbon and rosebuds were fifty cents!

"Mother would adore those," yearn- the boy with a sigh.

There was a jewelry store, too, but Tom hurried past that. There was not even any use in looking, for the boy knew that in that window was a lovely dinner service of gold. Just what he knew mother would love. Just what he wanted to buy her. But thirty cents! Thirty cents—and mother!

Tom passed the stationery store, too, with but a glance at the dainty writing paper, the gaily-colored quill pens, and the desk sets! Wouldn't mother just love that green set for her desk?

Suddenly a sign flashed across the boy's eyes. "Flowers." Flowers, of course! Why, mother just loved flowers. She always had a nice garden in the summer, and during the winter she nursed a plant or two along, coaxing it to bloom for her. Tom grinned to himself in a pleased sort of way, and walked boldly up to the window. Little plants stood about in brave array, trying to look as fine as the sweet peas and roses next to them. Red roses. Red roses for love! That's what he wanted for mother!

The blue eyes gazed earnestly into the brown ones of the girl who came up to wait on him. The girl smiled and Tom smiled back.

"How much are roses?" he asked carelessly, thinking to himself in the meantime, "Dollar a dozen, I can get Muz three and some sprays of baby's breath to go with them."

"Roses are two, two and a half,

and three dollars a dozen," the girl told him.

Tom's happy grin faded. He looked around the little shop earnestly, searchingly.

"Well, how much are sweet peas?" he asked. If he couldn't have roses, he'd take sweet peas. Mother liked them.

"Seventy-five cents a bunch," he was informed.

"Well—well, haven't you anything cheaper than that?"

"We have some small plants here. What did you want to pay, Sonny?" the brown eyes smiled understandingly. "These begonias are nice. They are twenty-five, fifty and a dollar."

"Muz has two begonias now," mourned Tom. "Haven't you anything else? How much are those pretty red plants over there?"

"The geraniums? They're thirty-five cents."

Tom's heart sank. He fingered the thirty cents in his pocket nervously.

He sighed, turning away. "I've only got thirty cents!"

The brown-eyed girl looked compassionately at the disappointed face of the boy. She knew, too, what it was to have only a little money and want to buy something nice for mother. She hesitated and looked from the plants to Tom and back to the plants again. Then she turned questioning eyes to the proprietor of the shop. The young man nodded his head ever so slightly.

"Oh, Sonny," called the girl, as Tom prepared to leave the shop, "I'll let you have the plant for thirty cents if you want it."

Tom's freckled face lit up with a charming smile.

"Oh," he gasped, "would you really? Oh, I think that's great! I'd like a red one if you don't mind, please. Mother likes red flowers. She says they brighten up the house so."

"Yes, they do," agreed the girl as she took a bright red geranium from the window. "Here's a nice one, and it has two buds on it, too."

Tom smiled at her gratefully as she prepared to wrap it up.

"Oh, eh, Charlotte," spoke the young man, "just put one of those crepe paper covers on that plant for the kid, will you? It improves a plant just about one hundred per cent, and we can give him one."

"All right," smiled Charlotte. "I think a green one would look best on this."

"Boy, that looks fine!" rejoiced Tom as the cover was slipped over the pot. "But, I guess I shouldn't have that when I get the plant cheaper, should I?" He spoke anxiously.

"Well, not exactly," the girl told him. "These are ten cents to anyone else, but Alex' heart is softer than his head, that's why you get it. It won't hurt him, though. He thinks a good deed comes back to him. He knows what he does for you means something nice will happen to him later. Alex's all right. He's nice."

"Thanks a lot," Tom breathed fervently as he clasped the plant tightly in his arms and left the store. "It's awfully nice of you to give it to me."

It didn't take the happy boy long

to reach home with his gift.

"Muz," he called excitedly as he entered the house. "Muz, see what I have for you!"

Mrs. Raine turned from her baking, and wiped floury hands on her pretty checked apron.

"Oh, Tommy," she cried in a pleased voice. "Oh, Tommy boy, did you buy that for mother?"

"You bet I did!" Tom assured her. "I bought it for you for Mother's Day, 'cause you're the nicest mother in all the world! It isn't what I wanted to get for you. It isn't much. I wanted to buy red roses Mother, 'cause they stand for love, but they cost an awful lot more money than I had and so I bought this. Do you like it, Mother do you? I love you such a lot more than this, but it's all the money I had, so I hope you like it."

As Tom's mother listened to the excited outburst, a glow came into her eyes, and a moisture, too. She wiped happy tears away with the back of her hand, and then she said in a low, sweet voice just brimming over with love.

"Tommy boy, you're just the best son in the world and this little plant pleases me more than all the roses in the world could. I'd rather have this and your love than anything else on earth!"

Tom returned the tight squeeze his mother gave him and grinned. Thirty cents and mother! Why, it wasn't the cost of the gift all all! Tom knew that. He knew that just saying "I love you" to mother meant more to her than any amount of money he could save in a whole year.

"Oh, Mother, I love you," he told her smiling happily.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fisher and son, Jesse, Jr., spent a few days in Whiteville last week. They report having had a very nice trip.

—o—

Our farm manager reports that about two acres in the rear of the dairy barn have been planted in beets for feeding purposes. A small quantity of these beets was planted last year, but because of unfavorable weather conditions, the yield was not very good. A good stand is reported this year and we are hoping for much better results in attempting to grow this fine feed supply.

—o—

Another case of acute appendicitis developed at the School last week. Henry Chester, of Cottage No. 10, was taken to the Concord Hospital last Saturday morning, and was operated upon immediately. According to the latest report from the hospital Henry is getting along very nicely.

The scene from the west side of the campus, embracing a large area of grassed lands, is now a most beautiful sight. The ground is carpeted with young green grass, and the contour of the landscape is rolling enough to add greatly to the beauty of the picture. It is indeed a most pleasing sight.

—o—

In spite of the inclement weather, quite a number of the members of our staff visited historic old Rocky River Church last Sunday, where the annual May meeting was held. They report that the crowds at both the morning and afternoon services were very much smaller than usual. In addition to being an event of much interest to citizens of this section, the May meeting has become a home-coming day for those who reside in distant places.

—o—

The truth of the old adage that "it is an ill wind that blows no good," was lliustrated by the report brought to the School by a local sawyer stating that 24,104 feet of lumber had been salvaged from the trees uprooted by the cyclone a few weeks ago. While we regret the loss of many of these trees from the campus, this lumber will be a welcome addition to our carpenter shop supplies, as lumber for repair work has been very scarce during the past two or three years, and many repair jobs had to be passed up entirely while others were just fixed temporarily because of the scarcity of materials. Beside having our lumber supply greatly increased, we will have quite a number of posts for fencing purposes, and great quantities of fuel have been added to our wood-piles. The wooded land, which is only a very small portion of the Training School tract, looks very much de-nuded since the passing of the storm.

—o—

Rev. Walter Miller, pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, was scheduled to conduct the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday, but through some misunderstanding he failed to appear at the regular time. After the boys had assembled in the auditorium it was learned that he was out of town. Superintendent Boger then called Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, explaining the situation, to which he replied that he would be out in a few minutes. While awaiting his arrival the boys enjoyed singing a number of their favorite hymns.

For the Scripture Lesson Rev. Mr. Arrowood read Acts 13: 5-12, following which he talked to the boys about "Sorcerers." He said that throughout the Bible and all history we find men who claim the power to do strange and marvelous things. In some places in Africa, according to stories related by missionaries, different tribes of savages have medicine men and women who concoct strange doses, claiming for them all sorts of power. For instance a certain dose is given to a man to enable him to overpower an enemy; another given to a boy in order that he might reach manhood; another horri-

ble dose is given to a child, one year old, to free it from all diseases until he becomes full grown, and many other foolish superstitions.

The speaker then cited many superstitions among the people of our own land among them being the burning of women supposed to be witches having evil power over the people of their community; the chain-letter, another form of superstition; the so-called unlucky thirteen, and many others. One particular instance cited by Rev. Mr. Arrowood was concerning a little child in the city of Concord. This youngster had a seriously infected leg. A physician was call in and he diagnosed the case correctly, called the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital at his own expense and made the necessary arrangements for the child's admission. In the meantime a neighbor told the child's mother she would never see him alive again if he was sent to the hospital. Instead she recommended a local sorcerer. He came and tried several of his "cures," but the child became gradually worse and nearly died. The parents then decided to accept the physician's advice, and the youngster was sent to the hospital, and at the last moment was saved from death by the skilled treatment of one of the South's best surgeons.

The speaker then said that only very ignorant people were the ones who carried out such superstitious practices as mentioned. Superstition is a belief which has no sound basis.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Arrowood stated that there is but one God and He is in charge of the world. It is through Him that the evils which are attacking the morale of people of the world can be overcome. Just as any sane person, suffering physically, would call on a reputable physician, just so we should, when in need of spiritual help, should turn to the healing power of God, and if we put our faith in Him, there need be no fear as to the outcome of our battle against the evil influences encountered as we journey through life.

FEELIN' FINE

They ain't not use in kickin', friend,
If things don't come your way;
It does no good to holler 'round, an'
Grumble night and day.
The thing to do's to curb your grief,
Cut out your little whine;
An' when they ask you how you are,
Jest say, "I'm feelin' fine."

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 5, 1935

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since the method was adopted March, 10, 1935.

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(4) Erwin Martin 5
(3) William McCormick 6
(9) Robert Radford 9
(4) Earl Rogers 8
(5) Hassel Shropshire 5
(7) Richard Sullivan 8
(4) Louis Tarkington 6
(4) Ashley Thompson 8
(2) Richard Tysinger 2
(4) Vermont Whitley 5
Jerome Warren
(2) Wiley Willoughby 2

COTTAGE No. 1

(2) Homer Bunn 4
Douglas Carter 2
(5) William Goodson 6
(2) Herman Lamm 7
Ivan Morrozoff 4
(6) Claude McLaughlin 6
(7) Millard Owenby 8
William Pitts
(2) Bunn Shoe 3
James Sims
Oscar White
(4) Eugene Whitt 5
(4) Junius Yarborough 5

COTTAGE No. 2

(2) James Cooper 6
(3) Thomas Horton 8
(2) Lemuel Murphy 3
(3) Henry Tucker 5
Barney Watson

COTTAGE No. 3

Claude Hicks 2
Frank Hutchins 3
F. E. Mickle 4
Robert Poole 2
John Walsh 5
Harvey Watson

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Carlton Calloway 2
(9) Fleming Collins 9
(5) Robert Conklin 6
(3) Wayne Fowler 4
Glenn Haymore
(2) Ralph Johnson 2
(2) Irwin Luther 4
(2) Jack McRary 3
Bobby Orrell 3
Lloyd Pettus 2
(3) Clyde Reece 4
(2) Wheeler Sturdivant 2
Melvin Walters 3

COTTAGE No. 5

(2) William Ange 4
William Ballew 4
(3) Connie Dickens 5
(2) William Hare 4
(3) Maynard Hicks 8
(4) Randolph Miller 4
(2) Robert Worthington 7

COTTAGE No. 6

Earl Barnes 4
Thomas Hamilton 3
(3) John McCoy 5
Joseph Sanford 3
David O. White

COTTAGE No. 7

William Green 4
(7) J. B. Murray 7
(4) Theodore Nines 5
Lewis Parker 6
Cling Shelton 2
Floyd Watkins 6
(2) Douglas Wilkes 3

COTTAGE No. 8

(9) John Auton 9
(3) Sam Belk 6
Harry Flowe 7
(3) Jesse Freeman 6
Haynes Hewett
John Maxwell
(2) John Penninger 3

COTTAGE No. 9

Esker Childress
William Craven
(2) Charles Crotts 3
Randolph Davis 3
(5) Lee Dickens 8
(2) Woodfin Fowler 4
Jack Livesay 2
Thomas McCausley 2
(4) Homer Smith 5
(5) Ed Lee White 7
(5) Bryan Williams 8

COTTAGE No. 10

Jack Baity 8
Harold Brown 2
Jack Carver 2
Henry Chester 3
Norwood Cockerham 3
Lewis Hanna
(8) James Kellam 8
(5) William Knight 5
(3) Steve Talbert 5
(2) Fred Ward 6

COTTAGE No. 11

(6) Bennie Holland 7
(6) Bennie Moore 7
(4) James Rector 5
(2) Charles Smith 5
(6) Lee Watkins 6
(2) Adolph Watson 2
(5) Cecil Webb 7

COTTAGE No. 12

Alphus Bowman 2
Joseph Cox 2
Paul Eason 3
(5) Horace Faulkner 5
Franklin Hensley
Eli Philemon 7
Glenn O'Quinn 2
(7) Homer Quick 8
Thomas Welch 4
Olive Weaver 3

COTTAGE No. 13

Clarence Douglas 5
Randolph Foy
Bernis Kirby
(2) Jennings Norris 5
Linwood Potter 4
(9) Eugene Smith 9
(3) Howard Wilson 6

COTTAGE No. 14

(4) Jack Comer 7
Elzie Carpenter 2
(2) Nelson Daubenmeyer 2
Henry Hallman
(3) Hobart Johnson 5
Joseph Stockton 4

COTTAGE No. 15

(2) Robert Alexander 8
(2) Marvin Ashe 3
(2) Denver Beshears 5
(2) John Caddell 8
(2) George Gibson 5
(4) Earl Hill 4
Clarence Lingerfelt 2
(4) Edward Martin 4
(2) William Moose 4
(2) George McManus 2
(2) Marvin Malcolm 4
Gilbert Murray 6
(6) Sam Pegram 8
Charles Pennell 4
(4) Paul Rhodes 6
(5) Marshall Scoggins 5
Glenn Stewart 7
Robert Teeter 4
(2) Roy Wyrick 4

WOMAN

Not she with traitorous kiss her Savior stung,
Not she denied Him with unholt tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could dangers brave,
Last at the cross and earliest at the grave.

—Eaton Stannard Barrett.

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CAROLINA RO

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., MAY 18, 1935 No. 20

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CHARITY

For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administered is best.
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity;
All must be false that thwart this one great end;
And all of God, that bless mankind or mend.

—Alexander Pope.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

WHEN IS MAN EDUCATED?

When he can look out upon the universe, now lucid and lovely, now dark and terrible, with a sense of his own littleness in the great scheme of things, and yet have faith and courage. When he knows how to make friends and keep them, and above all, when he can keep friends with himself. When he loves flowers, can hunt the birds without a gun and feels the stir of a forgotten joy in the laugh of a child. When star-crowned trees, and the glint of sunlight on flowing waters, subdue him like the memory of one much loved and long dead. When he can be happy alone, and high-minded amid the meaner drudgeries of life. When he can look into a wayside puddle and see something besides mud, and into the face of the most forlorn mortal and see something beyond sin. When he kows how to live, how to love, how to hope, how to pray—glad to live and not afraid to die, in his hand a sword for evil, in his heart a bit of song—Joseph Fort Newton.

WITHOUT A VISION PEOPLE PERISH

Those of us who recall conditions of the public schools of Cabarrus county, something like ten, twelve or fifteen years ago in their primitive state, when the buildings were badly constructed, poorly lighted, inadequately heated, with uncomratble home-made desks and seats, and the children were forced to trudge miles to school in all kinds of weather, can well appreciate and rejoice in the great transformation that gives to the rural children equal advantages with the city children.

The evolution of the rural schools of Cabarrus is an occasion for genuine pride and whole-hearted approval. If errors have been made in this haste of progress, even in the face of depression, they were made in the interest and glory of childhood and not for self-glory.

It is better to blunder in an effort to do something for humanity and one's community than to just sit and vegetate,—for to have tried and failed is better than never to have tried at all.

This "presto-change" from the primitive school buildings to the commodious public school buildings, splendidly equipped with an environment attractive and pleasing, and a corps of teachers to meet the requirements seems like a Utopian dream, or a sudden transformation made possible by the magic touch of a mystic power.

This is what has happened in Cabarrus, our county children are realizing a fair deal in educational advantages, and in this we felicitate the county superintendent of public instruction, S. G. Hawfield, and his splendid co-workers Hon. W. R. Odell, Messrs Bob Hartsell and G. G. Allen, of Kannapolis.

These men, servants of the people, entrusted with a great responsibility, a strong evidence of the confidence of the people, have arisen to the demands of the times, placing Cabarrus county educationally to the front in the state. In conclusion will add that "a task without a vision is drudgery, and a vision without a task is only a dream," but in this instance there is not the least evidence of just a "dreamer", because every dream has become a reality.

* * * * * * *

THE FIRST LITERARY FUND

The years of 1836-37 mark the era that gave to us the nucleus of funds, the inspiration of our fine public school system. Just about that time the federal government had a surplus of funds amounting to $28,000,000, and the question was how to distribute that amount. It was finally decided to distribute it to each state on a basis of representation in Congress. The portion coming to North Carolina amounted to $1,433,757.39, and is recorded in history as the "First Literary Fund," used specifically for public education.

There is a marked difference as to the activities of the legislature of yesteryears, and that of present date. Previously by, the law makers had something to build upon, a surplus, but today the

deficit is an occasion for worry, not knowing just where to strike to find a revenue to keep the machinery of the state running without embarrassment.

The surplus one hundred years ago was augmented by the sale of lands in the West, this fund was judiciously distributed for the benefit of all, giving an impetus to the progress and interest in the school system of our country.

Next year the North Carolina Education Association will plan a centennial celebration in the schools with appropriate programs in all schools throughout the state, emphasizing the genesis of the occasion.

Possibly the goal has not been reached in making the masses realize and profit by the wonderful educational advantages offered the children of the state, regardless of class or race, but one is obliged to admit the progress made in every sense of the word has been most wonderful. No one would step back to the days of the old-log-school-house of ante-bellum days.

* * * * * * *

THE PRIZE ESSAY

From "The Sanatorium Sun" is taken one of the prize essays, written by a student in some Iowa High School, and this essay was judged as one of the best among approximately 5,000 papers submitted by pupils of one hundred and twenty-seven schools in the state. The prize winner was given a scholarship in Drake University, Iowa. The reward was fine, but the greatest lesson to be learned is that the schools of Iowa realize the value of the health of the child, first and last. A sound mind is a rqeuisite, but impossible to develop the mind if the body is not well. The prize essay will be found elsewhere in this issue.

This tribute from Chief-Justice Hughes taken from an address as he looked out over a group of boys and girls, also emphasizes the best care of health of children:

> "Fellow-citizens, we desire to conserve our natural resources. We pride ourselves on the riches of our country in mine, forest and field; but these boys and girls are our true resources, without which all else fails.

"No nation dare forget the health of its children. They will fail and we too if by any chance we put mine and forest and field ahead of them. They are the future citizens. The reins of state and nation, politically, economically and religiously, will fall into their hands. Their ability to meet the responsibilities that will inevitably come to them will depend more than we suppose on our thought of them and our attitude toward them now. They are clay in our hands now, and we may mold them much as we will."

* * * * * * *

THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS

Here are given a few of the salient phrases in President Roosevelt's address Sunday night to the nation on the work-relief program:

"Never since my inauguration in March, 1933, have I felt so unmistakably the atmosphere of recovery. * * * It is the recovery of confidence in our Democratic processes and institutions.

"Fear is vanishing and confidence is growing on every side, renewed faith in the vast possibilities of human beings to improve their material and spiritual status through the instrumentality of Democratic government.

"The administration and the Congress are not proceeding in any haphazard fashion in the task of government.

"Americans as a whole are feeling a lot better—a lot more cheerful than for many, many years.

"My most immediate concern is carrying out the purposes of the great work program just enacted by the Congress.

"The program for social security now pending before the Congress is a necessary part of the future unemployment policy of the government."

* * * * * * *

EXCERPTS—SENATOR BAILEY

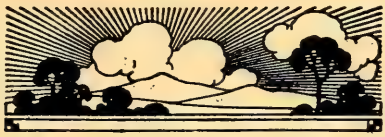
The great achievements in government may be said to be the impartial administration of justice. That justice is the only jus-

tification of government; that justice is the reason for the existence of government; and that justice is the soul of the progress of civilization. The Permanent Court of International Justice is not to settle disputes by arbitration, but by ways of a court of justice. This court is intended for nothing more or less than a tribunal of judges dedicated to truth and justice. This Permanent Court of International Justice is proposed by 50 nations of the earth, for the specific purpose of settling disputes and controversies, by and through the principles that justified the existence of government.

* * * * * * *

FINALLY NO GRADE CROSSINGS

In the gigantic works-relief program the administration is determined to eliminate railroad crossings. This step is commended; it is accepted as one of the worthiest of the huge projects in which public funds are used for the unemployed; it will also contribute greatly to highway safety, besides expedite the efforts of railroads to speed up transportion in competing with other transportation systems. Any stream-lined train when halted at one of the grade crossings loses momentum, therefore, it takes considerable power to overcome the loss of speed. Every one understands that a loss of time in this period of extreme competition means a loss in business, and that means a loss financially. But the greatest tragedies from the dangerous grade crossings is the toll of life.



RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

A SWEET REWARD

How sweet t'will be at evening
If you and I can say,
"Good Shepherd, we've been seeking
The lambs that went astray;
Heart-sore, and faint with hunger,
We heard them making moan,
And lo! we come at nightfall
Bringing them safely home!"

—o—

Idleness travels so slow that it does not take poverty long to overtake it.

—o—

It looks now as if prosperity had become the plaything of the politicians. It would not be a bad idea to send the polticians around the corner for a while.

—o—

Here is really "sound" advice. A woman writer advises girls never to marry men who always talk loudly. Talk is allowed, of course, but should not be elevated to the house-top.

—o—

Congressmen spent some time in a controversy to determine which state's apples were the best. It would not be out of place for them to determine which state has the biggest hogs, when it comes to feeding at the public trough.

—o—

A statistical expert is listing the most common causes of tiredness. I hope he will not overlook the crooners—and static.

—o—

Mussolini offered money prizes to couples marrying, and 4,412 Italians were married in one day. A witty fellow says that when the Duce plays Cupid, it seems, that Cupid plays the deuce.

—o—

It is said that an Indiana farmer recently found a watch that had been buried on his farm for five years. Like a good many people, for the last five years, it was not working.

—o—

A false idea is abroad in the land that we must share the wealth with some one else without helping to produce wealth. It is created wealth, not divided wealth that makes for permanent good times. If we are not producers, we are parasites living on some one else. That is not a healthy condition. If we will turn our attention to creating wealth, instead of waiting to share it from some one else's labors—being a ward on the nation—then we shall get somewhere.

—o—

This send-a-dime chain letter business is the newest skin game, and shows that all of the fools are not dead yet, but rather an increase in them. Some people are losing their heads over it. They do not stop to figure the thing out. In the first place it is a violation of the postal and lottery laws. It is going to be

arrested, and a lot of people are going to be arrested with it. However one postal inspector has figured it through to a finish. More than 305,000,000 would receive letters. The first 3,911, if you were in at the start, receiving the letters, would produce dimes to the amount of $6,103,505.50. The rest would get nothing. Remember these figures when the inevitable letter is dropped in your mail box. And if you answer it and send your dime, you are liable to be arrested and prosecuted.

—o—

During the past week I have been attending to the Master's business. As a delegate I attendded the 119th annual convention of the Episcopal church in the Diocese of North Carolin, which met in the beautiful St. Timothy's church, at Wilson, on the 7th and 8th inst. There was a large attendance of the clergy and laity, and the zeal and interest manifested in the work of the church was most gratifying. Encouraging reports on the growth and various phases of the church work during the past year were made to the churchmen present. After some debate, and referring the matter to a special committee, to recommend proceedure, the convention, by resolution, refused to cede to the Western North Carolina diocese the counties of Yadkin, Iredell and Forsyth, which had been asked for.. By resolution passed it was proposed a three-year "forward" movement,—that 1935 be dedicated to religious education; 1936 to Diocesans missions; and 1937 to adoption of evangelism. A committee was appointed to arrange and put the proposition into operation. The convention selected Warrenton as the meeting place in 1936. What greater service can a man render than work for the Master's kingdom—doing religious work. Religion is the daughter of heaven, parent of our virtues and source of all true felicity; she alone gives peace and contentment, divests the heart of anxious cares, and bursts on the mind a flood of joy, and sheds unmingled and perpetual sunshine in the pious breast. She promotes love and good will among men. This the convention did among those attending.

—o—

Wilson is a thrifty city. It radiates the air of progress and a live community. Its business blocks have all the aspects of a growing town. Its long beautiful streets, bordered on either side with superbly kept, lovely residences; its handsome church edifices, and its lead in the tobacco mart of the wrold, are its pride and glory. It has just cause to be proud of its achievements. Its splendid citizenry is the soul of hospitality. The Episcopal convention was entertained in a royal manner. Wilsonians took the clergy and the laity to their hearts and homes with a cordiality that made a deep impression upon the visitors. The ladies of St. Timothy's church were untiring and unexcelled in the luncheons they so excellently and bountifully prepared for the two hundred or more conventions present. It was a feast of good things, and a flow of the most kindly Christian spirit that gave an impetus of joy to the events

of the gathering. Every wish was anticipated and every courtesy possible was shown the new-made visiting church friends. Wilson has made a host of new friends and en- in their hearts. My lines fell into most delightful of places. It was my extreme delight to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Sheppard, in their beautiful home, which is a tourists eden, where people from all parts of the country "bide a wee," and enjoy the hospitality of the charming host and hostess, where lovely flowers, especially gorgeous roses, in flaming colors, greet you with their cheerful presence and charming aroma, and welcome you to a beautiful town, and to the kindness of some of the "best people on earth."

ALL ROADS THAT LEAD TO GOD ARE GOOD

All roads that lead to God are good,
What matters it, your faith or mine;
If both center in the goal divine
Of love's eternal brotherhood.

Before the oldest book was writ,
Full many a prehistoric soul
Arrived at that unchanging goal,
Through boundless love that leads to it.

A thousand creeds have come and gone;
What matters that to you or me?
Creeds are but the branches of a tree,
While the root of love goes on and on.

Though branch by branch be withered wood,
The rest is warm with precious wine;
Then keep your faith and leave me mine—
All roads that lead to God are good.

—Selected.

THE FOE OF YOUTH

By George Fraser

Tuberculosis kills more people between the ages of fifteen and forty-five than any other disease. In 1930 more than fifty thousand persons between these ages died in America, and for every annual death there are eighteen other cases—half active; half inactive.

Truly tuberculosis is youth's greatest disease foe. And it doesn't just happen. Do you want to know the reason for this frightful waste of youth? Then let me tell you. Tuberculosis comes from tuberculosis just as weeds come from weeds. And every case of tuberculosis comes from another. People spread it to others when they are not even conscious of having the disease. If habits are careless, a child living in a home where one is sick with tuberculosis is almost certain to get the germs in his body. Tuberculosis is so common and so constantly spread from person to person that where there is the slightest suspicion, as in those children with colds hanging on for weeks, or those with bronchitis or asthma, the tuberculin test should be utilized. If it is positive, proving conclusively that the body harbors tuberculosis germs, then physical and X-ray examinations should follow, to decide the question of activity.

Before the advent of clean milk, our children's hospitals were filled with thousands of pitiful sights, little ones with suppurating glands and bones and distorted spines. But clean milk stopped that sort of tuberculous infection. We can stop it all if we will. Tuberculin tests and X-ray study of all positive reactors will bring the diagnosis into the open. Finally, segregation and treatment will remove all active cases, those that now are unconsciously but subtly spreading the disease.

Tuberculosis is indeed subtle, like a thief in the night, for one may have the disease, active and without symptoms for a long time, and be ignorant of the fact.

Just as mass tuberculin tests have been the means of diagnosing tuberculosis in cattle, so mass tuberculin tests will reveal tuberculosis in humans. Fortunately, more interest is being manifested, now that the public recognizes that tuberculosis must be fought in childhood in order to be battled successfully.

As an example of definite interest in this problem and of active measures for control, I am happy to tell you that not over twenty-five miles from my home, in a nearby college, mass tuberculin tests on the college students were tried. They revealed hundreds of positive reactions, and X-ray studies picked up quite a number of active cases. Mass tuberculin testing in our public schools and colleges, followed by X-ray studies with segregation and treatment of active cases, would soon control the spread of tuberculosis. Also mass tuberculin testing of all those engaged in dust industries would detect enormous numbers of active cases in adults.

My friends, be happy in the know-

ledge that tuberculosis can be diagnosed early enough to be cured, and the earlier the diagnosis the better the chance for cure, also that childhood tuberculosis is not to be feared, for early diagnosis assures an early cure. Treatment consists in putting the patient at rest in the fresh air and supplying him with wholesome, nourishing food. Cures are made at home very successfully in childhood —but later, institutional treatment more often becomes necessary.

My friends, do let us have your enthusiastic support by spreadng the true facts about tuberculosis, which is more than a medical problem, being also a great big sociological problem than can only be met successfully through united effort of all the people.

SUCCESS

This is success: to live beyond deceit,
Too big to play the liar or the cheat,
Too big to lean where burdens heavy grow,
Asking no favor from either friend or foe,
Standing to life and all that it may mean
With head erect and hands and conscience clean.

This is success: to live from year to year
Not always asking for sunny skies and clear;
But wise enough to know and understand
Life never runs exactly as we've planned;
Seeking the best, but when the worst is met,
Taking the blow without too much regret.

This is success: with all to play the friend,
Willing to give and glad at times to lend,
Laughing and singing whenso'er you may,
But walking bravely through the rainy day,
Giving your best throughout the passing years,
Neither deceived by flattery nor by sneers.

This is success: the love of friends to win,
To taste no pleasure that may lead to sin;
To take no profit from the hand of shame,
But by a fair fight win or lose the game;
To get from life such triumphs as you can,
But still through good or ill to play the man.

—Selected.

COLONIAL CHURCHES IN OLD DOMINION

By Georgia Dickinson Wardlaw

One of the oldest of Virginia's Colonial Churches—after St. Luke's in Isle of Wight County—is a little brick church of marked simplicity, known as Merchant's Hope—set deep among the pines in the wider angle of the James and Appomattox Rivers, in what is today Prince George County.

Dating back to 1657—this quaint brick building a quadrange 60 by 30 feet, with walls three feet thick and tall round—arched windows—bears a striking resemblance to Ware Church in Gloucester, and Westover Church in Charles City County, both of which are of a considerably later date. But for the absence of ancient ivy clinging tenaciously to the weather-beaten brick over the entrance door, one might easily confuse Merchant's Hope with Mrs. Byrd's church.

Not often—if ever—did a church in Virginia come by its name as did Merchant's Hope, which was named for a small vessel that plied the Atlantic in the 1630's, bring cargoes from the Mother Country, and returning loaded with Virginia tobacco. This small vessel had given its name first, to the settlement which lay between such ancient seats as Bermuda Hundred, planted by Sir Thomas Dale, and Martin's Brandon—thence to the church which the settlement had bult.

A company of adventurers, including none other than in-laws of William Shakespeare, (among them Richard Quincy whose brother, Thomas, had married Shakespeare's daughter, Judith), had developed all that region—and it was the little ship—Merchant's Hope—that was freighted with their fortunes. Small wonder that the spirits of those romantic figures—sea roving adventurers, should haunt the secluded grounds of this sturdy little church, where the play of sunlight and shadows seems never ending.

For one reason or another the church seems never to have had the usual grave yard about it, though the long arms of the ancient pines which surround it offer a shelter and shade indescribably restful. Perhaps it was because the estates of the James River gentry near by were so large, and their houses so widely separated, that the custom of private graveyards prevailed, as that eminent authority on Colonial Churches in Virginia, H. Irving Brock, writes was the case in many parts of Virginia.

One cannot leave the quaint little church of Merchan't Hope, without marvelling at the consideration given space and solidarity—when building in the wilderness that was Virginia 300 years ago. For at Old Merchan't Hope are aisles six feet wide—paved with tiles 18 inches square, which on the under side bear a stamp of import from England. And its mellowed, weathered brick walls stand firm and strong on their

original foundation.

Coincident with the founding of Petersburg was the building of Blandford Church, named for the family which furnished the Theoderick Bland who at one time owned the vast tract of land called Westover, which he sold to William Byrd; and the second Theoderick who laid out Williamsburg under Governor Nicholson.

Not one of the oldest—yet one of the most beautiful of Virginia's Colonial churches, Blandford was built in the year 1733 or soon thereafter, for it was in use in 1737.

Prominent names appear among the vestrymen responsible for its building, among them Colonel Robert Bolling, Captain Peter Jones for whom "Peter's Point" was named, and the aforesaid Theoderick Bland. Being men of position and wealth they spared neither money nor thought in the construction and minute plans for their church.

Set "on Wellses Hill for the convenience of this (Bristol) Parish"—the original building was a quadrangle of brick, 60 by 25 feet, with "compass ceiling" and "compass windows"—a somewhat quaint albeit accurate description of their round arched effect. The aisles were ordered to be "six feet wide and laid with Bristol Stone," and the roof "covered with plank and shingled on that with good Cypress Hart Shingles." The west end was to have a gallery with a window—"as big as the pitch will admit." Sometime between 1752 and 1764 an addition on the south side altered the original plan of the church to that of a T-Cross, and at the same time a wall five feet high—resembling the one at old Bruton—was built around the churchyard.

Blandford Is "Cathedral Of Confederacy"

Churches, like men, have suffered for history's making, not least among them Blandford Church. During the Revolution, Petersburg experienced the first of its two famous sieges, when Lafayette cannonaded the British in the town in 1781. The British General Phillips was killed—and buried (so traditon says) at Blandford.

For more than a century the church lay in desolation and ruin—then in the closing days of the Confederacy, shot and shell battered its walls, making the work of restoration one of great difficulty. In 1860 repairs were begun and through the efforts of the Ladies Memorial Association of Petersburg, Blandford Church was transformed into a magnificent memorial to the soldiers who lost their lives in the defense of Petersburg and Richmond. Tiffany windows, given by each of the 13 Confederate States in memory of their 30,000 warrior-dead who lie buried in Blandford Churchyard, give the church one of the most impressive and beautiful interiors in the South, and have made it the mecca for thousands of tourists.

This modern touch of splendor has robbed Blandford of the simplicity that characterizes most, if not all, of Virginia's Colonial churches, but its grandeur and beauty one never forgets, when the burning rays of the sun light up the brilliant reds

and blues and ambers of the 13 stained-glass windows.

Truly Blandford is Virginia's Cathedral of the Confederacy—a fitting and unforgettable shrine to those dear dead of five different wars—but especially to the 30,000 who fought and perished at Petersburg under the Stars and Bars of the Southland.

Old St. John's Had Real Liberty Bell

Of Virginia's many Colonial churches, it remains for Richmond to lay claim to the one most indissolubly linked with fame—that of old St. John's on Church Hill. It has been said by one authority on historic churches that St. John's is "more securely anchored in the world's pantheon of fame than any of them perhaps—a church which is tagged for eternity to great events. . . ."

All of this, because in March, 1775, the Virginia Convention met in the old church to determine on armed resistance to England. The assemblage included such illustrious sons of the Old Dominion as George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Peytin Randolph, George Mason, Richard Henry Lee, George Wythe, Benjamin Harris, Edmund Pendleton, Andrew Lewis, Archibald Cary, Carter Braxton, Thomas Marshall, and others, into whose startled ears Patrick Henry poured his impassioned plea—"I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me Liberty or give me Death!"

It remained for Ripley in his "Believe It or Not" sketches, to remind the world that it was Richmond, and not Philadelphia, that had the first Liberty Bell; that this bell and not the famous one in the City of Brotherly Love, really tolled the first call for American freedom, and that it hung in the belfry at Old St. John's Church when Patrick Henry cried out his immortal words.

The old bell had been cast at the Van Lew and Company foundry in Richmond, and was part and parcel of St. John's Church in 1775. In 1830 it was sold to James M. Smith, Sr. of Martinsville, and passed to Colonel and Mrs. Bryant of Martinsville, who presented it in 1900 to the Virginia Historical Society, where today it is displayed among the Society's most valued and treasured relics pertaining to Virginia's history.

Eight years after Richmond was founded at "The Falls" of the James in 1733, St. John's Church was built on the hill known as "Indian Town" above Shockhoe Creek, then called "Shaco." William Byrd, founder of Richmond, gave two of the lots, which became a part of the churchyard. The original plans for the church were simple enough—a wooden quadrangle 60 feet long, and 25 feet wide, lying east and west. In 1772 the church was enlarged 40 feet each way, and it was in this expanded building that the Virginia Convention met three years later. Not until after 1830 was the present tower added, and from still later additions made in 1905 the old wooden church of St. John's took on its present cruciform character.

Baptismal Font Has Interesting Tradition

Strangely enough, the church was not always known as St. John's—

this sainted title not having been acquired until sometime after the close of the eighteenth century. The original designation would be interesting to know, for as has been seen, saint's names for some rather inexplicable reason, did not predominate among chant's Hope, Bruton, Nomini, Yeo-Virginia's earliest churches—Mercomico, Ware, Westover and numerous others being outstanding examples.

Of tradition concerning St. John's Church, one of its most interesting stories is attached to the baptismal font, said to be 300 years old. A beautifully fluted bowl of Virginia limestone, this sacred font is said to have once been stolen by Indians, and used for grinding corn. From whence it originally came—and how it found its way back into the hallowed walls of the church, no one seems to know, but the story has been handed down through the years.

OLDEST BUILDING IN U. S. BUILT BY ENGLISH

(Richmond Times-Dispatch)

On the highway between Suffolk and Smithfield, in Isle of Wight County, is St. Luke's Church, traditionally known as "The Old Brick Church." Built in 1632 by Joseph Bridger, this historic edifice is said to be the oldest building now standing in America, erected by an Englishman. Majestic, with its castle-like tower silhouetted against the sky, and set in a grove of beautiful trees, old St. Luke's has been described as "the only true Gothic Church of the seventeenth century vintage in Virginia, and perhaps anywhere in the Atlantic States."

Five years after the church was built (in what was then known as the county and parish of Warrosqueake) the name of the county was changed to the present Isle of Wight —"the river bluff suggesting to settlers from the old country the cliffs of the English island." Despite an earlier Indian massacre, the section was at that time a very settled and solid community.

According to tradtion, when Tarleton's troopers, in 1781, were dashing from one Virginia county to another, there was a rumor afloat that this ruthless cavalry leader planned to descend upon Smithfield and raid the county seat. Realizing what this implied—the destruction of valuable records—the wife of Francis Young, deputy clerk of the county, buried them; an act of defiance not uncommon among patriotic colonists, and a gesture of bravery with which Tarleton more than once had been confronted.

Years later, when the records were exhumed—marred and near ruin from dampness and mold—there was found the vestry book of the church,

labeled No. 1. In it was recorded the date 1632, confirming that as the year the church was built. In addition, on a brick that was in the original structure, later found embedded in the woodwork of the chancel, was carved the figures, "1, 6, 3, 2."

No greater proof as to the antiquity of this beautiful old church is needed, than the massive character of the building itself, for in point of material, workmanship and construction, St. Luke's is outstanding among Virginia's Colonial churches, and has long been recognized as a remarkable structure. In 1887 the roof collapsed, bringing down most of the eastern wall, but the restoration in 1894 wrought no changes in the exterior, thus leaving the church with its original appearance, which according to H. I. Brock in his masterful book on Colonial churches in Virginia, clearly places it in the early seventeenth century era.

The original walls are described as being of "great thickness" and the "tower massive." Bishop Meade's report of the condition of the church in his time (1857) verifies these statements, for he writes the "thick walls and high tower, like that of some English castle, are still firm, and promise to be for a long time to come," adding that the "windows, doors, and all the interior are gone."

This state of neglect and dilapidation is explained by the fact that the church was abandoned in 1830—when the surrounding settlement was not so flourishing or well settled as it is today. There were sixty-odd years between the abandonment of the church and its restoration—years that would have seen any other building of less massive construction and enduring architecture than that of St. Luke's, crumble and completely vanish from the earth.

Impressive, majestic, awe-inspiring, the old brick church stands today—in its 300th year, perfectly preserved in a glorious setting of noble trees, that vie in height with the tower itself. One's first thought on seeing it in its almost isolated location is "how strange to find this beautiful Gothic church so far removed from sight of any near-by habitation." On second thought, one would not change the mise en scene were it possible to do so, for has not this venerable house of worship—far from lonely in its beautiful setting of giant trees and grass-grown plot where gleam the white of many ancient tombstones—has not it outlived everything built in its time, but a few notable hearths?

Old St. Luke's speaks of more than beauty and majesty—it speaks of a a strength that endures much—and long—a nobility of spirit that is above and beyond worldly things, like its castle-like tower, which still points heavneward.

"In judging others, we feel ourselves to stand superior to them. But in reality we are stepping down from our best toward inferior levels."

ROCK A-BYE, BABY

By Frank B. McAllister

One who visits Plymouth, Massachusetts, where the Pilgrims landed, should certainly go to the Pilgrim Society Museum and see, among many other interesting things, the "Fuller Cradle." This little wooden bed, kept now under a plate-glass cover, was brought over in the *Mayflower* by Dr. Samuel Fuller, the colony's physician. Before it left Holland where the Pilgrims lived before sailing for the new world, it had been used in England for nobody knows how many years. The joiner who made it certainly was an honest workman.

Of course, there were cradles in New England before the white people came. Little Indian boys and girls of the forests had cradles of a sort, though they were not much like the stout little four-posted couch with a canopy over its head in which generations of young Fullers were rocked to sleep.

The Indian cradle consisted of a flat framework woven with strips of bark, or reeds, and lined with some sort of fur. When baby was securely tucked in, the whole was strapped by reindeer thongs to the branch of a tree. There was meaning in those days to the song,

Rock-a-bye, baby, on the tree-
top,
When the wind blows, the cradle
will rock.

We may believe that the little red bundle swaying in the breeze soon went off to sleep. When mother went on an errand she simply strapped the flat basket to her shoulders, and baby would go along too.

In colonial days, the cradle was one of the necessary articles of furniture, always kept in the main room near the fireplace, for bedrooms had no heat, and an infant must be kept warm and near at hand, yet safely out of the way. It was part of the regular daily task for many a Pilgrim child to rock the baby.

Of course, no one knows when cradles first began to be used, but, as in the case of other useful things, it must have been very early. The first cradles in anything like the modern shape were probably just pieces of logs hollowed out. No rockers were necessary, for the round bottom of the tree trunk would serve for such a purpose. And there were no canopies or protecting curtains such as we are familiar with. All that came much later.

The early Romans used cradles of considerable beauty and refinement of design. But, after the empire began to go to pieces under assaults of the forest tribes of the north, the cradle, like all other household furniture, became much simpler and cruder.

It seems rather strange that our remote Anglo-Saxon ancestors do not seem to have known much about cradles. To be sure, the earliest English poet, Cædmon, who flourished about the seventh century drew pictures of rude cradles on some of his manuscripts. But the early English

mothers apparently were often at a loss to find some place of convenience and safety for their young children. There is a curious ancient law of this period providing that "If a woman place her infant by the hearth, and the man put water in the cauldron and it boil over, and the child is scalded, the woman must do penance for her negligence, but the man is acquitted of blame." Certainly some safe place for baby was needed in those days.

By the sixteenth century, at least, cradles had become common in England, the general form of them remaining unchanged for three hundred years—that is, an oblong oaken box without a lid. Often rockers were put on, these generally being detachable. The article was sturdy and practical, without frills or furbelows, the front end being slightly raised to keep draughts from baby's head.

Naturally, certain royal children, especially of centuries gone, have had very elaborate cradles. These beds were designed by artists, often richly carved and inlaid with ivory, mother of pearl, or even precious jewels. At Windsor castle in England is a cradle in which it is believed the future king Henry V was rocked to sleep. In southern France, at the Castle of Pau, the custodian proudly exhibits a charming cradle mounted on a tortoise shell that was used in infancy by Henry IV of France. At Fountainbleau is a cradle, an elaborate gold and quilted affair, that was used by the little King of Rome, Napoleon II. Poor lad, the splendor of his couch did not bring him much happiness!

More appealing to most of us than such ornamented pieces are those stout oak or walnut cribs to be found in many a home attic, little beds in which generations of youngsters have been nurtured, and which perhaps held our own small bodies in days gone by. Iron bedsteads have come into use in our day. And the doctors recommend that baby should learn to close his eyes without much attention from his elders.

An interesting thing about the Fuller cradle in Plymouth is that, even now, it is occasionally used. It has been loaned to the Pilgrim Association on condition that whenever any sufficiently small descendant of Dr. Samuel Fuller presents himself—or is presented by his or her parents—the air-tight plate-glass case may be removed, and the baby may be rocked in the bed of his ancestors.

FOUNDATIONS

A building can rise only as high in the air as its foundation is sunk into the earth. No twenty-eight story structure can stand on a four-story foundation. Strive day by day to lay a secure foundation upon which you can build a worthwhile future. You can determine how tall you will grow tomorrow by how deep you are willing to build today.—George I. Francis.

HONESTY

(Selected)

My father never did much talking about honesty. In fact, I do not recall any instance or occasion upon which he tried to impress the meaning of the time-honored word upon the consciousness of us growing children. Needless to say, the old motto, "Honesty is the best policy," found no abiding place on the walls of our humble home.

We children often played around or helped when father was measuring wheat out in the barn. And we couldn't help noticing that he always shook the measure down well before scraping it off on the top. When a neighbor bought wheat from father he got an honest bushel. The neighbors knew that, of course father knew it, although he never referred to the matter, but, best of all, we children knew it.

When father measured our potatoes or apples for market they graded the same way all through the sack. No one ever found better ones on the top than in the bottom. I remember one occasion when I was helping and tried to hide a specked apple. Father quoted no well-worn maxim, he uttered no word of reproach. He just reached over and took the specked apple from the hiding place I had given it, and layed it on top with the specked side up. The matter was never referred to again, but I have not forgotten it.

On rare and happy occasions we children were given a street car ride as a special treat. Pennies were scarce in the family coffers, and even a street car fare could not be permitted to make indue inroads upon it. I remember riding with father one day when the conductor overlooked us. I was just thinking how lucky were were to be having such a lovely free ride, when I saw father motion to the conductor and hand him the fare.

Father was short of stature, but, somehow or other, he seemed to my boyish imagination by far the biggest man in the car. I never tried to ride without paying my fair since then. Even if I tried I know I could not do it.

Father didn't talk to us about honesty. He didn't need to. He lived it and we caught it from him.

PUSH ON

Don't worry when your work's undone,
No task is finished till it's begun.
You can't do it by looking blue.
Complaining won't help—it's up to you
To go to work!

—Selected.

FLYERS FIND THE YARB BOY

By Leondine M. Pelmounter

The day that Gareth Finley and his father discovered the Yarb Boy was a red letter day anyway in Piney Hollow. For Dr. Finley's plane, the Winged Friend—in which, piloted by his son, he made journeys as a visiting surgical missionary—was not only the first aircraft to alight in the Hollow, but it was the only one that most of the Piney Hollow people had seen near at hand. Occasional flyers had zoomed through the sky far overhead, but they had been few, since this southern valley was remote from the course of any scheduled airway.

However it was not to see the shining late model plane that the Yarb Boy—who had been baptized Bascom Purdy—came to Piney Hollow school house. The lad had heard that a great healer, "a real doctor who can make you new, like whittling a whistle out of a stick," was coming, at the school teacher's request, to help Piney folks—especially to "make over" little Mollie Stubbleland. And the Yarb Boy knew that he himself and this famous man had a common interest; Bascom just must tell something to Dr. Finley.

The surgeon and his son had swooped down into the valley Saturday morning. Quietly the operation which, it was hoped, would prevent Mollie from being scarred for life by burns, had been performed. The teacher had sent out word that the people should gather at the school house for the afternoon, bringing picnic lunches. The plane drew the crowd—but once there, they listened spell-bound while the kindly doctor stood in the cock-pit, telling them of the real Healer, and while Gareth's unaffected young voice sang "Into the tent where a Gypsy boy lay." It was after Dr. Finley had stepped to the ground in order to greet each of the Piney folk as they passed along side the plane, that Gareth, standing near the propeller, noticed a woefully thin, bare-footed youth, with a great thatch of sun-bleached hair, making an unsuccessful effort to get near the surgical missionary. The lad's home-made trousers were ragged but freshly washed; a single worn suspender strap held them doubtfully in place; the faded yellowish shirt was far too tight and short, but it was clean. The boy's long, emaciated hands grasped something wrapped in a piece of dilapidated newspaper.

Each time this youth approached Dr. Finley, some other person pushed him aside as though he had no right there, and stepped in ahead of him. Finally, as he was thrust back, he lost his balance and was falling when he partially saved himself by grasping a strut of the plane. Gareth saw that one of the thin legs was stiff and drawn.

"Here buddy," exclaimed the pilot, "let me boost you into the machine. Guess they won't run over you up there."

The boy's hungry looking face turned towards Gareth's sunny countenance. "Don't mean to pester anybody, but I reckon I've got to see you

all," he drawled apologetically.

"Then you sit in the machine till the crowd gets past—I'll be with you in a minute."

The pilot walked aside to hear the mumbled explanations which Lis Stubbleland, Mollie's brother, was trying to make.

"That there's a Yarb Boy—his granny was a Yarb Woman—brewed charms and medicines in a kettle, but she's dead—queer ones—they do tell there were strange goings-on at their shanty. No one likes to have any more truck with that kind than they have to."

"Oh—you mean they were herb doctors!" exclaimed Gareth. "So the grandmother is dead? Whom does the young fellow live with?"

"By himself I reckon. You can't expect folks to take that kind in with their own family. But," he added, as though realizing that his words sounded un-Christian, "when Mollie was burned, I did go to Bascom for yarbs of his granny's that might be there. He gave me all she left, so I fetched him a braided string of blue pop-corn ears."

Somehow Gareth felt a great lump near his heart. That morning, as he had flown across the wooded hills in the airplane, he had seen an isolated tumble-down cabin in a rocky clearing. Now he pictured in his mind that cabin, with an underfed boy coming out of its loneliness to exchange his only "inheritance" for a bit of "pottage"—or rather, for blue pop-corn.

Realizing that the Yarb Boy was something of an outcast among his neighbors, young Finley instinctively championed the lad. During the next hour he talked with Bascom whenever there was opportunity.

"Granny began making teas and such because she wanted to cure my bad leg," explained the youth. "She found out everything she could about yarbs—herbs," he corrected himself, noticing the other's pronunciation. "She learned what roots to steep when anybody had ague, and what bark was good for tooth-ache, and what leaves to bind onto a burn. Pretty soon when anybody was sick they'd come to her. Sometimes they'd bring a jug of molasses or half a bag of corn-meal, but granny'd give them medicine anyway, and tell them how to put it on, for she was smart about —most everything."

"You know quite a bit yourself—I notice some of the words you use," commented the pilot.

"Granny had me go to school—as long as she was here—because she said maybe I could learn something there about y-herbs, and how to get well. And she told me to bring her all the queer plants I saw, for she said maybe some day we might find something that would make my knee so it wouldn't be no good and twisted. Shucks, I got along tolerably anyhow—as long as granny was with me—but what I wanted was to find some wonderful herbs that would help a whole lot of puny people. I reckoned that was about all I could ever do for folks. And one day atop of Piney Ridge I found this."

Very carefully he unrolled the old newspaper and showed a few wilted leaves with a pungent odor.

"This is the real healing herb," he

announced. "After I found it, granny made people well from terrible things. Why, folks from away over on the Nishiny-Botony Branch, and down Yancey way, would come to her, and pretty soon they'd be well, but then they wouldn't come any more, and when we'd go to some meeting they'd sit at the other end of the seat."

"How about yourself? Did this medicine help you?"

"Sure it did, only slow, because I'd been this way so long. Then lately, I've been all tuckered out with clearing a patch and trying to grow some corn for meal. Now there's nobody knows about this herb excepting me. That's why I'm telling you, so if anything happens to me, you and your father can give out word about this and cure the ailing ones everywhere. It's wonderful—it's the real healing herb."

Bascom's face glowed with a great conviction. Gareth found himself wondering if the face of some young knight—maybe the one after whom he himself was named—hadn't glowed like that. It was this light in the Yarb Boy's countenance, rather than any apparent value in the withered leaves, that caused young Finley to feel a real interest. He searched his memory of botany for something similar, but he couldn't recall anything. Possibly if he saw the whole plant, in its natural surroundings—

"Where does this shrub grow?"

"Up there, atop Piney Ridge." Bascom pointed to the height which closed in the head of the valley. "Have to go around back to get up. It's a right smart step."

"I'd like to stretch my legs a bit," grinned the flyer. "Must keep in training, for an aviator never knows when he'll have to take a long walk. Couldn't we go up there while the crowd is eating?"

Gareth spoke a few words to his father, then turned to the plane and opened a small storage compartment from which he took sheets of stiff paper.

"We'll need something to carry specimens in—a sheet of this chart paper that I use for drawing glider models will be just the thing."

In spite of Bascom's bare feet and crippled leg he led the climb, eager as a mountain deer. During the next three quarters of an hour the two youths, one in a pilot's natty uniform, the other in faded, outgrown clothes, forgot all superficial differences in their common enjoyment of climbing and of the widening view over the hills luxuriant in oak, hickory, and southern pine. With only necessary pauses for breathing, they arrived quite "atop Piney Ridge" and could see, almost below them, the Hollow with school house, airplane, and scattering pioneers.

The flyer paused to exclaim: Whew! This cliff—what a place to send off gliders. And the air is just right—wish I had one of my models here!"

But Bascom seemed scarely to hear his companion, and hurried on until, a few rods back from the cliff's edge, he halted suddenly, and stood looking down with glowing eyes.

"Here's where they grow—granny's yarbs."

The new-comer felt disillusioned and disappointed as he stared at the

scraggly little plants, hiding apologetically under the branches of more snowy shrubs. Dull leaves, common-looking seeds, and, when he dug into the ground, small stringy roots. They certainly didn't appear miraculous. But Bascom handled them tenderly.

"They'll cure folks," he said with solemn admiration.

So Gareth, realizing that a self-sacrificing aged woman and a big-hearted lad had believed this little herb a boon to humanity, reverently lifted two whole plants and laid them insidt a folded sheet of the chart paper.

"This isn't in the botany I studied, but maybe dad will recognize it," he said. "It's great for you to want to help people everywhere. And I say, fellow, I'm even more pleased to know you than to know about this herb."

"Me? I don't count."

Gareth glanced at the lad with re newed admiration, but said no more on the subject.

They started on the back trail. Now the flyer was walking ahead and doing the talking. Presently, with a feeling that something was wrong, he looked about. Bascom lay in a heap against a log. Quick examination revealed only the faintest hint of heart-beat. Gareth poured water from his canteen onto the lad's lips and forehead, chafed his wrists, moved him into a natural position. Several minutes he worked before the eyelids in the emaciated face flickered.

"Guess I'm about tuckered—if I go clean out don't forget to tell folks about the healing—" Once more he lay lifeless.

Young Finley remembered that the crest of the Ridge was in reality not far from the school house. Making his way to a point that jutted out toward the valley, he was encouraged by seeing that some of the picnicing groups were near that end of the Hollow. Could he get them to come to Bascom's aid?

When on hikes, he had always been fond of making his voice travel as far as possible, over hill or lowland, through woods or across water. Would this training enable him to get a message to those below? A long halloo, which seemed to multiply and reverberate as it floated out above the valley.—A brief wait, then another halloo.—The two nearer parties were looking for the shouter. Waving his cap he called again; now they saw him—an arm down there waved in return. However the lone figure on the cliff must let them know that this was not mere pastime.

Placing his hands megaphone-like he shouted clearly as he could, "He-elp! He-elp!"

But at that very minute someone —probably Dr. Finley—started the motor of the Winged Friend! The picnicers immediately had attention for nothing else. All the scattered groups hastily gathered their remnants of fried chicken into baskets and moved toward the center of interest. The motor whirred more and more loudly. Those who had heard a boy hallo from the Ridge, gave no further thought to such a trifling matter.

As the plucky flyer thought of his prostrated companion who needed

help speedily, and looked at those care-free groups below who were quite unconscious of this tragic situation, a sort of desperate fury surged up in him. To think that his own plane, usually his greatest aid, should have come between him and the saving of a life!

"I'm an eagle that's been plucked," he murmured. But the next moment he was saying to himself, "I've always been master of the situation —I'll master this too. When about licked it's time to make a real fight. Now how—by what trick of body and brain—?"

A few minutes later, in the crowd below, someone suddenly turned his eyes from the whirring propeller to see what was moving overhead. He spoke to his neighbor. Soon a number of necks were craned, several pairs of eyes watched a small but able paper glider that was maneuvering itself above the heads in the breeze. Gradually it hovered downward; as it came nearer, there was a scramble for it.

Lis Stubbleland, who in spite of his youth was the tallest person in the gathering, reached up a lanky arm and seemed to pick the white glider out of the sky. As he looked at his trophy, he suddenly exclaimed:

"Thar's writing on it!"

On both sides of the glider were printed plainly these words:

"Send help to top of Piney Ridge. Bascom must be carried."

It was scarcely a minute until Lis, accompanied by two or three other youths, seized a blanket from which a stretcher could be improvised, and they were off toward the Piney Ridge trail. By the time they reached the summit, Bascom had been partially revived by the youthful pilot's efforts.

"I'd been up here a-ready this morning to get the leaves," the Yarb Boy explained, "and didn't eat. Knew I was done for anyway, and it don't make any difference now, for you'll know how to help other folks with granny's herbs."

But the aviator replied, "Buck up, Bascom, my lad and these healing plants together are going to make you as strong as I am. Your work isn't finished yet—you'll have to help us help others. How'd you like to go away from the Hollow a while—go with dad and me in the plane?"

Several months afterward, in Dr. Finley's study, he and his son together were telling the story of the Yarb Boy to a group of business men. One of these, Elbert Wells, finally said a bit impatiently:

"It was fine of you both, I'm sure, to show so much consideration for this mountain cripple and his little weeds—but if you'll excuse me now."

"Weeds nothing!" almost snorted Dr. Finley, "the plant this naturalist found is the most wonderful specific for inflamation I've ever seen. Instead of our helping Piney Hollow, that place can help the world. You were called here because a company should be formed to make this medicine available for all who need it. Of course the discoverer should be one of the principal members of the firm."

As an outer door was heard closing, Gareth stepped from the study

and called, "Hi there!" He led in a neat youth who limped ever so slightly but seemed healthy, and carried two handsome books under his arm.

"Gentlemen, this is Exhibit A," said the doctor. "He is the living proof of what his own discovery, properly applied, can do."

The new-comer seemed puzzled and slightly embarrassed but nevertheless poised. Mr. Wells shook the lad's hand, then indicated the large volumes.

"I see you have a yen for knowledge. A book by Paul de Kruif—and—what's this? Plants As Chemists?"

"Yes sir," answered Bascom, his face lighting up. "It's thrilling—all about *Panax Quinquefolium* and *Hammelis Virginiana*—"

"What are you talking about?" inquired Mr. Wells.

In his earnestness, Bascom became a simple Piney Hollow boy again. "Yarbs" he explained. "They cure folks."

THE OTHER MAN

Perhaps he may have slipped a bit—
  Well, so have you.
Perhaps some things he ought to quit—
  Well, so should you.
Perhaps he may have faltered—why,
  Why all men do, and so have I.
You must admit—unless you lie,
  That so have you.

Perhaps if we should stop and think,
  Both I and you.
When painting some one black as ink,
  As some folks do.
Perhaps, if we would recollect,
  Perfection we would not expect,
But just a man half-way correct,
  Like me and you.

I'm just a man who's fairly good.
  I'm just like you.
I've done some things I never should,
  Perhaps like you.
But, thank the Lord, I've sense to see
  The rest of men with charity;
They're good enough if good as me—
  Say, men like you.

—Douglas Malloch.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Last Monday our genial county health officer, Dr. D. G. Caldwell, assisted by Mrs. Karl Cline, of the county health department, came to the School and administered typhoid vaccine to about 250. This will be repeated twice at weekly intervals. The officials of the School have been very careful in keeping up these typhoid treatments for several years past, and those appearing for vaccination were new boys who have been admitted since July 19, 1934, and a few others who have been at the institution three and one-half years or more.

While the boys stood in line, awaiting their turn with shivering dread, the doctor and his nurse administered the needle so adeptly that that most of the youngsters in passing were heard to remark, "I thoughit it was going to hurt—but it didn't hurt a bit."

School was suspended for the afternoon and the teachers took charge of the group after the vaccinations so as to keep the boys in the shade as much as possible. Notwithstanding this precaution, several of the lads were quite ill for a little while.

—o—

Mother's Day was celebrated at the Jackson Training School last Sunday, not with the usual readings and recitations, but with a very simple little one-act play entitled "A Timely Shower," showing how everyone in the home can contribute to mother's happiness each day of their lives. This little play pointed out that mother's happiness could be brought about in kindly ways and deeds rather than by the presentation of costly gifts. The play was rendered by five of our boys, and they certainly did themselves proud in interpreting the leading thought—that of making mother happy—in an easy natural manner. Those acting the parts of mother and daughter were unusually good. Following is the cast of characters:

"A TIMELY SHOWER"

Mother ..... Leland Crosby
Father ..... John R. Davis
Betty ..... Robert Keith
Jean ..... C. D. Grooms
Jack ..... James Harvell

The play was given at the beginning of the regular Sunday School hour, and was presented under the supervision of Miss Virginia Smoot, secretary to the superintendent, and several of the teachers, making a decided hit with all who heard it.

While the School was unable to furnish flowers in sufficient quantity to designate the status of the mother of each boy, whether living or dead, we noticed as the cottage lines marched into the auditorium that quite a number had found flowers appropriate to the occasion.

—o—

Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. There were quite a number of visitors present at this service, among them being: Mrs. I. Hard-

ing Hughes and son, Harding, Jr., Mrs. Ada Rogers Gorman, Mrs. B. F. Rogers, Mrs. D. W. Kaulbach and Rogers McGee, all of Concord, and Miss Carrie Virginia Hughes, of Hendersonville.

For the Scripture Lesson Rev. Mr. Hughes read the 13th chapter of I Corinthians, using the Greek version, and in a splendid talk to the boys, his subject was "Mother's Love."

In his usual interesting manner Rev. Mr. Hughes told the story of Moses and the great love his mother had for him. He stated that over in Egypt, cities which had been buried for centuries, had been uncovered by scientists. In one of these cities tablets of clay were found upon which were pictures and symbols telling of the lives of the Isralites while in bondage. The speaker showed the boys a piece of this clay together with a stylus, the instrument used in marking these pieces of clay.

From these tablets uncovered by explorers, said Rev. Mr. Hughes, we find what Moses' mother taught him as a child:

1—Spend no day in idleness.

2—Give your heart to learning.

3—Speak the truth and do what is right for it is great, mighty and endurable.

4—Never forget to be respectful, and do not sit down while an older person stands.

5—Never forget what thy mother hath done for thee.

6—How good it is for a boy to obey his father.

From these teachings, along with other instructions, Moses became the leader of a great nation.

In speaking of Mother's Day, Rev. Mr. Hughes explained the origin of the custom in this country. He told how in 1907, Miss Annie Jarvis, of Philadelphia, lost her mother, and the next year she wanted to have a memorial service in her honor. It is said that the remembrance of the old English custom of having "Mothering Sunday," was what prompted Miss Jarvis to work towards the adoption of this custom in our country. In 1914 her hopes were realized, as President Woodrow Wilson signed a proclamation designating the second Sunday in May as Mother's Day.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Hughes told the boys that a mother loves deeply and because of that love we should strive to live clean, noble, Christian lives, in order that we might measure up to what our mothers want us to be.

An additional feature of this service was the playing of Master Rogers McGee, 13-year-old violin student. This lad exhibited considerable skill in handling this difficult instrument, and rendered three selections, "Minuet in G," Kreislers "Rose Marie," and "Home on the Range," in a most pleasing manner. Mrs. Kaulbach, organist and choir director of All Saints Church, played the piano accompaniment.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 12, 1935

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since the method was adopted March, 10, 1935.

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(5) Erwin Martin 6
(4) William McCormick 7
(10) Robert Radford 10
(5) Earl Rogers 9
(6) Hassel Shropshire 6
(8) Richard Sullivan 9
(5) Louis Tarkington 7
(5) Ashley Thompson 9
(3) Richard Tysinger 3
(2) Jerome Warren 2
(5) Vermont Whitley 6
(3) Wiley Willoughby 3

COTTAGE No. 1

Clifford Bowers 8
(3) Homer Bunn 5
(7) Claude McLaughlin 7
(2) Ivan Morrozoff 5
(8) Millard Owenby 9
Anderson Payne
(3) Bunn Shoe 4
Everett Williamson 3
(5) Junius Yarborough 6
Preston Yarborough 4

COTTAGE No. 2

(3) James Cooper 7
Boyd Freeman 3
Council Holden
(4) Thomas Horton 9
Woodrow Spruill 5
(4) Henry Tucker 6

COTTAGE No. 3

William Barber 3
Elbert Bryant 3
James Burns 2
Judge Cook
Charles Furchess
Julian Gregory 2
Marcellus Gurganus
(2) John Walsh 6
Porter Willhite 2
D. C. Winston

COTTAGE No. 4

James Bartlett 5
Vernon Bass 6
Lindsay Chavis 3
(10) Fleming Collins 10
(6) Robert Conklin 7
(4) Wayne Fowler 5
(2) Glenn Haymore 2
(3) Ralph Johnson 3
Billy Justice 4
(3) Irwin Luther 5
(3) Jack McRary 4
(2) Robert Orrell 4
(2) Lloyd Pettus 3
Robert Penland 4
(3) Wheeler Sturdivant 3
(2) Melvin Walters 4
Gray Wright 5

COTTAGE No. 5

(3) William Ange 5
Marvin Adams 2
(2) William Ballew 5
(4) Connie Dickens 6
Braxton Grady 3
(4) Maynard Hicks 9
Monroe Keith 3
David Odham
James Seawell 3
(3) Robert Worthington 8

COTTAGE No. 6

Earl Bass 6
Fred Clark 2
John Drum 3
Leo Forester
Columbus Hamilton 2
Thomas Hamilton 4
Clinton Keen 3
Robert Keith
Leonard Melton 3
Robert Stephens

COTTAGE No. 7

William Beach 2
William Corn 2

(2) William Green 5
Caleb Hill 5
Harding Kluttz
Perry Harvell
Kenneth Messick 3
(5) Theodore Nines 6
(2) Floyd Watkins 7

COTTAGE No. 8

(10) John Auton 10
(4) Sam Belk 7
(2) Harry Flowe 8
J. R. Davis 2
Luther Pierce 5

COTTAGE No. 9

(2) Randolph Davis 4
(6) Lee Dickens 9
Carl Everett
(3) Woodfin Fowler 5
(5) Homer Smith 6
(6) Bryan Williams 9

COTTAGE No. 10

(2) Jack Baity 9
James Bell 2
(2) Jack Carver 3
(2) Lewis Hanna 2
Charles Pollard 4
Edwin Shuler
James L. Singleton 3
(3) Fred Ward 7

COTTAGE No. 11

Edward Carpenter 2
Ira Grogan
(7) Bennie Holland 8
(7) Bennie Moore 8
Norman McGee 4
(5) James Rector 6
Theodore Rector
(3) Charles Smith 6
Oscar Vereen 3
(7) Lee Watkins 7
(3) Adolph Watson 3
Eldridge Ward
(6) Cecil Webb 8

COTTAGE No. 12

Trojan Aiken 2
Earl Atwood 9
Walter Beaver 7
Frank Dickens 4
Leonard Ellis 3
Alfred Holloman 5
Edward Lockamy 4
(2) Eli Philemon 8
(8) Homer Quick 9

COTTAGE No. 13

Urbane Hill 9
Warren Medlin 5
(3) Jennings Norris 6
(2) Linwood Potter 5
(10) Eugene Smith 10
(4) Howard Wilson 7

COTTAGE No. 14

(2) Elzie Carpenter 3
(5) Jack Comer 8
Brevard Hall 3
(2) Henry Hallman 2
Berry Rogers 3
Joseph Stockton 5

COTTAGE No. 15

(3) Denver Beshears 6
Thomas Brown 5
Floyd Causey 4
John Early 3
Claibourne McKee 4
(3) George McManus 3
(7) Sam Pegram 9
(5) Paul Rhodes 7
(2) Robert Teeter 5
Roy Wyrick 5

IN TRUTH

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed.
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed.
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

—Horatius Bonar.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., MAY 25, 1935 No. 21

OUR HEROES

These did not pass in selfishness; they died
for all mankind.
They died to build a better world for all who
stay behind;
And we who hold their memory dear, and
bring them flowers today,
Should consecrate ourselves once more to
live and die as they.

—Edgar A. Guest

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

MY GARDEN

In my garden are many flowers
  Of bright array and deepest hue,
Whose dewy petals, so fresh and cool,
  Glisten like diamonds in a pool,
And send forth fragrance, oft so rare;
  Each tells a message I know is true.

These flowers are my thoughts, and deeds,
  As I live them day by day.
Each must be tended with greatest care,
  No weeds must grow to tangle, snare,
Sprinkled with sunshine, and freshened with love,
  These flowers give bloom in colors gay.

When autumn comes, and my flowers fade,
  The colorful memories still remain,
Giving joy and cheer to all I meet
  At home, abroad, or on the street,
And for this garden, so rich and rare,
  I thank my God, from whence it came.

—Ruby Robens Bayard

MRS. SALLIE PHIFER WILLIAMSON VISITS OUR SCHOOL

The Stonewall Jackson Training School felt signally honored to have had a few moments of Mrs. Sallie Phifer Williamson's time while in Concord, renewing old friendships, speaking to relatives and looking ovr old landmarks familiar to her during her girlhood and young womanhood days.

One could easily detect while in conversation with this distinguished daughter of Cabarrus, she was visibly impressed with the change of scenes, with the multitude of new faces and names, and with the magic transformation of "old Concord," from the villiage days, into one of the busiest, bustling cities in the state.

It must have been gratifying for this erstwhile citizen, Mrs. Sallie Phifer Williamson, Chicago, to see that the sons and daughters of the pioneer citizenship,—Scotch-Irish and German, have used their noble heritage of loyalty and thrift, not alone to develop Concord as a manufacturing center, but a city of beautiful homes, churches of classic beauty and school buildings architecturally designed to meet the demands of public education.

To add to all of this beauty and charm of our city, Mrs. Williamson has perpetuated her name as well as endeared herself to the citizenry of Concord by converting the old Presbyterian cemetery into a Memorial Garden, a haven of beauty and peace in honor of her sainted mother.

Never could there have been a more beautiful thought born in the bosom of any woman than this garden, kept most orderly with its winding walks, covered with a carpet of velvety, green grass, filled with a variety of blooming shrubs and flowers, canopied with exquisite shade trees, making a perfect bower for the song birds,—a restful spot of perpetual beauty, a most appropriate memorial "TO MOTHER."

* * * * * * *

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL DAY

Friday, May 10, was Confederate Memorial Day, and particularly fitting was it on that day, we should pause long enough from the duties that engage our attention, give over to a spirit of dedication; and pay tribute to our battle-scarred veterans who nobly defended the Southland,—the thought of which will ever remain a priceless heritage to posterity.

The veterans who survive should be honored, they returned after a fight of four years to broken homes, devastated fields, to overcome poverty, political injustice and ignorance with the same courage and hardihood that characterized them as soldiers while on the fields of battle run red with blood.

No braver soldiers are to be found than the North Carolina veterans, and not too much can be done in appreciation of those who stood to the front 70 years ago to uphold the ideals of the South.

Well, has it been said, that North Carolina was: "First at Beth-

el; farthest at Gettysburg; and last at Appomattox." Regardless of class or clan whenever we meet one of these brave men, of the pitifully small remnant left, some recognition should be made,—either a cordial smile, a warm hand shake or a bow of deference marked by the spirit of highest esteem. This is a small tribute, but remember old-age appreciates little attentions.

* * * * * * *

THE SEASON FOR GRADUATES

This is the commencement season when thousands of young women and men, from various institutions of learning in the state, with diplomas of proficiency from high schools or colleges, step out into life, thrilled and filled with the hope of success that springs eternal in the life of young people.

Every newspaper carries pictures of graduating classes, the members of which will soon find their places in responsible positions, doubtless taking up the work of those who have served their day and generation, and broken the ranks by either death or illness.

The graduating day is one of commingled joy and sadness. It is joyous because the course of study pursued in preparation for life is finished, and doubly sad because of breaking ties of the strongest friendship made by contact with students and teachers.

The final exercises of every commencement day are similar. There is bound to be a sermon to the graduating class, admonishing them against the pit-falls alluring to youth, and encouraging them to higher ideals with the hope of a glorified life and one of the finest service. There is also interspersed a program of recitations and song with the presentation of diplomas to climax the finale of school days that means much in the life of every young person in the country.

The expression "commencement-day" is truly significant. There are some who accept it as "finishing-day," but it means the commencement of the responsibilities of life for during school days only a skeleton is formed and it can be filled out daily by study.

Therefore, it is well for every graduate of this or any season to keep in mind that the course of study completed in college is only

a suggestion of greater things to be achieved.

But school days, "dear old happy school days" are a strong link welded by the joy of youth that makes complete a chain of delightful memories.

* * * * * * *

MR. C. F. RITCHIE'S GIFT

Mr. C. F. Ritchie, Concord, a veteran merchant in the line of hardware goods, also a man of great interest in the welfare of our young people never fails whenever an opportunity presents itself to give a little time and recognition to the boys of the Jackson Training School.

He has at different times sent to the boys of this institution 500 copies of Proverbs, and later has sent 500 copies of the Gospel of St. John. Mr. Ritchie really shows great joy in helping the wayward boy over the rough places. Being the father of many boys he knows the boy's problems, and by the innate desire of a father he wants to contribute to the developments of the "dependent boy."

The youngsters carry their gifts, Proverbs and the Gospel of St. John in their pockets, and it is not unusual to see some boy closely reading from one of the two gifts presented through the generosity of our fine friend, Mr. Ritchie.

This is a beneficient interest, the sowing of good seed,—the future only will show the fruits of this fine work.

* * * * * * *

POPPY DAY

May the 25th is the annual nation-wide date for the observance of Poppy Day, during which millions will pay tribute to the memory of the World War dead by wearing memorial popies. The money received for the poppies will be used for the welfare of the war's living victims, the disabled veterans, and the dependents of each.

The poppies are made by the World War veterans and their wives, and are a paper replica of the wild European poppies which bloomed along the battle front and in the war cemeteries during the World War.

The local sale is put on by volunteers, members of the Auxillary

of the Fred Y. McConnell Post, with no expense attached so that every penny will go to the rehabilitation work among the veterans who made the supreme sacrifice for the cause of democracy.

It was this flower, growing between the rows of wooden crosses above fresh battle graves, which inspired Colonel John McCrea to write his famous poem, "In Flanders Fields." The flower is now recognized throughout the English speaking world as the symbol of the World War sacrifice.

* * * * * * *

THE WOMEN ALERT

The Federation of Women's Clubs, meeting in Elizabeth City recently, did not adjourn without awakening interest as to perpertuating traditional history. This time one of the prominent women, a North Carolinian by birth, but a Virginian by adoption, Mrs. Margaret Old, of Norfolk, Va., urged upon the convention in the adoption of the Traditions of Women's Clubs, the inclusion of Roanoke Island along with Williamsburg, Jamestown and Yorktown, in the Colonial National Monument. The Virginia women, with the backing of the Virginia delegation in Congress are asking that Cape Henry be included in this area. If these women are successful in this project, it is only fitting that Roanoke Island and Edenton, N. C., historical centers, be recognized and rightfully placed.

The broad-visioned and versatile editor of the Suffolk News-Herald is thoroughly in sympathy with the idea, as will be seen in the following suggesttion that the quaint city of Edenton, N. C., be included in the national monument:

"We can see no reason why Roanoke Island should not enjoy the same distinction as the Virginia communities because of its relative historical importance. It was the first settlement of Englishmen in the New World although it perished. Here was born the first white child, Virginia Dare, of English parentage, on American soil. Becouse the settlement was not permanent is no reason why its priority should not be nationally recognized.

"But while our North Carolina neighbors are at it, why not seek also to have the quaint little city of Edenton included in the national monument? It certainly ranks high historically and for this reason deserves a place in the galaxy of centers of early American activities on this continent. In a way Edenton is to North Carolina what Williamsburg is to Virginia.

"Representatives of the Old Dominion should join those from the Old North State to secure recognition for both Roanoke Island and Edenton. If the people and press of the two states support the movement its success is assured."

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

BE PATIENT IN ALL THINGS

Don't forget that there are others
Who have burdens they must bear;
Don't forget that God's above you,
That He has you in his care.
O! the ills of men are many,
And the Lord has much to do;
But be hopeful. By tomorrow
He may get around to you.

—o—

We are told by a fashion note that the 1935 bathing suits will be very colorful—what there is of them.

—o—

I am not in the chain letter business. Those who write to me on the subject do so at the loss of three cents.

—o—

"I can't do a thing with Junior," usually means: "The little rascal has discovered that I am a spineless bluffer."

—o—

Happy is the man who has trained himself not to give a darn about things he can't help. He is a jewel among men.

—o—

In Quincy, Mass., the cemetery department made the most profitable showing in the town's record of business. But that cannot be taken as a sign of recovery.

—o—

People are a strange conglomeration. We are impressed by a fellow's recommendations, yet we give a recommendation to any dub who asks for it.

—o—

A naturalist tells us that the mouth of a crocodile may easily be held shut with one hand. This is an interesting bits of information for anyone who cares to play around with a crocodile.

—o—

James J. Montague says you hear about unsound money. They may talk about money as much as they please, and say what they please about it, but any kind of money sounds good to me.

—o—

Perhaps it's just as well that the Townsend plan has gone the way of most dreams. It would hardly be fair to burden the old folks down with the responsibility of spending $200 a month after a lifetime of caution and thrift.

—o—

There is an old axiom that "A word to the wise is sufficient." From the Long speeches in Congress it it would seem that our lawmakers are not as wise as they should be—or they are otherwise good listeners to lengthy disputations.

—o—

Civic leaders in a New England town want a glue factory removed from their midst. Things must be picking up—or sticking up. I've seen the time when even the opera-

tions of a glue factory would have been welcome in any community.

—o—

Former Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, says chemicals will play a big part in the next war. If it does, it would seem that the soldiers, in wars heretofore, who fought through "shot and shell," will, in the future, fight through shot and smell.

—o—

If the question comes up again as to the East or the West selecting a Governor, the middle man has very little chance to get a hearing. As a State we are one people, and there ought not to be so much sectional jealousy—it creates disturbing elements which are not conducive the best interests of the commonwealth. Let us be all for one, and one for all.

—o—

Here is news as is news. It is reported that a man near Kinston, this State, bought a horse some weeks ago, but he had no idea he had purchased such a stubborn animal. He reports that when he hitched it to a plow and started to drive it one direction, the horse became tempermental and wanted to go another way. This business kept up until one day recently the man, in blazing fury, grabbed the horse's ear and bit it. The horse screamed in pain, threw his head to one side, struck the man on the mouth and knocked out four of the man's teeth.

—o—

Irene Castle McLaughlin, the dancer, would like to correct the "hideous mistake" for which she holds herself responsible. The mistake was her former advocacy of the boyish figure for women. She feels now that curves are far more lovely. It is a matter on which I refuse to get worked up, and on which I know better than to take sides. If the ladies desire to go boyish, it all right with me, so long as they do not diet to a point where their tempers are affected. If they are naturally supplied with curves, to which they wish to conform their costumes, that is especially satisfactory. They will do as they please, anyway, subject to the dictates of the prevailing modes.

—o—

In this new world a man who has not enough brains to make a living is elected to office because of that fact and becomes at once competent to run the finances of the Government and to tell all of these old rich fellows that they are their brothers' keepers. Of course we poor folks are not able to be anybody's keepers, not even our own, so we pick these big fellows for our brothers and make them keep us. That is fine. I know that these old black numbers say we soon will bleed these big ones to death and then there will be nobody left to finance the world's business. But all of that nonsense about economy, thrift and reserve fund as taught by the ancient boneheads has been supplanted by the financial views of the new age which shows us that the way to make prosperity is to spend all you get and spend it before you get it. The reason the word is in the doldrums right now is because most of the white folks, and all of the negroes, were able to keep but one auto instead of two or three.

If we had had enough money to spend we would have made this land one continuous chain of gas stations and eating houses and thus kept both the money and the folks perpetual, whirling like a pair of tom cats in a free fight.

Tight shoes are the greatest blessing on earth. They make you forget all of your other troubles.—Josh Billings.

ORIGIN AND MEANING OF MEMORIAL DAY

(Selected)

Of course there has been a Memorial Day ever since you boys and girls can remember, and possibly you've never thought of how old Decoration Day might be. Ask some of the older persons in your family—your grandmother and grandfather—if they can remember the first Memorial Day.

Decoration Day is about sixty-seven years old, as it was first observed in 1868. General John A. Logan was instrumental in having it proclaimed a holiday, and, while he intended that the day should be devoted to the memory of the War-Between-the-States soldiers primarily, it nevertheless has grown into a day that sommemorates the memory of both soldiers and sailors, and includes the defenders of our country in every conflict, from the Revolutionary War through the great World War.

It is a day of thanks and praise for the soldiers and sailors. We recognize the fact that they suffered and died for us that we might enjoy the privileges and freedom of this glorious country. We owe them much, because they gave their all for us.

It is a common courtesy—an act of kindness—to thank people when they have done something for us. Some of the soldiers even died for us. Should we not do the little that we can to show our gratitude? Let us decorate each soldier's grave. That is all we can do for them.

But there are many living soldiers. Some are well and happy. Others are sick, injured and suffering. Are there any in your home town? If so, do more than think about them this Memorial Day. Show them, by word and deed, that you feel indebted to them, and that you appreciate what they have done for you.

Appreciation is a virtue that is lacking in too many people. We are all prone to accept carelessly the good things that come our way. We take them for granted. We seldom think to smile and say 'Thank you."

Let us make the spirit of Memorial

Day—that spirit of being thankful and showing our appreciation—the habit of each and every day of the year.

'Tis our dead we honor here,
Gallant dead of other days;
'Tis their courage that we praise.
'Tis their memory we revere,
'Tis the grave of heroes true,
Who were not afraid to die,
That with roses now we strew;
'Tis not war to glorify.

He's armed without that's innocent within.—Alexander Pope.

WHY MEMORIAL DAY?

By Bishop Charles Bayard Mitchell

I heard a man once say: "Memorial Day again so soon!" There was in his voice the accent of irritation. I pitied him. He was so small as to begrudge the time given to the memory of our national heroes. Every true patriot regards Memorial Day as the nation's holiest holiday.

"So soon!" And yet it is only once a year that we pause and reverently lay our tribute upon the graves of our dead heroes. Still, once a year is only the united national ceremony; but daily and hourly oblations of tears and tender memories fall upon many of those green mounds where lie the unforgotten dead. Every drum-beat every strain of music sends the blood in a mighty surge through many hearts, for it means—what does it not mean? And the flag! placed at the head of that green mound! Its true significance comes only to those who have suffered for it, personally or vicariously. The little flags wave over the graves of the soldiers. Sun and storm fade them, but still they guard the sacred mounds till the year rolls round, and reverent hands renew the cherished emblem. Our flag is wholly eloquent in joy and prosperity, and flaunts aloft at the topmost reach of dome and spar. In calamity and grief it droops and quivers half way down the mast; and when a hero falls we shroud him in its folds as the final honor in our power to bestow.

We keep this Memorial Day for a triple reason: First, to pay deserved honor to the memory of heroes. We owe them a debt we can never repay. When our country was in danger they gave up their usual occupations, and cast aside their plans and ambitions for personal gain. The student left his studies, the mechanic his bench, the farmer his field, the lawyer his clients, the physician his patients, and the merchant his trade. They gave up their homes; suffered the hardships of camp and march and battle. They gave up their lives. The nation owes loving honors for the dead, and kindly, helpful care for

their dependent survivors.

We must remember that when we place the wreath and flag upon a soldier's grave, we do more than honor the grave of an ordinary man. A soldier is more than an individual; more than a man. You can think of him, or estimate him as one citizen, as son, brother, father. When you look into his closed eyes, you see constitutions, history, laws, rights, prerogatives, powers. When you touch the cold body of a soldier you touch a sacred thing, and you hear drumbeat and bugle-call, and the thunder of contending armies! It is a great thing to be a dead soldier! He may have died by accident, by disease, by starvation, or by the bullet of the nation's foe; but his death sends a thrill through the nation. Society is more than an aggregation of individuals. It is an organism with a unity of life. A soldier is a personality in whom the nerves of the nation concentrate. It was not merely a man who was killed. The shot was a shot at the nation's heart, and the soldier received it and saved the nation. But the nation's heart throbs at the stroke, and the strength and courage of the smitten soldier go into the nation's life, and the nation is greater and mightier because of the brave soldier's death. Count not our loss in dollars by any war we have waged. Every noble life that has been bravely given for liberty and the nation's honor, has added to us untold wealth in those values which make gold look like filthy lucre, and diamonds look like common clay! This is why we keep Memorial Day. This is why we:

Cover them over with beautiful flowers,
Deck them with garlands, these brothers of ours,
Lying so silent, by night and by day,
Sleeping the years of their manhood away;
Years they had marked for the joys of the brave,
Years they must waste in the sloth of the grave.

All the bright laurels they fought to make bloom,
Fell to the earth when they went to the tomb.
Give them the meed they have won in the past,
Give them the honors their merits forecast;
Give them the chaplets they won in the strife,
Give them the laurels they lost with their life.

Cover them over, yes, cover them over—
Parent and husband and brother and lover.
Crown in your heart these dead heroes of ours,
Cover them over with beautiful flowers.

We keep this Memorial Day for a second reason: For the honor of the heroes living. I sympathize with the writer who has said: "Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheerful words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can

be thrilled and made happier by them. The kind words you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the casket cast no fragrance backward over the weary ways." When we are honoring our heroes dead, we must not forget our heroes living.

And then there is the third reason why we keep Memorial Day: That it may be an incentive to the living of today and tomorrow. The living wil be ennobled by recognizing the worth of our nation's heroes. They will be ennobled by apreciating the principles for which these heroes gave their all.

Let us remember that we who are alive today can live as nobly as we can die heroically. We can be ennobled or debased by the way in which we stand by the government and sustain the Constitution under whose flag our heroes have won their renown.

AN INSPIRATION

Let those who have failed take courage,
  Though the enemy seems to have won;
Though his ranks are strong, if he be in the wrong
  The battle is not yet done;
For as sure as the ornimng follows
  The darkest hour of the night,
No question is ever settled
  Until it is settled right.

O man bowed down with labor!
  O woman, young, yet old!
O heart oppressed in the toiler's breast
  And crushed by the power of gold!
Keep on with your weary battle
  Against triumphant might;
No question is ever settled
  Until it is settled right.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

HOW PIERRE GOT IN THE PARADE

(Selected)

"There's going to be a parade, father," cried Pierre DeWitt, as he came bounding into his father's business shop one afternoon, shortly after the closing hour of school.

"But why the excitement?" questioned the man. "There's nothing so great about a parade, sonny."

"But there's something great about this parade, father," replied the boy. "It's staged in honor of the dead soldiers of our great country."

"One fine American gentleman you are, Pierre," replied the man, with a smile; "you love everything about the big country I bring you to live in."

'I do that, father," responded the boy. 'Of course," he added quickly, seeing the sad expression rising in his father's eyes, "I love France—love the soldiers, love the beautiful country and the people that make it a grand little nation—but America, father," he went on eagerly, "it is one big, fine country, and one place where any boy who wishes may think and dream of being a big man."

"You're right, my son," answered the man, "and just for that very reason I brought my family to America. Go on, get in the parade, carry the biggest, brightest flag you have among your collection, and sing with all your might the national anthem, if the chance arises."

"The chance will arise, all right," answered the boy, "and I shall march and sing as bravely and loudly as anybody."

But marching and singing as bravely as anybody, Pierre soon discovered, wasn't going to be as easy as it sounded. Tom Walker, president of the Rising American Club that Pierre had had the pleasure of attending a few times, decided immediately, when a parade was suggested, that only American-born citizens should be allowed to take part in it.

"Please, Tom," begged Pierre, "let me march in the parade. I've such a lovely flag to carry, and I can sing the national anthem as loyally as anybody."

"No," answered Tom, flatly, "you are not an American-born citizen—this bars you from the parade."

"But I am a loyal citizen," argued Pierre, "and I want to march in the parade. My great-great-grandfather fought for the freedom of this country and is buried in the cemetery we are going to decorate. I shall spread one of my most treasured flags above his grave—just watch and see if I don't."

"You may do that, Pierre," replied Tom, 'but, all the same, you can't march in the Rising American parade.' "

"I don't think that's the right spirit," interrupted the voice of Dan Waters. "Pierre is a loyal citizen and should be counted among the marchers."

"That's what I say," argued Jim Crow; "let Pierre march with us."

"And *I—say no!*" exclaimed Tom; "and, being president of the club, my wishes should be recognized."

"That settles the matter," chimed in Pierre, with quivering lips; "I won't march in the parade, but my heart wil be in it—but—I'll be grieved instead of joyous when I see you fellows marching past the grandstand; that's all I can say."

"You'll get over that," retorted Tom, "and maybe in another year's time I'll let you march."

Suddenly the little Frenchman's face turned white and a gleam of determination appeared in his eyes.

"I won't wait another year, Tom Walker," he declared stoutly; "I'm going to march this year!"

"Not in the Rising American Club," declared Tommy, emphatically.

"There's plenty of room," laughed Pierre, "in this country for a fellow to march on Decoration Day if he feels patriotic enough, and I'm thoroughly patriotic—I'll march by myself, if necessary—but carry a flag I will—and decorate the grave of my great-great-grandfather—and I'm going to do it while the Rising Americans are decorating the graves of their ancestors, too—and I've already got the flag—hear me?"

And before the astonished Tom could make reply, Pierre had darted through the schoolroom door and disapeared around the corner of the building.

"Now, Mr. Tommy," chimed in Jimmy, "you've put your foot into trouble; these French people are always loyal to their flag and what it stands for. I think you had better follow Pierre home and apologize."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," retorted Tom, "but I am going to pay a visit to his house, and if I don't find a flag—well," he finished seriously, "I'll make things a little warm for that youngster."

Just when he would pay that promised visit, Tom didn't say, but, considering Decoration Day was only forty-eight hours off, he decided he had better do it right away. But dusk was settling over the world when he appeared at the door of the DeWitt cottage.

"Yes," said Pierre's mother, when Tom inquired for the son of the house, "Pierre is home; you'll find him in his room at the head of the stairs. Go right up."

Tom didn't wait for further urging, but immediately went slipping up the narrow stairs, thankful for the oportunity of catching the boy unawares. All he would have to do was to demand the flag of which Pierre had boasted, and the joke would be on Pierre.

Imagine the surprise young Tommy experienced when he reached the top of the stairs. There in one corner of a beautifully furnished room sat Pierre, surrounded by more than a dozen American flags, and working on some sort of wire contraption.

"Hello, Tommy!" Pierre called pleasantly. "Come right in and make yourself at home—you will feel at home in my house, won't you, considering it's Americanized—at least by the country's flag?"

A lump rose in Tommy's throat, and, greatly humiliated, he crossed the floor to the French boy's side.

"I'm sorry, Pierre," he said soberly, "that I was such a cad. You are a loyal son of this great country;

can you forgive me?"

"Sure I can forgive you," replied Pierre, "and maybe you are right—only American-born citizens should march in the parade commemorating the death of its valiant men."

"But for the French," returned Tom, thoughtfully, "our nation might have gone down to defeat once upon a time—I had forgotten that, Pierre, so please get your largest flag and come with me this very minute."

So it hapened that Pierre DeWitt headed the parade, and, under the fire of eloquence from a forceful speaker's tongue, he spread the flag he so lovingly bore above the grave of a great Frenchman who gave his life to keep America free in 1776.

A politician is a man who stands for what he thinks others will fall for.—Los Angeles Bulletin.

A COLLEGE BIGGER THAN ANY MAN

By Robert C. Harper

Benjamin Franklin in 1775 traveled from Philadelphia to Williamsburg to receive the first honorary degree awarded by the College of William and Mary, and thereby established a precedent which was to affect President Woodrow Wilson 163 years later.

Little did the noted Quaker and master printer dream that his act, and the acts of other noted personages who received a sheepskin from the South's oldest institution of higher learning, would present a diplomatic problem to college authorities in the twentieth century.

By receiving in person the honorary degree awarded him in recognition of his achievements, Benjamin Franklin inaugurated a custom, a tradition that the college is bigger than any man, a circumstance that gave the late Dr. J. A. C. Chandler, president of William and Mary, concern in adjusting the Woodrow Wilson situation.

In view of the visit to be made to the ancient college October 20 by President Roosevelt and a distinguished company, it is interesting to recall the long line of famous persons who have had honors conferred upon them by the college, and to dwell in particular on the circumstances arising from a trip to quiet Williamsburg by President Woodrow Wilson in 1918.

With rare exceptions, Williamsburg always is peaceful. Before the hand of Midas touched this historic community, in the form of the Colonial Restoration made possible by the vision and philanthropy of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., a Sabbath

day in Wililamsburg was the acme of serenity. Church bells summon the faithful to prayer and worship, a few students stroll to the town post office for mail. There is no sign of business activity. It is a day of rest. Here and there on the college campus, under stately oaks and majestic sycamores, students may be found reading books or studying their courses. Over the lovely campus, over the town itself, a spirit of contentment prevails.

It was thus on a Sunday morning in 1918 when President Woodrow Wilson quietly slipped into the city, and it is the same today, with minor variations incident to so many tourists viewing the Rockefeller projects.

The war President, seeking surcease from his manifold worries and responsibilities, boarded the Mayflower, came down the Chesapeake Bay, turned into the York River and from Yorktown traveled the short distance to Williamsburg. His visit was unheralded, unannounced but it quickly broke the Sabbath calm of Williamsburg.

President Wilson called on Dr. Lyon G. Tyler, president of the college and himself a son of John Tyler, tenth President of the United States. The meeting of these distinguished scholars must have been mutually pleasant and profitable. We can visualize them chatting about a number of things. Not many years had elapsed since President Wilson had been president of Princeton University. Dr. Wilson, a keen student of political science, a philosopher and humanitarian, must have yearned anew for the cloistered halls and the classic shades as he talked with Dr. Tyler, an eminent historian and prolific writer.

From a physical standpoint, the College of William and Mary has undergone almost a complete change since the Sunday morning Woodrow Wilson unexpectedly arrived on the campus.

Today the campus is lined with new buildings, both on the Richmond and Jamestown roads. A brick wall incloses the ancient campus within these boundaries. The restoration of the main building, with the accompanying white paling fences in the rear and new brick sidewalks, gives to this historic site a beautiful setting. The campus itself extends back to Lake Matoaca. Mr. Rockefeller's touch of gold is felt no less on the campus than in the city itself.

President Roosevelt, Harvard graduate, is no stranger to Williamsburg. He visited the city and college in 1932, while Governor of New York, and while attending the Conference of Governors in Richmond. Warm friendship exists between Harvard, rich in endowment and oldest school in the United States, and William and Mary, a State-supported school, second in age to Harvard only.

As one ponders the fact that seven awarded honorary degrees by the South's oldest institution of learn- Presidents, including Wilson, were ing, one wonders why President Jas. Monroe was not among those thus honored. For it is the proud heritage of the college that two of its alumni, Jefferson and Monroe, gave to the world the Declaration of Independence and the Monroe Doctrine.

Shortly after the faculty of the College of Wililam and Mary voted to award an honorary degree to President Woodrow Wilson, native of Virginia. Due to the stress of the World War, the peace negotiations and President Wilson's subsequent illness, he was never able to visit the college again to receive the honorary degree.

Should the college send him the degree? This was the question raised by the President's inability to come for it in person.

Should the college brush aside its tradition under the exceptional circumstances? Here was another question which gave college authorities anxious moments, for in the meantime Dr. Tyler had become president emeritus and Dr. J. A. C. Chandler installed as president of the colege.

In the course of newspaper reporting, one retains vivid recollections of stirring events. Such an event was the funeral of President Warren G. Harding in the national capital in 1923. In the White House grounds sat former President Wilson and Mrs. Wilson in their private car. The man who had lost his fight to take America into the League of Nations, who had been hailed by the masses as a modern saviour when he reached Europe, was at this moment a sick man, but not too sick to mourn at the bier of a political opponent, President Harding.

Up in the Vermont hills Calvin G. Coolidge, in a lamplit room, had been administered the oath of office as President by his aged father, Colonel John Coolidge. In the White House grounds former President Wilson awaited the moment when General John J. Pershing, riding a beautiful horse, would start the Harding funeral cortege. Behind the solitary horseman came a caisson bearing Harding's body, with six admirals and six generals marching on foot, on either side of the flag-draped casket. And behind the casket rode Woodrow Wilson, majestic in demeanor, an idealist who believed with Goldsmith:

"The good man suffers but to gain
And every virtue springs from pain;
As aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance as they grow,
But crushed or trodden to the ground
Diffuse their balmy sweets around."

There was Woodrow Wilson, soon to cease worrying over mundane things. I thought of the degree he was awarded, but never received. I thought of the dead Harding, at whose feet I had sat when he received a degree from Wiliam and Mary on October 19, 1921. I wondered if Coolidge would be given a degree, which he was given in May, 1926. And I thought how Benjamin Franklin, the peaceful Quaker, had started it all back in 1775, when the trip from Philadelphia to Williamsburg was a tedious journey.

After the death of Woodrow Wilson, the degree, duly attested, was sent to his widow. The college feels however, that it preserved its traditions.

Founded in 1693, the college was known as the Majestic Royal College of Wililam and Mary in Virginia, the school being named in honor of Queen Mary and her consort, William, Prince of Orange. The first president of the school was the Rev. James Blair. President Blair died in 1743 at the age of 89. He bequeathed the college all his books and 500 pounds sterling.

President Roosevelt will be the fourth consecutive President to receive a degree at William and Mary, Harding, Coolidge and Hoover having preceded him.

Prior to 1850, the college voted honorary degrees to nine persons, according to records furnished by Margaret Galpin, acting librarian.

Benjamin Franklin received the degree of A. M. in 1775, the first awarded by the college.

Chevalier de Chastellu, general in the French army, received an LL.D. in 1782.

John F. Coste, first physician of the French army, received the degree of M. D. in 1782.

In the same year Thomas Jefferson was given the honorary title of doctor of laws. Jefferson, like James Madison, was an alumnus of the institution.

The Right Rev. James Madison, Episcopal bishop and a president of the college, received the degree of doctor of divinity in 1790, the same year in which George Wythe, the great law teacher and judge of the Court of Chancery, was honored with a degree of doctor of laws; and in which Charles Bellini, head of the language department, received the master of arts degree.

Thirty-four years elapsed before the college awarded another degree. Marquis de Lafayette was given an LL. D degree in 1824, on his return to this country after an absence of 40 years. The French general who gave George Washington notable assistance in the Revolutionary War was feted in Richmond on the occasion of his second visit to Virginia.

The ninth honorary degree was given by the college to William H. Prescott, historian of Boston, in 1841, the degree being an LL.D.

The salary of the early presidents of the college, before the Revolution, was 200 pounds sterling annually. However, he received additional incomes as commisary to the Bishop of London and as a member of the Governor's council, making his total salary 550 pounds.

It will be seen that when President Roosevelt receives an honorary degree next Saturday, on the occasion of the induction of John Stewart Bryan as president he will join a long line of distinguished men who were honored by the South's oldest college.

The Williamsburg of a quarter century ago is a memory. The hand of progress is reflected today on the college campus, in the city itself, although this progress reproduces the ancient capital city as it appeared in the Colonial era. And in the college's background, as far as honorary degress are concerned, stands the the lovable, kindly figure of Benjamin Franklin.

Colleges, like churches, go on. It is only the workman who dies.

WHEN BLUE LAWS GRIPPED VIRGINIA

By Dr. H. J. Eckenrode

We all know that New England was the great country of Puritanism and that the people of that region and colonial times had many laws that seem singular to us today, though some of those old laws are not as unreasonable as we have been taught to believe. It will come as a surprise to many people, who imagined that colonial Virginia was a free and easy place, that the blue laws of our early colonial period were much like those of New England.

In those days the Powers that Be believed in churchgoing and churchgong was enforced in a vigorous way which, I must say, rather commands my admiration. The very first settlers at Jamestown, after they waded ashore in the mud, began to make plans for having a church and performed religious services, according to Captain John Smith, under an old sail.

The first settlers had to go to church. That very rough customer, Sir Thomas Dale, was as much interested in seeing that people went to church as he was in whipping and hanging them. The man who failed to attend divine service forfeited his day's food for the first offense, was severely whipped for the second offense, and went to the galleys for six months for the third. In Argall's administration, the penalty was confinement in jail; for a third absence from church a man went to jail for a year.

The first assembly, which met at Jamestown in 1619, made the penalty for being absent from church a fine of three shilings for each offense; a slave was whipped. In 1632, the fine was reduced to one shilngi; that the laws was rigorously enforced is evident from the large number of cases of "breach of the Sabbath" tried in the county courts.

Violation of Sabbath Included Many Things

Violation of the Sabbath included many things. For instance, it was not lawful to go on a journey on Sunday except to church. It was not lawful to shoot a gun on Sunday except to scare off crows and resist Indians. It was lawful to shoot an Indian on any day. People of the present time will sympathize with Oliver Segar, who in 1648 was presented by the Grand Jury of York County for fishing on Sunday. He had to build a bridge across a swamp to atone for this heinous offense. Sometimes people were fined for setting out tobacco plants on Sunday, for working on the Holy Day was a grievous sin.

An act passed in 1658 made it illegal to transport goods on Sunday; it was also against the law to serve legal writs on that day. One might imagine that these laws were in the nature of some modern laws and were not enforced, but that is far from being the fact. In 1655 11 people were indicted in Northampton County for remaining away from the parish church, and in 1675 29 citizens of Surry County were presented by the

Grand Jury for the same offense.

People were not much better then than they are now and were just as much inclined to stay away from church if they could. In 1678 somebody was scandalized by observing that the principal church of Accomac Court was scantily attended on Sunday while "above 20" men were seen drinking at John Cole's tavern. After the beginning of the eighteenth century and the toleration of dissenters, it became more difficult to enforce attendance on church, though the Government continued to try. In 1699 the Assembly passed an act levying a fine of five shillings, or 50 pounds of tobacco, on persons failing to be present at some form of religious service. The Revolution put an end to all efforts to make people go to church, and everybody was at liberty to be as much of a heathen as he pleased.

Fine for Church Absence Swelled Public Coffers

The law imposing a fine for failing to attend church has its good points in spite of all the ridicule thrown upon it. Nearly everybody admits that he ought to go to church, that going to church is a duty. Consequently, people should be willing to pay a small fine for the privlege of going fishing, picknicking or rowdying on Sunday instead of attending church. If such a fine could be levied on the large number of residents of Richmond who fail to attend church, the city's revenues would be much improved. In fact, such a fine might solve Richmond's financial troubles. The idea is commended to the attention of the honorable Mayor and Town Council.

Swearing was an evil habit severely punished from the earliest times. Captain John Smith had a jug of water poured down the sleeve of any worker heard to curse. The very religious Dale had a bodkin thrust through the tongue that uttered profanity, much in the same spirit in which mothers of later generations washed with soap the mouths of small boys heard to use profane or naughty language. In early Colonial times freemen heard to swear were fined while servants were whipped. For instance, in 1865 Major Thomas Chamberlaine was indicted for cursing, and Thomas Wells and wife for swearing "in a horrible nature."

Cursing seems to have been, however, almost as common in the Richmond vicinity then as now, since near the end of the seventeenth century there were 90 presentments in Henrico courts for uttering profane oaths. In 1692 as many as 122 persons were indicted in Henrico for uttering "wicked oaths." We are not much worse than our forefathers.

Virginia was a colony full of ordinaries and other places where spirituous beverages could be obtained, but the laws against drunkenness were strictly enforced. In 1631 the Assembly passed an act laying a fine of five shillings for each case of intoxication. In 1638 two citizens of Accomac, Samson Robins and another, were made to sit in stocks during divine worship because of intoxication. In 1648 Lower Norfolk court required Rowland Morgan to build a pair of stocks at the courthouse as a penalty for the "loathesome sin of drunkenness." Some times citizens

were presented for being "disguised in drink," and careful distinctions were made between persons who had been drinking and persons who were drunk. In other words, drunkeness was more severely puished then than now, though drinking was much more of a universal custom then than now.

Ducking Stools Did Thriving Business

Sexual morals were also carefully looked after, and it appears that the people of Virginia were better behaved in this respect than the New Englanders, despite all that has been written about Puritan virtue. Bastardy was a common offense in Virginia but less so than in New England. Men and women caught in illicit relations were always punished; the man was usually fined, the woman whiped on her bare back. A couple found living together out of wedlock were severely whipped by way of encouraging them to get married. A curious case occurred in Lower Norfolk about 1650.

One Edith Tooker was convicted of having broken the sexual law. She was ordered by the justices to appear in the parish church at the hour of service. Clothed in a white sheet, she was led and the clergyman urged her to repent of her "foul sin." But Edith turned a deaf ear to his discourse and tore the sheet. The penalty for this unrepentance was the infliction of 20 lashes on her back, and she was required to reappear in church in a white sheet the following Sabbath fortnight.

As everybody knows slander was punished in early times by the ducking stool. A husband might buy off his wife by paying a fine, but most husbands seem to have preferred to have their wives ducked to paying a hundred pounds or so of tobacco. Singular, isn't it? Sometimes the punishment for talking too much about the neighbors was severely punished. The Deborah Glassock of Low Norfolk County was in 1638 sentenced to rereive 100 stripes on her bare shoulders for making outrageous statements about the respectable Captain John Sibsey. Mrs. Thomas Causon, who accused the deceased Adam Thoroughgood of being bad pay, was ordered by the court to make public confession of her sin in the parish church of Lynnhaven.

But I might run on at great length on the curious old laws for regulating that over-unregulated thing, human conduct. Once we thought our forefathers were very quaint with all their restrictive laws and family customs. But now that crime is flourishing in the United States as never before, we begin to believe that the oldtimers had more sense than we gave them credit for. It is human nature for each generation to think that it has a monopoly on wisdom.

Instruments that will throw the voice of a speaker a mile have been invented. Now we want one that will throw the speaker the same distance.—Selected.

THE MYSTERY OF THE INDIES

By Frank Dorrance Hopley

The Island of Trindad, in the British West Indies, is one of the garden spots of the earth. The name Trinidad embodies all the romance and beauty of this tropical island, and signifies in the native language, "The Land of the Humming Bird."

The verdure is that of the tropics. There are abundant foliage and flowers of many colors. Thousands of beautiful butterflies and the more brilliant humming-birds may be seen, constantly on the wing. Flocks of gaudy paroquets and mangrove cuckoos frequent the wooded portions, and form bright spots of color against the somber background of the trees.

Here is to be found the famous lake of asphalt. This lake is one of the wonders of the world. How it came there has always been a mystery. The Carib Indians, whom Columbus found upon the island when he landed, have woven a beautiful legend about its birth.

The humming-birds were believed by these Indians to be spirits of the departed, who returned in the gay dress of another world to watch over their friends on earth. They were held in great reverence, and it was believed that the harming of one of these birds was sure to be followed by some great misfortune, not only to the person who did the act but to his entire family as well.

A fierce tribe of Indians called the Chaymas landed upon the Island of Trinidad and conquered the Caribs. In the great rejoicing over their victory the Chaymas killed many of the humming-birds and took their feathers to decorate their own heads and bodies.

During the night the Chaymas celebrated their prowess; they danced and built great fires. Then, according to the story, the Great Spirit, enraged at the desecration, caused that part of the island to boil like molten pitch. The earth cracked open and a great gulf was made. Into this cauldron went the village of the Chaymas, and every man, woman and child of the tribe perished. The mass of pitch remains to this day as a warning to anyone who would harm the humming-birds.

Scientists tells us that the asphalt lake is the crater of an old mud volcano; a mixture of oil and clay which, after centuries of boiling, has now cooled.

In appearance, the Pitch Lake as it is called, may be compared to that of a large, round pond that has substantially dried up. Little rivulets of water irregularly run over its bed, and here and there can be seen patches of vegetation while in the center fish bubbles rise.

The surface of the lake is not a uniform expanse of asphalt as one might suppose. It is a series of great folds, and between them the rain water gathers in the creases. The surface of the lake has been compared to the skin of a large elephant, and the irregular creases to the folds in its hide.

Along the edges of the lake grass grows, but it becomes free from veg-

etation at some distance from the center. Shrubs and small trees occur in a few cases and are known as islands. These patches of vegetation move from place to place with the movement of the pitch, which is in constant motion, due to the evolution of the gas underneath.

In appearance the asphalt is of a blackish brown color. If a person walks upon the surface of the lake on a clear day the feeling is as of walking on velvet. If you stand in one place for a few minutes your foot marks will show in the asphalt. Donkeys at not more than 200 feet from the dege of the lake, resting, in the height of the sun, for fifteen minutes or more, will sink nearly to their hocks. It is a frequent sight to see a negro at each leg of a donkey to keep the animal from struggling, while its hoofs are being picked out of the asphalt.

Just how deep the lake is has never been fully determined. Recent borings have gone to a depth of 175 feet before the drill was bent and put out of commission by the movement of the asphalt.

Here is one of the mysteries of this mystery of the Indies. Whenever a hole is dug in the lake, whether deep or shallow, it rapidly fills up, and the surface resumes its original level within a short time.

Suppose a space, say of sixty by by forty feet, and to a depth of three or four feet, is dug out during the day. You go away at night after having seen this cellar-like excavation. The next morning you will rub your eyes in bewilderment for, in that spot, although perhaps a little rough, you will find the asphalt approximately level with the rest of the lake.

The hole was filled up during the night. It would seem that some giant hand, from the depths beneath the lake, had pushed the mass into place once more. In the course of a day or two all trace of that particular hole has vanished. Just how this occurs no one knows. It is believed, however, that it comes from the constant settling of the entire lake by its gradual movement. There is no such thing as "new asphalt." The pitch lake has taken centuries to heat and cool, but what there is underneath the mass no one can tell.

The asphalt is dug out of the lake by men with mattocks. They are the native negros of the Island of Trinidad, and are skilled in this work. Under their repeated blows the pitch breaks easily. Great lumps, a couple of feet across, are taken out. The labor of the temperate clime, untrained to such work, would balk at carrying the huge slices, as being entirely too heavy.

The Trinidad negro, however, takes a block of the asphalt, or, perhaps, two and puts them upon his head, walks a few yards and drops them into a skip without much exertion. The skip is carried on a small platform car which runs on a nar row guage road, laid over the surface of the lake upon palm-tree ties.

Because of the constant motion of the asphalt, the tracks have to be frequently aligned, and inspected. It is surprising, however, how well the asphalt supports this railroad. The loaded cars, passing in a contin-

uous stream over the rails, weigh a thousand pounds or more, are pulled by a cable, and no difficulty is encountered other than the occasional necessity for the aligning of the ties.

The railroad track extends from the place of excavation to the shore of the lake, where there is a terminal station. The cars loaded with the skips filled with asphalt are brought to this station and then dumped into other skips. These latter skips, or buckets, run upon a cableway from the lake to the shore of the island, then out on to the pier, which is over one thousand feet long. They are emptied into chutes and dumped into the hold of a vessel along the pier.

The rapidity with which a vessel can be loaded is amazing. A thousand tons or more of the asphalt can easily be put abroard a steamer, in this way, in a day. These vessels form a constant line of exportation to the United States. During a large portion of the year from three to nine vesseles are always to be seen lying off or alongside the pier, waiting to be loaded.

The mystery that started in the asphalt lake still follows the pitch on its journey to an unknown country. The crude material, after it is dumped into the hold of a vessel, in a very short time, runs together again into a compact mass. When it arrives, the whole process has to be gone over once more. The asphalt must be picked out by laborers as the vessel lies alongside the pier, and again loaded into buckets, which are carried on cars to large storage bins to await the process of refining.

The asphalt is used for many purposes; the making of roads and pavements, roofing, paints, in the manufacture of varnishes, linoleum, and as a base for chewing gum.

Th mystery of the Indies still remains a mystery, and the blue sky and green hills of the tropical island still allure the traveler who sails the seas.

It was through these blue *bocas*, that separate the Island of Trinidad from the mainland of Venezuela, that Sir Walter Raleigh sailed against the Spaniards. Here, also, Admiral Nelson cruised with his great fleet, hunting day and night for the elusive warships of France, in that memorable voyage that extended over half a world, and ended at Trafalgar.

Romance still remains romantic and the mystery is still mysterious. If you want both, coupled with the lights and shades of color and beauty, visit the island of mystery that Columbus called "Trinndad."

Thou art in the end what thou art. Put on wigs with millions of curls, set thy foot upon all-high rocks. Thou abidest ever—what thou art.—Johann Wolfgang Goethe.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mrs. Emma J. Eagle, of Concord, visited the School last week-end. For many years Mrs. Eagle was matron in charge of our sewing room, and her many friends here were delighted to see her.

—o—

We have at the School two boys by the name of Sheaf, twins, who came to us from Morganton in January, 1932. Their father is dead and the mother had never visited the boys until last week. The mother, one small sister, and a married sister and her husband, walked (or hitch-hiked) from Morganton. It took them practically three days to make the trip to the School. The boys were delighted to see their home folks and enjoyed a brief but happy meeeting with them.

—o—

Mr. H. L. Ginsburg, of New Orleans, La., and Mr. and Mrs, Sam Kamin, of New York City, visited the School last Thursday and were shown through the various departments by Superintendent Boger. These people are conected with Jewish orphanages and homes for wayward boys in both Louisiana and New York, and were very much interested in the manner in which the work is being carried on here. We were glad to have these good folks with us and hope they maye be able to visit us again.

Mrs. W. T. Bost, Commissioner State Board Charities and Public Welfare, who addressed the associated relief agencies at Charlotte last Tuesday, spent a couple of hours at the Training School on her way home the following day. While here she visited the new trades building, several of the cottage homes and other departments. It was a pleasure to have Mrs. Bost honor us with a visit for even such a short period, as she always radiates sunshine and enthusiasm, at the same making most helpful suggestions. Mrs. Bost was accompanied by Mrs. Margie White, Superintendent of Public Welfare for Cabarrus County.

—o—

Jay Lambert, better known as "Jimmie Trigger," one of our old boys, called on us last Sunday afternoon. Jay was admitted to the institution September 15, 1922 and was paroled in October 1925. For several years Jay has been connected with the merchant marine service, and has just returned from South Africa, where he was employed in the commisary department of the American legation. At present he is spending a vacation with his sister in Kannapolis.

There is quite an interesting story connected with Jay's stay at the School, which the older members of our staff will probably remember. He was always rather weakly and emaciated in appearance suffered greatly

from ear trouble. During an epidemic of measles at the School, Jay was stricken and pneumonia developed later. For a number of days his life was despaired of, and a special full-time nurse cared for him for several weeks. He finally recovered and was allowed to go home in October 1925.

During his period of recuperation, many amusing tales went around concerning his infatuation for his nurse, in fact he was very reluctant to leave the sick room after the attending physician discharged him. Jay was allowed to leave the School soon after his recovery, with the hope that his convalescence would be more rapid at home.

We were all glad to see "Jimmie" and to learn that he has done so well since leaving the institution.

—o—

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read James 3: 5-18, and in his talk to the boys on the guarding of speech, he called special attention James 3: 13—"Who is a wise man and endued with knowledge among you? let him show out of a good conversation his works with meekness of wisdom."

In the course of his remarks Rev. Mr. Baumgarner stated that as we think of conversation we are conscious of results of the things we say. It is in our power to say things that will help someone or we may utter expressions that will hurt those to whom we are talking, therefore it is necesasry that we be very careful how we talk.

We should at all times guard our tongues lest we use the wrong kind of language. We should keep clear of personalities in conversation. Only the smallest people in the world talk of personalities. In family circles, particularly at meal-times, we often hear criticism—people tearing others' characters to pieces—and such conversation is very disgusting to one who is trying to treat his fellow man as he, in turn, would be treated.

We often hear folks select an individual, speak of him unkindly, and destroy his reputation. When this process is repeated several times, each person adding a little as the tale passes along, we often hear the reputation of a splendid individual being paintd in the blackest of colors—without any foundation whatever. This was brought about by someone having the wrong kind of conversation at the start, thus destroying the reputaion of a good prson.

In our conversation, said Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, we should at all times strive to keep the air filled with gentleness and kindness. In speaking of a person we should try to say something good about him—if we are unable to do that, it is better that we keep silent.

The speaker then called attention to the habit of cursing and using obscene language, Cursing, he said, makes no impression on our listeners except for the moment. Such words are soon forgotten. Then we have the fellow who speaks of obscene things, and speaking of such things,

he destroys many of the fine traits of life, both for himself and his listeners.

Foolish talking and jesting, said the speaker, cannot always be condemned. There are times when a person may turn something off in a joking way and add life to the conversation, but one who does this continually does not help.

Blessed is that person who is obedient to the laws of Christ, continued Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, and it is not hard to see why such a person is blessed. He speaks ill of no man; he praises his fellow man and bids the down-hearted to be of good cheer. It is better for us to remain silent than to use our tongues in scorn, slander and unclean things. He who speaks well of others, whose conversation is guarded, is a high type of person. To keep silent under hardships is most pleasing to God, and helps us to develop a strong character. Battlefields do not require as much courage.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Baumgarner said we should always speak the truth. A man must be truthful if he is going to be respectable. If he is known to be a liar, people will not have anything to do with him. It is the glory of true manhood to be truthful. Truth is so essential to manhood, that a liar could hardly be called a man. We should guard our tongues with jealous care and say those things which will be uplifting to ourselves and helpful to those to whom we speak.

YOU TELL ON YOURSELF

You tell what you are by the friends you seek;
By the very manner in which you speak;
By the way you employ your leisure time;
By the use you make of the dollar and the dime.

You tell what you are by the things you wear;
By the spirit in which your burdens you bear;
By the kind of things at which you laugh,
By the records you play on the phonograph.

You tell what you are by the way you walk;
By the things of which you delight to talk;
By the manner in which you bear defeat;
By so simple a thing as how you eat.

By the books you choose from the well-filled shelf;
In these ways and more, you tell on yourself.
So there's really no particle of sense,
In an effort to keep up false pretense.

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 19, 1935

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since the method was adopted March, 10, 1935.

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Jesse Cleveland
Thomas Doby
(6) Erwin Martin 7
J. C. Mobley
(5) William McCormick 8
(11) Robert Radford 11
(6) Earl Rogers 10
(7) Hassell Shropshire 7
(9) Richard Sullivan 10
(6) Louis Tarkington 8
(11) Ashley Thompson 11
(4) Richard Tysinger 4
(3) Jerome Warren 3
(6) Vermont Whitley 7
(4) Wiley Willoughby 4

COTTAGE No. 1

J. D. Ashe
Sam Batts 7
(4) Homer Bunn 6
Robert Cashwell 3
William Goodson 7
Joseph Johnson 2
(9) Millard Owenby 10
Eugene Whitt 6
(2) Everett Williamson 4
(6) Junius Yarborough 7
(2) Preston Yarborough 5

COTTAGE No. 2

John Capps
(4) James Cooper 8
Thomas Goodman 3
Vasco Robinson 7
Fred Seibert
(2) Woodrow Spruill 6
(5) Henry Tucker 7
John Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 3

(2) William Barber 4
Frank Hutchins 4
(3) John Walsh 7

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) James Bartlett 6
(2) Vernon Bass 7
(11) Fleming Collins 11
(7) Robert Conklin 8
(4) Ralph Johnson 4
(2) Billy Justice 5
Thomas Little
(4) Irwin Luther 6
(2) Robert Penland 5
Clyde Reece 5
(4) Wheeler Sturdivant 4
(3) Melvin Walters 5

COTTAGE No. 5

(5) Connie Dickens 7
(5) Maynard Hicks 10
George Kye 4
Randolph Miller 5
(2) David Odham 2
(4) Robert Worthington 9

COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Fred Clark 3

COTTAGE No. 7

James Corn
Emerson Frazier 4
(3) William Green 6
(2) Caleb Hill 6
(2) Harding Kluttz 3
J. B. Murray 8
(6) Theodore Nines 7
Lewis Parker 7
Cling Shelton 3
(3) Floyd Watkins 8
Douglas Wilkes 4

COTTAGE No. 8

(11) John Auton 11
Charles Banks 4
(5) Sam Belk 8
(2) J. R. Davis 3
(3) Harry Flowe 9

Ernest Owens
Charles Webb

COTTAGE No. 9

(7) Lee Dickens 10
Carl Everett 2
(4) Woodfin Fowler 6
Hoyett Hudson 5
Thomas McCausley 3
(6) Homer Smith 7
Ed Lee White 8
(7) Bryan Williams 10

COTTAGE No. 10

(3) Jack Baity 10
(2) James Bell 3
Harold Brown 3
(3) Jack Carver 4
Norwood Cockerham 4
James Kellam 9
Hilton McMath 4
(2) Edwin Shuler 2
Steve Talbert 6
(4) Fred Ward 8

COTTAGE No. 11

(8) Bennie Holland 9
Warren Holloman 5
Charles Hefner 4
James Montford 4
(8) Bennie Moore 9
Ted Pitman
(6) James Rector 7
(2) Theodore Rector 2
(4) Charles Smith 7
William Tobar
(2) Oscar Vereen 4
(2) Eldridge Ward 2
(4) Adolph Watson 4

COTTAGE No. 12

(2) Trojan Aiken 3
(2) Earl Atwood 10
(2) Walter Beaver 8
Paul Eason 4
(2) Edward Lockamy 5
Glenn O'Quinn 3
Leonard Potter 3
(9) Homer Quick 10
James Reavis
Thomas Welch 5

COTTAGE No. 13

Monte Beck
Neil Collins
(2) Urbane Hill 10
Erwin Medlin
Warren Medlin 6
(4) Jennings Norris 7
(3) Linwood Potter 6
(11) Eugene Smith 11
Harry Smith
(5) Howard Wilson 8

COTTAGE No. 14

(3) Elzie Carpenter 4
(6) Jack Comer 9
Curtis Coleman 3
Nelson Daubenmeyer 3
Troy Powell 3
Vernon sheaf 3
Virgil Sheaf 3
(2) Joseph Stockton 6

COTTAGE No. 15

Marvin Ashe 4
Jack Barlow 2
John Caddell 9
Earl Chambers
(2) John Early 4
George Gibson 6
S. T. McGinnis 2
(2) Claibourne McKee 5
Wiliam Moose 5
(8) Sam Pegram 10

There are souls in this world which have the gift of finding joy everywhere and of leaving it behind them wherever they go.—Selected.

Travel anywhere..any day *on the* SOUTHERN *for* 1½¢ PER MILE

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CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 1, 1935 No. 22

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A BIG GAME

The biggest and best game on earth is played by the Golden Rule. Two or more can play at a time.

To begin the thing right, there is one thing you must always remember:

You move first.

Another interesting feature of the game is, you do not have to beat to win.

In the game played by the Golden Rule you win when you make a friend, and the only way you can moke or hold a friend is by first being one.—Author Unknown.

PUBLISHED BY
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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

ONLY A DAD

Only a dad with a tired face
Coming home from the daily race,
Bringing little of Gold or Fame
To show how well he has played the game,
But glad is his heart that his own rejoice
To see him come, and to hear his voice.

Only a dad of a brood of four,
One of ten million men or more,
Plodding along in the daily strife,
Bearing the whips and scorns of life,
With never a whimper of pain or hate
For the sake of those who at home await.

Only a dad, neither rich nor proud,
Merely one of the surging crowd;
Toiling, striving from day to day,
Facing whatever may come his way.
Silent whenever the harsh condemn
And bearing it all for the love of them.

Only a dad, but he gives his all
To smooth the way for his children small.
Doing with courage, stern and grim,
The deeds his father did for him.
This is the line that for him I pen,
Only a dad, but the best of men.

—Selected.

MRS. W. T. BOST

The Jackson Training School was pleased to have State Welfare Commissioner, Mrs. W. T. Bost, Raleigh, honor the institution with her presence. This was Mrs. Bost's first visit to the school, not because of a lack of interest, but due to the fact her duties are many and varied, reaching out to every corner of the state.

There is reason to conjecture that Mrs. Bost, a woman of wide

experience, broad vision with a fine intellect combined with a spirit of the tenderest sympathy, took in the situation at the Jackson Training School and saw the need of vocational training for the five hundred boys, the capacity of the school. No two boys like the same thing either in sport or work, therefore, to keep the boys happy, and prepare them for the future it is imperative that some plans be made for a diversified interest in manual training.

It is impossible to make of a boy a naval officer if there is a heritage of science, or desire to become a doctor, neither is it right to dissipate time in endeavoring to make a farmer of a youngster if there is an evidence of some latent talent for tailoring and so on down the line. It is impossible to make water run up a hill, or words to that effect.

In short to carry out the mission of the school, transforming the wayward and dependents into useful citizenship, there ought to be adequate vocational opportunities to meet the demand of the times. When this institution gives back to the state happy citizenship with gainful occupations, a rightful heritage, there will not be the least danger of a return to "old wallows" and becoming again a liability to the state. There is wisdom in this method of caring for the boys. Study the question from any viewpoint if you please.

The Jackson Training School offers the finest opportunity in the state to build strong characters and we feel sure Mrs. Bost can visualize the results with equipment for the handsome trades building, the gift of Mr. W. J. Swink, China Grove, and will bring all powers in force to convert this building into a shop of varied activities.

Mrs. Bost, all of us appreciate your visit and beg of you not to make it too long between—visits. We welcome you at all times.

* * * * * * *

J. W. CANNON HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING DEDICATED

The race of mankind, prompted by a sense of recognition and of appreciation, has from time immemorial sought through various ways to pay tribute and honor to certain outstanding personages who have flashed across the horizon. These important figures

have been those who by some power, mighty and somewhat mysterious, have accomplished what to many seemed the impossible, and because of their accomplishments the lives of vast throngs of humanity were vitally affected and changed. Hence men have sought to pay these their homage cheerfully, abundantly and spontaneously.

People have always been accustomed to reserve their choicest tributes and memorials for those who have dared to pioneer in some great adventure either in industry, science, education, religion, or some other enterprise closely related to the lives of many. Likewise men have reserved their honors for those whose vision and beneficiences have contributed much to the welfare of mankind in widespread proportions. It is ever true that a well-merited tribute or memorial bestowed in simple words on a joyous occasion is a most beautiful and touching event.

Back of each memorial there has always been a spirit or feeling on the part of those who bestow their honors to use memorial that would reflect appropriate and due credit upon the one whose memory they honor. Similarly it has been their desire to erect such a memorial as would possess an abiding permanency.

On the evening of May 20th last, in the presence of a vast audience, the magnificent new high school building in the city of Kannapolis was dedicated as a memorial to the late James W. Cannon. Down through the coming years this majestic structure will continue to bear the name of this man, who by his genius and wizardry erected a giant industry in the Piedmont section of the Carolinas, and thus his name will be preserved for the oncoming generations. His marvelous achievements in financing, merchandising, and manufacturing will remain as an inspiration to the ever widening stream of youth as they pass through these gateways of knowledge on their way out into the world to assume the responsibilities of life.

Hon. O. Max Gardner of Washington, D. C., a former Governor of North Carolina was the orator of the occasion. He paid a glowing tribute to Mr. Cannon, whom he described as a man well balanced in his interests and abilities. It was pointed out that despite the fact that Mr. Cannon was the moving spirit in a stupen-

dous tetile enterprise involving huge problems of finance, and the organization of men and materials, he nevertheless found time to participate in the promotion of plans for advancement of schools and churches. He wanted those who were associated with him to have a fair chance in life; he rejoiced in the successes of others.

The new school building, dedicated to the training of boys and girls, stands as a fitting memorial to this man who transformed vacant fields into a hustling, bustling industrial city, nationally and even internationally known as the City of Towels. Kannapolis is now one of the most active trading centers of the Carolinas. Thousands of contented citizens find employment on the vast chain of Cannon Mills, the creation of James W. Cannon.

The J. W. Cannon High School is one that compares favorably with the best in the state, both in arrangement and construction. Imposing colonial columns at the front give it an appearance of elegance and ornateness. They stand out in bold relief against a background of variegated tapestry brick. The brick in the building are motley-ranging in colors varying from deep red to rather pronounced green, thus providing a wall rich in color and life. The stone coping and cornice supplies an exqusite touch of beauty and art.

The workmanship and materials are excellent in every detail. Extreme care was exercised to insure the fulfillment to the minutest detail the plans and specifications prepared by a certified architect, recognized as being compentent in his profession, and approved by Federal engineers.

Some of the rooms and accommodations in the building are as follows:

Twenty-one class rooms.
Auditorium seating 945.
Principal's Office.
Teachers Rest Room.
Two Laboratories for Home Economics.
Manual Training Shop Room.
Health Room.
Two Science Laboratories for Physics, Chemistry, Biology and General Science.
Library Room and Adjacent Work Room.

Study Hall for 50 to 60 pupils.
Modern Signal System.
Modern Heating plant with a stoker fireman.
Four Toilet rooms with tirazza floors.
Janitor's supply room and toilet.

The chairs for the auditorium have already been installed and were in use during the recent commencement exercises. The other equipment and furniture will be installed during the vacation period. Everything will be modern in every respect. The entire structure, together with the furniture and equipment will represent an investment of approximately $140,000.00.

The boys and girls of Kannapolis should rejoice in the splendid opportunities that have come to them in this new building and they should make such use of it as will reflect credit upon the memory of the one whose name it bears—James W. Cannon.

* * * * * * *

A PIONEER IN WELFARE WORK—JANE ADAMS

It will be impossible to put into words the long record of the nation's pioneer welfare worker, Jane Adams, an example for womanhood everywhere. The "Hull House," Chicago, a citadel of sweetest compassion, where the friendless, the tired physically and mentally, the bewildered and dispossessed, turned for refreshment, revival and refuge, was the creation of this conscious-minded woman, Jane Adams. There is no way of measuring her contribution to the comfort of the helpless. For her entire life was dedicated to service for the sake of humanity.

Following close in the footsteps of the lowly Nazarene she stooped down into the depth of pits of meanness, cruelty and evil without losing those elements of sweetness and tenderness that made it possible for her to hold fast to her convictions that she was intended for service.

Her life is a vindication of the truest democracy, that there are possibilities, and the opportunity should be given every man to rise to the peak of highest achievements. It takes a woman of the strongest part to convince others of the need of volunteer work in the slums and elsewhere when needed. Jane Adams through her

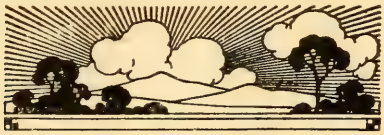
broad vision, deep sympathies, untiring energy without compensation has given a practical demonstration, the Hull House, the greatest community settlement in the country, of the power of woman when directed in the right channel. Her life is a message to the slacker, a reproach to those who use their privileges and opportunities only to make a living and not make a life. The peak of the possibilities of the human spirit is realized if the wayward are made to see the dawn of a new day and become useful citizens.

* * * * * * *

RENTING TEXTBOOKS

One of the best things the recent legislature did was to establish a state-wide textbook rental system whereby it will be possible for parents to secure textbooks for their children in school about one-third the cost in years past. Since the textbook business had developed to such a point that it might be classed as a "racket", the action of the legislature will bring welcomed relief to thousands of parents who have been forced to adopt a "grin and bear it" attitude, and it will give deserving children who have not had books in recent years an opportunity to make their grades.

Parents who still would like to buy books for their children may do so, but our guess is that few of them will do that, since there are few textbooks which are of any great value to a person after he completes his school work.



RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

OLD FRIENDS

"There are no friends like old friends,
There are none so good and true;
We greet them as we meet them,
Like the roses greet the dew.

"There are no friends like old friends,
Though born of kindred mold,
And although we love the new ones,
We cherish more the old."

—o—

Many people who have driving licenses have no license to drive recklessly.

—o—

When a man is rough to his wife—when he lets his beard grow for three or fours days.

—o—

An automobile strike at the factory is better than an auto strike in the street.

—o—

Advertisements contend that porch furniture is holding its own again. Yea; but you can't keep them from necking.

—o—

Praise be, the man who controls the four billions, designed to help the country out of a hole, is not Huey Long, nor even Father Coughlin.

—o—

It is said that the Canadian government witholds relief to all who own automobiles. In this country those are the poor devils who need help the most.

—o—

The activities of the postal authorities in tracing down those send-a-dime chain of letters are succeeding in accumulating a quantity of missing links.

—o—

Psychologgists have ascertained that there are only two perfect minds in every 100. I must confess to some personal curiosity as to who the other one is in my group.

—o—

It has been stated in the papers that Senator Huey Long regards himself as a national asset. If he does he used just two letters too many at the end of the word asset.

—o—

The federal government continues to provide sanctuaries and closed seasons for our wild life. But it has not yet been able to get it out of automobiles that run 70 and 80 miles an hour.

—o—

There are some who assert that Huey has some common sense. The trouble is that it is so danged common, especially when he accuses the President of going before the joint meeting of Congress to "be fawned over."

—o—

If all the driving cranks who pester other drivers sounding horns at the fellows ahead, at street intersec-

tions, were laid end to end, I would do my best to lick the first man who tried to pick them up.

—o—

As a hint to those European nations that talk so glibly about war, I want to tell them that Uncle Sam has taken off the trousers he carried his money in and can't remember where he left them.

—o—

It is said that a new instrument reveals that there are approximately 18.8 square feet of skin on the average human body. These figures are liable to vary somewhat during house-cleaning, and furniture-moving times, and be a little less.

—o—

A Kentucky woman had her "thinking" brains removed. The doctor reports that since the operation she insists on talking about one thing, despite efforts to change the subject. Why doesn't her husband get her the dress and hat, and relieve her of the one idea?

—o—

Today, as I crossed my legs, I noticed that my heels were run down somewhat sideways. I immediately said to myself, I shall send my shoes to the cobbler today. The thought pleased me. I am a Doer. I reflected. I make decisions and carry them out in one sweeping gesture. When my hair needs cutting, I have it cut. When I need a shave I resolve to have it done that very day. Later, however, these things slipped my mind. I am not unike a great many other people.

—o—

The country's solons may over-ride the President's vetoes, but in the long run he is going to come out on top. There is no gainsaying the fact that he is looking after the interest of the whole nation, and not one particular group. He is a far-seeing President, the politicians and the lobbists to the contrary notwithstanding. He is laboring for the benefit of the many, and not the few. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, and when the smoke has cleared away you will see wherein he is right. And he upholds, and fights for, what he conceives to be right with a boldness, and clearness, that is refreshing.

—o—

An intoxicated gentleman stumbled in to the crowded bus, singing quietly in a cracked voice, and smiling eagerly and expectantly at the other passengers, and between snatches of his maudlin song, said he had become confused over the new State liquor laws. Somehow his exuberance was lost upon the crowd of students and borers on their way to school and work, for those near him sniffed and turned their heads away, and others did little to conceal the resentment towards anyone having so good a time when they had to go to study and work. The newcomer, apparently, could not understand why they were not all drunk too, and so he got off at the next stop, with a "Goodbysh, folks, I'm going' 'round the corner to get 'nother supplish!"

—o—

The dermatologists in the skin advertisements tell me that I have a new skin ever seven days, that one skin layer is constantly wearing off, and another is constantly growing

underneath. That adds immeasurably to my worries. It is not enough that the earth is gradually freezing into an uninhaitale snowball beneath my feet. It is not enough that red coruuscles and white corpuscles are constanly fighting each other in our bloodstreams. It is not enough that the universe is constantly expanding, and the stars are going farther away. It is not enough to know that we we do not know where "we are at" on State prohbition. But now when I sit down to worry about these things, with my chin held despondently in my hands, I must realize with alarm that my face is gradually slipping away through my fingers.

No person will have occasion to complain of the want of time who never loses any.—Jefferson.

MY DAD

By Ray W. Ragsdale

My father is a symbol of a spirit our times cannot break. He is not a great man. No special recognition is given him anywhere. You will find him in the middle of a stream of American laboring men as it flows to the great sea of oblivion. And yet he is not just another laborer. That's why I am writing of him.

Another budding spring will crown him with sixty years—years that have been full of hard labor. Born on a farm, son of the soil, and as sturdy as the earth his plows transformed into furrows, my dad did a man's work even as a boy. Idealism flamed in his bosom and lighted up his strong face. He married, as others do, and with his bride beside him took up the march down the years. He has not traveled far, but everywhere he has gone a record of honesty and industry remains to mark his trail. He rented a farm and worked the soil, but men do not accummulate great wealth at such labor. He moved to another, and still another. Finally, a flood wiped out everything. He sold the stock and the few things that were salvaged, and moved to town.

Industry extended an iron hand and beckoned to him. He complied and became a carman in the passenger-car department of a prominent railroad company. Things went well —for a while. Father and mother bought a house. Later, they lost it.

My dad, like millions of other men in "the land of the free and the home of the brave," was the victim of unemployment even before the crash in '29. For the last ten years he has been furloughed for a good part of every year. Sometimes the period has stretched out into a score of

months. When the furloughs came, dad picked apples, dug sweet potatoes, hoed corn, hauled coal, harvested wheat, and did whatever else he could find to do. He was seldom idle, for everybody knew that he was a "good hand," but the pay was poor.

Four years ago, I was home from college. Dad was working at the "shops" then. I drove the old car down to meet him so he would not have the long walk home. I was a bit late and I feared I would miss him if I went all the way to the gate, so I turned down a blind street that ended at the tracks. I knew he would walk by that point. Pulling up as close to the right of way as I could, I waited. I could see the track entrance to the shops. In a moment the quitting whistle blasted the air. Men began pouring out like ants from a disturbed ant-hill. I strained my eyes to see my father. He would not be the first man out because he was never the kind of workman to have his tools put away waiting for the whistle.

When the black-smudged building had emptied itself of over half of its toilers, I saw dad coming. I had waited for him many times, but never had I seen him walk so slowly. Arms swung at his sides with as much ease as ever, but something seemed to be dragging his steps. How stooped he was becoming, I reflected. His eyes were on the ground—not on the horizon. He had given fifteen of the best years of his life to a great corporation. They had used him like a tool, putting him aside at their will, not thinking that a human tool must eat and provide for his family whether he works or not. Once, the tool was broken in use. He was caught between the edge of a narrow doorway and a passenger car and crushed into unconsciousness. They gave him ninety dollars to pay for the broken chest, and had the tool repaired by the company doctor. Yes, dad gave fifteen good years. And they had left their mark. But he had to stick, for he had a family to feed and clothe. Anyway, he was a "good hand"!

Although he left a farm for a job in the shops, dad always yearned to go back. He loved the soil. He was a creator, and he longed to watch his creations grow into golden harvests.

Three years ago, when the grim tyrant Unemployment strode into the passenger-car department, dad was liberated. He knew he would have to do something. He was getting old. So, instead of cowering before the regal terror that victimized millions, my dad squared his stooping shoulders and went back to the farm. Today, after three years, a proud man of fifty-nine winters, prematurely aged by industry, sits by a humble fireside with his equally proud companion who mothered his family, and thinks of the blessings that the farm has given him. The granary is full of corn and the mow is full of hay for the two horses, one cow, two sows and ten pigs. Not everything runs smoothly, but the sunset of life is sending a rapturous reflection of golden light into the soul of his admiring son.

I am a preacher now. That pleases him, for he wants me to "serve the

Lord" Now and then he writes his preacher-boy and says, "Remember me in your prayers, son." As if he needed my prayers!

Some people might call my dad a failure. Perhaps he is, judged by their standard. But to me he will always be a symbol of a great American success. Because of what he is and always has been, I honor—my dad.

Music is the only language in which you cannot say a mean or sarcastic thing.—John Erskine.

SKETCHES OF SOUTHERN HISTORY

By Maude Waddell in Charlotte Observer

Confederacy's Birthplace

The picturesque old city of Montgomery, Alabama, is so charming in its colorful qualities that one can walk abroad in its spots of romance and interest and can easily visualize a by-gone day. Walking up the gentle incline of Dexter avenue one comes to the hill-crest, said to have been saved for many a day, through a century perhaps, by a gentleman of vision for the site of Alabama's capitol, and here crowning a scene of loveliness within a park of perfection and beauty, is the stately old building where the Confederacy was born. Many and long have been the wrangles which sought to tear down this fine example of classic architecture and replace it with a modern building offering great convenience, facilities for efficiency in every form, and in fact all that with which a commercial world would supplant the shrine of a dear dead day. But Montgomery could not fail to be the Montgomery of southern love and tradition and the best interest prevailed and the majestic old building stands as a memorial to the culture and charm of a gently-bred people.

The acanthus leaves at the tops of the Corinthian columns, the high-pitched ceilings, the tall old windows with their old-fashioned panes, the fine old paintings, the classic ornamentation of doors, walls and stairways, and the softened coloring of everything which age lends, makes the Confederacy's birthplace a thing of beauty and a joy forever. And from this lovely spot, in the dear dead days beyond recall, the handsome young Jefferson Davis went daily from his official duties to his home—the first White House of the Confederacy. To the right of the capitol stands an old-time large, square house of many rooms and massive planning. One gets the impression in looking at it of boxwood bushes, clingin givy vines and two tall,

wide red brick chimneys at each end. Such was the first White House of the Confederacy. Today the visitor to Montgomery is received in these hallowed precincts by one of the best known of the Daughters, is shown over the house from room to room, each furnished with the original furniture in so far as it has been obtainable, and most intimate and interesting stories told of every object of art and sacred relic.

In First White House

In the parlors of the first White House of the Confederacy the crystal chandelier, rosewood furniture, mantle mirror, pier mirror, rosewood whatnot, brass fender and irons, and marble-top center table are all original pieces used in Jefferson Davis's time. The carpets, cornices, curtains and tasseled-hangings are of the same period. Two rosewood chairs are original pieces from the home of William R. King, of Alabama, a former vice president of the United States. The silver-lyre candelabra on the center table is an ancient piece brought from England. The bronze chandelier in the back parlor is one of the original furnishings of this house.

In this room is a chair bearing a placard and this chair is an old armchair which Mrs. Davis was finally permitted to send to her husband during the last weeks of his imprisonment in Fortress Monroe, to be used instead of the hard bench provided by the prison authorities. Upon a rare mahogany desk-bookcase stands a unique gas drop-light used by the Davis family in this residence and at their plantation home, Beauvoir. Upon the center table in this back parlor rests the large family Bible taken away during the war by a northern soldier and returned to the White House by his younger brother. Also in the back parlor hangs a portrait of General Robert E. Lee, presented by a member of the Lee family.

In Mrs. Davis' bedroom is shown the furniture used by Mrs. Davis during her residence in New York City after the war and the following is a parital list of articles: the bed upon which Mrs. Davis died; the table and chairs by Winnie Davis and Margaret Davis Hayes for afternoon tea service; pictures of Mrs. Davis, her daughters, and grand-children; picture of monument to Winnie Davis in Richmond, Va.; the antique mahogany wardrobe which was used both at the White House and at the Davis home at Beauvoir.

In President's Study

A scene of many important conferences during the early months of the war was the study of President Davis and in this room are many interesting articles, a partial list of which is as follows: Table upon which Jefferson Davis wrote "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government"; compass carried by General Robert E. Lee through the war with Mexico and the War Between the States; silver chalice from which Generals Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson took communion while at Fort Hamilton; fragment of cloth from uniform worn by Stonewall Jackson when he received his mortal wound at Chancellorsville; school books of the Davis chldren and cabi-

net in which books were kept. Also in this room in a cabinet are personal relics of dressing gown and a uniform made of cloth woven in Virginia and presented to him by General Beaureguard, and in a glass cabinet are imported scrim curtains, trimmed with antique lace, originally used in this house.

In the bedroom of President Davis the furniture is placed according to a diagram made by Mrs. Jefferson Davis and a partial list of articles which may be seen by visitors in this room includes: bed used by Jefferson Davis, bedspread crocheted by southern women; night table with Bible, candlestick and water-bottle; desk used by Jefferson Davis; case containing umbrella and walking stick; rocking chair; valise, marked with his name and used by him during entire period of the war; leather hat box; chair and slippers used in his dressing room; wardrobe and bureau; the sword Jefferson Davis used in the War with Mexico; picture of Jefferson Davis; part of Delft washstand set; and floor rug.

In the dining room of the First White House of the Confederacy are a mahogany dining table, corner-cupboard containing china and glassware, an antebellum sideboard and a mirror over the mantel. A small corner cabinet holds many valuable personal relics of the Davis family. Another historical relic is a silver water cooler presented by Miss Otis Scott of Connecticult, granddaughter of Jesse Scott, a steamboat captain in Alabama before the war, to whom it was presented by the citizens of Montgomery in 1858. This cooler, with other silver, was buried by the slaves of Captain Scott to prevent its being taken by the Wilson raiders.

Memory Treasure House

The lovely old city of Montgomery, Ala., in what one writer called the "deep south," is a treasure-house of memories—memories unsaddened by the weary close of a long and hopeless struggle and more of the early days of the Confederacy. 'Twas here from the historic old Exchange hotel, that the message was sent which carried the order to fire the fatal first gun on Sumter; 'twas here that the handsome young statesman and West Point graduate, Jefferson Davis stood on the steps of the magnificent capitol building, at the head of Dexter avenue, and standing near one of the great Corinthian columns, addressed the people of the south as he took oath of office as president of the Confederate States of America; 'twas here that in earlier days the Marquis Lafayette had visited and to him here is a stone raised; 'twas here that a lovely old southern home had been selcted, and may now be visited and seen in its original splendor, for the residence of the president, and was used thus—the first White House of the Confederacy—until the capital was moved to Richmond.

I am an old man and have known a great many troubles, but most of them have never happened.—Mark Twain.

RESURGENCE OF ANCIENT FURY

(Suffolk News-Herald)

Once when some group above Mason and Dixon's line took a crack or gave insult to the memory of our heroes of the late Confederacy, every newspaper and every patriotic society in the South flared up with a red hot comeback.

The fratricidal strife of '61-65 has dissipated with the sons and grandsons of those hearty veterans fighting shoulder to shoulder in two wars against foreign foes. Most Americans look back upon the War Between the States as an historical event and little feeling is aroused by a review of events and issues which brought on that bloody conflict.

So when a group of super-patriots in Massachusetts or any other state, go to the trouble to object to the nation honoring "Robert E. Lee or any other rebel," here in Virginia we take it calmly. But we do contemplate what narrowness and bigotry still dominates some poor souls.

It was refreshing to read the comment of Mrs. Severn Nottingham, president of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. When informed of the action of the Massachusetts Relief Corps, Mrs. Nottingham said: "I have no comment to make. We think silence is the best policy in such cases." Without a doubt, the silence of the U. D. C. leader is the "silence of contempt" with such action merits.

In Washington, however, Representative Hamilton Fish, a New Yorker, who introduced the bill to erect a statue to Lee in Arlington National Cemetery, turned the laugh on the super-patriots of the relief corps by pointing out that his bill merely was a duplicate of one introduced in 1902 by Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts. Adams was himself a Union officer. No one had a higher regard for General Lee than this man who fought in the army which opposed him.

Such men as Adams and Fish long have forgotten the animosities of earlier years. Here in the South, we hail a hero, regardless of which side of the imaginary line he calls home.

As a means of increasing their knowledge of America and great Americans, The News Herald suggests that the ladies of the Massachusetts Relief Corps, which is the auxiliary of the Grand Army of the Republic, take up a study of Douglas Freeman's brilliant biography of the man they so quickly call "rebel."

The corps also would get a better appreciation of the heroism of their own soldiers by learning more of the "Rebellion" as they call the "War Between the States."

To make a new mistake is human; to repeat old mistakes is stupid.—Selected.

LUTHERANS WHEN THE NEW WORLD WAS NEW

By Charlotte Leonard Temple

Among the earliest Christians who settled in the New World there were Lutherans. In 1529, some German Lutherans from Augsburg, landed at Venezuela, South America, and settled there. That was the year before the reading of the great Protestant Augsburg Confession in Europe. In three years' time all of Venezuela had accepted the Lutheran faith.

On May 9, 1619, there sailed from Denmark for India, via the New World, under the command of Captain Munk, a little group of Danish Lutherans. They discovered the southern coast of Greenland, were thrilled with its beauty, and on July 8th of the same year, touched the North American coast, entering the Hudson Bay where they took possession of the land for the Danish Crown under the name of "Nova Dania." There they celebrated the Holy Christmas Day of that year, jointly uniting in mass and the giving of gifts, when they presented their pastor with white fox furs to line his gown. He was the noble pastor Rasnus Jensen, chaplain of the expedition.

The earliest Lutherans to touch the shores of what is now the United States, were a colony of Dutch setlers from Holland who settled New Amsterdam in 1623.

Seven years later the first Lutherans to settle Pennsylvania, came over under the Dutch West Indies Company, an enterprise of the progressive King Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden. A second group is said to have come to Pennsylvania in 1638.

That was the year when two shiploads of Lutheran immigrants, Hollanders, Germans and some Swedes, under the command of Peter Minuit, a native of Germany, sailed through Delaware Bay. Some months previous they had left Europe to carry out the wishes of the Prime Minister of Sweden and the King, Gustavus Adolphus, who encouraged an expedition to America for three reasons. He wanted the Christian religion to be taken to the heathen, his Majesty's dominions enlarged, and relief given to his nation through profitable trade.

Peter Minuit, called the place where they landed and were about to settle, Fort Christina for the Queen of Sweden; and the stream there, Christina Creek. He purchased the land on the right bank of the the Deleware from five chiefs of the the Minquas. Where they established themselves was called New Sweden for a long time, and is now Wilmington, Delaware. In 1938 Wilmington is planning to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of their arrival.

One of the first things these Lutherans did when they landed in the New World was to organize a Lutheran congregation. So, accordingly, they erected a blockhouse that was to become the first Lutheran Church

of the region. They were preparing the way for their first Lutheran pastor, Reorus Torkillus who came in 1639. Three years later arrived the Rev. John Campanius.

The second group of Lutherans to settle in Pennsylvania was probably a little group of Dutch miners and farmers who established themselves on the "Minisink Flats," in Monroe County, near Stroudsburg before 1655.

It is believed that the third group of Lutherans to come to Pennsylvania was a Dutch colony that settled on the Delaware at the mouth of Hornkill Creek about 1664.

Then came the Quaker, William Penn, in 1682. The following year there were more Lutherans, when a fifth group of settlers went to what is now Germantown, in Philadelphia, and finally there was a sixth group settling on the banks of the Wissahickon, near Philadelphia, in 1694. After that the great bulk of Pennsylvania's inhabitants came over by thousands: Lutherans, Reformed and Germans of other sects, with a few Scotch, Irish, Welsh and English.

In the meantime, Lutherans were coming to the West Indies, and in 1656 when a Lutheran pastor arrived the line of preachers of this denomination was begun which has been continuous ever since.

In all the history of the Lutheran Church in America it is said that Pennsylvania has been a center of its activities, as it was the place of origin, for over two hundred and fifty years.

TRY TO BE RIGHT

Neither let mistakes and wrong directions—of which every man, in his studies and elsewhere, falls into many—discourage you. There is precious instruction to be got by finding that we are wrong. Let a man try faithfully, manfully, to be right, and he will grow daily more and more right. It is, at bottom, the condition on which all men have to cultivate themselves. Our walking is an incessant falling—a falling and a catching of ourselves before we come actually to the pavement. It is emblematic of all things a man does. A man perfects himself by work much more than by reading. They are a growing kind of men that can wisely combine the two things—wisely, valiantly can do what is laid to their hand in their present sphere and prepare themselves withal for doing other wider things, if such lie before them.—Thomas Carlyle.

119TH ANNUAL MEETING OF AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY

(Selected)

A distribution of 7,517, 548 Bibles, Testaments, and Portions of the Bible during 1934 in 148 languages and dialects and in more than forty countries was reported at the 119th annual meeting of the American Bible Society held in New York City on Thursday, May 9. The report stated that since the institution of the Society in 1816 a total of more than 261,000,000 Scripture volumes have been placed in circulation.

General distribution in Bolivia, Ecuador, and Peru last year was fifty per cent greater than in 1933, and in both the Phillipine Islands and the Near East the distribution of entire Bibles was larger.

In China, for the second year in succession, the circulation of entire Bibles by all agencies, was larger than in any year since the beginning of missionary work in China. In Japan over 600,000 Scripture volumes were distributed. Over 18,000 portions were placed in 359 Japanese hospitals. Altogether the Society's colporteurs visited more than 270,000 homes and institutions in Japan.

The circulation in the United States was greatest in the middle west, more than a million copies of Bibles, Testaments, and Portions being distributed from Chicago. Over 30,000 New Testaments were supplied to the chaplains in the camps of the Civilian Conservation Corps. Circulation among the colored people was larger than in any year since the beginning of special recognition of the negro population a third of a century ago. Distribution of complete Bibles throughout the entire United States was thirty per cent greater than in 1933. One colporteur reported having walked five miles over icy roads to deliver a single Bible. A saleslady was to "furnish the most interesting Bible in stock." In San Francisco, an order received from Alaska requested that the Bibles be packed in small parcels as they would be carried by dog-teams. A magistrate in a southern state made an initial purchase of 100 Bibles to give to persons arrainged in his court.

One agency, in listing the institutions and organizations within the district to which grants of Scriptures had been made, included the state penitentiary, U. S. Coast Guard, a marine hospital, a home for colored boys, a sanatorium, a jail, the Salvation Army, a home for aged men and women, a naval air station, a house of correction, a home for incurables, and Federal transient camps.

Of Scriptures in Braille and in other embossed systems for the Blind, 5,069 volumes were sent out for use in the United States. Abroad 939 such volumes were distributed in nine different languages and systems, the bulk being in Japanese. Announcement was made that the entire Bible in embossed form is now available

in English, Japanese, German, Arabic and Welsh. The Society has just completed 100 years of suppling the Blind with Scriptures, and in the century has circulated over 115,000 volumes in 25 languages and systems, last year being the second largest year.

During the year the Society published the New Testament for the first time in Cherokee for the Indians of Montana and Oklahoma, and in Tai Lu for distribution in South China. A revised New Testament with Psalms was published for the Chinese speaking the Hinghua dialect, and an improved new ten cent New Testament in bold face type was added to the Society's new series of Scriptures in English.

Progress was reported in the translation of St. Matthew for Circassian exiles in Syria. A revision of the New Testaments used in one of the Caroline Islands was completed, and progress was reported in the revision of the New Testament in two dialects of the Philippine Island and of the Old Testament in a third, as well as the translation of the Old Testament in a fourth. The revision of the Luba Lulua New Testament, used in the Belgian Congo, and of the Old Testmaent in Turkish were both stated to be advancing. Other projects reported under way were the translation of the New Testament in both the Mam and Quiche Indian dialects of Guatemala, and the publication of the Nyore New Testament for the natives of Kenya in Africa.

It was reported that the total number of languages and dialects in which Scripture translation has occurred now reaches 954, the entire Bible having been translated into 175 languages and the New Testament into 374.

That Universal Bible Sunday was observed more widely than ever was indicated through the receipt of more requests from more denominations for more material than in any previous year.

Income from the suporting churches increased thirteen per cent but a falling off in gifts from individual donors occurred.

Operating on a budget slightly over $700,000, exclusive of funds received and expended abroad, the financial year ended without a deficit.

THE MAN WHO WINS

The man who wins is the man who works,
The man who toils while the next man shirks;
The man who stands in his deep distress
With his head held high in the deadly press—
Yes, he is the man who wins.

—Exchange.

TWO DUCKS AND A RAINBOW

By Mabel Hope Christie

Meg answered a peremptory ring at the front door grinning mischievously. She didn't need a second glance at the special delivery package to know what it contained. Cousin Dan's poultry farm was certainly a success! Chickens, ducks and geese had fairly rained upon the family during the past month, and Meg opened this parcel with a chuckle, remembering a cold stuffed chicken reposing almost untouched in the icebox. Ducks, this time; two large birds all dressed and ready for the pan. Cousin Dan was wonderfully thoughtful about that.

"But it's a cold welcome you'll get in this house, me dears." Meg draped a duck over each shoulder as gracefully as the stiff bodies would permit and returned to the dining room singing softly, "There's a rainbow round my shoulder—"

"Horrors, Meg! We'll all be growing feathers soon if Dan doesn't stop." Frances held the syrup pitcher suspended in air and sniffed wryly at her cousin's necklace. "Don't tell me I'm gazing at our Sunday dinner, Mummy."

"No, we'll have plain ham and eggs for a change." Mrs. Rogers finished her coffee and pushed back her chair, glancing amusedly at her niece who was propping the newcomers on the sideboard in a ridiculous sitting posture.

"There's Miss Gray now," she added, hurriedly slipping into her hat and coat. She paused concernedly. "I won't be back until night. It's an all day meeting, you know. Im sure you'll have a good time at the game, Frances, but how about you, Meg? I hate you to be alone all day."

"Don't worry about me. I'll have a grand time without you two little things to bother me." Meg reached up to straighten her tall relative's hat and pushed her gently towards the door. "Won't Miss Gray to wreck that new horn?" she asked.

Meg lingered on the porch after Aunt Helen had departed. The postman was coming down the street and the very sight of him made her heart jump. "I'll surely get an answer today," she thought. "It's my lucky day. I just know it is."

Only one letter! But it was addressed to her and bore the name of a famous department store in the upper left-hand corner. She stuck a finger under the flap, tingling with anticipation. "Abracadabra! Abracadabra!" she murmured, pulling out the sheet and scanning the brief lines.

"—and we regret to say that the position has been filled—" The familiar phrase seemed to leap at her from the typed page. She crushed the paper into a ball and stuffed it into her pocket, a surge of bitter disappointment rushing over her.

"I might have known!" Meg blinked back the tears and paused at the hall mirror to scan her reflection critically. What if she did have a round face of pink and white softness, sparkling brown eyes, and a silky bob of golden hair? Even if

those attractions had given her the senior vote for "May Queen" the previous spring, they certainly did not seem to be of much aid in obtaining the tea-room position that she wanted.

"If I were only tall like Frances," she thought, standing on tip-toe and watching the result. "Or if I'd had some really practical experience."

"Why the gloom 'fest'?" Frances watched curiously while her cousin Meg rinsed a tumbler and returned it absent-mindedly to the water. Meg was plodding through the morning's work with a heaviness of spirit entirely unlike her customary sparkle. She answered the query by taking the crumplet sheet from her pocket and handing it over silently.

"Stupids!" Frances returned the letter with a shrug of contempt. "It's their loss," she added. "If they had ever eaten one of your pies, they'd hand you over a job on a silver platter. But why you want to run a tea-room is more than I can understand. When I start out to earn my living you won't find me anywhere near a kitchen."

"Oh, I'd adore having a tea-room of my own," answered Meg eagerly. "And I'm going to some day—a cozy, cheery place with perfectly delicious food."

Her cousin grinned. "Well, I'll bring the crowd around for steak dinners, but no ducks, please! Mercy, the bunch now!" A swarm of high school "rooters" were calling riotously from a touring car and Frances hurried off to join them.

"I've got to get some kind of a job, that's all there is to it," Meg told the empty house after her cousin's departure. "Uncle's salary is barely enough for three. Not that there is ever a peep out of Aunt Helen when she wears an old dress so that I can have a new one."

Meg had a natural instinct for cooking, and having been motherless since the age of twelve she had had plenty of experience in that line in the little Chinese village where her father had occupied a missionary post. His death, three years before, had sent her to America to live with her aunt and uncle in a mid-west town where she attended the township high school and revelled in one domestic science course after another. By the time she was ready to graduate, Meg was fairly bubbling over with plans for the future.

First of all she would try her wings as an assistant in some tea-room (name to be pronounced later!); after that experience a position as manager might be in sight; and all the while she would be saving money with which to start a tea-room of her own. Just for good measure she took a summer course in dietetics and early in September started out with high hopes to look for a position. Weeks and weeks had slipped by, however, with nothing in sight.

"I'm afraid you're not old enough." "Your experience has been too limited." "If you will leave your name, we'll let you know!" How tired she had grown of the trite replies. And this morning's letter had been a real blow, for she had been almost certain of obtaining that position.

"I'd apply to Barnard's agency, but their fee is eight dollars and I can't ask Aunt Helen for a sum like that," she reflected, gathering up the ducks from the sideboard and starting for the ice-box.

"Why aren't you the goose that laid the golden egg?" she demanded of the larger of the pair, packing it down behind the ice. "You're about as popular as measles in this house, poor things. But just float into some tea-room on a sea of gravy with plenty of apple-sauce under your wings, and I'll wager you'd start a riot."

Meg closed the lid of the refrigerator but stood stock still as a startling idea leaped into her mind. After a moment she returned to the kitchen and studied the clock.

"I'll do it. It's only ten o'clock. An absolutely wild idea," she told the gray kitten briskly, "but perhaps I'll make part of that eight dollars, and it will be practical experience as well."

The bustle and hurry that followed sent the kitten for refuge to the top of the cupboard. She watched intently while her little mistress rubbed sage into a bowl of bread crumbs, following it with various other seasonings and finally stuffing the two ducks with the delectable mixture. Meg whisked the pair into the oven and drew a long breath, looking somewhat like a startled kitten herself. But she wouldn't allow herself to stop to reconsider the plan. Potatoes to peel! That was easy, and finding a bowl of apple-sauce on the pantry shelf seemed almost too much good luck.

"They'll want coffee, of course, and Fran would say, 'Oh Meg, do make a custard pie.' Not a bad idea, either," decided the young cook.

By eleven-thirty the house was steeped in the delicious fragrance of roast duck, a filling had been mixed in readiness for the pie; and the dining-table, resplendent in a clean cloth, was set fo rsix guests.

Meg flew at the baking-board, and of course slipping the pie into the oven reminded her that it was time to baste the fowls. She closed the door upon their savory crspiness, realizing that it was full time to start upon the most daring part of the day's adventure.

The cover of a suit box provided cardboard and a can of paint was brought in from the woodshed. Meg's cheeks were pink with excitement. Did she dare? Well, why not? Aunt Helen would not object, and Frances would think it the best joke of the season. There was no false pride lurking about in that house.

She stuck a brush into the paint and began to print; "DUCK DINNER NOW READY." The bold black letters seemed almost alive, but without waiting for them to dry she darted from the house and ran to the front gate.

The Rogers' home was at the outskirts of town on a well-traveled road. Meg fastened her placard on the top of the gate-post and raced back, feeling as though a horde of hungry travelers was at her heels.

"They'll probably be strangers and I won't have to entertain them," she told herself consolingly, taking a peep at the pie. It had reached the

browning stage and was removed to the window-sill to cool after a minute or two. Then it was time to mash the potatoes, and that completed she couldn't resist a peep from the living room window to spy out the land.

"Horros! There they come." For an instant Meg's heart seemed on its way to her throat. A party of six in a touring car had stopped to read the sign, but after one of the ladies had glanced at her watch they drove on. Meg drew a long breath.

"Silly! What's it all about if you don't want anyone to stop?" she asked herself sternly on her way back to the kitchen. "Make the gravy, Meg dear, and don't act like a simpleton."

Lifting the fowls onto a platter and stirring flour and water into the drippings required care. Unfortunately she tried to hurry and soon had a lumpy sizzling mass of gravy on her hands. For a desperate moment she was tempted to make a dash for the gate and bring in the placard, but she got out a sieve instead and tried straining the obstinate mixture. It responded beautifully to that treatment, relapsing meekly into a state of brown smoothness. Suddenly the doorbell rang. Meg slipped into a clean apron and hurried to answer it, feeling more confident after her successful bout with the gravy.

A first glance gave her the feeling that the porch was filled with people, but after a moment she realized that there were only five; a lady, three gentlemen, and a girl whom she knew slightly. The lady, a tall keen-eyed individual, was spokesman for the crowd.

"I'll always believe in fairies after this," she exclaimed laughingly. "Think of running into that luscious sign when we're all half-starved. Is it really true, or de we pinch ourselves and wake up?"

Meg laughed, too. "It's no dream," she replied, opening the door wide. "The brown birds are longing to be eaten." She ushered her guests into the living room "Please take off your wraps," she added hospitably. "Dinner will be ready in no time."

Luckily there was no time for feeling panic-stricken. Meg set the coffee-pot over the fire, studied the dining table for a moment, and then ran down to the cellar for a jar of peaches pickled in special syrup for which her aunt was famous.

The ducks were young and tender but the carving process proved a tricky feat, and it seemed an interminable time before she was ready to serve. But once started things went smoothly enough. Meg trotted back and forth, replenishing the gravy bowl and insisting upon second helpings with a reckless disregard of profit. The custard pie appeared and disappeared like snow in summer, and finally one of the gentlemen consulted his watch with a start of surprise.

"We must be on our way. What do we owe you for this feast?" he asked with a smile. "When I get through broadcasting the praise of this dinner, I'm afraid you will have more patronage than you want."

His words reminded Meg of something and filled her with dismay. "Oh, that sign," she exclaimed, hurrying from the room. What if another

hungry crowd should stop? The west wind had been at work, however, and the bold, black words lay face down in the road. She tucked the cardboard strip under her arm with a sigh of relief and ran back. By that time the guests were in the hall donning their wraps and one of them had drawn forth a bulging pocket-book.

"Please don't advertise us," begged Meg. "You see this isn't really a tea-room." As the members of the groups seem mystified, she went on to describe the poultry shower that the family had endured that autumn. "And so I decided that this would be a good way to use the ducks and get some real experience in tea-room work at the same time. My family are away today," she added hesitatingly. "They won't object to what I've done, but of course they won't want to be advertised."

"And are you responsible for that delicious pie and that sage dressing?" The lady with the keen blue eyes looked incredulously at the flushed face.

Meg assented with a smile that faded to an expression of concern. The owner of the pocketbook had placed a crisp ten-dollar bill upon the table. "There is no change," he said.

"Oh, but that's far too much," gasped Meg. "Today's dinner was only a rehearsal, you know."

"Then I hope you will page the Carlton family when you decide to give a finished performance," laughed the lady.

They were off before Meg could remonstrate further, but by the time the last dish was washed and put away she decided that she had earned the money. She was tingling with weariness and a wave of the morning's discouragement surged over her. What if she did have the fee for the agency? They'd probably have nothing to offer but more polite excuses. However, when Frances returned she managed to rally her spirits and regale her cousin with a lively account of the day's adventure.

"What a gorgeous stunt, Meg. I wish I'd been at home to help." Frances' enthusiasm was interrupted by a ring at the telephone. She listened to Meg's answers, idly at first, and then with growing interest.

"This is Marjorie Rogers. Yes, I do. Oh, she did. How good of her! At the Live Oaks? W-why—I'd love to try it. On Monday morning? Yes, I'll be there. Yes, I understand."

"What's happened, Meg? Do tell me quick."

"It was the manager of the tea-room over at the Live Oaks Country Club." Meg's voice was husky with excitement. "She needs an assitant, and a friend, the Mrs. Carlton who had dinner here today recommended me."

"Live Oaks? Why, Meg, that's a perfectly wonderful place." Frances stared at her cousin in admiring amazement. "And to think that those wretched ducks should bring you such luck," she added with a chuckle.

Meg sat hugging herself in ecstacy, her eyes soft and shining. "Don't slander the poor ducks," she laughed. "Didn't I tell you early this morning that they were the 'rainbow round my shoulder'?"

INSTITUTION NOTES

W. H. Fisher and family, of Greensboro, spent a couple of hours last Sunday with the former's brother, J. C. Fisher, our assistant superintendent.

—o—

Our farm manager reports that during the past week the boys on the outside forces have set out 40,000 tomato plants and more than 40,000 sweet potato slips, and that more would be set out later. He also reported the first cutting of alfalfa this week. On account of the damage done by the severe hail storm in March, an earlier cutting of alfalfa was impossible.

—o—

The floors of the offices and reception rooms in the Cannon Memorial Building, damaged by water some time ago, have been sanded and are being re-finished. This causes considerable inconvenience to the office force as it is necessary to move from room to room while the work is being carried on. Even the halls are filled with filing cabinets and other office fixtures.

—o—

The past week has been a very busy one. Every line of outdoor activity at the School speeded up in an attempt to overcome the loss of time caused by the long rainy periods earlier in the season. With the coming of fair weather tractors, mowing machines and plows have been kept constantly on the move in getting ground ready for planting, planting, and caring for a large quantity of hay ready for harvesting. All of these activities together with the work of our carpenter shop boys in finishing up the jobs made necessary by the cyclone make busy scenes at the institution.

—o—

Gilmer Casstevens, of Yadkin County, formerly of Cottage No. 9, called on friends at the institution last Monday. After spending a little more than a year at the School, "Cass" was paroled about five years ago, and has spent most of the time working on a farm. In a conversation with a member of the staff, Gilmer was very enthusiastic in his praise of the work of the institution and what it had done for him. He said he felt that he owed the Jackson Training School far more than he would ever be able to repay, and requested that he might extend, through these columns, his thanks and very best wishes to all the officers at the School.

—o—

The regular afternoon service was held at the Training School last Sunday with A. C. Sheldon, boys' work secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C.

A. in charge. Following the singing of the opening hymn and the Scripture recitation, Mr. Sheldon presented Rev. D. D. Holt pastor of Wesley Heights M. E. Church Charlotte, who talked to the boys about what rules they must follow to attain success.

Rev. Mr. Holt began by stating that the most valuable thing in the world was a boy, and that all churches, schools and other institutions exist for boys, that they might grow up as they should.

Being actively engaged in Boy Scout work, the speaker stated that instead of preaching a regular sermon he thought it might be well to explain to our boys what it really means to be a true Boy Scout. He first repeated the Scout Oath and explained its meaning—that of keeping one's self physically clean, mentally alert and morally straight. Upon joing the Scouts, a boy must promise, on his honor, to do all these things.

Rev. Mr. Holt then explained the Scout Law in a most interesting manner. First of all a Scout must be trustworthy, which means that his friends may put confidence in his word.

A Scout is loyal. In the life of a boy this means loyalty to parents, teachers, church, and to the laws of state and nation. A person who is not loyal is not worth anything to any organization.

A scout is helpful. It is not necessary to have a lot of money to be helpful. We can be helpful by showing kindness to others. The boys here at the Training School can help the officials make the institution a greater power for good by being helpful to each other. It is a fine thing to help the fellow next to you. Help him to smile and you, in turn, will feel more like smiling.

A Scout is pleasant. There is no need of going through the world with a long face.

A Scout is friendly. We should never be too busy to pat a fellow on the shoulder in a friendly sort of way. It is of great help to him when he is discouraged. It makes him feel like continuing the battle when things seem to be going against him.

A Scout is courteous. If a boy develops the habit of being polite, he need never worry about not having friends.

A Scout is kind. A good Scout is kind to everyone he meets. He is also kind to birds and animals.

A Scout is obedient. If a boy is obedient he is bound to get along well, but if he disobeys the laws of his community, state or nation, he is sure to get into all kinds of trouble.

A Scout is cheerful. It makes no difference who you are or what may be your station in life, you can be cheerful.

A Scout is brave. A fine way for a boy to be brave is to have the courage to do that which is right, regardless of consequences.

A Scout is clean. To be clean in body and mind should be the ambition of every boy.

A Scout is reverent. A boy should be reverent in church; in the presence of older people and of his classmates; when associated with those in charge anywhere. He should al-

ways be reverent concerning God and never take His name in vain.

Rev. Holt's explanation of the Boy Scout Oath and the laws of this splendid organization, was very interesting and we feel sure our boys will be greatly benefitted by his remarks.

THE JOB

The job that will make you, my boy,
  The job that will bring you fame
Or riches or honor or joy
  Or add any weight to your name.
You may fail or succeed where you are;
  May earnestly serve or may rob;
    From the start to the end
    Your success will depend
  On just what you make of your job.

Don't look on the job as a thing
  That shall prove what you're able to do;
The job does more than to bring
  A chance for promotion to you.
Men have shirked in high places and won
  Very justly the jeers of the mob;
    And you'll find it is true
    That it's all up to you
  To say what shall come from the job.

The job is an incident small;
  The thing that's important is man.
The job will not help you at all,
  If you won't do the best that you can.
It is you that determines your fate;
  You stand with your hand on the knob
    Of fame's doorway today,
    And life asks you to say
  Just what you will make of your job.

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 26, 1935

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since the method was adopted March, 10, 1935.

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(2) Jesse Cleveland 2
(2) Thomas Doby 2
(7) Erwin Martin 8
(2) J. C. Mobley 2
(6) William McCormick 9
(12) Robert Radford 12
(7) Earl Rogers 11
(8) Hassell Shropshire 8
(10) Richard Sullivan 11
(12) Ashley Thompson 12
(5) Richard Tysinger 5
(4) Jerome Warren 4
(7) Vermont Whitley 8
(5) Wiley Willoughby 5

COTTAGE No. 1

Clifford Bowers 9
(2) Robert Cashwell 4
(2) William Goodson 8
Herman Lamm 8
Claude McLaughlin 8
Ivan Morrozoff 6
(10) Millard Owenby 11
James White 2
(2) Eugene Whitt 7
Harvard Winn 5
(3) Preston Yarborough 6

COTTAGE No. 2

William Adkins
James Boyce 3
(5) James Cooper 9
Leland Crosby 2
Boyd Freeman 4
William Garris
(2) Thomas Goodman 4
Council Holden 2
Thomas Horton 10
Lewis Janey 4
Clyde Kivett
John Mecum 3
Lemuel Murphy 4
(2) Fred Seibert 2
Y. V. Spates 2
(3) Woodrow Spruill 7

COTTAGE No. 3

(3) William Barber 5
Elbert Bryant 4
Julian Gregory 3
Marcellus Gurganus 2
Percy Gurganus 3
F. E. Mickle 5
Eugene Tyndall 2
(4) John Walsh 8
Harvey Watson 2
Cleveland Wilson 3
Porter Wilihite 3
D. C. Winston 2

COTTAGE No. 4

Shelton Anderson
(3) James Bartlett 7
(12) Fleming Collins 12
Roland Davis 4
Wayne Fowler 6
Mathis Garrett
(5) Ralph Johnson 5
(3) Billy Justice 6
(2) Thomas Little 2
Thomas Maness
Joseph McPherson 2
Percy Newsome 3
Robert Orrell 5
(2) Clyde Reece 6
Hubert Williams 4
Gray Wright 6

COTTAGE No. 5

Wililam Ange 6
William Ballew 6
Max Cecil 3
(6) Connie Dickens 8
(6) Maynard Hicks 11
Bernard Holland
George Kye 5
(2) Randolph Miller 6

COTTAGE No. 6

Marvin King
Luther Landrum 2
George Speer

John Uptigrove 3

COTTAGE No. 7

William Corn 3
(2) Emerson Frazier 5
Charles Griffin 3
(3) Caleb Hill 7
Perry Harvell 2
Ted Hicks
Kenneth Messick 4
(2) J. B. Murray 9
(2) Lewis Parker 8
(2) Cling Shelton 4
Paul Saunders 3
(4) Floyd Watkins 9
(2) Douglas Wilkes 5

COTTAGE No. 8

(12) John Auton 12
(2) Charles Banks 5
(6) Sam Belk 9
(3) J. R. Davis 4
(4) Harry Flowe 10
Jesse Freeman 7
Guy Lewis
Norman Pike 4

COTTAGE No. 9

William Craven 2
Esker Childress 2
Chester Duncan 2
Charles Freeman 2
(5) Woodfin Fowler 7
C. D. Grooms
Carroll Hoyle
Thomas McCarter 2
(7) Homer Smith 8
(8) Bryan Wililams 11

COTTAGE No. 10

(4) Jack Baity 11
(3) James Bell 4
(2) Harold Brown 4
(2) Norwood Cockerham 5
James Hodge
(2) James Kellam 10
(2) Steve Talbert 7
(5) Fred Ward 9

COTTAGE No. 11

(2) Charles Hefner 5
(9) Bennie Holland 10
Ira Grogan 2
Norman McGee 5
(9) Bennie Moore 10
(2) James Montford 5
(7) James Rector 8
(5) Charles Smith 8
(5) Adolph Watson 5
(3) Eldridge Ward 3
Cecil Webb 9

COTTAGE No. 12

(3) Earl Atwood 11
(2) Paul Eason 5
Leonard Ellis 4
Horace Faulkner 6
William Faircloth 2
Alfred Holloman 6
(3) Edward Lockamy 6
(2) Glenn O'Quinn 4
Eli Philemon 9
(2) Leonard Potter 4
(10) Homer Quick 11
(2) Thomas Welch 6
Olive Weaver 4

COTTAGE No. 13

(2) Monte Beck 2
(2) Warren Medlin 7
(4) Linwood Potter 7

COTTAGE No. 14

(7) Jack Comer 10
(3) Joseph Stockton 7
(2) Vernon Sheaf 4
(2) Virgil Sheaf 4

COTTAGE No. 15

(2) Marvin Ashe 5
Floyd Causey 5
(2) John Caddell 10
(3) John Early 5
(2) Earl Chambers 2
Clarence Lingerfelt 3
Wyatt Medlin 6
(3) Claibourne McKee 6
(2) William Moose 6
George McManus 4
(9) Sam Pegram 11
Harley Pennell 5
Paul Rhodes 8
Robert Teeter 6
(3) Roy Wyrick 7

Our country is the common parent of all.—Cicero.

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CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 8, 1935 No. 23

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE COSMOPOLITAN FLAG

An American flag floats over the Jamestown worsted mills. There is nothing peculiar about the flag as it defies the breezes, but here is its history as told by the owner of the mills:

This flag was made from the wool of American sheep; carded by an Italian; sorted by an American; spun by a Swede, warped by a German; dressed by an Englishman; drawn by a Belgian; supervised by a Frenchman; inspected by an American; scoured by an Albanian; dyed by a Turk; checked by an Irishman, and pressed by a Pole.

—World Comrades.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE FLAG

A bit of bunting, fluttering on high,
  Alternate bars of white and vivid red,
A square blue with stars that seem to vie
  With heaven's dazzling brilliance overhead:

These make a flag—an emblematic goal—
  The unborn millions of tomorrow's years
Will view as fount-head of a nation's soul,
  An oblong pattern born of truth—and tears.

A Washington, in turmoil, saw it born;
  A Lincoln gave his life to cleanse its stains;
Idealistic Wilson braved the scorn
  Of lesser men to strive for grander gains.

From such a mold, enduring emblems made
Of hearts and souls will last though planets fade.

—D'Nova.

GREEN HILL—A GLORIOUS LEGACY

The sesqui-centennial celebration, May 18-19, at Green Hill, near Louisburg, N. C. was in every sense a glowing success, and an occasion to pay tribute to the pioneers of American Methodism, including Francis Asbury, the man of the long path, and his two early co-workers, Green Hill and John King, patron saints whose names are indissolubly linked with that of Asbury.

The shrine, "Green Hill," bearing the name of the original owner, was the meeting place of the first Methodist Conference, April

20, 1785. Bishop Francis Asbury presided over the meeting with twenty preachers in attendance, having a three days conference in an upper room of the Green Hill home, the host and owner of the property.

This celebration was entered into by people from the surrounding country, including the counties of Vance, Warren, Wake, Franklin and far beyond, making impressive the genesis of the itinerant brethren, the growth of the church, the loyalty of the membership, the power of the ministry, also preserving tradition with the hope that on the holy grounds of this sacred shrine to rekindle the fires of enthusiasm for the spreading of the Gospel and making the bond of good fellowship sweeter and stronger.

* * * * * * *

WORTHY EXAMPLES IN LIFE

The annual report of Superintendent I. C. Greer, of Thomasville Orphanage, on the eve of its fiftieth anniversary, carries some of the details of departmental work as given by the respective officials along with a human interest story of three co-workers, who have answered the final call, reflecting the true nobility of the writer as well as that of his co-workers and predecessors.

The report must be gratifying to the Baptist people of the state, who through storm and calm have watched the institution grow from a small plant to one that measures up to the ideals of Christian citizenship, reaching out the long, strong arm, to the homeless and defenceless as a place of refuge with the tenderest care.

Woven into the story of finances and activities, space and time were given to pay tribute to three departed members of the official family, who have left memories to influence the minds and hearts of those who knew them.

Briefly, Superintendent Greer tells of the twenty-nine years of service—of a cottage mother, one of the most responsible positions in any institution for young people, by saying she had the requisites required for her position, love, tenderness and kindness. The buildings may perish, said Superintendent Greer, but the strong character of this cottage mother will be perpetual.

The carpenter, Mr. Edinger, who died in March had priority ov-

er all others of the institution, for as a boy, he cleared the debris for the first building of Thomasville Orphanage. The outstanding characteristics mentioned in the tribute to the humble carpenter were constancy and a passion for good tools and the best material to build with, and like the Carpenter of Galilee he loved mankind.

The very name Archibald Johnson is synonymous with the work of Thomasville Orphanage, because of his gentleness, unselfishness and unswerving loyalty to the "dependent child." On December 27th, Archibald Johnson laid down his pen, which he used in the editorship of Charity and Children for thirty-nine years, and peacefully went to sleep.

He challenged a cause, the salvaging of human souls, that few stop long enough to study or give a moment's consideration.

In due time the good deeds of mankind work their way through till there is finally a public recognition of the same. This is true of Archibald Johnson who was publicly acknowledged as a benefactor to the cause of child welfare throughout the entire south.

At a south-wide meeting of Methodist Orphanage workers recently held, a speaker explained why North Carolina was so far ahead of other southern states in orphanage work, saying "the dependent child of other states had not had an Archibald Johnson to plead their cause, that this champion of child welfare, through Charity and Children, had played a large part in making North Carolina orphanage conscious."

The life of such characters as recorded is indeed a challenge and an inspiration to those who are left to help "carry on."

* * * * * * *

OLD MCGUFFEY'S READERS RECOMMENDED

A member of the Wisconsin legislature when speaking before a committee appointed to investigate the cause and cure of depression recommended most highly the McGuffey's readers, the text books used prior to the War-Between-the-States.

In the course of the solon's remarks his opinion was that no text books were ever written with a finer moral of loyalty to country and respect for government. Also that too much criticism and not enough tolerance and patriotism is given the children of today.

It is evident that the gentleman of Wisconsin senses the fact that in the fundamentals of an education there should be incorporated a lesson of love, respect for rights, obedience, unselfishness, loyalty, honor, courage and other elements that tend to build a a strong character.

The impressions of childhood are lasting. The ruling and salvation of the country comes largely through the character of child life. Therefore, knowing the race climbs upward through our children the kind of text books as well as the selection of teachers of the strongest parts should be emphasized.

* * * * * * *

A FINE HERITAGE

The people of North Carolina have always manifested a spirit of independence and pride, and rightfully so knowing the first legislative body ever called by the people themselves to meet on American soil was at New Bern in 1774; the first blood shed in resistance to British oppression was on the battlefield of Alamance; that the first Declaration of Independence was that of Mecklenburg in 1775 and that for a few days Charlotte was the capital of the Confederrate states. The last deliberations and consultations of the full cabinet of the Confederacy were in the old Observer building, in the room formerly occupied by the editor, the late J. P. Caldwell.

The North Carolinians are proud of their heritage, they have a passion for preserving tradition, in fact they fully realize that when a people fail to recognize and appreciate a heritage there is danger of decay or disintegration.

Having a background of magnificent achievements, with a wealth of natural resources, the equal of any of the forty-eight states is an occasion for pride and interest in the minds and hearts of all Tarheelias.

History reveals the fact that North Carolina started out in many instances leading, showing initiative in political and social activities, and continues to sustain the well established reputation, "first," as time unfolds the many opportunities of this progressive age.

THE DU PONT BENEFACTIONS

The aim and purpose of this magazine, "The Uplift", true to its name, is to record instances of the finest philanthropy, demonstrating the best Christian elements of humanity, and not cram its pages with news that gives publicity to wrong living with the fatal results of broken homes and divided families.

The cementing of better homes, with the hope of restoring the old time tradition of confidence among our fellowmen, and the building of a community with the spirit of humbleness and helpfulness in the time of need, are ideals to look forward to. This is the thought that this little paper, by word and deed, endeavors to crystallize in the minds of the inmates of the institution, as well as to pass out to all interested readers of The Uplift. The wish is registered that this continue to be our goal.

Therefore, it is a genuine joy to record such notable gifts to charity as that of the late Alfred Ireene Du Pont, Delaware-Florida, industrialist, whose death occurred lately at his home in Florida.

By the terms of the will a sum of $50,000,000 is set aside as a foundation fund, the greater part of which, will be used for crippled children and the aged poor. Also, the terms of the will read that after providing for needs of immediate members of family every employee of the philanthropist at the time of his death is to receive $1,000, a token of appreciation for faithful service. The latter is a badge of approval for efficiency and faithfulness, an insignia for promotion for each individual in this age of turmoil and upheaval. Not a finer spirit could be exemplified in the heart of mankind, rich or poor, than to reward those who have been conscientious in the discharge of duties entrusted to their care.

In conclusion it is a pleasure to note, and the inference is drawn from experience and observation, that the men of wealth may profit by their enterprises of different kinds, but the most of them give it back generously in the distribution of their estate. The Du Ponts particularly have been notable for their contributions to the cause of humanity both during their lives and at the time of their deaths.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

WORTH WHILE

If I succed in making
Some heart a little lighter,
Or by kindness make a life
Perhaps a little brighter;
If a countenance I change
From dark sadness to a smile,
I'm sure of compensation
From these little things worth while.

—o—

A lot of us do not practice all we preach, for the reason that we preach a great deal more than we can practice.

—o—

There are some persons that when their flu begins to get better the fluency of their language begins to get worse.

—o—

It is stated that one dollar an hour is the new minimum wage for professional banjo players. I would say that is easy picking.

—o—

Rev. Charles Coughlin declares President Roosevelt vetoed all Americans. It is a pity the President can't veto Coughlin good and hard.

—o—

Prohibition will be a success when a man can have a headache, or drink all the water he wants the next morning without being suspected.

—o—

Farmers may be having a tough time, but I haven't heard of a single one going out and trying to sell his neighbors on a skin game, as many others are doing.

—o—

A scientist declares that at one point in this evolution business man had four legs. Now we know from whence emanated the idea of two-pants suits.

—o—

These scientists are the queerest kind of people. It is stated that one in Canada reports the discovery of something a hundred times sweeter than sugar. Then he forget to tell us her name.

—o—

As so many have said, it is the duty of everybody to get behind the President, and hold up his hands. But there are so many so far behind that they are candidates for the position of the 'The Unknown Man."

—o—

If they will run these chain letters, why not start a chain of them to promulgate common sense? And this would come in handy, too, in the place of the so-called distribution of wealth.

—o—

We all have to grow old. But that fact does not mean that you have to make yourself ridiculous by claiming that people aren't honest and good like they used to be when you were a boy.

—o—

About the biggest fool on earth is the man who expects to obtain personal happiness by exploiting his fel-

lowmen. Yet there are plenty of men who will engage in this nefarious business.

—o—

It is published that a tribe of Turks, hidden 600 years in the wilds of China, has been discovered. I would not at all be surprised if forgotten bands of Republicans can still be found in the depths of Vermont, Maine or Pennsylvania.

—o—

One of life's mysteries. I never could understand why covers always creep up, never down. I can go to bed with 'em tucked in good at the foot, flop around for an hour, and my feet are sticking out from under. Why do covers go up all the time, never down?

—o—

A new farm tractor has been put on the market that is said to be capable of making 35 miles an hour. I shall wait until they can guarantee these tractors to make 70 and 80 miles an hour. Then I shall buy one and see what I can do for the road hogs some Sunday afternoon.

—o—

I have often wondered what has become of the old-timers who carried a buck-eye, or petrified potato, or rabbit foot, to keep off rheumatism. Some used to wear a rabbit's foot on their watch chain for good luck. Even my buck-eye and rabbit foot are not doing service. Wonder if they have all lost their charm.

—o—

I listened to an astrologer on the radio the other evening, and got really excited, and decided to avoid banana peels, wet pavements, house rugs, influenza and man-eating sharks. Then I suddenly remembered I was not born in March, but in July—a long time now to wait and find out what to avoid.

—o—

Any worthwhile effort to solve the problem of taxation must attack it on both fronts. Efforts to reduce government expenditures must be accompanied by efforts to distribute the cost fairly, equitably—and, above all, scientifically. One of the most discouraging signs of the time is the appearance of new and increased "special" or "class" taxes, which are inequitable, and penalize one group for the benefit of another. It is no exaggeration to say that these taxes, added as they are to general taxes which are already almost insuperable, constitute a grave and increasing threat to recovery. At present, government is going in for "reform" activities of one kind and another on an unprecedented scale. It would be an excellent idea if our officeholders looked over their domain, and put tax reform first on the list.

—o—

June is bright with roses gay; harebells bloom around her feet. O'er the roses nature is singing love in every tune. Lover's are sighing to their sweethearts in the moon. Junetime is full of life's sweetest dreams. Breezes softly blow across the velvety green fields and the nodding and bowing forests, where nature has unfolded her secrets to mankind. The cattle on a thousand hills lift their heads from dewy pastures to welcome Old Sol in his morning glory. The barren trees have rounded out

their foliation, and the silvery streams wend their way through meadow and craig, singing the glad song of cheerful praises to the Great Divine, who is giving so much beauty and happiness to human beings. That's more than a great many people will do. Return thanks. Surely there is no spot in America more beautiful than North Carolina at this time of the year! I trow not!

A PATRIOTIC WISH

I'd like to be the sort of man the flag could boast about,
  I'd like to be the sort of man it cannot live without;
I'd like to be the type of man
  That really is American,
The head-erect and shoulders-square,
  Clean-minded fellow, just and fair,
That all men picture when they see
  The glorious banner of the free.

I'd like to be the sort of man the flag now typifies,
  The kind of man we really want the flag to symbolize;
The loyal brother to a trust,
  The big, unselfish soul and just,
The strong support of all that's best;
  The friend of every man oppressed.
The sturdy chap the banner's meant
  Where'er it flies, to represent.

I'd like to be the sort of man the flag's supposed to mean,
  The man that all in fancy see wherever it is seen;
The chap thats ready for a fight
  Whenever there's a wrong to right,
The friend in every time of need,
  The doer of the daring deed;
The clean and generous-handed man—
  That is a real American.

—Selected.

HISTORY OF U. S. FLAG

By Mrs. Frank B. Emery

One hundred fiftyeight years ago June 2, the Continental Congress was assembled in Philadelphia. For more than two years the colonies had been struggling against the armed forces of a tyrannical British king. Battles had been fought and men had fallen by the hundreds. Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill were already historic names. Washington had crossed the Delaware. Independence had been declared nearly a year, but still the United States of America had no flag.

The troops of independence were fighting under a number of different flags; colonial flags, the pine tree flag, the rattlesnake flag, and modified forms of the British ensign. The flag under which General Washington took command of the colonial troops before Boston had thirteen alternate red and white stripes, but instead of white stars on a blue field in the corner it carried the double cross of the English Union.

When Washington led his men across the ice-choked Delaware to attack the Hessians at Trenton he did not carry the Stars and Stripes as the famous painting depicts. This flag had not then been adopted as the national emblem of the new republic. There was no American flag, but rather a number of different flags under which Americans were fighting for freedom.

On June 14, 1777, the subject of a national flag come up in the Continental Congress. A committee appointed the previous year to consider adoption of a flag for all the colonies, brought in its report. This committee was composed of Robert Morris, financier of the Revolution, and George Ross, signer of the Declaration of Independence. With George Washington, some historians state, the committe called on Betsy Ross, who fashioned a flag from their design. Upon the committee's recommendation, Congress adopted the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; and that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

As rapidly as the communications of the day could carry the news, the new flag was put into use throughout the colonies and immediately became popular. The first recorded display of the Stars and Stripes by revolutionary troops took place at Fort Stanwix, on Long Island Sound, August 3, 1777. Reinforcements from the Ninth Massachusetts regiment, coming to strengthen the fort against a threatened British attack, brought news of the flag. From a white shirt, a red petticoat and a blue overcoat a flag was made and raised over a bastion facing the enemy.

Through the remaining years of the long struggle for independence, the Stars and Stripes formed the emblem and rallying point of patriots. After the close of the war, the new flag took its place among the flags of the world.

To provide representation in the flag for Vermont and Kentucky, two new states which had come into the Union, Congress passed a new flag act in 1794, which stated:

"Be it resolved, That, from and after the first day of May, 1795, the flag of the United States be fifteen stripes, alternate red and white; and that the Union be fifteen stars, white, in a blue field."

This act did not evision further growth of the United States. It made no provision for representation in the flag of the many other great states soon to be admitted to the Union.

For three years the flag remained a flag of fifteen stripes and fifteen stars. It was this flag that was hoisted at Cabildo in New Orleans when the vast Louisiania Purchase was transferred to the United States. Under this flag the War of 1812 was fought, and it was this flag which Francis Scott Key saw "through the dawn's early light" over the ramparts of Fort McHenry. Five more states, Tennessee, Ohio, Louisaina, Indiana and Mississippi, had been admitted to the Union but were not represented in the flag.

In 1818, Congress took action to give these states representation and establish the flag in its final form. "An Act to Establish the Flag of the United States" was passed, as follows:

"Section 1. Be it enacted, That from and after the fourth day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union have twenty stars, white in a blue field.

"Section 2. And be it further enacted, That on the admission of every state into the Union one star be added to the Union of the flag; and that such addition shall take effect on the fourh of July next succeeding admission."

The number of stars grew from 20 to 48 as state after state was won from the western wilderness. From the emblem of an infant republic, the Stars and Stripes grew to be the flag of a mighty nation. One hundred thirty-eight years passed, however, and the country stood in the shadow of the World War, before the birthday of the flag was recognized as National Flag Day.

June 14 was established as Flag Day in a proclamation issued by President Wilson in 1915. Calling attention to threatening conditions and to the significance of the day, his proclamation said:

"I, therefore, suggest and request that through the nation, and if possible, in every community, the 14th day of June be observed as Flag Day, with special patriotic exercises, at which means shall be taken to give significant expression to our thoughtful love of America, our comprehension of the great mission of liberty and justice to which we have devoted ourselves as a people, our place in the history, and out of enthusiasm for the political program of the nation, our determination to make it greater and purer with each generation and our resolution to demonstrate to all the world its vital union in sentiment and purpose, accepting only those as true compatriots who

feel the compulsion of this supreme alleigiance.

"Let us on that day re-dedicate ourselves to the nation, 'one and inseparable', from which every thought that is unworthy of our forefathers' first vows of independence, liberty, and right shall be excluded, and in which we shall stand with united hearts for an America which no man can corrupt, no influence draw away from its ideals, no force divide against itself, a nation signally distinguished among all the nations of mankind for its clear, individual conception alike of its duties and its privileges, its obligations and its rights."

Many people have a good aim in life, but a lot of them never pull the trigger.—Selected.

GREEN HILL MORE THAN A SHRINE

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

Green Hill, near Louisburg, at which the first conference of American Methodism was held one hundred and fifty years ago, is more than a shrine for North Carolina Methodists; it is an inspiration. Such the celebration last Saturday proved to be. The conference, the first held by Bishop Francis Asbury, met April 20, 1785. For convenience, this sesqui-centennial celebration was observed Saturday and Sunday, May 18-19 of this present year, one month late.

It was a perfect May day in Dixie and Rev. E. H. Davis, owner of Green Hill and the promoter of this occasion, moved in the upper realms of thought and feeling. He is a direct descendant of both John King and Green Hill, the patron saints and inspiring pioneers whose names were to the front on this occasion. One hundred and fifty years ago in this same house Green entertained the conference of Methodists preachers—about twenty of them—for the three days the conference sat in the upper room of this house. A number of the descendants of John King sleep in the cemetery within a stone's throw of the front porch. Many of his line were present—veritable living links to the past and its great history. A glorious sky arched the valley of the Tar with its rolling hills on which rested a soft haze, following the gentle rain of the day before, disclosed a panorama of rare beauty. The house, surrounded by ancient oaks and the lordly elms of later growth, stands on a ridge from which the land drops away to the west and to the east, reminding us once more of the ability of the early pioneers to find good land and attractive locations for their homes. Green Hill was one of the first citizens of his

day and his name is indissolubly linked with Francis Asbury and the destinies of early Methodism in North Carolina and later in Tennessee.

The celebration was in the open. The crowd gathered from Raleigh, Henderson, Warrenton; yea, from the counties of Warren, Vance, Wake, Franklin and beyond. These were finely representative descendants of the old first families and of the plain, substantial yeomanry of that section. Many sat on chairs and benches, others stood under the trees or reclined on the grass in free easy fashion. The front porch furnished a point of vantage for the speakers. Under the direction of Rev. O. P. Fitzgerald and the host, Rev. E. H. Davis, the program was handled in a great way.

The exercises gave much satisfaction to the interested participants who entered so fully into the spirit of the occasion. The traditions of this section and the oft repeated history of the early Methodism that centers about Green Hill prepared this people to realize that they stood on holy ground and are in a fine way the recipients of a glorious legacy. Rev. A. D. Wilcox, president of Louisburg College, led the prayer, Rev. E. H. Davis gave an address of welcome that recalled many things of the past. Dr. M. T. Plyler, editor of the North Carolina Christian Advocate, made response and then introduced in turn the speakers of the day.

Dr. Gilbert T. Rowe of Duke University spoke out of the fullness of his knowledge of the history, spirit and genius of Methodism, dealing especially with John King and Green Hill, the notables of that early day. Dr. J. M. Ormond, of Duke, the last speaker, pointed out some of the lessons of the day and then read illuminating selections from the diary of his great uncle, William Ormond, who labored with Asbury in those pioneer years. This was followed by messages read by Rev. E. H. Davis; one of peculiar interest came from far off California. Rev. F. S. Love, presiding elder of the Raleigh district, pronounced the benediction.

Nothing could have been finer than the excellent barbecue and brunswick stew served and the good fellowship entered into so unreservedly under those wide spreading trees. The day in every respect was a glowing success.

On Sunday the exercise were in the Methodist church in Louisburg, Bishop Collins Denny preaching the sermon. The picnic dinner was served on the school grounds near the college.

A special note should be added concerning Rev. E. H. Davis, who is now owner of the Green Hill place. His father, Mr. M. S. Davis, owned the place for many years and found great joy in the record that gathered about this historic house. In fact, the Davis family was so much a part of this history that they are a vital part of the hundred and fifty years gone. Mrs. Allen of Warrenton, Mrs. Ivey Allen of Oxford, Mrs. Zollie Edgerton and Miss Mabel Davis, both for many years of Louisburg, and Mr. Stewart Davis were all present Saturday. Four sisters and two brothers, children of M. S. Davis, added

much to this most notable occasion, to say nothing of the many others of the John King and Green Hill line. Is it any wonder that the itinerant brother was in such high glee?

The sesqui-centennial celebration at Green Hill, May, 1935, marks with a white stone the journey made thus far by the followers of Francis Asbury, the prophet of the long road. May the generations following kindle the fires of their enthusiasm at this sacred shrine as they hasten on to the final conquest of the nations.

Let us have faith that right makes might and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.—Lincoln.

CHARTER OAK

By Luman Beckett, in Monthly Record, Wethersfield, Conn.

The new U. S. stamp that is being issued in commemoration of the settlement of Connecticut some 300 years ago bears a picture of the famous Charter Oak, that once stood at Hartford, and which we were taught in school, played an important part in the history of the State.

Charter Oak stood close to what is now Wethersfield Avenue, just north of where the old Colt residence, "Armsmear", stood for many years. Possibly no other spot in Connecticut has reflected more real and fancied glory than has the acres consisting of the hill, site of the Colt factory and residence, and the slope and meadows extending back from it to Dutch Point.

It was on Dutch Point that the Dutch, first settlers, built a fort in 1633. It was on the low land below the point that Colonel Colt built his factory, the product of which was to play such a tremendous part in the destiny of America. And it was on these acres that Charter Oak grew and fell and was memorialized.

The tree stood on the Wyllys' property, close to the roadway and considerable distance from the mansion, vieing in majesty with three enormous elms, if we can depend on the details of the Isaac W. Stuart painting. The mansion, the frame of which was brought over from England and set up in 1636, has long since been removed from the site.

At the time of his settling on the high land overlooking the Connecticut and Park rivers, Mr. Wyllys seriously considered removing the oak. It was spared, we are told, when the clearing for the house and grounds was made, because the Indians had so long used it for a landmark that they had a deep veneration for it, and begged for its preservation. However old it was then, it lasted two hundred and twenty years longer, falling in 1856.

The current version of the story

of Charter Oak is as well known as the fable of Wiliam Tell or the Pied Piper. On the last day of October, 1687, the Royal Governor, Sir Edmund Andros, came to demand back the liberal charter that Charles II had granted, and to set up a new rule in the colony. There was a meeting of the general court, a charter was produced at his demand and then suddenly the lights were blown out in a general confusion. When order and lights were restored the instrument was gone. Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth, we are told, had rushed with it to the oak and hidden it in the hollow trunk.

The act saved the liberty of the colony then and made Wadsworth and the oak famous for three hundred years.

That is the gist of the story. We are not a tree surgeon, but we presume to doubt that a hollow tree trunk could have survived two hundred and twenty years of the elements. That there was a meeting with Andros and that there was a charter and a tree are to be admitted. Careful study of the facts, however, takes much from the tradition.

Certainly there were two charters. The original and the duplicate. In May, six months before Andros came, the original was put out of the way; and the original was the legal document, bearing, as it did, the authentic signature and seal of the British King. The duplicate could have been no more than a memorandum. One account says that the first was kept in Guilford, Connecticut. At best, there is nothing certain about it. Whatever disturbance occurred with Andros was over the duplicate and not the original charter. It was without point, good theatre but having no legal significance and no effect on the preservation of the grant. The oak was not associated with the occurane until some time after the affair.

A tradition of the Wadsworth family had it that the charter was hidden in the cellar of the Wadsworth house. Years afterward the Connecticut Assembly refused to give Colonel Wadsworth four pounds (about twenty dollars) as a reward for his services. They voted him twenty shillings (about five dollars), which suggests that the Connecticut fathers did not prize liberty very highly, or else, and which is more reasonable to believe, they failed to view this deed just as the schoolbooks record it.

Mr. C. J. Hoadly, a Connecticut State Librarian in the past, and who was an authority in antiquarian subjects, appended a note to one of his writings, pointing out what seemed to him proof that Andros' visit did put an end to the colonial government so that if the charter went into the oak it still went out of legal existence. To retain it, annual elecions had to be held. After Andros came one election was omitted, and this, Mr. Hoadly believed, terminated the government.

A singular proof is offered as evidence that later administrations knew the illegality of their tenure of office in the fact that Connecticut had no witchcraft craze, although adjoining Massachusetts where it had become a mania. People in Connecticut were aroused and did bring to

trial several witches. A few were sentenced to death, but all were reprieved by order of Hartford, showing that the administration did not dare to exercise the death penalty, being conscious of its own imperfect hold upon the government, and so of its personal accountability for such death. On the other hand, even if the government was not legal, it was all there was.

Whether the tradition of the Charter Oak be fact or fancy in its bearing on the colonial government, the substance of the Indian's plea for its preservation should be our plea for the retention of its place in Connecticut historical lore. It has been a landmark for centuries and should be sustained in civic consciousness with as deep veneration as our history records its place in the simple life of the red men. It is a proud fact that the charter was preserved, whether in the oak or not, and that the colony was never governed by officers appointed by the crown; but has always, from the beginning, chosen its own rulers by popular election.

The original charter reappeared in 1689. It now hangs in the Capitol, in the cutsody of the Secretary of State. The duplicate was found in 1818. It is preserved by the Connecticut Historical Society.

For the most part, we should pray rather in aspiration than petition, rather by hoping than requesting.—Leigh Hunt.

SHIPS THAT BROUGHT FOUNDERS OF NATION

By Ellen Smith, A. P. V. A.

Three hundred and twenty-eight years ago, last December 19, there sailed from Blackwall, England, three ships, the Sarah Constant, the Goodspeed, and the Discovery, bringing the Founders of the Nation to Jamestown, Va., where they arrived May 13. 1607, to make the first permanent English settlement in America.

Those three ships lay at anchor, on that memorable day in December, at the head of a great bend in the Thames River, opposite the busy section of London's water front, known as Blackwall, and received passengers and cargoes from boats and barges.

Probably just prior to their sailing Captain John Smith, hero of the colony, had visited his church, the Church St. Sepulchre, Holbron, London. and received communion before starting on his great adventure. We know that he was buried in the south aisle of this church after his

death on June 21, 1631, and that he lived in a street nearby. Our imagination sees him, dressed like a figure from a Shakespearian play, coming with other English gentlemen and adventurers to Blackwall stairs, seeing the three ships riding at anchor, and entering the small boat that would carry him to the three ships.

Strangely enough these three ships, of greater moment to the English speaking people than any others after Columbus, today can scarcely be named by the average Virginian, and are virtually unknown to those outside the old Dominion. Yet who in the United States does not know the name, and significant details of the Mayflower's arrival 13 years later at Plymouth? and the Mayflower, most of us forget, was sailing for Jamestown, a colony already well established, but was carried by contrary winds to the coasts of New England!

Names of Ships Echo Character of Colonists

The names of those three little ships coming for this first colony at Jamestown are synonymous, somehow, with the character and purposes of the Virginia colonists themselves. "The Sarah Constant," 100 tons, the largest of the three vessels, gives us an association with the sturdy purposes, the constant endeavours which carried the colonists through those tragic early years of starvation, disease, and molestation by the Indians.

The name of the Goodspeed, 40 tons, the next largest ship arriving at Jamestown, recalls to remembrance the fact that within less than 100 years, by 1700, the seat of government had moved to Williamsburg, and a palace for the Colonial Governors, such as we now see reconstructed there, was being erected, and the nation definitely established in spite of massacres and burnings, from the primeval wilderness. Surely this was "Goodspeed."

The last of these three craft, and the smallest, the Discovery, 20 tons, gives us from its name, also an understanding of these colonists of Jamestown. They were not leaving England, rebelliously, either in conflict with the church or the Government. They were adventurers, seeking a way to the Indies and its wealth. They belonged in character to the Raleigh, Drake and Cavendish breed, but it is significant that they carried with them one of the most consecrated ministers of the English Church that America has ever known, the Rev. Robert Hunt, or, in the English of that day, Presbyter.

These hardy colonists were in a sense crusaders, for though they might engage in fierce sea-faring battles with the Spanish, or slay the Indians, they believed they fought for the God they served. With the way cleared by English victories on the high seas, the men who came on these three ships, "The Sarah Constant," "The Goodspeed," and "The Discovery" unquestionably prevented the complete colonization of this land by the Spanish, whose eyes were ever turning greedily northward from Florida. There is little doubt that every early ship sailing for Virginia carried Spanish spies.

A number of colonizing expeditions had set forth from England prior to the sailing of our three ships but

only to meet with defeat from one cause or another. It remained for the Jamestown colonists to sow the seed of a nation and carry it through its darkness to the light of fulfillment.

Find "Earthly Paradise" In Sunset's Glow

It was late in the afternoon of May 13, 1607, that these little ships came up the river, the 'King's River' or 'Powahatan River,' as the James was then called. The sun was probably setting, up the river, and the purple, golden and rosy light reflected in the water made it seem, in fact as they described it, "an earthly paradise."

The voyagers on April 29 had landed at Cape Henry and erected a cross, but because "it was so open a road," perhaps too close to Spanish ships at the Chesapeake Bay, they "plied" their ships up the James, peering at the wooded shores from left to right, stopping now and then, seeking the securest place for settlement.

At Jamestown, in a region which seemed to be least inhabited by Indians of any tribe, they saw "a kinde of peninsula fastened to the mainland by a very slender neck and thrusting out into the middest of the channel." The channel ran so close to the shore that the three ships could be "tethered" to the trees, affording a quick retreat in the event of an attack from the Indians whose hostility they had experienced at Cape Henry, and ease for loading and unloading of cargoes. The "peninsula," as it was then, could be defended more easily than the mainland, it was decided, and the guns of the "Sarah Constant," the "Goodspeed" and the "Discovery" riding close to shore, could be used in any attack upon the "forte" to be erected.

So, late in the afternoon of May 13, 1607, the ships that brought the founders of the nation to Jamestown were "tethered" to the trees. The Reverend Robert Hunt, missionary and martyr, so "weake and sicke" by the rough voyage "that few expected him to recover yet "all this could nevor force from him so much as a seeming desire to leave the business" knelt with the colonists, upon Jamestown soil and dedicated the spot to God.

Poet Laureate's Ode Immortalized Trip

Perhaps no words of today express the purpose of the voyage and settlement, the fulfillment of Jamestown, as those written at the time by Michael Drayton, Poet Laureate of Enggland, from his "Ode to the Virginia Voyage."—

Britons, you stay too long,
Quickly aboard bestow you,
And with a merry gale
Swell your stretch'd sayle,
With vowes as strong
As the winds that blow you.

And cheerfully at sea,
Successe you still intice
To get the pearle and gold
And ours to hold,
Virginia,
Earth's only paradise.

And in regions farre,
Such heroes bring yee foorth
As those from whom we came
And plant our name
Under that starre
Not knowe unto our north.

A CITY MAID IN A COUNTRY CHURCH

By Florence Alvord Dieterich

If you have never been to a little village church set out on a hillside, or in some shady dell, framed in a grass-grown graveyard where many of the stones tell a weatherbeaten story of pioneer days; if you have never sat on a Sunday morning and listened to the sermon in a true spirit of reverence with the mountain folks whose lives are so full of peace and poise that they make us realize the futility of our hurried ways; if you have never done this, you perhaps have never known what it means to "worship God in the beauty of holiness."

Let me take you to the little church where I went one Sunday last summer. If we would be a trifle early for the church service, we can slip into the back pew and listen to the Sunday school teaching. No modern contrivances here—but there is plenty of good instruction. The pupils, from the youngest to the oldest, sit in rapt attention, because the lesson is taught by earnest, enthusiastic men and women with the light of deep conviction shining in their eyes as they seek to present old truths in such a way that they will meet the problems of today. On all other days of the week these teachers may be only plain farmers or farmers' wives; today they are true ministers of the Gospel.

If (being strangers) our attention should wander from the lesson, we will find the memorial windows interesting—there are several dedicated to Revolutionary heroes; or perhaps our attention may be arrested by the classically beautiful white chancel or the well-worn melodeon in one corner that has been supplanted by the more "elegant" piano in the other; or our gaze may follow the summer breeze out of the open window where the fleecy clouds drift over the distant hills that recall to one's mind that verse of the shepherd king: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

Now that you have seen and loved this little church, let me tell you that we have come to the Hebron Lutheran Church at Intermont, West Virginia, one of the oldest Lutheran churches in the country. Intermont is some twenty-eight miles southwest of Winchester, Virginia. Down the bank to the left of the main highway (going south on Route 23 of our road map) you will find little Hebron standing upon the remains of the old highway, now unused for through travel. The wooded hills rise sharply to the right of the new road, while some distance to the rear of the church, on our left, the sleepy Cacapon River winds its tortuous course.

The church itself is far older than the brick building that is now its home. Back in 1786 the pioneers of this section, comprising such well-known West Virginia families as Rudolphs, Brills, Bauers and Baumgartens, felt the need of worshiping God after the manner of their forefathers and built a log cabin church, which was duly dedicated under the pastorate of the Rev. Mr. Deschler.

Church meant something more to these people than a mere place to go on Sunday morning, although it was in many cases the only place they had to see their friends and neighbors. It meant a rule of living, an inspiration to strengthen them for the labors and trials of the coming week. It was an esteemed privilege to be a church member in good standing, nor was this privilege extended unless it was earned. In the olden days a man had to give good and adequate reason if he did not attend communion. If the children had the mumps, or his horse went lame, he was forgiven; if it was a mere case of oversleeping on Sunday morning, he was reprimanded. If it happened more than once, he was not in good standing.

I found an account also in the first volume of the Church Record (dating from 1787) of the Council having called a certain Benjamin —— (his name shall not here apear lest it cast discredit upon his descendants) to come before them to answer charges of immoral conduct. The resolution stated that if Benjamin apeared as required by them, repented of his evil deeds and promised to amend, he should be forgiven. According to the next entry, however, Benjamin did not appear and was consequently expelled. I am glad to say, however, that three years later the Church Record states that he was reinstated to "full rights and privileges of church membership." It is to be presumed that he had turned over a new leaf.

1849 and 1886 were red letter days in the history of the church. In 1849 the old log cabin was moved from its location by the roadside to a point a short distance up the hill, where it was used as a school-house, and the present red brick structure tooks its place. One does not need much imagination to picture the years of self-sacrificing labor necessary on the part of these hard-working farmers to bring about this fruition of their dreams. In 1886 the church celebrated with a vast amount of ceremony the centennial of its founding, and accounts of the celebration were published in nearby newsppapers.

I said that the name of the little village in which we find Hebron Church was "Intermont;" it is—today. However, it is only of late years that it has borne this appropriate and artistic name. Before that it was known as "Mutton Run." In the early days wolves so infested this region that the farmer's sheep were constantly being raided and driven for refuge into a small run of the Cacapon River. Sometimes the sheep escaped; more often the run was red with the blood of the captured. From this run the village derived its name. As time went on city folk sought refuge from the heat and noise of the town as summer boarders in the little hamlet. These city folk objected to having their mail addressed to Mutton Run, and co-operated with the postmaster to effect a change of name. So now Mutton Run is no more; in its place we have Intermont.

I must confess that the first time I went down the road looking for Intermont I missed it entirely. For Intermont—besides the church—is

only a small group of houses, in one of which is located the post-office. The church is the important fact about Intermont. Perhaps in bygone years the pastors who shepherded their flocks in this little church have not always been men of learning as the world reckons education, but this I will warrant: they were always men who had the love of God in their hearts and who inspired not only the fear of God but the love of God in the hearts and lives of the members of their congregations.

HOW THE DAYS OF THE WEEK WERE NAMED

By William West

Did you ever stop to wonder how the days of the week got their names? Of course, it is easy to see where Sunday got its name. It came from the sun. Centuries ago, many peoples worshiped the sun as a god, a fierce and powerful god who rode the skies in a golden chariot. So they named the first day of the week Sunday. These same people who worshipped the sun also worshiped the moon. The moon was believed to be a goddess less powerful than the sun, but murch more loving and kind. Thus, the second day of the week was named Monday, after the moon goddess.

Tuesday was named by the Norsemen, a hardy and warlike race which lived in northern Europe and from whom the modern Swedes, Danes and Norwegians are descended. The favorite god of the Norsemen was their war-god, Tyr. They named the third day of the week Tuesday in honor of Tyr. The Norsemen also named Wednesday, which was named for another of their gods, Woden or Odin. He was a kindly god who was said to rule over the land of the dead. It is quite easy to see why we keep the "d" in Wednesday which is really Woden's Day.

Thursday was also named by the Norsemen. It was named for their thunder god, Thor. Friday was named for Thor's mother, the goddess Freya. Thus we find that four days of the week, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, were named by the Norsemen.

Saturday was named for Saturn, one of the largest planets in the sky. Saturn was worshiped as a god by the Romans and one special day in the week was given over to feasting and games in his honor. This celebration was called Saturnalia. In time it came to be called Saturday. The ancient Roman custom of having a holiday on Saturday has come down to us through the centuries and thus we have no school on Saturday and many business places close for at least a part of the day.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR MAY

(Figure following name indicates number of times boy has been on Honor Roll since January 1, 1935.)

ROOM No. 1

—A—

Willie McDade 2
James Cooper 2
Homer Smith 4
Charles Wagoner 2

—B—

Edward Lockamy 2
William McCormick 2
Robert Worthington 2

ROOM No. 2

—A—

Paul Eason 4
Warren Holloman 2
Sam Pegram 4
Paul Saunders 2

—B—

Richard Early 2
Claibourne McKee 2
Irwin Luther 2
Claude McLaughlin 2
Vermont Whitley

ROOM No. 3

—A—

John Whitaker 2
Edwin Newell 2
William Goodson
Randolph Davis

—B—

Everett Williamson 2
Thomas Horton 3
Vasco Robinson 4
Henry Tucker 4
Harold Brown 2
Hilton McMath 4
J. T. Lovett 4
Porter Willhite 2
Kenneth Messick 3

ROOM No. 4

—A—

James Boyce 4
Curtis Coleman 5
Edgar Hatley 3
Norman Owens 4

—B—

Lee Dowless
Bennie Holland 3
Eli Philemon 2
Jack Carver 2
James Young
Myron Whitman
Gilbert Murray 3
Ashley Thompson

ROOM No. 5

—A—

David Hodge 2
Clinton Keen 4
Irvin Medlin 4
Denver Beshears

—B—

Henry Hallman 2
Ernest Beach
Clyde Adams 2
Edward Martin
Perry Harvell 5

ROOM No. 6

—A—

John Caddell 3
Leo Forester
Coy Green
Leonard Melton 2
Linwood Potter 2
Lonnie Sloan

—B—

Edward Carpenter
William Downes 4
William Young 4

ROOM No. 7

—A—

James Corn 2
Lewis Crawford
Lee Dickens 3
Julian Gregory 2
James Hodges 3
David Odham
Cling Shelton 2
Robert Stephens 2
Hubert Williams 4

—B—

Thomas Hamilton 2
Clarence Mayton 3
Troy Powell
Luther Wilson 3

INSTITUTION NOTES

Patton Capps, of Cottage No. 11, who has been undergoing treatment for an injured knee, was dismissed by the doctor last Tuesday.

—o—

Here at the School we have always looked forward to having string beans from our gardens by June 10th, but due to the lateness of the season this year, we will not have any before June 20th.

—o—

Woodrow Jenkins, of Cottage No. 4, who fractured his leg while playing some time ago, was taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, last Tuesday, where the cast was removed. We are glad to report that Woodrow is making a rapid recovery.

—o—

Prospects for a bumper crop of tomatoes are the best in the history of the School. About 75,000 plants have been set out and our farm manager reports they are looking fine. Our canning machines are being repaired and other preparations are being made for getting the cannery in readiness for the conservation of vegetables for winter use.

—o—

Richard Wrenn, of Cottage No. 9, who suffered a badly broken leg on April 2, when a log on which he was working rolled on him, returned from the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital last Tuesday. After undergoing treatment at that institution for two months, the doctors report that Richard's leg is mending nicely, and that he will soon be able to get about as well as ever.

—o—

James Enloe, of Cottage No. 11, was called to his home in Bryson City on Thursday of last week on account of the death of his father, L. A. Enloe, who was killed in an automobile accident near Smokemont. Mr. Enloe, a veteran railroader of more than 35 years' service, was an engineer in the employ of the Southern Railway. James returned to the School last Tuesday night.

—o—

The grandstand at the athletic field, which was almost completely demolished by the cyclone last March, has been rebuilt and was used for the first time last Saturday, when our boys opened the baseball season by defeating Roberta Mill. A new backstop, much higher than the old one, has been erected on top of the bank in the rear of home plate, and is covered with heavy wire screen. This will be a big improvement as heretofore the games have been delayed considerably while balls were being

retrieved. Our tennis courts have also been repaired and during fair weather are in daily use.

—o—

The Training School team ushered in the 1935 baseball season last Saturday afternoon by defeating the Roberta Mill nine by the score of 11 to 6. The visitors used three pitchers —J. Lisk, the starting hurler, was driven from the mound in the fourth inning; he was succeeded by R. Lambert, who lasted until the seventh, when he turned over the pitching duties to "Snake" Lefler. Manager Liske went the route for the School lads, and after the second inning, held the Roberta boys to one run and five hits.

The visitors started out by making three hits in the first frame which, with an error and some slow fielding by the local lads, netted three tallies. Two more were added in the second as Furr singled and counted ahead of Mason as the latter poled out a home run. They were held scoreless for the remainder of the game except in the eight inning when Mason's triple and Clarke's single produced another tally.

The School boys, after being gooseegged for three frames, put three runs across in the fourth as Ange singled, Daugherty drew a pass, and Cooper pounded out a home run to deep right field.

In the sixth inning the local lads put the game on ice, scoring six times by reason of a prolonged batting streak. During this frame they made six hits, including singles by Buck Lefler, H. Lefler, Smith, Ange, Cooper, and a triple by Wright. A couple of errors and a wild pitch also helped to put these markers across.

The School lads scored their last two counters in the eighth inning when Wright and Buck Lefler singled, scoring on H. Lefler's triple.

Our team this year being largely composed of boys with no previous experience, was a trifle unsteady at the start, but after the second inning the stage fright was overcome and the boys settled down and turned in some flashy fielding plays. Fast double plays choked visiting rallies on three occasions. Wright, Cooper and Smith, playing at shortstop, second and first, respectively, for the Training School, accepted a number of very difficult chances.

Leading the visitors with the stick were Mason, with a home run, triple and single; Clarke, a double and a single, and Furr, with a pair of singles.

For the School, Ange cracked out three singles; Wright, a triple and single; H. Lefler, a triple and single; Cooper, a round-trip wallop and a single, and Buck Lefler a brace of singles.

While the Roberta lads touched Manager Liske for twelve hits, he kept them well scattered and retired eight batters on strikes. The score:

		R	H	E
Roberta	3 2 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—	6	12	3
J. T. S.	0 0 0 3 0 6 0 2 x—	11	12	2

Two-base hit: Clarke. Three-base hits: Mason, Wright, H. Lefler. Home

runs: Mason, Cooper. Stolen bases: B. Lefler, Worthington. Double plays: Cooper, Wright and Smith 2; Liske and Smith; R. Lambert, P. Lefler and J. Lefler. Struck out: By J. Lisk 4; by R. Lambert 2; by J. Lefler 4; by F. Liske 8. Base on balls: Off J. Liske 2; off R. Lambert 1; off J. Lefler 1. Hit by pitcher: By J. Lisk (Smith). Umpires: Lefler and Mason.

—o—

Rev. Walter L. Miller, pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, coducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson, Rev. Mr. Miller and the boys read the 19th Psalm together.

Taking his text from Hebrews 8:5 —"See that thou make all things according to the pattern shewed to thee on the mount," Rev. Mr. Miller talked to the boys on "Building."

At the beginning of his remarks the speaker explained that the words quoted above, originally referred to the building of a Hebrew tabernacle, but in this day and time we are taught that it also applies to the fashioning of the magnificent temple of Christian character.

The greatest task in life, said the speaker, is the building of character, which is essential to success. The very first questions men ask when a person is being recommended to them, is whether or not he or she is dependable, honest, trustworthy, loyal. The world has seen many wonderful temples erected, but the building of a good character surpasses the achievements of the world's greatest builders.

The temple of character is not a tomb, but a living thing. We read of great structures being destroyed by earthquakes or fires, but the temple of character is the only thing we can build that will live forever. He who builds forever, builds not with stone and mortar, but builds for a good character, which lives on long after the builder passes.

In building a home, said the speaker, it is necessary that we have plans to direct us. So it is with the building of character—we must always be careful about our plans for building. The need of good plans in character-building is far greater than in the erection of any material edifice. Our plan for the building of character is God, and the Bible is the builder's blue-print. God has given us Jesus as the perfect example.

It is not necessary for us to follow God's plan. The choice is entirely up to us. We can follow our own plans and do as we please, but to do so leads to certain failure. It matters not whether we occupy a high or low place in life—if we build our character according to God's plan, the results are marvelous.

Another thing to be considered in the erection of a building is that it must have a good foundation. So it is in character-building, and the very best foundation we can have are good principles.

In order that a house may withstand the elements, good materials are necessary. When we build character, we need to use the finest kind of materials, for no life is stronger

than its weakest point. If we put into our temple of character such materials as loyalty to God, truth, honesty, temperance and kindness, the structure will stand against the evil storms of life, and will remain as a lasting memorial long after we shall have passed to our reward.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Miller stated that Jesus Christ, the Rock of Ages, should be the foundation for our character, and if we build upon Him, our temple cannot be shaken.

In addition to hearing this fine talk by Rev. Mr. Miller, we thoroughly enjoyed the rendition of two vocal numbers by Bays Shoaf, one of Concord's talented young singers. Mr. Shoaf has a most pleasing baritone voice, and his contribution to the afternoon's program was a source of great pleasure to all who heard him.

—o—

Willard Newton, an old Jackson Training School boy, who now lives in Pasadena, Calif., spent last weekend at the School. He is a member of the post-office force in Pasadena, and has been employed in his present position for more than seven years. He is married and has one son.

Bill was admitted to the Training School, which at that time consisted of only two cottages, in 1911, and was paroled in 1916. During his stay here he lived in Cottage No. 2, where he was a member of the Stonewall Literary Society, an organization maintained at that time to promote the literary talents of the boys. Bill was considered a very good debater as a boy, and was an ardent admirer of Theodore Roosevelt. It was customary for the literary society to issue pins to its members, and Bill tells us that he still has his pin and prizes it very highly.

During the World War, Bill saw considerable service overseas as a member of the 30th Division. It was there, he stated, that he realized the real value of discipline which, as a boy at the School, he sometimes considered unnecessary.

Last Sunday morning, at the regular session of our Sunday School, Bill made a brief talk to the boys. He told them that, having been a boy here, he realized that most of them probably spent more time thinking about getting away from the instiution than in making an effort to learn something that would help them later in life. Speaking as one who had encountered the problems of the outside world, he urged the boys to correct this mistake by trying to realize to the fullest extent that their stay here is an opportunity to better prepare themselves for meeting conditions that will confront them upon leaving the School. No one, he said, was in a position to realize this more fully than the old boy who had passed through it all.

In conversation with several members of our staff, Bill stated that he was quite anxious to start some kind of an organization among paroled boys, something on the order of a college alumni association, believing that such an organization, by lending a helping hand to the lads as they attempt to make another start in the world, would prove a source of valuable assistance both to the boys and to the School. He also says that he believes the records of the majority

of boys who have been paroled from the School would be such that the state would be proud of them.

It is quite true that our paroled boys do not get enough of the right kind of publicity, and we heartily agree with Bill as he contends that the boys who react unfavorably after leaving the institution, usually receive plenty of publictiy, while the lads who make good are not known, even in their respective communities, as former Jackson Training School boys. It is not hard for one of our boys to crash into the front-page columns of the newspapers by falling into the hands of the law (and the percentage of those doing so is very small), thus causing an unfavorable reaction in the minds of the public as to the value of the institution, while hundreds of lads who have received training here, return to their homes, develop into splendid citizens, and the same public which is so quick to condemn, loses sight of the fact that in the changing of the boy from a liability to a valuable asset, the greater portion of the credit must go to the Jackson Training School. In getting the public to realize the value of the institution, it is our opinion that such an organization as Bill suggests, would be a great help to the School.

Bill received a hearty welcome from the members of our staff, especially those who were associated with him 19 years ago, and we are all proud of the splendid record he has made since leaving the School. He left Sunday night to attend a family reunion in Washington, D. C., where his mother and a brother and sister reside. His brother is practicing law in the capital city and his sister is in the employ of the government.

North Carolina is proud of most every record of this state, but there is one record in which we should bow our heads in disgraceful shame. That is the sacrifice of infant life for which the state has no legitimate alibi. During the year 1934, 6,072 babies died in North Carolina before they were one year old. That is about the highest infant death rate in the nation.

We boast of our native-born, our pure Anglo-Saxon blood, our high birth rate, and these are all good, but why should we be so careless and neglectful of our duty and allow so many of these babies to die?

The death of the greatest majority of these babies before they are one year old is due to carelessness and neglect and is in many cases the result of ignorance. With this fact before us the responsibility of the death of these babies is on the citizens of the state and not just the parents of the baby. It is as much the duty of the state to protect and save the prospective citizens of the state as it is to protect the property and lives of the citizens. The state cannot shirk the responsibility and expect to grow and prosper.—Smithfield Herald.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 2, 1935

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since the method was adopted March, 10, 1935.

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(3) Jesse Cleveland 3
(3) Thomas Doby 3
(3) J. C. Mobley 3
(9) William McCormick 10
(13) Robert Radford 13
(8) Earl Rogers 12
(9) Hassell Shropshire 9
(11) Richard Sullivan 12
(13) Ashley Thompson 13
(6) Richard Tysinger 6
(5) Jerome Warren 5
(8) Vermont Whitley 9
(6) Wiley Willoughby 6

COTTAGE No. 1

(2) Clifford Bowers 10
(2) Herman Lamm 9
(2) Claude McLaughlin 9
(11) Millard Owenby 12
(3) Eugene Whitt 8
Junius Yarborough 8

COTTAGE No. 2

John Capps 2
Robert Harrison 4
(2) Thomas Horton 11
(2) Clyde Kivett 2
(2) Y. V. Spates 3
(4) Woodrow Spruill 8

COTTAGE No. 3

(4) William Barber 6
Frank Hutchins 5
(5) John Walsh 9
(2) Porter Willhite 4

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Shelton Anderson 2
Vernon Bass 8
Clarence Boren 6
Carlton Calloway 3
(13) Fleming Collins 13
(2) Mathis Garrett 2
William Hill
(4) Billy Justice 7
(3) Thomas Little 3
Irwin Luther 7
Joel Moore 3
(2) Robert Orrell 6
Robert Penland 6
(3) Clyde Reece 7
Wheeler Sturdivant 5
Melvin Walters 6
(2) Hubert Williams 5
(2) Gray Wright 7

COTTAGE No. 5

(2) William Ange 7
(2) Max Cecil 4
Samuel Everett 3
Jack Freeman 2
William Hare 5
(7) Maynard Hicks 12
(2) George Kye 6
(3) Randolph Miller 7
Perry Russ
Robert Worthington 10

COTTAGE No. 6

Richard Baumgarner
Thomas Hamilton 5
Charlton Henry 6
Leonard Melton 4
Joseph Sanford 4
William Suites

COTTAGE No. 7

(4) Emerson Frazier 6
(2) Charles Griffin 4
William Green 7
(4) Caleb Hill 8
Harding Kluttz 4
Theodore Nines 8
(3) Lewis Parker 9
(3) Cling Shelton 5
(5) Floyd Watkins 10
Boyce Watts
(3) Douglas Wilkes 6

COTTAGE No. 8

(13) John Auton 13
(5) Harry Flowe 11
(2) Jesse Freeman 8
Morris Hicks 2
Ernest Owens 2
Wallace Pendergraft 2
(2) Norman Pike 5

COTTAGE No. 9

Charles Crotts 4
Lee Dickens 11
(6) Woodfin Fowler 8
Thomas McCausley 4
Ben Overby
Ed Lee White 9
(9) Bryan Williams 10

COTTAGE No. 10

(5) Jack Baity 12
(4) James Bell 5
(3) Harold Brown 5
Jack Carver 5
Henry Chester 4
James Hodge 4
Walter Merritt
Hilton McMath 5
Charles Pollard 5
Troy Reynolds 2
(3) Steve Talbert 8
(6) Fred Ward 10

COTTAGE No. 11

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 12

(4) Earl Atwood 12
Walter Beaver 9
(3) Paul Eason 6
(2) Leonard Ellis 5
(2) Horace Faulkner 7
(2) William Faircloth 3
(2) Alfred Holloman 7
(3) Glenn O'Quinn 5
(11) Homer Quick 12
(3) Thomas Welch 7

COTTAGE No. 13

Randolph Foy 2
Urbane Hill 11
(3) Warren Medlin 8
Jennings Norris 8
(5) Linwood Potter 8
Eugene Smith 12
Howard Wilson 8

COTTAGE No. 14

Elzie Carpenter 5
Hobart Johnson 6
Berry Rogers 4

COTTAGE No. 15

Denver Beshears 7
(3) John Caddell 11
(3) Earl Chambers 3
Earl Hill 5
Marvin Malcom 5
Edward Martin 5
Walter Mitchell
(2) George McManus 5
(2) Harley Pennell 6
Glenn Stewart 8

LIFE'S MISTAKES

Here are seven mistakes of life that many of us make:

The delusion that individual advancement is made by crushing others down.

The tendency to worry about a thing that cannot be changed or corrected.

Insisting that a thing is impossible because we ourselves have not accomplished it.

Refusing to set aside trivial preferences, in order that important things may be accomplished.

Attempting to compel others to believe and live as we do.

The failure to establish the habit of saving money.

—The Junior Citizen.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 15, 1935 No. 24

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'TIS BETTER

'Tis better to say or give one thing
Or to do one tiny deed,
Than to plan to do great ones some day
For those who are now in need.

'Tis better to a thing today
Than to wait for future years;
Tomorrow may be a day too late,
And bring but regret and tears.

—Sunshine Magazine.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

WINDFLOWERS

What is it you seek, with your faces uplifted,
Frangibly greeting each breeze passing by,
Poised on your frail stems like snowflakes that drifted
Pallidly delicate down from the sky?

Are you the lost tokens of winds caught and fettered
Or ghostly whisperings of sighs of despair?
Are you the memories of hopes long unlettered
Held by the lovers whose secrets you share?

You, with wan lips cupped to catch vagrant moonbeams,
Wistfully drooping when storm winds grow bold,
Keep in your heart hidden treasure—the sun's gleams—
Free to those only whose hearts are not cold.

With chalice held upward you seem to be praying,
Telling your beads with the dewdrops that rise,
Pure as white angels whose wings gently swaying
Bless and perfume every wind from the skes.

—Augusta Wray.

THE PRIZE POEM

The leading editorial in this issue, Windflowers, by Mrs. Augusta Wray, Charlotte, won the Albert L. Berry Cup at the recent convention of the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs held at Elizabeth City.

This reward, the Berry Cup, stands as a companion piece to the Separk Cup won by Mrs. Wray two years in succession for her poems. Mrs. Wray's poems have appeared in newspapers and oth-

er magazines, also she has had the distinction of broadcasting poetry programs, besides holding the honored position as corresponding secretary of the North Carolina Poetry Society.

The author of Windflower (anemones) said the inspiration of this poem came while basking in the May sunshine, and watching a bed of anemones nodding their delicate heads in the May breezes. As she watched the windflowers "poised on their slender stems" her imagination led her to a closer scrutiny of this flower with creamy centers showing a golden gleam close to their hearts.

Most people can feel the rhythmical tempo of music, let it be martial or the accent of dance music, but only a true poet, born and not trained, can understand and penetrate the veil of illusion and mysticism that is expressed in verse. With the poet there is an inspiration, an inner urge that creates a turmoil of emotions so great that there is no rest till an expression is given and set down on paper.

We appreciate Mrs. Wray giving to The Uplift her poem for publication. It is a pleasure to always emphasize the works and accomplishments of our women of the Old North State.

* * * * * * *

CHARACTER FORMATION

The man who says he knows not how to teach character does not understand his own power, because in every act, every loving word, as well as every unkind act and harsh word, there is left an impress upon some one, either for good or bad, because there is not a human being in the wide world who does not exert some influence unconsciously.

The building of character cannot be done spasmodically. It requires a system of right thinking and right living if we grow sufficiently strong to stem the tidal wave of alluring temptations that confront and encircle life wherever one goes.

The science of preserving health so as to build a strong body is emphasized. The health building programs of hygiene and sanitation are essential, but the habits of clean thinking, fair dealing and a courteous demeanor with charity for all leaves the will

stronger and character more firmly established.

Society is constantly endangered by people who have inherent capacities for digressing from the paths of right living. Especially is it true with those who have social or political influence, and have never learned to govern themselves or use their powers to the advantage of self, home, progeny, community or nation.

The homes are the first schools of character building, and parents are the most influential teachers. This is true whether parents are prepared to be good mentors or not. Their very positions and associations involved make it so.

The public schools are doing good work towards preparing our girls and boys for life, but the fundamentals of correct habits of living are formed the first six years of a child while in the home. How necessary, then, that we watch every action and word that contributes to the building of manhood and womanhood.

If we sow a thought we reap a deed, if we sow a deed we reap a habit, if we sow a habit we reap a character and in the finale a character reaps a destiny.

* * * * * * *

AVOID A MOLDED MIND

Nicholas Murray Butler states that only a small majority of people after twenty-two and twenty-three years of age keep growing mentally. If this is an accurate estimate then the supposition is our system of education has failed to stimulate a thirst for knowledge, but instead has inspired a feeling of self-sufficiency. However, there are other ways for development than through a course of study in books.

In order to be generous and broad-minded a contact with people is essential. By learning their manners and customs, their way of doing things, their achievements, government and other things pertinent to a better life, a finer spirit and renewed interest in the activities that were once irksome are inspired.

Books are essential, also is it very essential to have the mind stimulated by a diversified, manual and physical program? To move on in the same grooves day in and day out is a bad policy, because the consequences are restlessness and unhappiness.

When the young people are taught to think with an ambition to do something worthwhile there is hope, and the masses of people "not growing mentally' will soon be on the decrease. There is no such thing as standing still, we either go forward or backward. Young people must also have an outlet in the way of sport as well as in the way of training for usefulness.

* * * * * * *

THE COST OF RECLAMATION

If figures according to a federal probation officer are correct,—that of every four dollars one dollar goes for crime, making a terrific sum of thirteen or seventeen billion dollars spent annnually for crime in some form.

The daily records of the papers show that our courts are crowded with youthful offenders. Therefore, it is imperative that a study as to cause and cure of crime be made in every nook and corner of the universe so as to check this wave of youthful offenders, sweeping throughout the country.

If people would stop in their mad haste for pleasure, fortune or fame and study the question of welfare work, the results would be of two-fold value,—the salvaging of humanity and incidentally a saving of public funds.

A half-baked proposition in any business is soon junked. The equation of business applies in the same way to the building of character. For instance to make a shoe that is comfortable the best material and the best shoe-maker, one who knows his last, are required to meet the demands.

Therefore, to conform the wayward youths to the highest ideals the best in the way of sanitation, health programs, vocational and cultural training, an environment of gentleness but firmness, diversified interest of work and sports, a balanced diet, clothing that makes one self-respecting, a fine type of instructors, and a parole as a reward are essential, if genuine reformation is expected. To finance such a program requires funds. We have no solution of the mooted question of funds, but ask that every person think seriously as to what is best for the delinquents. The work of any reform school is a practical demonstation of the Christian religion,

therefore, we cannot ignore these boys and girls, they are God's children. This is a responsibility that rests upon our great Commonwealth, of which there is much boasting. The child, good or bad, bond or free, black or white holds priority. They are the men and women of the future.

* * * * * * *

NURSING—A NOBLE CALLING

Nursing is one of the oldest arts. It was born in the bosom of motherhood, therefore, has been in existence since the beginning of time. Prior to the training school opened for nurses in 1860, by Florence Nightingale, in St. Thomas Hospital, London, nursing was not accepted as a profession, but as a menial trade carried on by the very cheapest help.

The information is that Christian Hospitals with visiting nurses dated back as far as 300 A. D., that the first hospital in America was established at Mexico City in 1520, and the first training school for nurses in the United States was in Boston, 1872, in the New England Hospital for Women and Children. This is only a brief resume of the early history of nursing.

The nursing profession is one of the most valuable contributions for relief of suffering humanity the science of medicine has ever made. Nurses of today have to measure up to certain standards, governed by a code of ethics, bringing nurses and doctors closer together with an understanding spirit of the duties of each.

It is a calling for the noblest and best of women, offering an opportunity the equal of the ministry, not alone to minister to the body but to give comfort to benighted souls struggling to find the dawn of a new life spiritually.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

FRIENDSHIP

"No finer thing in life can be
Than friendship's loving clasp;
To keep each dear and loyal friend
This only do I ask,
And that I be full-faithful, Lord,
Until life's very end;
I pray that I be worthy, too,
Of each true-hearted friend."

—o—

Photographers are the only persons who can get a head of some people.

—o—

Many people who heretofore have been penny-wise are now dime foolish.

—o—

Some men claim that they are self-made when in reality it is the work of their wives.

—o—

The fellow who beats the weighing machine, like the Arab, silently steals a weigh.

—o—

A Durham lady refers to the time she spends in front of her looking-glass as "moments of reflection."

—o—

It looks now that when Europe gets thoroughly prepared for peace the shooting will begin.

—o—

One reason, doubtless, that this share-the-wealth plan has not succeeded is, that so many who believe in it have wound up in the penitentiary.

—o—

There is an old saying that "A fool and his money is soon parted." It always has been a wonder to me how they ever got together.

—o—

A sympathetic public will continue interested in the Dionne girls until they begin racing in front of its house on roller skates, or carrying their pups to Sunday school and loading up the church with fleas.

—o—

When the news came out that King George rises every morning before 7 o'clock, it became an open question with some of us whether it was really worth anybody's while to aspire to regal honors.

—o—

Said one Durham matron to another: "I don't like to have my husband prop up a newspaper at the breakfast table. Do you?" The other replied: "Oh, I don't know. It keeps the grapefruit from spattering as far as it otherwise might."

—o—

Bulgaria's cabinet will find, after getting its two new members named Kosseivanoff and Kajourkharoff both into the meeting chamber there won't be room enough for the rest of them to hang up their hats and deposit their overshoes during a session.

—o—

I hear of a Federal officer not pay-

ing the sales tax, because he said he was exempted from that tax. In these days of exorbitant taxation, it is unjust, unfair and undemocratic that any government office-holder be granted any exemption from taxation not granted to a private citizen who pays the wages or salaries of the office-holder. It is no harder for a public servant to pay taxes out of his income, than it is for a private citizen to pay it out of his own earnings Special privileges for officialism, at public expense, must be curbed or the common citizen will become nothing but a tax slave to dig up money for the tax-exempt bureaucrats.

—o—

Spring is rapidly advancing into Summer. But unlike this season during these last few gloomy years, the sound of the hammer and saw are heard in the land. Strolling about the city of Durham I see many crews of brick masons, carpenters and painters going to work. It's enough to make a fellow tingle all over. The major portion of the cost of building, remodeling, repairing, and modernizing goes to labor. The more of it that is done, the more men are employed. The greater the nation's pay roll. The fewer families on relief. The lesser the burden of taxes. The greater the country's buying power. Were there today an equal amount of building activity as in the automotive industry, it is estimated our unemployed would shrink to normal figures. America actually is doing something about this building and remodeling program. It's more than a set of fine plans on paper and a lot of talk. It's a genuine reality. Do you know what it means?

—o—

My heart is sad. But I sorrow not as those without hope. St. Philip's parish flock is shepherdless. The silver cord is loosed. The golden bowl is broken. The pitcher is shattered at the fountain, and the wheel is broken at the cistern. Rev. Sidney S. Bost, the beloved rector of St. Philip's Episcopal church, fell on eternal sleep at 2 o'clock, Friday morning, June 7th, after several weeks of suffering from some internal affection his physician could not stay. Sixty-four years of age, he was 37 years rector of St. Philip's church. He wrought well. He was a faithful ambassador of the Heavenly Kingdom. No apostle of religion, in Durham and the State, ever had a more universal and firmer grip on the confidence and love of any people. He was a wise and able thinker, an attractive phraseologist, and more than all else he was encouraging and sincere in whatever he said. He was exceptionally gifted in binding to himself, in silken cords of love, the esteem, good-will, and profound respect of all classes and conditions of our citizenry, as well as a Statewide love and esteem. He was the friend of every Durhamite—the friend, indeed, of any in need of a friend. The strong and hearty grasp of his hand was an inspiration to hope and courage, and never did I know aught of him that was not good. He lived and preached his religion in love and deeds. None speak of him but to praise. He was my spirtual pilot and my most loyal friend, than which the living can trace no more loving words

of the dead. I loved him. We say Rev. Sidney S. Bost is dead! In person he is gone, but he still speaks. His lips are silent, but his words live. His example lives. His deeds and their consequences, all for good, live. He is over the river under the shade of the trees, but in eternal sunshine, where the angels ever sing, the flowers ever bloom, and where death never comes. He has grasped hands with eternal light, standing before God, in the supernal light of the great white throne.

"Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part, when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, giving little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not, Good night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me good morning."

Endurance is nobler than strength, and patience than beauty.—John Ruskin.

LAST MEMBER OF LEE'S STAFF CELEBRATED HIS 97TH BIRTHDAY

(Richmond Times Dispatch)

In a stately colonial home in Matthews County, beside the placid waters of an inlet from Chesapeake Bay, where Virginia hospitality is not a tradition but the everyday rule of existence, one of the most interesting men in America receives his friends and discusses with them in almost the same breath the policies of the "New Deal" or the events of the great American war of the Sixties.

The Rev. Major Giles Buckner Cooke, is the only man living today who served on the staff of Robert E. Lee. May 13, he celebrated his ninety-seventh birthday.

"I eat well and sleep well," he said. "But these ponies that have carried me for 97 years are tired and weak and I cannot walk very far," he said when asked how it felt to be three years less than a century old. His mind is clear and keen and the eyes which still serve him well are bright and sparkling.

Reading Life of Lee

He was found reading Dr. Douglas Freeman's R. E. Lee, which was awarded the Pulitzer Prize. "It is wonderful," said the major, declaring that although he has long outlived his allotted three-score and ten years, his love and admiration for "that no-

ble and Christian gentleman, Robert Edward Lee, is still "youthful and fervent."

The man who was with Lee when he wept over the Appomattox surrender said he would like to return for the first time tc the place he called "detestable" 70 years ago—Appomattox.

"It just wasn't intended that we should be successful—that glorious army of ours," he said as he recalled his experiences on the staffs of five Confederate generals—Cocke, Jones, Beauregard, Bragg and Lee.

Dedicated to Religion

Vivid recollections of those horrible days of the sixties flicker across the memory of this venerable gentleman, and he calls upon his diary of the war to aid him in any accurate description of the frightful horror which caused him to pray if he were spared he would devote the remainder of his life to religious work. This he has done.

Descended from the early Virginia colonist, Mordecai Cooke, and born at Portsmouth, Va., he was educated at the Virginia Military Institute. One of his professors there was Thomas J. Jackson, who demonstrated the unyielding firmness which later earned the name of "Stonewall" by locking the doors of his Sunday school class at the opening hour, so that those who wished to attend were forced to arrive on time.

In the troubled days of 1860 young Cooke was reading law in Petersburg. During the first three years of the War Between the States he served as staff officer, and the spring of 1864 found him again in Petersburg with General Beauregard. In June, Cook was the messenger to General Lee who succeeded in convincing him that General Grant had transferred his main attack to the south of the James River. Lee gave him reinforcements, and himself moved to Petersburg the next day. That fall Cooke, by that time a major, was transferred to Lee's staff, and served on it until the surrender at Appomattox.

Never Published Diaries

Today Major Cooke's peaceful home is a mecca for historians and students of the War Between the States who come to talk with him and to consult his diaries, which he has not published. All are made welcome. He feels, however, that his real contribution to history and to humanity was not his service to the "Lost Cause," glamorous as his close association with Lee is to this generation, but the work he initiated in the dark days of reconstructon.

Giles Buckner Cooke was the pioneer in the "New Deal" for the liberated negroes in the matter of educaton. He realized that the welfare of both white and black depended on proper training of the latter. Influencing him was the example of "Marse Robert" and of "Stonewall" Jackson, both of whom had educated their slaves.

Ham Was "Buried"

"Major Cooke's School" was the parent of many influential negro institutions. After 20 years he relinquished the work to capable hands, but continued to travel and speak in its behalf through his years as rector of Episcopal parishes in Mary-

land, Kentucky and Virginia, and since his retirement in 1917.

In 1873 he traveled in Europe, bearing letters of introduction from General Beauregard, who had just returned from a similar trip, and been much feted.

Mentally keen and alert, Major Cooke's reminiscences of the events of two ordinary lifetimes are enjoyed by all fortunate enough converse with him. His favorite anecdote—and what one-time soldier does not have a favorite anecdote?—is one of the time General Lee had important visitors to dinner shortly before the evacuation of Petersburg. The table was graced by a portion of ham, and cabbage. Next day cabbage only appeared, and Lee asked his servant what had become of the ham. "Dat was borried, suh!" was the reply. "I don tuk it back ter de gent'man I borried f'om."

Brave deeds are the monuments of brave men.
—Napoleon Bonaparte.

HOW 'DIXIE' WAS NAMED

By Robert C. Harper

When a good band plays "Dixie" and its tuneful melody and sentimental associations cause a lump to rise in any Southerner's throat, perhaps not one person in a thousand knows, or even thinks of, the origin of this famous song.

Over in France during the World War, and in towns along the Rhine during the stay of the army of occupation, "Dixie" proved exceptionally popular. As a marching song it appeals to those on parade, and spectators apparently never tire of hearing it. On the other hand, few persons remember the words of this tuneful number.

Fred W. Thompson, assistant to the president of the First and Merchants National Bank, Richmond, Va., told the story of "Dixie's" origin at a banking convention in Pittsburgh, and the tale became known all over the world. Trade papers, technical journals, shipnews organs, and the foreign press reproduced the Thompson version. The World's Almanac credits the story to Mr. Thompson, who thereby gave Richmond international publicity.

The London Daily News on August 17, 1931, published the Thompson version. And, having intrigued your interest, here is the story:

"The principal bills issued by a bank in New Orleans before the War Between the States were in $10 denominations. They were engraved in English on one side and in French on the other," explains Thompson.

"On the French side, the word 'dix' was very prominent; as you know, it means ten in French. The Americans throughout the Mississippi Valley who did not know the French pronunciation called the bills 'dixies,' and Louisiana came to be known as 'the land of the dixie' or 'Dixie Land.'

"This inspired Dan Emmett, who, in 1859, composed the original 'Dixie Land' for a minstrel show, then performing in New York, and he embodied in it the expression he had so often heard, 'I wish I were in Dixie.'

"This song was later rewritten by General Albert Pike, who gave it the battle thrill that makes 'Dixie' immortal and stamps the name 'Dixie' upon the South."

Dan Emmett, like Stephen Foster of "My Old Kentucky Home" fame, died in poverty. He is credited with writing "Dixie" one rainy Sunday afternoon in 1859. The song made an immediate hit, and at once was adopted by minstrel bands traveling throughout the nation.

We are told that "Emmett made a tour of the South with Al G. Field's Minstrels and took part in every performance when he was more than 80 years of age."

The Thompson version of "Dixie's" origin is generally accepted as the correct one. However, another version which was commonly believed to be accurate had it that the name Dixie was a derivation and corruption of "Mason and Dixon's" line.

It is a foolish man who pulls down his character in an effort to build up his reputation.—Selected.

DOLLY MADISON, THE SUPER HOSTESS

By M. Ethel Kelley Kern

Dolly Madison (Dorothea Payne Todd Madison) is one of the women of history whose charm was so great, who was so loveable that a warmth pervades us when we hear her name or see her portrait and will unto the end of time.

Her baby blue eyes were first opened in the province of North Carolina, May 20, 1768, according to the date upon her tombstone, but her grandniece in the "Memoirs and Letters of Dolly Madison" gave the date as May 20, 1772.

John Payne, an Englishman, came to Virginia and settled in Goochland County. He married Mary Woodson and they had John (or Josias), who married Anna Fleming, granddaughter of Sir Thomas Fleming, and they had John, who later became the father of Dolly.

This John, when quite young, went to live in North Carolina. Here he

met, courted and married Mary Coles, daughter of William Coles (from Wexford, Ireland). Shortly after marriage they returned to Virginia, but a parental visit gives North Carolina the claim as the birthplace of this blue-eyed baby, though Dolly felt she had a perfect right to call herself a child of Virginia, which she loved so well, both by lineage and residence. She was named in honor of Dorothea Spotswood Dandridge, granddaughter of Governor Spotswood, and who later became the wife of Patrick Henry.

John Payne, with his wife and baby, returned to Virginia and took up their residence at Scotchtown House, which is one mile north of the Negro Foot Raid in Hanover County and about eight miles from Ashland. The house, which is constructed entirely of hand-hewn timbers with imported trimmings, was built by Charles Chiswell, one of the first settlers in Hanover, about 1698. The material in the porches is said to have been brought from Scotland more than 200 years ago. The house is still standing and of great interest to visitors with its handsome tree box standing roof high, and the wide hall with its blood stains which are reminders of the battle with Indians.

Patrick Henry bought Scotchtown in 1771, and it was from there he journeyed down to Richmond to sound the clarion call of freedom. In 1778 Henry sold it to Colonel Miles Cary, who in turn was succeeded by John Payne in 1781. There Dolly spent 12 years in happy childhood.

Her father being a Quaker, disapproved of all worldly amusements, but Dolly was busy with school, training servants, care of the sick, supervising cooking and needle work, for these made up the "serious occupations of a Colonial Dame in the early Virginia days."

In the purple shadows of her life's twilight, Dolly frequently recalled the home of her childhood, the great black mantels which were supported by white figures; the sunbonnet which her careful mother sewed on her head every morning to be sure she did not remove it, and of the little linen mask which protected the lovely delicate skin. Happy memories!

Wed John Todd, Quaker Lawyer

Dolly's parents were Quakers and Virginians were not very hospitable to this sect therefore John Payne moved his family in 1786 to Philadelphia, a more congenial neighborhood, where there were others of the same denomination and also where his children would have greater educational advantages than those afforded on a plantation.

He set his slaves free; a few who insisted upon remaining with the family were taken to the new home, and among these was Dolly's Mammy Amy, who carefully saved the newly-possessed wages and bequeathed them to her beloved mistress. The freeing of the slaves had seriously affected John Payne's finances, and with the increased expenses of town living with the "habits of plantation hospitality," proved a serious drain upon his already depleted purse. He entered business with John Jr., which failed, producing a profound melancholy and sadness which was somewhat lightened by Dolly's marriage

to John Todd, a Quaker, who was a promising young lawyer.

Dolly was 21 and John Todd was 27 when their wedding took place in the Friend's meeting house on Pine Street in Philadelphia, January 27, 1790. The earth wore "it's bridal veil of fleecy snow but Dolly had none, she who loved everything beautiful and gay.

Dolly's first baby, John Payne Todd, was born on February 29, 1792. This son, in after years, caused her many heartaches. In the summer of 1793 another son was born, William Temple Todd. This was during the plague of yellow fever. The intense heat and fear of the disease caused John Todd to have his wife and baby placed in a litter and carried to Gray's Ferry on the Schuylkill River. Then he returned to the stricken city. His parents died of the fever and he felt its grip upon him when he returned to his beloved wife, who, regardless of contracting the disease, threw herself into his arms. She was stricken with the plague and for three weeks was desperately ill. When she recovered she was a widow, for John Todd had died, as well as the baby. With John Jr. Dolly returned to Philadelphia to live with her mother, who was then keeping a boarding house for paying guests.

Aaron Burr Present James Madison

Being just 25, it was natural that she should enjoy being the center of this little social world, made brilliant by the members of Congress, who made their home with them. There she met Colonel Aaron Burr to whom James Madison expressed a desire to be presented to the "beautiful Mrs. Todd." Mrs. Todd aquiesced and on that eventful evening made a careful toilet wearing a mulberry satin gown with a silk tulle kerchief folded softly over her bosom and a dainty cap a-top her curls.

The attraction proved mutual. The courtship was brief, the betrothal was formerly announced, and in September, 1794, the wedding party left Philadelphia for the home of Dolly's sister, Mrs. Steptoe Washington (nee Lucy Payne), at Harewood, Va., where the wedding took place on September 15, 1794.

No record can be found of her wedding gown, but we feel sure this time Dolly indulged her love for beauty by wearing some silvery satin, and the groom lost his Meclin lace ruffles as the girls cut them for mementoes of the happy occasion. With showers of rice and old shoes for luck, the bride and groom drove to Montpelier, the estate of Madison's father in Orange County. This beautiful old brick mansion was the first brick house in Orange County. After a happy month spent there they returned to Philadelphia for Madison was needed in the conduct of national affairs.

Dolly enjoyed the gay life to the fullest, but was thoughtful for her husband, her political creed being, 'tis said, an adaptation of Decatur's motto, "my husband—may he ever be right, but my husband right or wrong."

When Madison became the Secretary of State under President Jefferson, Mrs. Madison was the leader of Washington official society, but with all this social importance thrust up-

on her, Dolly remained ever the same, preserving her simple good manners with only the changes necessary to the new environment. Her table was set in the bountiful fashion of Virginia, and this was ridiculed by the wife of a foreign minister who remarked it was more like a "harvest home supper than the entertainment of the Secretary of State." To this clever Dolly replied that she "preferred Virginia liberality to European elegance."

With the trying social duties and the dampness from the marshes about Washington her health began to fail. In the winter of 1804-05 an injured knee which was feared to be permanent, causing lameness, resulted in her going to Philadelphia for treatment under the celebrated Dr. P. S. Physic, who is known as teh "Father of American Surgery." The treatment relieved the distress and she returned to Washington, resuming her duties in the fall. In March, 1809, James Madison was inaugurated President. The inaugural ball (the first inaugural ball held in Washington) was held in Long's Hotel. Dolly wore a "robe of yellow velvet, neck and arms bare and hung with pearls, her head nodding beneath a Parisian turban with a bird of Paradise plume" making a lovely picture, but beneath all of this splendor the gentle heart was ever the same.

Dolly Inaugurated Famous "Dove Parties"

Life at the White House grew gayer under her influence, and when the President's wife "took the air" she rode in a chariot drawn by four horses. The chariot was built by Fielding of Philadelphia and cost $1,500. The famous "dove parties" were inaugurated during the Madison regime; the doves being the wives of the Cabinet officers, who met informally while the President held his Cabinet meetings.

Dolly's expression of Virginia hospitality was never abandoned during her stay in Washington. She counted the guests of the nation her guests and she devoted much time and thought to their comfort. She had the greatest desire to please and was easily pleased, this with her happy disposition, her excellent memory which prevented her from forgetting a name or face, made her popular and greatly beloved.

The next few years of her life were dimmed by the shadow of war. On June 19, 1812, war with Great Britain was declared. To her anxious husband she was a true helpmate, cheering him with her steady courage and faith to the successful end of the war.

Again on March 4, 1813, James Madison took the oath as President and Dolly entered upon another term of public life.

After the burning of Washington by Ross and Cockburn, Dolly returned to her sister's home and continued the most popular person in the United States. Later they rented Colonel Taylor's mansion in Washington and there they received with their usual delightful hospitality.

It is said at one of her receptions she offered Henry Clay her snuff box, and when she had taken a pinch and applied it to her nostrils, she drew out a large bandanna kerchief remark-

ing that "this is kept for rough work." Then she used her dainty lace one to dust her pretty nose, but she was a "great lady, a great belle and every inch a queen."

The spring of 1817 brought the Madison reign to a close. Farewells were said with genuine regret for Dolly in her 16 years' residence in Washington had won for herself the warmest place in the hearts of the people.

Almost Became Ward of Nation

Taking up life at Montpelier, her greatest pleasure was the care of Mother Madison and the flowers. The pink oleander blossom being her favorite. She did not sigh and pine for the adulation which had been hers for so many years, but she lived cheerfully and happy until the health of Mr. Madison failed and his death in June, 1836, proved almost more than she could stand, yet she did not give way entirely to her grief in her desire to publish her beloved husband's manuscripts.

Through the depredations of her dissipated son, Dolly in her late years became almost a ward of the nation. President Jackson sent a special message to Congress proposing to purchase Mr. Madison's manuscript, which comprised a complete record of the debates of the 1782-1787 convention. The valuable manuscript being accepted as a national work, it was purchased for $20,000. With this generous and just act a franking privilege was given and a seat upon the floor of the House, which honor no other woman before Mrs. Madison had enjoyed.

Her last appearance in public was when, leaning upon the arm of President Polk, she passed through the crowded rooms receiving the homage of the assembled guests. This was on February 7, 1849. She died July 12, 1849.

Annual Pilgrimage of Daughters of 1812

So, on her birthday anniversary the annual pilgrimage of the Scotchtown Chapter, Daughters of 1812, is made to old Scotch Town. The pilgrimage is free to all, no charge being made for inspecting the famous residence of this "fairest of all the White House ladies."

SOME WISDOM OF LONG AGO

By Ruth I. Simon

In the attic of my grandfather's house I found chests of papers and magazines, most of which dated back at least a half century. Buried deep among them was a thin little almanac for the year 1884. Its pictures, reproduced from old woodcuts, interested me first; and then I began to read. Almost six hundred ancient proverbs between its pages intrigued me so much that I studied not only them but other collections as well.

Lord Bacon once said, "The genius, wit and wisdom of a nation are discovered in its proverbs." King Solomon knew the worth of these

short, pithy bits of wisdom, and our Bible is enriched by the collection which bears his name. Christ used proverbs familiar to His hearers when He said, "A prophet is not without honour save in his own country," "One soweth and another reapeth," and "Physician, heal thyself." The Greek philosopher Aristotle, who lived more than three hundred years years before Christ, spoke of proverbs as "The fragments of an early wisdom.' Two of Shakespeare's plays make use of proverbs for their titles, "Measure for Measure," and "All's Well that Ends Well," and the writings of this great dramatist are filled with them.

Some of these bits of wisdom are as true now as they were when first spoken, while others do not fit at all into the life and thought of our generation. Many of those dealing with women are really humorous to us. A proverb translated from the Sanskrit reads, "In infancy the father should guard her, in youth her husband, in old age her children, for at no time is a woman proper to be trusted with liberty." Almost as foreign to our modern thought is this which claims, "A woman is to be from her house three times; when she is christened, married and buried." Equally as uncomplimentary is the German proverb which says, "A bag of fleas is easier to keep watch over than a woman." Much more pleasing is one of Chinese origin, "One demands four things of a woman; that virtue dwell in her heart, modesty beam on her forehead, sweetness flow from her lips, and industry occupy her hands."

Self-reliance is the general subject for many proverbs. Variations of that ever familiar one, "God helps them who help themselves," are "God is a good worker but He loves to be helped," and "God reaches us good things by our own hands." Another advises, "For what thou canst do thyself rely not on another."

Money has always held an important place in the lives of men and nations if we may judge from the number of proverbs concerning it. Here are two good examples:—"A fool can make money but it requires a wise man to spend it," and "He that more than his worth doth spend, makes a rope his life to end." A cheering proverb for times of depression might be this from the French and Spanish, "If I have lost the ring, yet the fingers are still here."

Many are the proverbs which caution against too much speaking. From the East comes this one, "Of thine unspoken word thou are master, thy spoken word is master of thee." Two others tell us, "A bridle for the tongue is a necessary piece of furniture," and "Great talkers are like leaky pitchers, everything runs out of them." Those of us who listened while a man argued on a subject about which he knew little will agree with this proverb, "He who knows nothing is confident of everything."

Some proverbs are optimistic and reveal a confidence that all things ultimately will be well with those who speaks the truth and deal rightly. The Swiss say, "It takes a good many shovelfuls of earth to bury the truth." In the Bible we read, "Great is truth and mighty above all things." This one is translated from the

Dutch, "God does not pay weekly but He pays in the end."

A large group of proverbs deals with nature or draws morals from out-of-doors. One from this group tells us that, "He who plants trees loves others besides himself." Another says, "Deep rivers move in silence; shallow brooks are noisy." Still another reads, "A sparrow in hand is worth a pheasant that flieth away."

The home, the farm and the ordinary happenings of everyday life provide subjects for a large share of these gems of wisdom. One proverb tells us, "A little house well filled, a little land well tilled, and a little wife well willed are great riches." Another warns us that, "A woman can throw away more with a spoon than a man can bring in with a shovel." All who have done the work of a busy home will agree with this, "A woman's work and the washing of dishes is never at an end." More superstitious than wise seem these two beliefs of generations past, "If the 24th of August be fair and clear, then hope for a prosperous autumn that year," and "A cheery year, a merry year; a plum year, a dumb year." If we heed the wisdom of the past we shall not spend our mornings in bed. It advises, "Go to bed with the lamb and arise with the lark." It assures us also that, "One hour before midnight is better than two after."

Friends and friendships are material for many wise sayings. It is an Italian proverb which reminds us that, "Friends tie their purses with a cobweb string." Two other beautiful examples are, "Friendship is the most sacred of all moral bonds," and "Friendships multiply joys and divide griefs."

The Turks have a proverb which reads, "That man is to be feared who fears not God." From the Latin we learn this lesson, "Every little blade of grass declareth the presence of God." Another tells us that, "God deals His wrath by weight but without weight His mercy," and still another "He loses nothing that keeps God for his friend."

The following is a bit of wisdom that will bear several readings and much thought. The author of it was the old Roman philosoper Cato. He said, "I had rather people should inquire why I had not a statue erected to my memory than why I had." When things are not going well with us it may help us to remember that, "Contentment is the philosopher's stone that turns all it touches to gold." When we worry about growing old we should remember, "A man as he manages himself may die old at thirty or young at eighty." When our conscience troubles us a proverb would suggest, "Confession of a fault makes half amends for it." Then when we feel that our duties are crowding in upon us all too fast, here is a comforting though simple thought, "A man can do no more than he can."

Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.

THE ANCIENTS HAD BOOKS AND LIBRARIES

By Lucie Anderson Ferguson

Although an oft-quoted poet has declared that civilized man may live without books, the fact still remains that civilized man never has lived without books whatever his negative potentialities regarding them may have been.

Indeed, the making of books in some form or other is co-existent with the human race, even primitive man in his groping way having endeavored to record his rudimentary thoughts in rugged cairns and symbols of crude design.

It is generally conceded, however, that the oldest authentic book in existence is the Egyptian "Book of the Dead." Written more than 4000 years ago, it was intended as a ritual for the guidance of the departed soul and, therefore, was known also as "The Book of the Manifestation to Light," a copy of the book, either in whole or in part, being placed in the burial case of every mummy where it might immediately be accessible to the disembodied soul. For those of limited means, a few chapters, only, were provided; while, for those whose means justified the expense, a complete copy of the ritual was furnished. That this seemingly unfair discrimination was practiced, is not surprising, when it is remembered that no method of reproducing books or manuscripts was in use at that time except the tedious and costly one of copying by hand each separate hieroglyphic with no other instrument than a frayed reed dipped in murky ink. Also, that as scribes were few in number, they thus were enabled to exact whatever price they might demand for their services.

Old as it is, this "Book of the Dead," nevertheless, has a dignity of thought that carries universal appeal; while, so faithfully does it mirror the attitude of the soul in contemplation of the Infinite and so sublimely are its passages phrased, that it might readily serve as a Litany for some suppliant of today.

Still another book of vast antiquity and of Egyptian origin, is one which is preserved in the National Library at Paris. Its author was a prosy but well-meaning old Egyptian prince who wrote the treaties as a guide of manners and morals for the headstrong youth of his day. That there were headstrong youth twice two thousand years before Christ is but evidence that human nature is quite the same in all ages of the world; and it is more than probable that the dull old mentor who wrote this book was no less a bore to the youth of his day than is his prototype to the youth of the present generation.

Egypt, however, was not the only land of the ancient world wherein books were produced and places for housing them were built, each nation skilfully adapting to its purposes whatever material was available as a medium. In Egypt, it was the papyrus reed growing so abundantly a-

long the banks of the Nile and so easily fashioned into pliable sheets for the use of diligent scholars.

From this word, papyrus, our modern word, paper, is derived. Although this reed was so plentiful at the time when it was so essential to the intellectual needs of the Egyptians, it is said that no longer is it found to any extent on the banks of the Nile, and that thus the prophecy of Isaiah is fulfilled in which he declared that there should no longer be "paper reeds growing by the brooks." Since the need for papyrus has passed, the fulfillment of the prophecy has not brought the disaster foreshadowed at the time of its utterance.

In other lands, where rivers were fewer and no lush grasses were found, the problem of mediums for writing was more serious than in Egypt. For many years, this lack was supplied by importing papyrus from Egypt; but the growth of culture among other nations through this arrangement so aroused the jealousy of Ptolemy I, King of Egypt and founder of the magnificent library at Alexandria, that he forbade the exportation of papyrus to any other country. Especially was this edict aimed at Pergamus, a city of Asia Minor, whose school of learning had become a dangerous rival to that at Alexandria. But, the people of Pergamus, undeterred by the spitefulness of Ptolemy, promply met the emergency and turned their attention to securing some other material as a medium for writing. This resulted in the manufacture of a very fine product from the skins of animals which was called pergamena, or parchment, in honor of the city of its origin. Although some authorities dispute the claim of Pergamus as the originator of parchment, it is none the less true that the artisans of that city so greatly improved upon the prevailing methods of its manufacture as fairly to revolutionize the industry.

Among the Chaldeans, the Assyrians, and the Babylonians the making of books and the founding of libraries were regarded with no less esteem than among the Egyptians. Their problem of a suitable medium upon which to inscribe written characters was more serious, however, than that of neighboring countries for their sun-baked plains offered little promise of any available substance; yet, here again, the inegenunity of man came to the rescue and evoked from those sun-baked plains clay tablets that lent themselves readily, while in a plastic state, to the inscribing of cuneiform, or wedge shaped character with blunt implements made for that purpose.

Thousands of these slabs, in a state of perfect preservation are in existence, today. These were supplemented among the Babylonians by slabs of alabaster and cylinders of terra cotta, with carvings so skilfully executed as to arouse the admiration of artisans in every age.

Both sides of the clay tablets were used for writing, each side being paged in rotation quite in the modern manner. When the inscribed tablets were thoroughly dry, they were assembled into "books" by being piled one upon another in consecutive order. Accustomed as we are to the

compactness of present day books, we would be greeted by a strange sight could we enter, by any chance, one of those ancient libraries equipped with its unwieldy specimens of the bookmaker's art. If, however, that library should be the one in the palace of Asshurbanipal, King of Nineveh, there would be at least one familiar touch in evidence, that is, in case we could decipher cuneiform writing, for, at the very entrance to the library we would discover a notice on one of the slabs informing visitors that they were requested to give the librarian the number of the book they wished to consult and it would be brought to them.

Trained librarians, too, were in attendance, their numbers usually being recruited from intelligent slaves captured in some one or other of the wars that were constantly in progress.

India and China, Greece and Rome each developed a characteristic literature that was embodied in numberless volumes housed in extensive libraries; but the noblest literature of ancient times and, indeed, of all time is that of the Hebrew race. Their books, like those of many of their contemporaries were written on parchment. From these were compiled the books of the Old Testament which remain to this day models of diction in the realms of poetry, narrative, biography, and ethics.

Strangely enough, however, although the Hebrews regarded these writings as sacred documents, dictated by the Almighty Himself, they alone of all civilized peoples of the past, built no libraries in which to house their literary treasures. Perhaps the king's palace and the synagogues were considered more fit repositories for such valuable possessions than buildings not invested with the prestige of royalty or the protecting presence of the priesthood.

In striking contrast to the Hebrews, in this respect, were their nearest neighbors, the Phœnicians. Though grossly idolatrous and obsessed with the pursuit of wealth, this latter nation was so zealous in the building of libraries that the very city in which was assembled its vast collection of books was called Debir, "The Book City." That no trace remains today of proud Debir, its books, or its inhabitants is one of the bitterest ironies of history and one of the profoundest mysteries of the ages. Even the very site upon which it was located is obliterated; and the name of its founders, a forgotten word, save in the annals of the nations who destroyed it.

Of all the libraries of ancient times, the most famous, as well as the most magnificent, was that at Alexandria in Egypt.

Founded about the year 300 B. C., by Ptolemy I, one of the generals of Alexander the Great, it basked in the favor of royalty and was greatly enriched thereby through several successive reigns. This process of enrichment was accomplished in various ways, the most likely one in all probability being, the despoiling of libraries in other lands overrun by the armies of Egypt.

Another source, and one that was decidedly unique, was the practice of compelling every visitor to Alexan-

dria to present, upon departing, a copy of any book, or books, he may have brought with him to the city. When it is remembered that Alexandria was at that time the acknowledged centre of learning to which flocked the scholars of the whole civilized world, it readily can be seen what a wealth of literature was acquired from involuntary "gifts" thus garnered within her gates.

In the height of its glory, the Alexandrian library consisted of 700,000 volumes; and it resembled in many respects a modern university affording opportunities for study and research in every branch of learnning. It was a stately edifice, built of marble in whose academic shades strolled some of the greatest scholars that have ever walked the earth: Plato, the philosopher; Euclid, the geometer; Strabo, the geographer; Aristophanes, the poet; and Archimedes, the inventor of the endless spiral; while its school of theology numbered among its students such intellectual giants as Athanasius, Origen and Eusebius.

Its entire staff of instructors was paid from the public treasury; while its roster included at one time the names of 14,000 persons.

For more than a thousand years this mighty institution wielded an influence unsurpassed by university in the history of the world; and its destruction by Arab vandals in the 7th Century, A. D., inflicted upon the human race a loss so stupendous as to defy comprehension. Were its priceless manuscripts at our command, today, what secrets might they not reveal of the years at creation's dawn! And, what tales of fabled Atlantis might they not verify!

That the modern world is alive to its traditional obligations is evinced in the countless libraries, large and small, scattered throughout the world, the largest and most notable being the Bibliotheque Nationale—or National Library—at Paris, with its collection of books and manuscripts amounting to 2,600,000 volumes. Next in size is the Library of the British Museum, at London; while third in rank is the Library of Congress, at Washington. Other famous institutions of this type in America besides the Library of Congress are the Public Library, at Boston, famous for its masterly mural paintings; and, the extensive Public Library in the City of New York.

With memorial such as these to interpret its cultural greatness, the present age has nothing to fear from the verdict of posterity.

There are more than ten million boys in the United States. If they are right, the country will be right. If they are wrong, there is neither hope for us, for our country or for them.

—Exchange.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our gardens are quite productive at this time. The cottages are now being supplied with plenty of string beans, Irish potatoes, beets, squash, carrots, cucumbers, lettuce, onions and radishes.

—o—

Mrs. T. E. Austin, of Charlotte, who conducts a dancing school in Concord, visited the School recently and left quite a number of magazines for our boys. We appreciate this act of kindness on the part of Mrs. Austin, as well as others who often make similar contributions.

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Our farm manager reports that the task of harvesting oats is almost completed, also that the McCormick-Deering harvester used has been in service about 25 years and is still doing fine work. Our oats crop will be about one-third short this year, due to damaged by the hail storm last March, but it is estimated that that the crop will amount to 2,000 bushels.

—o—

Louis Wood, formerly of Cottage No. 2, visited the School last Sunday. He was paroled from the institution in January 1920. Louis now 31 years old and is living in Goldsboro. He is married and has two children. Soon after leaving the School, Louis joined the U. S. Navy and spent four years in the service. He is a painter by trade, having followed this occupation for several years, and is now employed at the State Hospital, Goldsboro. We were all glad to see this young man and to learn that he has been doing well since leaving the School.

—o—

Robert Radford was paroled last Wednesday, and went to his home in New Bern where he will spend a few days prior to going to one of the C. C. Camps. This lad had been at the School a year, during which time he made a splendid record. Robert spent the entire year in the Receiving Cottage, where he was Mr. Presson's helper. and the latter tells us he was one of the best boys placed under his care in several years.

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Paul Camp, formerly of Cottage No. 10, called on friends here last Monday. Paul was admitted to the Training School Training School November 2, 1922 and was paroled August 26, 1926, going to live with an aunt in Asheville. For several years he was employed in that city and in Greensboro by the Underwood Typewriter Company. For the past five years Paul states that he has been living in California, occasionally working as an extra at the motion picture studios.

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Hayes Crary, formerly of Cottage No. 11, who has been a member of the United States Marine Corps stationed at San Diego, Cal. most of the time, recently wrote that his outfit was making preparations for a cruise to Hawaii. Prior to the receipt of Hayes' letter we had received a letter from Guy Priest, another

old boy, now in the United States Army and stationed at Honolulu. This information passed on to Hayes with the request that he look Guy up when he reached Honolulu. Another letter from Hayes informs us that they had met and had quite a pleasant time talking over days spent at the Training School. While here, these boys were located in the same cottage. After being separated for nearly five years it is quite a coincident that these lads should meet in far distant lands. Hayes sent us a card from Honolulu showing the palms and beautiful walks bordered with hisbiscus. He expressed his delight with the beauty of the islands, also the joy of meeting his old pal.

—o—

A few weeks ago, Jack Chorney, genial manager of Cress' Lake, a few miles from Concord, and our good friend, Bub Kestler, visited the School for the purpose of making arrangements for our large family of nearly five hundred boys to enjoy a good outing. This kindly act was voluntary on the part of these gentlemen, and they were at once informed that the officials of the institution would be delighted to co-operate in an effort to make the event possible.

The Lions Club, one of Concord's wide-awake civic organizations, being composed of regular "fellers," having fond memories of many happy hours spent in the "ol' swimmin' hole," it was an easy matter to secure transportation, thus assuring success far in advance.

It was agreed to make three weekly trips to the lake, beginning last Monday afternoon, at which time about 150 of our boys, accompanied by several members of the staff, enjoyed a fine outing.

While it is a well-known fact that growing boys just naturally like to eat most any time, there's nothing like a good, long swim to make a youngster feel as if he could eat the jam in the New York subway. Just to prove that these Lions are perfect hosts and right on the job, this fact was anticipated, and at the conclusion of the swim, the boys were treated to that favorite childhood delicacy known as "hot dogs," served in most generous portions, making the afternoon 100 per cent perfect.

When all were assembled for the homeward journey, some one suggested three cheers for Mr. Chorney, and immediately the surrounding hills and forests echoed and re-echoed with ear-splitting yells. Then followed three for the Lions Club; then three for "Parson" Hughes and Bub Kestler, in fact the youngsters were so full of happiness (and hot dogs) they were in the mood to give three cheers for most anyone the least bit responsible for the pleasures of the afternoon.

Transportation was provided by members of the Lions Club in co-operation with the following automobile dealers of Concord: White Brothers and Jones, White Auto Co., Reid Motor Co., Auto Supply and Repair Co., J. W. Propst, Jr., and Earl Johnson.

The officials of the School wish to take this opportunity to express to Mr. Chorney, the Lions, and to all others having a part in making this out-

ing possible, their most sincere thanks for the friendly interest in our boys. It has been said that the best way to have friends is to be one, and if this be true, we can assure these good folks that they have several hundred real friends here at the School by reason of showing such a friendly attitude on this delightful occasion.

—o—

The Brown Mill team visited the local ball yard last Saturday and won a close game from the School boys by the score of 7 to 6. The visitors made sixteen hits off Liske and Andrews, while Allen held the local lads to eight safeties.

The Brown Mill boys marked up a counter in the first inning on successive singles by B. Adams, Holshouser and Beamon.

In the local half of the same inning the School boys counted twice on a single by Buck Lefler, Cooper's double, an infield out and an error by the visiting catcher.

In the third frame, Wright, local shortstop was hit by a pitched ball, but was forced at second by Buck Lefler. Buck stole second and counted on a single by Ange.

The vistors scored in the fifth on a triple by H. Adams and Allen's single.

The boys from Brown Mill marked up three counters in the seventh on an error, singles by B. Adams, Beamon and J. Mooney, and a three-ply smash by Aiken. They added two more in the eighth on a single by Holshouser, Beamon's double and an error by the local right fielder.

Trailing by four runs the School boys staged a rally in the local half of the ninth which netted three runs. Worthington singled, and stole second, Andrews walked, Wright singled, filling the sacks with two out. Buck Lefler then cleaned the bases with a triple to deep right. With the tying run on third base, Cooper flied out to right, ending a very interesting game.

Allen, for the visitors, hurled a fine game, allowing eight scattered hits and fanning twelve.

J. Mooney led the Brown Mill boys with the stick, getting four singles out of four trips to the plate; Beamon was next with a double and two singles; Aiken got a triple and single; B. Adams and Holshouser cracked out two singles each.

Buck Lefler, with a triple and single, and Worthington with a pair of singles, were the only School batters to secure more than one hit.

The best fielding plays of the game were made by J. Mooney, Brown Mill center fielder, who made a fine running catch, and Maynard Hicks, local right gardener, who went down the embankment to snare a hard drive. The score:

		R	H	E
Brown Mill	1 0 0 0 1 0 3 2 0	7	16	4
J. T. S.	2 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 3	6	8	4

Two-base hits: Beamon, Cooper. Three-base hits: Aiken, H. Adams, B. Lefler. Stolen bases: J. Mooney, Worthington, Liske, B. Lefler. Struck out: By Allen 12; by Liske 2; by Andrews 3. Base on balls: Off Allen 2; off Andrews 1. Hit by pitcher: By Allen (Wright). Umpires: Mason and Mooney.

Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of Joseph's brothers visiting him in Egypt, as found in Genesis 42:1-24, and the subject of his talk to the boys was "Having a Good Conscience."

At the beginning of his remarks Rev. Mr. Hughes called attention to the story of the sinful woman (John 8:1-11) and how Jesus, speaking to the people who were about to put her to death, said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her. . . . .And they which heard it, being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest, even unto the last: and Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst."

Our conscience, said the speaker, is something within us which we feel, but cannot see. It tells us right from wrong; tells when we have been false, unjust or when we have done any wrong.

Rev. Mr. Hughes then told the following story of a Hindu who was condemned to die: While still in prison he asked that the king come to see him, saying that he had something very important which he desired to make known to his majesty; something that would mean a great deal to him. Since the king had never received such a request and the message seemed so very urgent, he had the prisoner brought before him.

When ushered into the ruler's presence the Hindu stated that he knew of a most wonderful tree that would bear golden fruit. The king was interested and asked where the tree was and how he might get to it. First, said the prisoner, a ball of gold must be planted, but the hand that started the tree must be pure. He said that he could not plant the tree himself as he had stolen, therefore his hands were unclean.

He then asked the king to plant the tree, but the latter could not do so because there came to his mind many evil deeds, such as levying unfair taxes upon his people, dealing out unjust punishment, and many other misdeeds. He then asked the prime minister, but he was unclean, being guilty of collecting from the people more than was due in taxes. Then the governor was called upon to plant the tree of gold, but he, too, had to refuse, as he had not paid just wages to the people working for the city, in fact he had witheld the greater part of the money, keeping it for himself. It was then decided to ask the priest, all present thinking surely, this good man could plant the tree. To their surprise it was learned that he had been false. He had required some of the people to pay more than their tenth or tithe to the church so he could keep it for his own use. The prisoner then exclaimed, "All of us should be in prison. All have sinned; none have hands clean enough to plant the tree."

According to the Turks, continued the speaker, each person has two angels, one on either side recording deeds. The angel of evil puts down very lightly the evil deeds committed, and up until midnight the good angel

gives the person time to repent and seek forgiveness. If the conscience hurts and the person is truly sorry and asks for forgiveness, the evil deeds are erased. Another story was to the effect that when the building of a certain railroad in Russia was being discussed, some one asked the czar how he wanted it built. His reply was, "Straight as a die." Just so the soul in us goes as directly to God —just as straight as the line of a die, when we act according to the dictates of our conscience. The soul in us never goes out of existence.

Rev. Mr. Hughes then cited briefly the story of Jean Val Jean. When Jean was a young man there were seven children in the family and they were hungry. Jean stole a loaf of bread for them and was put into prison. He tried to escape many times and each time he was brought back and a longer sentence given him. Finally, after serving for nineteen years, he escaped. He was angry with the whole world and had long before made up his mind to "play the devil" when he got out.

In his wanderings he met up with a kind old bishop who gave him work, whereupon he began to change his ideas and to want to make something of himself. He worked hard, saved money and accumulated property. He gave much to the poor and was so loved by the people that he was made mayor of the little town in which he lived. During all this time he had been going by the name of Monsieur Madeline. He had married and had a very happy home.

One day he noticed in the paper that Jean Val Jean had been captured, former prisoners even went so far as to swear that the man being held was the Jean Val Jean they had known in prison. This news worried the real Jean. He struggled with his conscience which told him he would do wrong to let this innocent man suffer in his stead. Then he would think, "I am doing well now. No one knows me as Jean Val Jean. In order to right this wrong I shall have to give up all my possessions, my family, my mayorship, etc. To reveal my identity would mean the loss of everything." Then the still small voice of his conscience would cause him to think, "Must I let an innocent person suffer for my wrong-doing? Shall he be a galley slave in my place?"

One night a dream helped him decide what to do. He hastened to the court room where the other man was being tried and startled all the people by exclaiming, "That man is innocent. I am Jean Val Jean." While it cost much to make that statement, from that very moment Jean was happy in knowing that he had listened to his conscience.

By these, and many other examples, said Rev. Mr. Hughes in conclusion, we are taught that we shall never go wrong when we listen to our conscience.

Money is not required to buy one necessity of the soul.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 9, 1935

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since the method was adopted March, 10, 1935.

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(4) Jesse Cleveland 4
Erwin Martin 9
(10) William McCormick 11
(14) Robert Radford 14
(9) Earl Rogers 13
(10) Hassell Shropshire 10
(12) Richard Sullivan 13
Lewis Tarkington 9
(14) Ashley Thompson 14
(7) Richard Tysinger 7
(6) Jerome Warren 6
(9) Vermont Whitley 10
(7) Wiley Willoughby 7

COTTAGE No. 1

Homer Bunn 7
Robert Cashwell 5
William Goodson 9
Ray Hutchins 3
(3) Herman Lamm 10
(3) Claude McLaughlin 10
Ivan Morrozoff 7
(12) Millard Owenby 13
John Wilson
Preston Yarborough 7

COTTAGE No. 2

James Cooper 10
Council Holden 3
(3) Clyde Kivett 3
John Mecum 4
Vasco Robinson 8
(3) Y. V. Spates 4
(5) Woodrow Spruill 9
Henry Tucker 8
John Whitaker 2

COTTAGE No. 3

(5) Willam Barber 7
Barney Caviness 3
Marcellus Gurganus 3
Percy Gurganus 4
Robert Poole 3
Eugene Tyndall 3
(6) John Walsh 10

COTTAGE No. 4

James Bartlett 8
(2) Carlton Calloway 4
(14) Fleming Collins 14
Clyde Dixon
(3) Mathis Garrett 3
Edwin Greer 2
Ralph Johnson 6
(4) Thomas Little 4
(2) Joel Moore 4
(3) Robert Orrell 7
(2) Robert Penland 7
(4) Clyde Reece 8
(2) Wheeler Sturdivant 6
(3) Hubert Williams 6
(3) Gray Wright 8

COTTAGE No. 5

(3) Wiliam Ange 8
William Ballew 7
Connie Dickens 9
(2) Wiliam Hare 6
(8) Maynard Hicks 13
Paul Johnson 3
(4) Randolph Miller 8
David Odham 3
(2) Perry Russ 3

COTTAGE No. 6

(4) Thomas Doby 4
John Drum 4
Junius Holloman
Ernest Hudspeth
Luther Landrum 2
Clarence Mayton
(2) Leonard Melton 5
George Speers 2
William Young 2

COTTAGE No. 7

James Corn 2
William Corn 4
Fred Dyson 2
(5) Emerson Frazier 7
(3) Charles Griffin 5
(2) William Green 8

(5) Caleb Hill 9
Houston Howard
Ted Hicks 2
(2) Harding Kluttz 5
R. B. Norton 2
(2) Theodore Nines 9
(4) Lewis Parker 10
Paul Saunders 4
(2) Boyce Watts 2
(6) Floyd Watkins 11
(4) Douglas Wilkes 7

COTTAGE No. 8

(14) John Auton 14
Sam Belk 10
J. R. Davis 5
(6) Harry Flowe 12
Lonnie Holloman 2
(2) Ernest Owens 3
John Penninger 4
(2) Wallace Pendergraft 3
(3) Norman Pike 6

COTTAGE No. 9

Erwin Coward 4
Randolph Davis 5
(2) Lee Dickens 12
(7) Woodfin Fowler 9
Pearly Funderburk
Carroll Hoyle
Levi Merritt 3
Esmond Reams 2
(2) Ed Lee White 10
(10) Bryan Williams 13

COTTAGE No. 10

(6) Jack Baity 13
(5) James Bell 6
(4) Harold Brown 6
(2) Jack Carver 6
Norwood Cockerham 6
(3) James Hodge 3
(2) Hilton McMath 6
Edwin Shuler 3
(4) Steve Talbert 9
(7) Fred Ward 11

COTTAGE No. 11

(10) Bennie Holland 11
(3) Charles Hefner 6
(3) James Montford 6
(8) James Rector 9
(6) Charles Smith 9

COTTAGE No. 12

(5) Earl Atwood 13
(2) Walter Beaver 10
(4) Paul Eason 7
(3) Leonard Ellis 6
Edward Lockamy 7
Eli Philemon 10
(12) Homer Quick 13
(4) Thomas Welch 8

COTTAGE No. 13

(2) Urbane Hill 12
(2) Jennings Norris 9
Norman Owens
(6) Linwood Potter 9
(2) Eugene Smith 13
(2) Howard Wilson 9

COTTAGE No. 14

Jack Comer 11
Nelson Daubenmeyer 4
(4) J. C. Mobley 4
Troy Powell 4

COTTAGE No. 15

Marvin Ashe 6
Robert Alexander 9
(2) Denver Beshears 8
Jack Barlow 3
(4) John Caddell 12
(4) Earl Chambers 4
George Gibson 7
(2) Earl Hill 6
Wyatt Medlin 7
Claibourne McKee 7
(2) Edward Martin 6
(3) George McManus 6
Gilbert Murray 7
Sam Pegram 12
Harley Pennell 7
(2) Glenn Stewart 9
Robert Teeter 7
Frank Wakefield 5
Roy Wyrick 8

Every individual has a place to fill in the world, and is important in some respect, whether he choose to be so or not.

—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

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CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 22, 1935 No. 25

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FAILURE

Brave the storm and ride the gale,
  What if now and then you fail?
What if difficulties arise?
  Just ahead the victory lies.
Trails mark the path of men,
  Hope has dawned to set again;
Many a victor cheered today
  Had to battle with dismay,
Long before success he knew,
  He was called a failure, too.

—Selected.

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

DON'T BE A QUITTER

Are you one of those "quitters?" Instead of marshalling your strength—mental and physical—you just naturally give up and quit. So you would rather fail than make the effort needed to win! If you are a person of this sort, have you not come to see that if you had shut your teeth with grit and fighting spirit, and resolutely fought with every ounce of strength you have, you might have won out where now you have lost. If you are a boy, and you want some real man to take an interest in you, you have got to show a fighting spirit to overcome.

You may need a friend to lend you money some day, to speak a good word for you, to help you to a big position, to back you at college. Every boy and man needs friends who really know him.

If these friends can say, "there is a man or boy who will hang on and never give up till he wins," the tide is going to turn his way and he is going to get a chance in the world. But he who staggered and lagged back and quit what can be said for him, or her?

Well, just that—and the interest is gone. Tramps are made of "quitter" stuff so get more ambition than a tramp.—Selected.

A SERMON IN ACTION

The most impressive sermons come not from pulpit, Sunday morning, or on other occasions when the Gospel is preached, but the eloquence of manhood is felt most when there is an evidence of kindly interest in the uplift of humanity. Words are audible, but a kindly act leaves an impress upon the human soul that can never be erased.

For instance it was our good fortune to attend services last Sunday morning in one of the largest, and handsomest churches architecturally in the state, having furnishings that blended in every

detail ,therefore, making the hour of worship very impressive. On this particular occasion the sermon was a crystallized thought of service expressed in the simplest words. The interest of the large congregation was tense. The climax of eloquence came when the minister stepped down from the pulpit to the chancel rail and extended an invitation to the unchurched to come forward and be confirmed in the faith of all Christians. Instantly a young man went to the front. In the most earnest tone this devout minister said,—"this morning I am receiving in the church one of our young boys, who a few days ago was imprisoned for larceny. I visited him while in prison, he expressed a desire to put the past behind him with a hope of becoming a Christian. I commend this young man to you my fellow churchmen, and trust that you will give him the right hand of fellowship, and help and not condemn him."

Which was the greater sermon, the one of words, or the one in action when the minister went down into the prison with the desire to help the wayward boy in his first offence? We leave the question for meditation, hoping that more due consideration and sympathy will be given the delinquents.

Friends, there is too much time spent in sermonizing, and not enough given to visiting the prisons, especially taking note of the youthful offenders who have made the first mis-step.

* * * * * * *

BACK TO THE WOODSHED

Teh folowing is interesting. We endorse the suggestion that if some of the relief funds were used to build wood-sheds with equipment there could be found employment sufficient to keep parents at home and busy:

In a recent public debate in Milwaukee, Wis., Dr. Garry C. Myers, child psychologist, declared that "judicious spankings are good for the growing child."

This is old-fashioned doctrine perhaps, but it contains much of old-fashioned truth. The records of our criminal courts indicate that modern children lack discipline. They are permitted to have their own way too much. They are allowed to believe their own ideas of life are superior to those of their parents.

Many children are today being raised to look with complete disregard on the rights and property of others. Look around you, and you will see it in juvenile destruction of the property of others. Go to the courts, and you will see it recorded in the cases of boys and young men who step beyond malicious mischief into lives of outright crime.

Parents are largely to blame for this condition. They are too lazy, or too indifferent, or too soft-hearted to give to their children that discipline so necessary in every child's life. It has become a case of spare the rod and spoil the child.

It might help wonderfully if out of President Roosevelt s relief bill we could get an appropriation to build about a million woodsheds in the land, each complete with a hairbrush, a razor strop, and a bundle of shingles.

* * * * * * *

THE FIRST TEACHERS

Parents must be considered as teachers. When children come into the world they are so helpless that aside from certain reflexes like swallowing and sneezing they are unable to assist themselves.

Therefore the first teacher is the parent, and the first educational institution is the home. Within recent years the eyes of the people have been opened as to the inefficiency of parents as teachers. Parents often are more restless than children, and restless parents exert a bad influence over children. We need more of the Whistler mothers who rejoiced in the glory of motherhood, and were found by the fireside, or on the veranda as the weather permitted. But instead today the nurse, takes over the duties of the mother.

Child training by parents during this epoch of history does not exist. It is true, and pity 'tis true that the majority of parents think more of their own pleasure than child care or child training.

Is it any wonder we see young boys and girls parading the streets, and riding over the highways in the small hours at night when they should be answering the roll call for bed. More home life is the only institution that can restore the old time normalcy of peace and contentment.

At least if the parents would teach order, respect for law and due consideration for the rights of the other fellow there would be easier sailing for teacher and child when they meet in the school room. It is a serious question—this thing of child care and training. The first lessons, and the most lasting, are in the home. The crumbling of the homes mean an enlargement of correctional institutions and prisons throughout the nation.

* * * * * * *

THE GOLDEN RULE SPIRIT

In our moments of utter despair there comes a feeling that greed and selfishness have supplanted every fine impulse of mankind, But, like an oasis in a desert reports come of men of extreme wealth who have profited by their many enterprises, and give back most generously of their estate for the sole cause of humanity. Such acts renew faith in mankind, and inspire a hope that the spirit "do unto others as you would have them do unto you" will yet dominate the country.

The first example of this kind in mind is the gracious philanthropy of John Sprunt Hill, Durham, who gave to the University of North Carolina the modern and commodious hotel, Carolina Inn. This contribution to our university expresses a depth of interest in the destinies of the future generations. Such gifts show wisdom. A truly great man never lives for the present, but instead he builds bridges upon which his posterity may safely pass.

Another example of the sweetest generosity comes from the far West, Horicon, Wisconsin. The story is that one, Willard A. Van Brunt, 88 years old, the head of a manufacturing concern, mailed three $1,000 federal baby bonds to each of eighty-nine former employees and to the widows of six others. The total gifts reached the sum of $285,000.

The following note expressive of the finest gratitude accompanied each gift: "I have had a wish in mind to express the lasting friendship entertained for you. The registered government bonds, in your name, are part of our earnings while we were on the job."

"We were on the job together" expresses the inner spirit of the

man dominated by neither greed nor selfishness. The two evils that cause many misunderstandings and hard feelings.

* * * * * * *

INVESTMENT IN CHILDHOOD

The most delightful stories are often written in pictures. Just last week on the cover page of The Orphans' Friend was pictured eight boys and six girls, in cap and gown, the graduating class of the Oxford Orphanage, and in the face of each was reflected an expression of joy and enthusiasm, the dominating characteristics of young people.

In the story accompanying the picture it was evident that this institution of love has stressed the "Three R's", neither have the officials been dilatory about giving every child of the Orphanage the advantages of the approved system of the state schools. The Orphanage school long ago became a part of the state system, the plan continuing satisfactory, and the members of the annual graduating class receive their diplomas from the Oxford city schoools.

This program of education has enlarged and enriched the life of the orphans, making them feel they are wards of the state, the equal of any othr echildren, and furthermore are recognized as God's children.

It is equally as interesting to note that vocational training, also advantages of athletics, debating, and every other school activity are enjoyed without discrimination.

There is a human touch in this work of Masonry, and every Mason shows marked pride in this distinctive service in child training as well as child care. The entire program not alone gives the orphans mental, physical, vocational and spiritual poise, but enough of the social atmosphere to fit them for the emergencies of life.

Upon leaving the Orphanage not a member of this big family can say "I never had a chance", because not a stone is left unturned if the officials think there is a hidden opportunity that will contribute to the uplift of the child.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

TRUTH

"Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed."

—o—

In the final analysis worry is the interest paid on trouble before it is due.

—o—

As a rule the conscientous searcher finds what he is looking for. Look for the good in life.

—o—

One of the most difficult discoveries for any man to make is the fact that his own opinions are not always infallible.

—o—

A Durham benedict says that when his wife needs money, she calls him Handsome. Hand some over. And handsome is what handsome does.

—o—

We are told that worry makes people thin. This theory does not seem to work on those fat people who worry over their obeseness.

—o—

Durham has a firm named Howe Sweet Company. I do not know how sweet they are, but they are not sweet enough to leave off the sales tax, I'll wager.

We now pay on transient meals from one cent to three cents on the dollar's worth. Small as this may seem, we are virtually eating up taxes. And the taxes are eating us up.

—o—

North Carolina is a dry state (theoretically) in a wet bootlegging territory, surrounded by liquor and the Atlantic ocean. And there is almost as much liquor as there is ocean.

—o—

It is said that beauty shops are being opened in Russia. Glory be! I do not know of any country where they are more needed—especially among the men.

—o—

A writer asks: "What is the worst thing that could happen to this country?" Believe me, I am of the opinion that it has already happened.

—o

Don't regard a man with disfavor merely because he differs from your political, religious or social theories. Probably you both believe only that which you were taught, and perhaps neither believes truly.

—o—

Ex-Vice President Charles Curtis says: "The Republican party has always been in favor of doing things according to the Constitution." Yea; the constitution of the Republican party.

—o—

God bless the little tots! A story is told that a little girl went shop-

ping with her mother and had her first ride in an elevator. "How did you like it?" asked her father when she returned. "Why it was so funny, Daddy," answered the child very cutely, "When we went into a little house, the upstairs came down."

—o—

We are joyous and happy when surrounded by friends. When the moment comes for parting our joy turns to sorrow, and we have nothing much to say but good-bye. This may not appear logical, but try it sometime—find out for yourself how hard it is to clearly express regret when your friends are leaving, perhaps forever.

—o—

The next wonderful thing to burst upon the public will be television. Announcements of important developments in this undertaking are set to careful reservations, pointing out that the commercial stage is still a long way around the corner. The art has merely left the laboratory for field experiment—it has been transferred from the cradle to the perambulator. Reason for cautious discussion is concerned for the established radio market. In England over-enthusiastic government officials promised the public that television sets would "soon be available." American companies claim to be well ahead of foreign experimenters but seek to avoid hurt to the radio industry by keeping television publicity down to hard facts.

—o—

In an ancient religious rite, citizens stood at equal intervals, forming a chain. The one nearest the altar lighted a torch, then ran and gave it to the next, who in turn passed it on to the third, and so. Each man ran without looking back. His sole interest was to pass on the flaming symbol. These citizens were warned against fumbling the torch. "Don't fumble the torch," is a good axiom to apply to modern times. The "torch" in this connection is a very small match—but what terrible havoc is wrought when it is fumbled. It is a simple matter to be careful. The extra seconds required to make certain that cigar and cigarette butts or matches are completely extinguished are well spent when you consider what may hapen if the torch is fumbled. Just place your heel on the butt and crush out every spark, or if it is a match, break it between your fingers. You fumble only when you toss them away carelessly. Don't do it!

—o—

This is an era of greed and grouching. There are those who are forever striving to get what the other fellow has, either by fair or foul means—and those who won't work, and cannot get what they want, are grouchy, and complaining, souring "the milk of human kindness," and not for a moment thinking or trying to be thankful, grateful, for what they have. The widow in the Bible did not sit down and bewail the fact that she had only one farthing. She was thankful that she had it, and cast it into the treasury, in the hope that it would help some one worse off than she was. That cheerful giving made her heart sing with gladness, and it is a memorial to her to this

day. Forget your grasping, grinding, fault-finding, grouchiness and complaining, and try being grateful, thankful, and bless the Lord "for the means of grace and the hope of glory." You will be better every way for such an attitude to the world and your Maker.

I do not wish to die until the world is at least a little better for my having lived.—Abraham Lincoln.

GOOD MANNERS

(Selected)

A little book has come to the desk entitled "Good Manners". We have passed it on to another for review. We wish the little book well. Its message is needed if it lives up to its name. And yet most of us know more of manners and politeness than we use in our every day association, especially with those with whom we come into more intimate contact. One can learn how to act before company from a book but good manners is a heart quality more than it is something mentally acquired. Some people who have had every kind of cultural training show up to be common selfish boors, while some who never read a book on etiquette or any thing else are gentle, considerate and polite. Some people who have had all kinds of advantages pride themselves on being "plain spoken", people who call "a spade a spade." They glory in the fact that their manners are abominably bad. One such was delivering herself of some harsh judgment of another and justified herself by saying "it is the naked truth." A gentle listener asked "Would not a bathing suit help the looks of a naked truth?" A person of good manners is considerate of the feelings of another regardless of age or social standing and never by word or act humiliates another. What Paul said of love could be said of good manners. As we think of the men of good manners that we have known two men stand out, if not alone, at least with a small company. Those two men were Dr. Charles E. Taylor, president of Wake Forest College, and "Doctor Tom", college janitor. We are quite sure that none of Dr. Taylor's family will take offence at our putting the two together in one sentence. They were both gentlemen. One was a white man, the other a negro. One was polished by birth and training, the other a stone uncut, and yet both were gentlemen of the finest manners that we have known.

ONLY SIXTEEN OLD VETERANS LEFT

By Alice Dugger Grimes

Sixteen soldiers of the Confederacy are being cared for at the present time at the Soldiers' Home in Raleigh.

Since its opening in 1890, several hundred veterans have been at the institution, but their number has decreased gradually as the years have gone by, until today there are less than a score of them at the home.

If you never have visited the Soldiers' Home, you should do so by all means, for it will fill your heart with a still greater devotion for those men who fought for their beloved Southland and its traditions.

Plenty of Spirit Left

Not only that, but you will find the visit of interest in many other respects. You'll enjoy meeting and talking with the old gentlemen who are out there, and you'll find them still imbued with plenty of spirit, despite their advanced years. An example of this occurred a couple of years ago when there was a movement on foot for the removal of the veterans to the Confederate Home for Women in Fayetteville:—a consolidation of the two homes.

News of the proposed change came to the ears of the old soldiers.

"What!" one of them exclaimed: "Move us to an Old Women's Home? I'll be damned if they do. I'll go out and beg for a living, before I'll consent to being cooped up with a lot of old women."

And he meant it, too. There was plenty of cussing around the home for several days before the minds of the old veterans were finally set at rest again. But even now, if you want to start something, all that is necessary is to mention something about moving them down to the Women's Home in Fayetteville.

Three or four of the veterans are confined to their beds a goodly portion of the time. One has to stay there permanently. You can usually see the others sitting out on the sunny porches, or walking slowly about the grounds.

The favored pastime of the old soldiers is checkers. Two or three games are usually in progress at all times. There is quite a bit of rivalry among the men over their ability and skill as checker-players. And there have been times when there have been heated arguments. For the most part, however, the survivors are inclined to be quiet and peaceful. The warring days are over. Ten or fifteen years ago, it wasn't infrequent for somebody to resort to physical violence in upholding his viewpoint in a debate, but there hasn't been a good fight out at the home in a long time.

Not Much Work to Do

Also, up to a few years ago, several of the veterans were able to perform small daily tasks, but now only two of them have regular duties: Mr. Arthur raises and lowers the flag, and Mr. Holcomb, who is playfully called the "paper-boy," walks a short distance down Newbern Avenue to get the dozen copies of the *Raleigh Times*, which are sent to them each day by John Park, the publisher.

Some of the men like to walk, and they can still cover considerable distance, despite the fact that the youngest veteran at the home is 88 years of age. They also find pleasure in a number of other diversions. Quite often they go to the movies, and every picture-house in Raleigh is glad to have them as its guest. Then too, the radio, which was given to them through Governor McLean's thoughtfulness, is a great source of pleasure. They get all keyed up whenever there is some outstanding sports event in progress. And you ought to hear them when a World Series is going on!

The two red-letter days for the veterans are Memorial Day and Christmas. At the home on Memorial Day a special program of Southern songs and Southeran band music is played on an electric graphophone, the records for which are sent in by different chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy. There also are quantities of cut flowers sent in by friends, and there is always a special menu of their favorite foods. On Christmas, they have a real hilarious time. Scores of gifts always find their way out to the home, showing that there are many people who never will forget the service and sacrifice which these men rendered in years gone by.

Instead of the large dining room which in former years seated as many as one hundred and fifty veterans, there is now a smaller room, containing three tables, each of which seats six. Of the eleven buildings, only three are in use at the present time. This concentration was made necessary by reason of the cut in appropriations, as well as by reason of the smaller number of veterans.

The hospital building is now the center for most of the activities of the group. All of the old soldiers, whether especially ailing or not, need some particular care or attention practically daliy. This building has a good heating plant and, under the NRA, recently was painted outside and inside. It is cheerful looking and clean. Since the addition a few years ago of several new rooms with their spacious closets and strong beds, there is now sufficient space for the permanent accommodation of them all.

They comprise an interesting group —these men of by-gone days. And as you watch them, and chat with them, there comes to mind a picture of the Old South of seventy years ago, with its large plantations, its lovely Colonial homes, its wonderful social life and its many other attractions. It is only natural, in view of all this, that the people of the South should always have a genuine affection for the survivors of that golden era. And you can also rest assured that this feeling is appreciated by the old soldiers. They are thankful for the careful attention that has been given them: they are grateful for everything—except the possibility of being moved down to Fayetteville and being cooped up with the womenfolks down there. And the chances are that the fine old ladies down there feel exactly the same way about having to look at those men every day.

A CHALLENGE TO THE CHURCHES

(Winston-Salem Journal)

In his address before the North Carolina Conference for Social Service in Winston-Salem Sunday night, Ambassador Josephus Daniels gave churches an impressive reminder of their duty to help make this present world a better place for men, women and children to live in.

Mr. Daniels was right when he declared that it was highly appropriate for a Social Service Conference to be held in a church building. He recalled the church that said it wanted a pastor who would preach "the simple Gospel," and would "not be interested in social questions." But the editor-ambassador held, and rightfully, we think, that no man can be a true ambassador of Jesus Christ and not be intensely interested in social questions.

To sustain his position, Mr. Daniels quoted the "Social Creed of the Churches," as adopted by the Federal Council of Churches in America, which is as follows:

"The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America stands:

"For equal rights and complete justice for all men in all stations of life.

"For abolition of child labor.

"For such regulation of the conditions of toil for women as shall safeguard the physical and moral health of the community.

"For the suppression of the 'sweating system.'

"For the gradual and reasonable reduction of the hours of labor to the lowest practicable point, and for the degree of leisure for all which is the condition of the highest human life.

"For a release from employment one day in seven.

"For the right of all men to the opportunity for self-maintenance, a right ever to be wisely and strongly safeguarded against encroachments of every kind.

"For the right of workers to some protection against hardships often resulting from the swift crises of industrial change.

"For a living wage as a minimum in every industry and for the highest wage that each industry can afford.

"For the protection of the worker from dangerous machinery, occupational disease, injuries and mortality.

"For suitable provision for the old age of workers and for those incapacitated by injury.

"For the principle of conciliation and arbitration in industrial dissensions.

"For the abatement of poverty.

"For the most equitable division of the products of industry that can ultimately be devised."

This sounds like it must have been written yesterday to meet the challenge of these stressful times to the churches of America. But this creed was adopted in 1908, and is as old, in fact, as the first sermon preached by Jesus in His home town. The founder of Christianity in the world was tremendously interested in the social

conditions of His time. It is impossible to understand how any church can follow Him and ignore suffering and oppressed men and women and little children all about it.

We can read some people like a book, but we can't shut them up as easily.—Selected.

YOUTH

By Floyd Mosbacher

Youth is our most priceless possession. It is during this period of our lives that we shape the character and the ideals that will carry us through life after we reach maturity. Our every act will have an effect upon our later life. It is during our youth that we "sow our wild oats," but when we reach maturity, and settle down to serious living, we will probably discover that these wild oats were, in reality, weeds that will spring up and choke out our better impulses.

We were placed on this earth for a purpose and that purpose is to live the short span of life given us to the best advantage of ourselves and our fellowmen, and the only way that we can fulfill this purpose is to form such a character in our youth as will stand the knocks and buffets that we will encounter before we meet death.

Progress must go on, and to the younger generation falls the task of carrying on the work of our forefathers. A great responsibility, yes, but one that has been undertaken by youth ever since the world has been built, and which must still be carried on if we are to advance in civilization.

As time goes on, this task gets harder and harder, because of the important developments in science, literature and other fields that were unknown to the youth of a century ago. But on the other hand, the youth of today is a good deal more capable and efficient than the youth of a year ago due to the educational and vocational advantages at his command.

There is an adage that "Opportunity knocks but once" but any progressive American will readily agree that this axiom belongs to an age far behind us and that today there are opportunities facing us at every turn, but we often fail to recognize them, because they come in so many different shapes and forms. Our greatest opportunities often come in the form of adversities. It is the task of the youth of today to so train himself that when an opportunity presents itself he can both recognize and utilize it to the best advantage of himself and mankind.

INTERESTING NAMES

By Margaret Shelton

Did you ever find out why you have your name, and what it means? Some names have very interesting origins and some are quite amusing. Is your name McLean, or as it was first written, M'Lean? If so, perhaps you have inherited a brave heart and courage of an unusual sort, for that name originally meant "the son of a lion."

"Mc" or "M" meant "son of," and in the days when names were significant it was a mark of distinction to be called the son of your father. Yet when we look at some of those "sons-ofs" we wonder why this is so. For example M'Dugall meant "son of black eyes" and M'Donald was the "son of brown eyes." M'Duncan was "son of brown head." Now what could brown eyes, brown head, or black eyes have to warrant pride in naming the son?

In olden times the man with brown eyes was looked upon as favored by the gods with traits of unusual honesty, loyalty, and love. That is why the poet, in his lines, so often speaks of the maiden with brown eyes. Black eyes denote fire and fierceness of disposition—such as the determined leader of a communtiy had. The man with black eyes was fearless, bold, and not easily conquered. Then the man with the brown hair was he who had a "lion's mane," his shock of hair apparently giving him unusual strength. So we can readily see why there was just pride in naming a son because of his paren't eyes or head.

There were other reasons for giving names. Take the name M'Kenzie. That means "son of the friendly one," and you may picture that young man's father as charitable, kindly, and beloved by his neighbors. McIntyre meant the "son of the carpenter." Amusing are the derivations of Campbell and Cameron, for the former means "crooked mouth" and the latter "crooked nose."

The term "son of" is found in many countries. In Ireland it is expressed by "O' "; among the Hebrews it was "ben"; in Germany it is "sohn" used after the name, as in Mendelssohn, and in Sweden it is "son," as in the name Johnson. One of the most interesting is the "ap" of Wales. Llewellyn ap-Howell means Llewllyn the son of Howell, but certain contractions have come into use, so that the original names have become lost. Take that name Llewellyn ap-Howell, and we find that it first was changed to Phowell and then to Powell as we find it today. The name Prichard is another good example. Originally it was ap-Richard, the contraction changing it to Prichard as we see it now.

Some place name origins, found in England, are also of interest. Westminster is one of the most famous of the old English names and originally it was "West Monastery," so called because it was the place where the West Monastery was built. Minster is a corruption of Monastery.

Oxford has a simple derivation. It

was the place where the oxen crossed the river, or a ford for oxen.

Canterbury was originally Cantiburgh, or the place where the Canti lived before the Saxon invasion. The Canti were the ancient people of Britain. Gradually the name was changed, first to the Burgh of Kent and then to Canterbury.

Lich is the Saxon word for the dead, and this was first written "lych." It was applied to the burying ground, and the gate was known as a lych-gate. So, in looking up the word Litchfield, we find that it literally means "the field of the dead." The town by that name was so-called because, in a great field on which the town is now located, a thousand Christians were put to death, in the time of Diocletian, and their bodies were left there, as a warning to other Christians.

WRITINGS OF JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

The writings of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, though all combined would equal only one moderate-sized volume, fairly bristle with outstanding quotations. A few of them follow:

To fight a war, you must believe something and want something with all your might. So must you do to carry anything else to an end worth reaching. More than that, you must be willing to commit yourself to a course, perhaps a long and hard one, without being able to forsee exactly what will come out. One may fall at the beginning of the charge or at the top of the earth-works; but in no other way can he reach the rewards of victory.

Every calling is great when greatly pursued.

To be master of any branch of knowledge, you must master those which lie next to it; and thus to know anything you must know all.

Great places make great men. The electric current of large affairs turns even common mold to diamond, and traditions of ancient honor impart something of their dignity to those who inherit them.

When the ignorant are taught to doubt, they do not know what they safely may believe.

I believe that if the chance of battle, I may add, the passage of a law has ruined a state, there was general cause at work that made that state ready to perish by a single battle or law.

There are few vices available for the elderly.—Selected.

SUPERLATIVE SOUTH AMERICA

By J. Edmund Brewton

We should be especially interested in South America for it is the continent nearest our own. Do you know some of the superlative claims of this neighboring continent?

North and South America are the world's centers of democracy. In all their vast territory there is not one country governed as a monarchy, though the British, Dutch, and French control some areas.

South America is composed of a baker's dozen countries. These thirteen countries are all republics except the Guianas. Spanish is the language of every South American country except Brazil where Portuguese is the official language.

Brazil, the giant country of South America, is truly a giant for only Canada, the United States, and two other countries of the world are larger. Even our own country is smaller if we leave out Alaska. Brazil includes more than half of the entire continent of South America, and spreads out its length and breadth in such a manner that it touches all but two, Chile and Ecuador, of the South American countries.

If you were to leave New York on board a steamer bound for Rio de Janerio you would be surprised to learn that you would come into fresh water hundreds of miles out at sea opposite the mouth of the Amazon River. The waters of this river flow unmingled for three hundred miles out to sea. The steamer would reach the Amazon current some two hundred miles from the mouth of the river, and you might not see land at once even when you reached the river's mouth for the river itself is two hundred miles wide at its mouth.

The Amazon is not only the largest river in the world, but it is also the most wonderful in the world. "She stretches across the continent like a huge serpent and holds in her mouth a piece of land which is larger than the areas of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut combined. The tide runs up the Amazon for four hundred miles and sometimes pushes a wall of water before it twenty feet high."

This great river discharges more water into the sea than the eight largest rivers of Asia. With its tributaries, it washes so much mud and sand from its basin that it makes the ocean muddy for a hundred miles or more beyond its mouth. It is the only great river in the world whose general direction is east and west, all others being north and south. It is the second longest river in the world, the total length of the main river being 3,300 miles, about one hundred miles longer than the distance from New York to San Francisco. The river is navigable for ocean steamers for 2,300 miles from the Atlantic, and up to this point it has an average depth of 120 to 150 feet during the rainy season. The total length of navigable rivers in the system is about 15,000 miles.

Rio de Janerio is the largest city in Brazil and the second largest in South America. There are few har-

bors in the world as fine as the harbor of Rio de Janerio. Sheltered by the bordering mountains, it is a port for vessels from all over the world. There is space enough for great numbers of the largest ships, and the water is so deep that even the hugest ocean liners can easily enter and and sail right up to the city's docks.

At the entrance to the harbor of Rio de Janerio is the largest sculptured likeness of Christ in the world. This heroic statue is erected 2,000 feet above the sea. Designed and erected of stone by the French sculptor, Paul Landowski, this tribute to the "Man of Sorrows" rises 125 feet from the base of the pedestal to the top of the figure's gigantis head. The arms are outstretched so that, from a distance, the statue appears to be a huge cross.

South America not only claims in this Brazilian statue the largest statue of Christ but also claims the second largest statue of the Saviour. This second largest statue is the world-famous "Christ of the Andes" which stands on the boundary line between Chile and Argentina. The wise men of both of these countries made up their minds to put an end to all the war between them, and drew up a treaty to that effect. They melted down their cannons, and from the metal made this large statue of Christ.

The southeastern part of the Bra-
Land" for three fourths of the world's
Land" for three-fourts of the world's coffee is raised here. Sao Paulo is called "the Capital of Coffee Land" because it is the great railroad and business center of the coffee-growing district. We should be particularly interested in these facts for we are the greatest consumers of coffee in the world. Our average annual consumption is twelve pounds per person, nearly twenty times as much as that of England.

The Andes are the highest mountain mass on the globe with the exception of the Himalayas, and Mount Aconcagua on the boundary between Chile and Argentina is the highest peak on the Western Hemisphere.

Between the mountain ranges are high plains and plateaus. By far the greatest of these plateaus is the Plateau of Bolivia. It is more than two and one-half miles above sea level and is one of the highest plateaus in the world, yet the mountains that surround it are even higher. The highest volcanic peak in the world is Sahama in Bolivia. It is 21,000 feet high.

South America possesses in La Paz, capital of Bolivia, the highest capital in the world. It is 12,700 feet above sea level. If you were on your way to La Paz, you would be advised to stop over at Arequipa or some other half-way point before entering the altitude of the Bolivian highlands. Even after you arrived at La Paz you would have to be careful for weeks not to over-exercise. La Paz is also one of the oldest cities in the Americas for it was an Inca mining center long before the coming of the Spaniards.

The second largest waterfall in the world is in South America. The Falls of Iguassu, situated at the junction of three republics, Brazil, Paraguay, and Argentina, is surpass-

ed only by the Victoria in Africa. The Falls of Iguassu is forty-six feet higher and some hundreds of feet wider than Niagara.

Ecuador claims the largest bell in the Western Hemisphere. This bell swings in the tower of the Merced Cathedral of Quito, and weighs fourteen tons. Its height is about seven feet.

In Chile is the Atacama Desert which is one of the driest regions of the whole earth. In many parts of it not a drop of rain has fallen for years. Strange as it may seem, this treeless, grassless region has brought more wealth to Chile than any other part of the country. This is due to the fact that the Atacama Desert is the only region in the world where nitrate is found in great enough quantities to be mined. Nitrate is one of the most important minerals used in making fertilizers and Chile provides nearly the whole supply for the world.

Chile is a great copper-mining country, being exceeded only by the United States. The two countries together produce twice as much copper as is produced in all the rest of the world. Most of the world's emeralds are furnished by Columbia. The petroleum production of Venezuela is exceeded only by that of the United States and the U. S. S. R.

The asphlat lakes of Trinidad and Bermudez are unparalelled. At least three-fourths of the world's supply of asphalt comes from Venezuela and the island of Trinidad.

Argentin, Uruguay, and southern Brazil are included in one great grazing ground that ranks as a region second in the world in beef production. Only the United States exceeds this region in the production of beef. Uruguay ranks fourth in mutton exports.

Rubber was until recently secured chiefly from wild trees, shrubs, and vines found principally in the Amazon valley of Brazil and in Central Africa around the Congo River. It is, however, now secured principally from plantations in the Far East.

Among the continents, South America ranks fourth in size, and fifth in population. In railroad mileage, South America ranks fourth, having a total mileage of 56,000 miles or seven per cent of the world's mileage.

South America extends about one thousand miles nearer to the South Pole than does Australia, which is considered the southernmost continent. The southernmost city in the world is Magallanes, South America. Some of the sheep ranches here are among the largest in the world, and Magallanes is an important port for the shipment of wool and mutton.

Superlatvie South America! A continent that possesses the largest river in the world, the greatest staues of Christ, the highest mountain peaks of the Western Hemisphere, the second largest waterfall in the world, the highest volcano, the greatest coffee-producing lands, the greatest nitrate-producing desert and the largest bell in the Western Hemisphere, as well as many other outstanding things, is one deserving to be called *superlative*.

THE FRIENDLY FOG

By Lillian E. Andrews

Nancy Allen was humming a happy, little song as she came up from the garden where she had been hoeing a long row of turnips. Her brother, Tad, was just driving Polly and Sukey, the two sleek, red and white cows into the barnyard to milk them.

"Did you see my Jack o' Lantern, Nan?" he asked.

Nancy laughed. Early in the summer Tad had picked out a little, green pumpkin and scratched his name on it with the point of a knife. As the pumpkin grew, the name grew, too, until now it stood out like clear, rasied print.

"I saw it," said Nan. "It's growing fatter and fatter. It's the biggest pumpkin in the garden. My, Tad, our garden has done well! And it was planted right among the stumps! All father had time to do was to chop down the trees and burn the brush and we dug holes and dropped in the seed. We've got potatoes and corn and beans and pumpkins and turnips. With two whole barrels of salted herring, caught almost in our front yard, and plenty of milk and home-cured bacon and pork, we'll certainly live in luxury this winter."

Tad smacked his lips. "Not much as it was last year when we lived on Indian-smoked venison and bark tea," he reminded his sister. "I used to chew and chew and rest a while and chew some more. But we were lucky to have the venison. If it hadn't been for good, old Paugatuck, we should have just about starved. Paugatuck is a real Christian and all his family. I never knew a white boy to be any better than Ocone. And Wind Flower just as good as Ocone. Why do you suppose we haven't seen anything of Ocone or Wind Flower for a whole week?"

Nancy looked troubled. "I don't know," she said simply. "Sometimes I'm afraid it's true that King Philip is going on the war path and the Christian Indians are afraid to come and see us."

"They'll warn us some way," declared Tad confidently. "I know they will. But I hope that story about Metacomet, or King Philip, as the white men call him, isn't true. It's a shame, anyhow, that after old Chief Massasoit was so good to the colonists, so many white men should take advantage of the Indian. When Massasoit died, Wamsutta his oldest son was good to the white men and so was Metacomet after Wamsutta died. But now the white men are growing worse and it makes Metacomet restless and angry. Why, Tom Miller gave Black Horse a handful of cheap beads for the finest mink skin I ever saw! It was all right, he said. The Indian didn't know what the skin was worth. 'But you do!' I said. Tom has never liked me since."

"I'm glad father never cheated them or sold them liquor," said Nancy. "If he had, he wouldn't have dared to leave us here while he went with that surveying party to the new territory of Quonektacut. But Wind Flower promised to let us know if

King Philip went on the war path, so father knew we'd be all right."

Tad got the wooden bucket and began to milk. The setting sun dropped lower and the Taunton River, rolling by the log cabin and the smaller log outbuildings, was a glory of crimson and gold. On the split log doorstep lay a big, brown dog.

Nancy paused and patted his broad head. "Hello, Bose!" she greeted him.

Bose followed her into the cabin and sprawled comfortably on a bear skin. Deftly Nancy uncovered the coals in the big stone fireplace, blew the coals into a flame, heaped dry bark on them, and hung a kettle on a blackened crane hook. She filled the kettle with water, salted it and began to sift in dry meal to make mush for supper. She sifted the meal through a sieve made of dried deer skin, punched full of little holes, and fastened to a round wooden hoop.

Tad came in with the milk and Nancy strained it. By this time the mush was going "Plop! Plop! Plop!" Tad liked hasty pudding.

Nancy put three wooden bowls on the table. One she filled with scraps for Bose and set on the floor. The other two she filled with pudding for herself and Tad. With plenty of rich milk to go with the pudding, it was indeed a feast.

They had just finished eating when Bose suddenly growled and the hair on his neck rose. But the next instant the hair went down and he flapped his big tail, as a slender, girlish figure glided across the threshold.

"Oh, Wind Flower, I'm glad to see you!" cried Nancy, "We've missed you a lot."

"Is Ocone with you?" asked Tad quickly.

Wind Flower shook her head. Her two long, raven black braids hung below her waist and her brilliant black eyes flashed. She laid a slim, brown finger on her lips.

"S-s-sh!" she warned. "There is danger. King Philip has held counsel with his braves. The war is to begin tonight. You must get away quick. The white men have sold some of the Indians fire water and they may not wait. King Philip is a friend of Mr. Leonard at Taunton and you must go there. My father, Paugatuck, and my brother, Ocone, are going in different ways to warn the Christian white people to flee to the garrison at Swansea or to Taunton. Get together what you want to take quickly.

"But we cannot travel on the river while it is light," protested Nancy. "We should be sure to be seen and captured."

"I know," said Wind Flower," but you must be out of the house. We can hide under the bank of the stream that runs down into the river. As soon as it is dark, we will take your boat and I will help you row almost to Taunton. Then I will go ashore and go back to our lodge and no one will know who warned you. You can row the rest of the way yourself."

As Wind Flower urged them to hurry in the clear English that Nancy had been many weeks and months teaching her, Tad suddenly remembered the cows.

"Polly and Sukey!" he exclaimed. "I hate to have them killed."

"Drive them down into the cedar swamp," said Wind Flower. "Ocone will find them there and milk them. Maybe we can save them for you. Let the pigs out of the pen, too. Give me a hammer. I will help you."

"We can take Bose with us," said Nancy. "All we have to do is to lay a hand on his head and he will not make a sound. He is trained to be quiet."

Hastily she gathered a few small treasures together and tied them in a bundle. Tad and Wind Flower released the three pigs and drove the astonished cows out of the barnyard and down the path to the cedar swamp where Tad and Ocone built a small secret corral in case of need. They worked so swiftly that in a short time they were ready to go.

Just as Nancy covered the fire, there came a swift rush of feet outside. A girl burst in at the door. Her face was white and she could scarcely speak for a moment.

"Why, it's Alice Miller!" exclaimed Nancy.

"The—the Indian war has broken out!" panted Alice. "Some of the Indians are burning our cabin. I ran through the cornfield and got into the woods. Mother and father went to Taunton this morning and I was alone. Nancy, what shall we do?"

At that moment she caught sight of Wind Flower. "An Indian here!" she cried. "What have you let her in for?"

"It's Wind Flower," explained Nancy, "Paugatuck's daughter. She is a Christian Indian. We're going to hide under the bank of the brook and then we're going down the river."

"Oh, Nancy, don't trust her!" pleaded Alice. "All Indians are treacherous. I hate them. We'll surely be killed, if you do as she says. Stay in the cabin. Don't go out. Fasten the door. You have your father's musket. Maybe we can hold the Indians off until someone can help us."

"Alice I trust Wind Flower. I believe she is a Christian. Tad and I are going to do just what she says," said Nancy firmly.

"No help come," Wind Flower warned them, dropping into broken English in her excitement. "Bad white men sell Indians fire water. Indians come quick now. Hurry! We go."

She caught Nancy's arm and gave it a vigorous tug. Nancy and Tad started toward the door, each carrying a bundle. Wind Flower followed them and Bose followed all three, puzzled by their actions but obeying Tad's command to come. Afraid to stay alone, Alice finally yielded.

The little stream trickled merrily along back of the cabin and ran into the river. The water was shallow and low and the shelving banks hung far over the water. The banks were covered with alder and ferns and hazel bushes. There was room enough in places for a person to crouch or sit in a fairly comfortable position.

"Oh, how I wish it was quite dark!" whispered Nancy.

Wind Flower pointed toward the river. "Fog!" she returned. "See!"

Sure enough the silvery veil of fog that so often hid the river in the

summer was spreading out over the water. It was thick enough to look like a white wall, as it rolled in from the sea. Never had it looked so good to Nancy and Tad before.

"It's like the pillar of cloud that God used to protect the Israelites," said Tad thankfully. "It's a friendly fog, if there ever was one."

"I will wade downstream and find your boat," said Wind Flower. "I can drag it up close so no one will see it. When you hear an owl hoot, you come."

The dusk seemed to close about her so quickly did she vanish. A little wind made the alder leaves rustle. Suddenly the wind brought the echo of a yell. A red glow showed through the trees upstream.

"That's our house burning," announced Alice in a trembling voice. "Black Horse was leading the Indians who set it afire."

"Did your father sell Black Horse 'fire water'?" asked Nancy.

"Yes," answered Alice. "Mother didn't want him to. She told him it was dangerous and that it was not allowed by the Plymouth Council. But he would do it. He said that it did not matter about the Indians. They were just heathen, anyway."

"Oh!" Nancy gave a low exclamation of anger. She didn't wonder that Black Horse had taken the opportunity to punish Tom Miller for some of his evil ways, but she was sorry for Alice, and her mother. "Indians are just people, like us," she told Alice. "If you knew the Christian Indians, like Wind Flower and Ocone, you would see how true they can be and how patiently they have endured being wronged and cheated. I don't wonder the non-Christian ones have gone on the war path."

At that moment the wavering cry of a screech owl sounded clearly through the gathering dusk. It was so real that it was hard to believe that the cry was made by Wind Flower. It was repeated three times.

Tad waded quickly out into the stream. "Come!" he told Nancy and Alice. "Step as quietly as you can. Don't splash the water. And keep in the shadow of the alders."

They were almost touching the boat before they saw it. Wind Flower had poled it in close to the river bank and almost into the mouth of the little stream. The oars were in the bottom of the boat. Tad grasped one and Nancy the other.

"We'll row," whispered Nancy. "You listen, Wind Flower. Your ears are quicker than ours," she admitted. "Sit where you can keep your hand on Bose's head. He won't bark then."

Wind Flower sat with her head bent slightly forward. Knowing that the water would carry sound, she leaned a little over the side. Tad and Nancy rowed as softly as possible, keeping the oars low in the water.

"Indians!" whispered Wind Flower. "They at your landing. They no see us now. Fog too thick. The Christian's God has saved us. We will thank Him."

Faint gleams of light were breaking through the fog where Wind Flower went ashore. "That Taunton," she told the others. "You row straight ahead. Other people coming. I hear boats. You safe now."

It was true. Refugees were com-

ing in boats and on foot along shore. The Christian Indians had warned many of the white people. At the risk of their own lives, they had saved the lives of their white friends. But many other settlers perished and many cabins were burned.

Tad was allowed to accompany one of the first rescue parties that went up the river. All the cattle that could be found were driven to the fort and such garden stuff as could be easily gathered was harvested to feed the many refugees.

Tad was proudly driving Polly and Sukey. "Ocone fed them and took care of them," he told Nancy and Alice. "They are a little thin because he didn't dare let them out to graze and it was hard work for him to gather grass enough for them. And what do you think? He and Paugatuck dug a hole in the hazel thicket and buried our potatoes and turnips. They even hid and saved my Jack o' Lantern pumpkin. Ocone said he was sorry he couldn't see it made into a 'fire face' but he saved it for me. Our cabin and the other buildings are burned down but we can build another cabin next spring."

"I'll never say again that I won't trust an Indian," said Alice. "If it hadn't been for Wind Flower, we should never have been able to escape alive. Father says he will sell the Indians no more fire water. And he will give them an honest price for their furs. He says that Wind Flower and Ocone and the other Christian Indians proved they were better than he was and he is ashamed of his past life and is going to ask God to help him to do better."

"That is good news," smiled Nancy.

And Tad nodded. "Paugatuck and his people will be glad to hear it," he assured Alice. "It will mean a lot to us all. And when father comes back and we get our new cabin built, we'll have a real celebration."

He has achieved success who has lived well, and laughed often and loved much. Who has gained the trust of pure women and the love of little children. Who has filled his niche in life and accomplished his task. Who left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a beautiful poem, or a rescued soul. Who has looked for the best in others, and given the best he had. Whose life was an inspiration; whose memory is a benediction.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

We learned last week that Graham Godfrey, formerly of Cottage No. 7, had secured a position with the Union New Company, working on a Southern Railway train running from Washington, D. C. to Atlanta, Ga.

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Miller Carter, of Asheville, formerly of Cottage No. 13, who was paroled last January, spent a couple of days at the School this week. He was on his way to Statesville where he expected to spend a few days with relatives and friends.

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Two steeple-jacks were seen last Tuesday afternoon perched upon the steel flag-poles at the northern end of the campus, painting and repairing damage done by the cyclone last March, and upon closer observation one of them was recognized as Edwin Baker, of Gastonia, formerly of Cottage No. 9, who was paroled in 1927. Since leaving the School, Ed has served one enlistment in the United States Marine Corps, and for the past few years has been following the occupation of steeple-jack. The lad seems to be getting up in the world in more ways than one, for he has made a good record since leaving the institution, and we were all glad to see him.

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On one of the trips made by the boys to Cress Lake, through the courtesy of the Concord Lions Club and other interested friends, we ran into James Long, formerly of Cottage No. 1, who was paroled in 1928. James is now a sports writer, covering the semi-pro league games being played in this section and reports that he likes the work and is getting along very well. Since James was of rather small stature while at the School, we were surprised to see that he has developed into quite a husky young man. He is now twenty-two years old and has an attractive and pleasing personality. We had not been in touch with James for some time and had lost track of what he had been doing, and were glad to again locate him and to learn that he is doing well.

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On several occasions during the past few months there have come to the office, bundles of comic sheets taken from the New York City Sunday editions. They were simply addressed to the Jackson Training School and bore the postmark, "Staten Island." The only clue we have as to the identity of the donor of the papers is that Dr. Paul Caldwell, a native of Cabarrus County, a pharmicist, is in charge of the dispensary and laboratory at Sailors' Snug Harbor, a home for retired seamen, located at that place. Dr. Paul is a regular subscriber to The Uplift and a great friend of this institution, therefore we are assumming that he is the "guilty" party. If we are correct in this surmise, we wish to assure him that the boys thoroughly enjoyed reading the funnies, and we want to take this opportunity to extend our appreciation for his kindly

interest in them. If our memory serves us right, we think it is about time for Dr. Paul to make his annual visit to Concord, and we herewith issue an invitation to come out and spend a day with us while in this vicinity.

—o—

A team representing the Red Men, of Concord, opposed the Training School boys on the local diamond last Saturday afternoon, the School lads winning by the score of 1 to 0. After the visitors had tied the score in the first half of the seventh inning, the game was called off, the score reverting to the last complete inning.

Manager Liske, who was on the firing line for the School, was in fine form. He held the Red Men to five scattered hits and caused twelve batters to retire via, the strike-out route. "Lefty" Miller did the hurling for the visitors, and allowed the local hitters but six hits. Neither pitcher issued a base on balls.

With two out in the fifth frame, the School boys marked up the only tally of the game. Liske singled to right field, stole second, and romped home with what proved to be the winning marker when Gray Wright, local shortstop, punched a double to center field.

Each team contributed several flashy fielding plays. In the sixth inning Bagerly, playing second for the Red Men, robbed Andrews of a hit, leaping high to make a fine one-handed catch of a line drive over second. Bagerly and Wiliams made a snappy double play in the first inning. The outstanding play made by the School lads was a one-handed pick-up by Wright and a quick throw to first.

It was a hard fought game all the way and all present were sorry the weather man refused to allow it to be finished. The score:

		R	H	E
Red Men	0 0 0 0 0 0	0	5	2
J. T. S.	0 0 0 0 1 0	1	6	1

Two-base hit: Wright. Stolen bases: B. Lefler, Liske. Double plays: H. Lefler and Smith; Bagerly and Williams. Struck out: By Miller 6; by Liske 12. Umpires—Godown and Mason.

—o—

Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read the 93rd Psalm, and in his talk to the boys he used as his text Isaiah 40:31—"But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not fant."

At the beginning of his talk, Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer told of making a trip North recently. He spoke of going through farming country and noticing the various crops raised in different sections; he then spoke of the many different kinds of birds seen along the way, both inland and by the seaside.

Speaking of birds, Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer asked if we really realized what the birds do for us. He mentioned the sparrow, usually considered a destructive bird, and not a sing-

er. Yet this bird is useful to man, being a great insect destroyer. There are thousands of other birds that are very valuable because they protect our food crops from all sorts of destroying insects and worms.

The speaker continued by saying that in addition to being useful to man, they are a source of joy as they provide sweet music. Then they are beautiful to look at because of their coloring, and we like also to see them fly. Even the buzzard, often spoken of contemptously, is valuable as it rids the country of dead things. If we would only stop to consider all the good qualities of our friends, the birds, we would not be so eager to destroy them.

Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer then called special attention to the eagle, and the comparison with man, as quoted in the text. They who work upward, as the eagle, renew their strength in the Lord.

In God's Word, said the speaker, we find many remarkable reference to nature—the cattle on the hills; the blades of grass; the fish of the sea; the lilies of the field, etc. The lion is spoken of as a symbol of great strength. Energy and strength are symbolized in the eagle.

Moses likened God in caring for His children as an eagle looking after her young. The eagle builds her nest high up on steep rocky craigs, far away from the reach of human hands and destructive animals. Just as the modern eagle looks after her young, just so the Heavenly Father cares for those who have higher thoughts and look to Him for guidance.

As we think of the eagle, and her home in high rocky places, continued the speaker, we think of the "Rock of Ages." God provides a home for us just as He does for the eagle. When the young eaglets are large enough, the mother bird pushes them out of the nest and they must either fly or be crushed on the rocks below. This world is a place of training for us. God provides us with parents and teachers who show us the right way. After going through this period of training in youth, we must then take care of ourselves. Like the baby eagle, we must fly high to success or drop down to destruction. We, as the eagle, should look for the higher things of life, ever looking upward to God for strength to reach the goal.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer said that only in God, through his Son, Jesus Christ, could we keep from drifting down into a life of sin and certain destruction. We should look carefully where we go, realizing that the only guide to the highest goal is the course that God has planned for us.

—o—

Through the courtesy of the Concord Assembly of Rainbow Girls, our boys enjoyed to the fullest extent a minstrel production called "The Jollies of 1935," presented in the School auditorium last Tuesday night. Although it was an extremely hot night, the boys did not notice the heat as they were being entertained so royally, and the audtoriium resounded with hearty hand-clapping and spontaneous outbursts of laughter as the different comedy features were presented.

Our old friend, "Bub" Kestler, one of Concord's best comedians, was the interlocutor and kept the show moving from start to finish. It was the first time we had seen him playing any role other than black-face comedy, and he clearly demonstrated his ability to play a straight part by the clever manner in which he worked with the wise-cracking end men.

The end men were headed by "Gatemouth" Setzer and "Bub" Allison, of Charlotte, who kept the boys laughing by their antics on the stage. These popular comedians have been heard here many times over the radio, they being members of the Dixie Minstrels, presenetd regularly by station W B T, and the boys were delighted to see them in person. The rest of the cast of end men was composed of Concord boys who added much to the hilarity as they aided the Charlotte stars in springing their jokes, which seemed to appeal to the boys more than any other part of the program, although the various musical numbers were well received.

The members of the chorus, composed of Rainbow Girls, were attired in attractive and appropriate costumes, making a most pleasing background for the song and dance numbers. Another feature of the program was the manner in which the tambourines were so dexterously used by the entire company, emphasizing the rhythm of the songs.

The outstanding musical hit of the evening was "The Isle of Capri," sung by the William sisters, with Miss Martha Penninger accompanying at the piano. Other popular numbers were: "I Ain't Got Nobody," Joe Kearns; "The Words Are In My Heart," Helen Moore; "Save A Little Gin For Me," Gatemouth Setzer; "Tell Me All About It," (song and dance number) by little Pat Moose; "Lay Low, Lizzie," Bub Allison; "Dinah," Vivian Ervin; "Rain," by the harmony trio, Williams Sisters and Martha Penninger; "Oh Me, Oh My, Oh You," song and tap dance, Polly Gray and Joe Kearns; "The Ol' Swimmin' Hole," Helen Moore and chorus.

Among the members of the cast of the "Jollies" were: Interlocutor—"Bub" Kestler. End Men—"Gatemouth" Setzer, "Bub" Allison, Paul Ridenhour, Paul Tate, Jimmie Frye, Kenneth Stroupe, Earl Walters and Joe Kearns. Member of Circle and Dancer—Earl Helms. Girls of the Chorus—Polly Gray, Mary Alice Moose, Marjorie Widenhouse, Delphina Penninger, Elizabeth Barnhardt, Virginia Burris, Doris Widenhouse, Vivian Ervin, Helen Moore, Mildred Fink, Louise Allred and Ruby Sizemore. Piano Accompanists—Martha Penninger and Louise Stewart.

The attitude of the boys towards this fine entertainment was evidence of their high appreciation of the efforts on the part of each performer, and assures a most hearty welcome any time they may find it convenient to come again.

Before you can discipline others successfully you must learn to discipline yourself.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 16, 1935

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since the method was adopted March, 10, 1935.

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(5) Jesse Cleveland 5
(2) Erwin Martin 10
(11) William McCormick 12
(10) Earl Rogers 14
(11) Hassell Shropshire 11
(13) Richard Sullivan 14
(2) Louis Tarkington 10
(15) Ashley Thompson 15
(8) Richard Tysinger 8
(7) Jerome Warren 7
(10) Vermont Whitley 11
(8) Wiley Willoughby 8

COTTAGE No. 1

Sam Batts 8
Clifford Bowers 11
Douglas Carter 3
(2) Robert Cashwell 6
(2) William Goodson 10
(2) Ray Hutchins 4
John Kellam 2
(4) Herman Lamm 11
(2) Ivan Morrozoff 8
(13) Millard Owenby 14
Eugene Whitt 9
(2) John Wilson 2

COTTAGE No. 2

John Capps 3
(2) James Cooper 11
Cleatus Daugherty 2
Thomas Horton 12
(4) Clyde Kivett 4
(4) Y. V. Spates 5
(6) Woodrow Spruill 10

COTTAGE No. 3

(6) William Barber 8
Julian Gregory 4
Frank Hutchins 6
(7) John Walsh 11

COTTAGE No. 4

(15) Fleming Collins 15
(2) Edwin Greer 3
(5) Thomas Little 5
(3) Wheeler Sturdivant 7

COTTAGE No. 5

(4) William Ange 9
(2) William Ballew 8
Jack Freeman 3
Arthur Grier
John Green
(9) Maynard Hicks 14
(2) Paul Johnson 4
(5) Randolph Miller 9
George Nelson
Robert Worthington 11

COTTAGE No. 6

Earl Bass 7
(5) Thomas Doby 5
Leo Forrester 2
(2) George Speers 3
Joseph Sanford 5
John Uptegrove 4

COTTAGE No. 7

(6) Caleb Hill 10
(3) Harding Kluttz 6
J. B. Murray 10
(2) Paul Saunders 5
(7) Floyd Watkins 12
(5) Douglas Wilkes 8

COTTAGE No. 8

(15) John Auton 15
(2) Sam Belk 11
(7) Harry Flowe 13
(3) Ernest Owens 4
(2) John Penninger 5

COTTAGE No. 9

Esker Childress 3
(2) Randolph Davis 6
(3) Lee Dickens 13
Carl Everett 3
(2) Pearly Funderburk 2
(8) Woodfin Fowler 10
(2) Carroll Hoyle 3
Hoyette Hudson 6

Thomas McCausley 5
Thomas McCarter 3
Ben Overby 2
Luther Wilson 3
(3) Ed Lee White 11
(11) Bryan Williams 14

COTTAGE No. 10

Vernon Lamb 2

COTTAGE No. 11

(11) Bennie Holland 12
(4) Charles Hefner 7
David Hodge 6
(7) Charles Smith 10
William Tobar 2
Oscar Vereen 5
Cecil Webb 10

COTTAGE No. 12

(6) Earl Atwood 14
(3) Walter Beaver 11
(5) Paul Eason 8
Alfred Holoman 8
(2) Eli Philemon 11
(13) Homer Quick 14
James Reavis 2
Lonnie Sloan
(5) Thomas Welch 9
Olive Weaver 5

COTTAGE No. 13

(3) Urbane Hill 13
Bernis Kirby 2
Warren Medlin 9
(3) Jennings Norris 10
(2) Norman Owens 2
(3) Eugene Smith 14
Harry Smith 2
(3) Howard Wilson 10

COTTAGE No. 14

Elzie Carpenter 6
(2) Jack Comer 12
Brevard Hall 4
Henry Hallman 3
(5) J. C. Mobley 5

COTTAGE No. 15

(2) Marvin Ashe 7
(2) Robert Alexander 10
Thomas Brown 6
(3) Denver Beshears 9
(2) Jack Barlow 4
(5) John Caddell 13
(5) Earl Chambers 5
(3) Earl Hill 7
Walter Mitchell 2
(4) George McManus 7
(2) Gilbert Murray 8
(2) Harley Pennell 8
Paul Rhodes 9
Marshall Scoggins 6
(3) Glenn Stewart 10
(2) Robert Teeter 8
(2) Roy Wyrick 9

A FEW "DONT'S" ON JUDGMENTS

Don't judge a man by the clothes he wears. God made one and the tailor made the other.

Don't judge a man by his family, for Cain belonged to a good family.

Don't judge a man by his failure in life, for many a man fails because he is too good and honest to succeed.

Don't judge a man by the house he lives in; the lizard and the rat often inhabit the grandest structures.—Selected.

Travel anywhere..any day on the SOUTHERN for 1½¢ PER MILE

A fare for every purse...!

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* 2½¢ PER MILE — ROUND TRIP TICKETS—Return Limit 6 Months .....for Each Mile Traveled

* 3¢ PER MILE — ONE WAY TICKETS .....for Each Mile Traveled

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Excellent Dining Car Service

Be Comfortable in the Safety of Train Travel

R. H. GRAHAM
Division Passenger Agent
Charlotte, N. C.

Southern Railway System

JI 3 '35
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 29, 1935 No. 26

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THE FIGHTING SMILE

The finest of battles a man can win,
Where the winning is better than gold,
Is the battle that leads to a sunny smile,
When the tongue is inclined to scold.
In fighting the battles of life, my friend,
Has it ever to you occured,
That the man that wins when others fail,
Is the man with a pleasant word?
The folks that we like to see the best,
And the ones that we count worth while,
Are the folks that always come to the front,
With a good old fighting smile.

—Harry Brokaw.

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAI

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

A SMILING FRIEND

It's a lot of consolation
  Just to have a smiling friend,
When your troubles seem so many,
  And you know not how they'll end.
For his smiles are like some magic
  When he grips you by the hand
And, as in your eyes he gazes,
  Signals you, "I understand."

Smiles like that are priceless treasure—
  Holding love and honor, too,
When in trials or in sorrow
  He stands by and sees you through.
Be your station high or lowly,
  On his cheer you can depend;
And upon the final summing
  Credit's due your smiling friend.

—D. J. Blalock.

GOVERNOR ANGUS W. McLEAN

Again death has invaded the ranks of North Carolina's finest leadership and claimed one, former Governor Angus W. McLean, who in every commission commited to his care proved worthy of the trust, therefore, was not only of inestimable value to his state but to the country at large.

While Governor of the great commonwealth, he loved with a passion, he served courageously and faithfully, despite the fact there were entangling embarrassments that had to be smoothed

out, and a stricter economy in finances put into practice, after a period of extravagrant spending. He quitely went to his task, managing the affairs of his administration in a sober and sane manner, setting a precedent of budgeting that has been approved.

He possessed the elements of true manhood, a kindly spirit, a splendid intellect, having as his ultimate goal an ambition to see North Carolina in the forefront in every phase of interest that would contribute to the progress and welfare of her people.

We recall with great pleasure that Governor McLean spent almost a whole day at the Jackson Training School, looking over the grounds, the buildings, mixing with the boys also inspected many departments of the institution, and during the time expressed an approval as to the manner of the state was trying to do something for the boy who never had a chance. This visit from the former Governor McLean is outstanding, because it is the first and only time the School has been honored by the chief executive while in office. This is another evidence that Governor McLean was not forgetful of little things,—the building of citizenship for the state. The man who takes time to look down into the mind and heart of the wayward boy is a man with a vision,—a big man, one who sees in the distant future.

* * * * * * *

THE LIONS CLUB—CONCORD

The Jackson Training School boys think the Lions Club is made up of the finest men in the country. We endorse the sentiment of the boys, because the objective of this crowd of men is to give the underprivileged child a chance. No one could have a more ennobling ambition than to render a service to the helpless child. The Lions Club in its wide scope of activities fell upon the happy idea of giving our boys an outing by taking them to a swimming pool. Thre is nothing that tickles a boy more than to visit a swimming hole on a hot day.

The boys are taken in units, about one hundred and fifty at the time. Transporation is provided, and the boys are guarded by good swimmers so as to eliminate all danger. The ride through

the country to Cress' Lake, the swim and then a lunch of hot-dogs and cool drinks make a picture in the mind of each boy that will never be erased. This event is a red-letter day for the Jackson Training School boys. Our boys look forward to the trip with greater anticipation than many who plan a cruise abroad. This is true, believe it or not.

Possibly this outing to Cress' Lake may awaken a fresh hope, renew faith in mankind and the dawn of a new and better life be the inspiration.. .However, this little attention registers with the boys. They at least feel that some one is thinking of them.

* * * * * * *

MRS. ROOSEVELT VISITS NORTH CAROLINA

The consensus of public opinion now is that the White House has the most remarkable "first lady" ever known in the history of the country. There is not a question that she has out stripped all others in her endurance test, besides has the combined characteristics of a briliant mind and the finest spirit of adaptability—fully able to cope with any and every situation.

Her visit to North Carolina was just what would be expected of Mrs. Anna Eleanor Roosevelt. She made the trip from Washington to Raleigh in automobile, after resting for an hour in Raleigh she continued her trip to Chapel Hill where she made a fine speech, also proving herself quite "folksy", shaking hands with people just as if she had been meeting many old friends. On the next day she caught an early morning, fast airplane for West Point to see her distinguished husband deliver diplomas to the graduates of the United States Military Academy.

Now, can you beat it? She moved fast. There is no danger of "grass growing under her feet. If Mrs. Roosevelt were a "beauty-parlor" devotee she could not find so much time for activities on the out side. Her beauty comes from within, the sympathetic spirit of helpfulness to the under man regardless of race or creed. She is an exemplar of the finest type of American womanhood.

The ovation given Mrs. Roosevelt at the Kenan stadium, Chapel Hill, reflected the state's appreciation of her presence, and of her magnetic personality.

INFANTILE PARALYSIS

There are some who think the reports as to the spreading of infantile paralysis are nothing more than hysteria. Let it be a hysteria or a real fact we commend the Cabarrus County Board of Health for calling a halt as to visits to open swimming pools, or any other places of public amusement that would bring children in close contact with other children.

This is as it should be, because an ounce of prevention is far better than a pound of cure. It is the custom of the people to get in a terrible strut to raise funds for such institutions as Warm Springs, Georgia, and other hospitals maintained by the Shriners, and at a time when there is a report of an epidemic of infantile paralysis, parents, unless checked, will take a chance rather than deny a child a little sport.

It is consequently a public duty for all citizens to do what they can to prevent the spread by listening to the public health officials so as to avoid the risk taken in every community. The state spends much money annually to provide for treatment and rehabilitation of those crippled by the disease, therefore, it behooves every citizen to be guided by the advice of the health officials of respective counties.

* * * * * * *

THE CALL OF THE WILD

The life of the masses is not enriched by the movies, the golf courses or the dance hall, but out where can be heard a symphony of nature such as the quiet rustle of leaves, the chorus of song birds, the ripple of the mountain stream and the drone and chirp of other creatures that inhabit the forest.

The urge of humanity is not toward more civilization, but away from it and to nature. The "call of the wild" is more than a mere phrase or the title of a once popular book. It is an instinct that seems to be planted deep in the human breast. Trackless forests, tall mountains, water courses, wild life and scenic grandeur possess an almost irresistible appeal for the normal person. And most especially is there an inner urge to go to the fields, the forest or sea

coast during the heat of the summer months, so as to avoid what is accepted as modern civilization, but in reality nothing short of a mad rush with nothing to do.

* * * * * * *

THE HAPPIEST PEOPLE ON EARTH

Who are the happiest people on earth? This question was asked by an English newspaper, and prizes were offered for the best answers. There were four prize winning answers:

"A craftsman or artist whistling over a job well done."

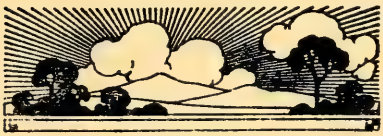
"A little child building air castles."

"A mother after a busy day, bathing her baby."

"A doctor who has finished a difficult and dangerous operation, and saved a human life."

There are neither kings, emperors, riches nor rank mentioned in the list of answers. The things that make happiness are honest toil, and the consciousness of making a success of any and every job undertaken. It would be a sad day on earth if only the great could be happy.

Happiness is for everybody who seeks it, and not for a few. We realize exactly the things we reach out for despite the disappointments that cast deep shadows over life.



RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

BREAK

"Break no heart with pain,
Wound no soul with gain;
Kiss with love the sorrow,
Heal with joy the pain."

—o—

It will not dazzle your eyes to look on the bright side of life.

—o—

A great many people will take a chance, but never put it back where it belongs.

—o—

Some people are never contented until they have more than they can possibly use.

—o—

New highways are concrete evidences that the country is improving and mending its ways.

—o—

In times back yonder in the remote past Cupid used a bow and arrow in his conquests. Today he uses powder and lip sticks.

—o—

No one need be afraid of a shortage of pork in this country. The road hog is just as many as ever—if not on the increase.

—o—

When a woman gets interested in bridge, housework is speedily reduced to a science that will make her head swim as to how quickly she can do things.

—o—

The reason so many people in this world do not get what they want, is because they do not know what they want, and there are others when their wants are supplied they want to know what to do with it.

—o—

Many a wife listens for a long time to her husband expatiate on the modes of banking and banking economics. Then she wonders how it is that he knows so much about money and not have any of it.

—o—

Debts make taxes—taxes makes debts. They constitute a vicious circle, that threatens the very existence of our social and corporate structure. A tax-infested nation, like a rat-infested ship, is doomed unless fumigating measures are adopted.

—o—

The more I observe the things that the people of this country fall for, the more I have ceased to wonder why swindlers are so plentiful. It seems that a great many people just love to be fooled. But there is one thing as sure as fate—you cannot fool all the people all the time.

—o—

Here's my hand, Finland—shake! You are a peach. This thrifty little dominion was the only foreign nation to pay its war debts instalment due the United States June 15. The amount unpaid by foreign nations reaches a total of $812, 000,000. For France it was the sixth consecutive default. Bah, France!

—o—

Chain letter—the send-a-dime fad which swept the nation recently—

provided a $500,000 increase in postal revenue, it is estimated. It seems that Uncle Sam got the best of the scheme, although the Postoffice Department branded it a fraud. The backbone of the scheme is broken, and it appears to be virtually ended, although a few of the letters straggle in occasionally.

—o—

I have about come to the conclusion that I cannot agree wholly with the leading economists that the people of this country need to have more faith. They have the faith; but it is misdirected by many. There are those who will believe anything a poltical spellbinder promulgates, or a faker fabricates, and almost swear by it, and many won't believe in and trust those by whom they are surrounded.

—o—

A meat expert has figured out that Americans consume 419,000,000 pounds of wieners each year. While the length and thickness vary, set a length of five inches a sausage, and with 12 "five-inchers" to the pound, this country's yearly "hot dog" consumption amounts to 400,000 miles of wieners. If you are interested in further comparison, 400,000 miles is is equivalent to 16 times around the earth.

—o—

Every year in this country alone, some 35,000 people die—victims to improperly-driven motor vehicles. Among them are the famous and the obscure, the brilliant and the mediocre. Each life lost means that the nation's resources have been sapped —each death means misery and unhappiness to others. Reckless driving is an unbeatable game, at which the player always loses—and likewise penalizes and robs the innocent.

—o—

In all but a handful of cases, America's first-quarter export business was well ahead of a year ago, has held up since. Canada bought 13 per cent more, Italy 15 per cent more, Cuba 58 per cent more, Australia 53 per cent more, Mexico 25 per cent more. England and Japan barely got into the gain column with respective rises of 1 and 5 per cent. Principal drop came in Germany, which bought 62 per cent less from us. Oceania offers the best new export business prospects.

—o—

The lobbyists who "hung around" the General Assembly in 1935 were paid $6 442 more than the legislators received per diem. It is estimated that more than $50,000 were paid lobbyists in this State alone. It seems lobbying pays. This lobbying was to keep taxes off, or down, on the affairs of the big fellows, while the poor man and weak industries, have to bear the burden of a three-cent tax —on everything he buys, and even the food he eats. Think I'll go into the lobbying business for a change. It is more remunerating than being elected to the legislature.

—o—

Those who vote dry and drink wet are unstable in their prohibition proclivities. Analogous cases are those who vote wet and remain, personally, dry. But they are not so severe in the denunciation of human beings as those of the former class. If the practically drys will use the same en-

ergy, and enthusiasm in working to make prohibition prohibit, as they do to carry an election dry, we would, beyond a doubt, have prohibtion enforcement in North Carolina, in fact and reality, and would not have our State sailing under the name of Dry, when, contrabandly, it is as wet as the wettest of the other wet States. To me the present condition savors of hypocrisy. Control the liquor traffic, and not let the bootlegging traffic control us, as it is doing, clandestinely. If this be treason, make the most of it!

The starting of each day is always the hardest task to perform, yet, if someone with a pleasant smile, says, "Good-Morning," then our day becomes a pleasant success from the start.—Selected.

SEA SHELLS

By William Elliot

On the sea shores, after every storm, are found thousands of skeletons. These formerly housed living creatures, now dead, and were washed ashore by the action of the waves. The mollusks that inhabited the shells are very interesting creatures that cannot live long out of water.

One family of mollusks, with a shell shaped like a cone, has beautifully decorated shells with various colors and markings. There is a slit extending nearly the whole length of the shell. This mollusk conceals itself in holes in rocks, or among branches of coral. The animal bores into shells of other mollusks, extracting the juices from their bodies. It has been known to bite people when picked up. It has a poison gland in its teeth, but it is not dangerous.

Another family of mollusks is called neritas or bleeding tooth from the fact that, at the opening of the shell, it appears to have a tooth missing from a row of several and at that particular spot there is a blood-like color. The bleeding tooth mollusks live on rocks nearl low water mark and are nocturnal, spending the night feeding on sea weed.

The natica is a blood-thirsty mollusk. The animal is quick in movement as it plows its way through the sand in search of bivalves. When one of its prey is found, the radula, similar to a tongue with rows of sharp saw-like teeth, is set in motion and in a short time a hole is bored through the clam and the natica enjoys a hearty meal. It sucks the juice through the hole.

JEB STUART'S BOXWOOD TREES STILL GROW

By Blanche M. Dickey

Visitors to the Stuart homeplace in Patrick County, Va., where once lived the widowed mother of the gallant General "Jeb," always carry away with them a strong realization of earnest living, true worth and greatness.

To reach this old homesite we drive seven miles northeast of Mount Airy, N. C., a thriving town grown up in a community the original Siamese Twins found so delectable they made it their settling place after half a life time of travel in many lands.

Leaving the paved highway at the State line, we follow, for a short distance, a sand-clay road, cross Ararat River and drive to the farm by way of a narrow lane lying between washed out, honeysuckle covered clay banks. The place is none too easy of access. Some might call it isolated, and this seems as it should be, for it gives the impression of having been purposely closed in with its memories—memories of an older order where bravery and hardship, softened by dignity and gentleness must have reigned.

The first mark that attracts us—one before which we stand thoughtfully and reverently, is a grave, its rock wall and its flat grey stone still being in an excellent state of preservation. This lone grave lies on what was once the yard or garden of the estate, and the table monument bears the following perfectly legible inscription:

in Memory of
William Letcher
Who was assasinated in his own home in the bosom of his family by a Tory of the Revolution on the second day of August, 1780.
aged about 30 years.
May the tear of sympathy fall upon the grave of the brave.

This man was the grandfather of Mrs. Stuart and the manner of his untimely passing, together with the thought of sorrow brought to the young wife standing by in the shadow of their new log home, brings an ache to our hearts.

Tory on Ridge Took True Aim

For the story goes that on the evening of the day mentioned above, he walked to the doorway with his baby in his arms. As he stood there, looking, no doubt with pride, over newly cleared land which would be a means of livelihood for future generations, maybe dreaming, too, of peaceful days to come, a Tory, from the ridge opposite the house, took true aim with his musket and a useful life was snuffed out.

It was through this ancestor that Mrs. Stuart, who bore the beautiful name of Bethenia, inherited this large estate in Patrick County, and here, February 6, 1833, James Ewell Brown (J. E. B.) Stuart was born and spent the first 14 years of his life.

During this period of childhood he was given the careful training of a

wise mother, which fitted him so well for the life spent in the service of his country. For, it was said of Stuart that he kept his heart pure and his hands clean all through his army life.

In an intimate sketch of him we are told he loved flowers, even as a child, and passed many happy hours in his mother's garden. Today, one of the most beautiful reminders of his life are the boxwoods he set out at the age of 14, his last year at home before being sent away to school. The present owners were once offered a substantial sum for their "box" but through sentiment they were left to stand, like sentinels, for being allowed to go untrimmed, they have reach the proportion of small trees and seem to guard the walk along which that gentle mother and her gay, high spirited son once passed.

"Stuart Well" Called Best in Country

On our way to other points of interest about the place we come to the old apple orchard. Many of the trees have been uprooted by time and storm, a few are still standing, their rough, twisted bodies now rotting at the core. "What a pity," someone says, "for our newer, more carefully cultivated apples will never have the flavor of these." That is true, and we also think of the trouble some one must have gone to in the day when nurseries were almost unknown, to put in this orchard of Limber Twigs, Russets, Red Junes, and others.

When we come to the overseer's house I give myself up to reflecting on the years it has seen come and go. I look for a long time at the rock chimney, the crude door facing the daubed and chinked logs, and I can see the overseer going down in the early morning before the fog from the Ararat has lifted, to take orders from the mistress of the "Big" house. Hers would be a quiet household. No idleness, no blatant noise, no mad rush. I see smoke rising from cabins, happy, carefree negroes going to work in field and woodland. These imaginings come easily enough for the place has always been farmed by simple methods, with horses and mules and hoe hands following the plow. No modern machinery as yet has cut its way through those river bottoms where Indians once roamed. The finding of numerous arrow heads tells us this was their hunting ground.

Next we come to the well, always spoken of in the community as "the Stuart well, and the best in the country." A bucket tied to a rope is let down and drawn up in the old fashioned way by windlass. There is a gourd here to drink from, if you choose, and water is drawn for you by a midget sized colored woman, Mary Ann, descendant from the last of the Guinea negroes sold in the South. And strange to say, in this age of commercialism, of antique shops and tourist homes, neither the old well nor the gourd, nor Mary Ann have been placed there for effect. The owners since the days of the Stuarts have clung to the old order of things and the result of their simple mode of living on such an historical spot, is all that could be asked for.

Except for a frame house on the site of the original home, things are but little changed. The place is

unique in the fact that it is strange ly natural, very dear and intimate. Still standing is the old smokehouse, put together with wooden pegs, and the original log barn. Both of the buildings are in use.

In recent months, children at play about the grounds, have found some large copper cents. One bearing the date 1807.

Life Was Short, but His Service Great

The Stuart family burying ground, where the father of General Stuart was laid to rest, is on a hill near the homesite. Today they are building a driveway leading from the J. E. B. Stuart highway directly to these graves.

It was from this quiet homeplace under the shadow the Blue Ridge Mountains that young Stuart went out to meet the forces which called for the utmost courage and clear thinking.

After his preparatory school days he went to United States Military Academy, where he came under the influence of Robert E. Lee. Later he served with Lee in some of his most important campaigns. On May 12, 1864 he was wounded at Yellow Tavern, eight miles from the City of Richmond, and died the following day.

Although his span of life was short, his service to his country was great and his influence on those about him still greater. But most of all we like to think of him as a little boy playing under the honey locust trees in his mother's garden. And in the evening the fragrance of the boxwood he planted, together with the whip-poor-will call from the ridge, turns back the years for us and in our dreams we play guest to a gracious, hospitable hostess, the mother of our own General "Jeb."

THE WORLD ADVANCES

New times demand new measures and new men;
The world advances, and in time outgrows
The laws that in our fathers' day were best;
And, doubtless, after us some purer scheme
Will be shaped out by wiser men than we—
Made wiser by the steady growth of truth.
The time is ripe, and rotten-ripe, for change:
Then let it come; I have no dread of what
Is called for the instinct of mankind,
Nor think I that God's world would fall apart
Because we tear a parchment more or less.
Truth is eternal, but her effluence,
With endless change, is fitted to the hour;
Her mirror is turned forward, to reflect
The promise of the future, not the past.

—James Russell Lowell.

AMERICA WITHOUT LIKENESS OF BETSY ROSS

By Jack Burgess

What did Betsy Ross, whose nimble needle fashioned our nation's first official flag, really look like?

It is an arresting thought that this familiar name and beloved Quaker lady is unknown as to appearance except by "memory studies" handed down through her descendants, but such is the declaration a Richmond woman, a great-granddaughter of Elizabeth Griscom Ross Ashburn Claypoole, to give Betsy her full name.

"That well-known print of Betsy Ross, sewing on the flag, with the light from the little French window streaming onto her kerchief, is wholly imaginary—pure fiction. Betsy Ross never had time to sit for her portrait, and photography was not the developed art it is today," avows Mrs. Susan M. Collins, and Mrs. Collins is speaking of her own great-grandmother. She continues:

"Betsy Ross, as she is best known, was carved in soap for the World's Fair of 1893, the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, but that likeness, while it was said to have been taken from an old daguerrotype furnished by a Mr. Crosby of Philadelphia, was never authenticated, and the descendants have no knowledge of their famous ancestress ever possessing any picture of herself."

Soap Statue Wins Public Approval

Charles Weissgerber was selected as the artist, and used a saponified material manufactured by the sponsor, William Dreydoppe as his material. He spent six months' time on the work, and when completed it represented Betsy Ross seated in an old-fashioned army chair sewing. From her right side hung the scissors, while the folds of the flag fell softly from her hands over the pedestal. The expression of the face was serious yet kind and lovable. The wavy hair was parted and combed to either side of the forehead and fastened with a knot at the back. A lace cap rested upon her head. The dress was Colonial in style, the sleeves falling just below the elbow.

The pedestal upon which the statue rested was in the form of a five-pointed star, graduated at the top, the five points represented the star of the American flag. The circular plinth surmounting the pedestal contained the words, "The Birth of Our Nation's Flag." Between the points in the recesses of the pedestal were five wreaths, four of them contained the dates of this country's principal wars, 1775, 1812, 1846 and 1861. The fifth contained a facsimile of the Liberty Bell.

The complete height of the statue including the pedestal was 16 feet and it weighed five tons. The cost of construction was estimated at more than $5,000.

Family Records Support Story of Flag's Birth

The genealogy of the Claypoole family of Philadelphia, compiled by

Rebecca Irwin Graff in 1893 and considered, the most authentic volume on the famous family into which Betsy Ross married, has the following to say in regard to the events that made her name famous:

"Shortly after John Claypoole's commitment to Mill Prison (England), his friend, Captain Joseph Asburn, who had left his young wife in Philadelphia, was also brought there a prisoner. Captain's Asburn's wife was Elizabeth, the seventh daughter of Samuel Griscom and Rebecca (James), and was born on January 1, 1752. She had previously married John Ross, a son of the Rev. Aeneas Ross of New Castle, Del., who died within two years of his marriage from the effects of an injury received while guarding powder on a wharf, was buried in Christ Church burying ground at Fifth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, January 20, 1776, leaving her quite a young widow, without children.

"She was familiarly known as 'Betsy Ross' and lived in a small two-and-a-half-story brick house, still standing, on the north side of Arch Street, below Third Street. Here she heroically perisisted in continuing the business of upholstering with which, with her late husband, she had become familiar, and it was here that she was called upon by a committee of the Continental Congress, accompanied by General Washington, about the first of June, 1776, to make the first flag of the United States.

Snips Out Five-Pointed Star

"It happened that her late husband's uncle, Colonel George Ross, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and a member of the Continental Congress, was apponited one of the above-mentioned committee. . . . Betsy was a great favorite with her uncle, and he, well acquainted with her ability in such handiwork as would be required, escorted General Washington and the committee to her home. A drawing made by General Washington, supposed to have been his own conception of a design, with 13 stars and 13 stripes, representing the original 13 colonies, was shown the bright little woman with the inquiry as to whether she thought she could, through her peculiar skill in needlework, reproduce the same in bunting and secure an effective arrangement of the red, white and blue. She replied with becoming modesty that she 'did not know, but would try.' Then with quick appreciation, noticing that the stars as drawn, showed six points, she told General Washingtond and the other gentlemen present that the correct star should have five points. To the answer given her, that they understood that, but that the more regular form with six points could be more easily made, she promptly responded in a most practical way, by deftly folding a scrap of paper in a way readily remembered as one of the little arts of her trade, and then with a single clip of her scissors she displayed to the astonished eyes of the august committee a true symmetrical five-pointed star.

"This at once, for the time, decided not only that point in her favor, but other suggestions of hers were agreed to, and after the design was

partially redrawn on the table in her little back parlor, she was left to make her sample flag according to her own idea of the arrangement of the stars, the proportion of the stripes and the general form of the whole.

"Upon its completion it was presented to Congress and the committee very soon thereafter reported to Betsy Ross that her flag was accepted, and she was authorized to proceed with the manufacture of quite a large number for disposal by Congress.

"After the committee had left her such a sudden and unexpected good fortune in her modest business seemed for the moment too much for the brave little woman's courage. As she was thoughtfully considering her ability to meet this seemingly too great a reponsibility, her uncle returned alone, and laying a note of large denomination on her table advised her to purchase all the bunting she could get in the city of Philadelphia. The reception of the money and her uncle's word of encouragement dispelled her monetary trepidation and from that time on, her busy hands and those of her assistants found no idle moments.

"It will thus been see that 'Betsy', during the time she was the widow of John Ross, made the first United States flag, probably in June 1776, but the flag, however, was not publicly adopted by resolution of Congress until June 14, 1777."

JUST A DOG

Just a dog—just a mutt—
Yes, you're right, sir,
A dog don't amount to a lot.
With this five-dollar bill you gave me
I could buy three or four, like as not.

Yes, dogs are just dogs
Like friends are just friends,
But I've found a difference
Twixt a friend, and a friend now and then.
Some like you for your money,
But ol' Shep, here, so twisted and still
Was the same if you hadn't a nickel—
Or was packin' a ten-dollar bill.

I can't take your cash, it won't ease the pain—
But if you'll drive slow and quit actin' a hog,
I won't feel ol' Shep died in vain—
My friend—though he was just a dog.

—Dorothy Fisher.

DEAN INGE ON READING

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

Dean Inge, known as the gloomy dean of St. Paul's, London, has for a generation been one of the leading thinkers of England. This man of letters, as well as a leading churchman, tells us what and how to read. Listen to the former dean of St. Paul's, London:

"In literature, the dead lion is better than the live dog. Old books require more education than new ones, but they do us more good. 'Old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old books to read.'

"Read what you enjoy. Reading against the grain is not only a weariness of the flesh; it does not stick. And link up your reading with your other interests. It is impossible to remember what is entirel alien to our thoughts and pursuits.

"The most valuable part of reading is when we put the book down and think over it.

"The mind in reading ought never to be quite passive. We have to take our part in the debate; we are putting our wits against a wiser man than ourselves, but we are not to swallow whole what needs careful mastication.

"History is immensely interesting, but it is often little better than *une fable convenue.* 'The Deity," said Samuel Butler, 'cannot alter the past, but historians can and do. Perhaps that is why he allows them to exist.' Similarly with biography.

"The widow or disciple dresses the deceased in canonicals; the new biographer of the Lyton Strachey school gives a slap-dash impressionist portrait, or guys his man as an 'eminent Victorian,' and therefore absurd. But such books are very enjoyable, and we can believe as much of them as we like.

"Popular science ought not to be neglected, for this is the chief avenue of revelation—I do not think that is putting it too high—to our generation. It is fortunate that some of our leading scientists are admirable writers.

"Well, we may all choose our own favorites. But let them be men who viewed life nobly."

A hundred-point man is one who is true to every trust; who keeps his word; who is loyal to the firm that employs him; who does not listen for insults nor look for slights; who carries a civil tongue in his head; who is polite to strangers without being "fresh"; who is considerate toward servants; who is moderate in his eating and drinking; who is willing to learn; who is cautious and yet courageous.—Selected.

HOW POTTERY AIDS THE HISTORIAN

By Harold Emery

Among the things upon which the historian depends in his study of early man, and especially those who had no written language, is the pottery they used. In fact, so important in this pottery than we can almost literally say that the student of archeology "reads history in pottery."

In the first place, the perfection and finish of the pottery itself shows how high the people had climbed on the road to civilization. Among the most primitive races the pottery was very crude, as were their tools and weapons. As they learned more through experience or through contact with more highly civilized groups, their tools and utensils became better and more artistically made. Thus the historian can read the record of their advance in their remains.

Moreover, the pottery was often decorated with designs which pictured the people at their daily activities, or with pictures showing something of their religious beliefs, so that we have an actual picture record of their social and religious development.

Very often a little study of the types of pottery in some newly discovered ruins will help to "date" those remains. For example, varnished or lustrous pottery was manufacture in Greece from about 600 to 200 B. C. This pottery was not glazed, but it had a lustrous surface of which we do not know the exact nature. Probably some kind of varnish was used in producing it, however.

Glazed pottery was produced in Egypt, Babylonia, Persia, and some other Mediterranean countries. The comparatively small amounts found in Greece and the Ægean islands show the extent of their commerce. The designs of the glazed pottery show the country from which it came. Likewise the method of producing the glaze varied somewhat from one country to another. In Spain, for instance, in the fifteenth century, pottery was glazed with glass. This method they probably learned from Persia. Some others used a method of lead glazing, which has likewise been used in the Orient and some other regions. The earliest lead glazed pottery we know about was that of the Han dynasty in China, a green pottery made between 200 B. C. and 200 A. D. Early peoples, fo course, used unglazed pottery.

To early man, pottery was very important, for it often served the purposes of cooking utensils, baskets for carrying liquids and solids, and storage bins. Likewise some of it, notably that of Greece,, was very beautiful. At any rate, historians have found it very useful in their studies of ancient nations, their "reading history in ash heaps," as it were.

REFLECTIONS IN MY MIRROR

By Frank B. McAllister

One may assume that mirrors are of interest only to the feminine half of mankind. But it is a well-nigh universal longing—this desire to see ourselves "as others see us." Probably men have gazed into mirrors quite as much as have women. Recall the old Greek legend of Narcissus, the beautiful youth who fell in love with his own image as reflected in water. Unable to grasp this shadow, he pined away and was changed into the flower that bears his name. Pools and lakes were, of course, the only mirrors the earliest men had. When some remote ancestors of ours gazed down into a placid surface, perhaps he was pleased by what he saw; but perhaps he sighed—"My, but do I really look like that?"

Sister Gladys, who carries that cute, little, polished bit of metal in her compact, may imagine she has a new invention. But mirrors very similar were known and used in the time of the Egyptian Cheops who lived 2800 B. C., and built the great pyramid at Gizeh. Usually the ancient mirror was a single disk of highly polished bronze slightly convex on the polished side. Specimens of this sort are found today in our museums and often reveal more care in their fashioning than is found in modern hand mirrors. Of course, in such antique pieces the polished surface and color have long since vanished leaving only a soft, many-tinted green film that results from the oxidation of age.

Small metallic mirrors were common in the Middle Ages, being found not only in milady's chamber, but hanging from the belts of men at arms. Cases of ivory often carved with scenes of love, hunting, games, domestic scenes etc., protected the polished surface and helped make the mirror a favorite gift, both in royal circles and among commoners.

Glass mirrors have been used for only about two centuries. The luxury-loving Venetians first brought them to perfection. For more than a hundred years the queen city of the Adriatic had a practical monopoly of mirror making, to its great pride and profit. The French had long admired these objects of art, but lacked knowledge of how to produce them. At last, the energetic Colbert, finance minister under Louis XIV, lured a few Venetian artisans to Paris, workers who brought the secret with them. It was not till 1855 that the modern process of backing mirrors with nitrate of silver was introduced. This was a great advance on the former method of mixing mercury with tin, a practice harmful to the workers.

Legends too numerous to mention, and out of many ages surround the mirror. Perhaps it will be enough to realize that the useful little article in sister's vanity case had a very long and proud lineage.

ADVENTURE FOR ANNABEL

By Miriam E. Mason

Annabel was washing the breakfast dishes; her hands busy with the plates and cups while her eyes gazed out the open window past the garden and orchard to the blue sky beyond them. An airplane had soared out that way a few minutes ago; she could still hear the dull hum of its motor. And it reminded Annabel anew of how dull and unexcited her life was.

"Oh, if something would only happen," thought Annabel. "Something thrilling. Something interesting. Even something rather awful like a fire you could put out, or a wreck that you could prevent—anything but the same old dishes to wash and the same old sweeping day after day!"

The aeroplane zoomed back into sight again, and Annabel was gazing at it in fascination when her father came into the kitchen, carrying ing a bright blue piece of paper. It was the announcement of the Air Carnival which would be held at Sherman Field, fifty miles or so away.

"That must be where all those planes are heading," Mr. Willet said. He read some of the items aloud. There would be all sorts of exhibition flights, stunts, and there would be passenger planes on which one could take brief rides.

"Present in person will be the famous Johnny Bird, who will talk on his experiences in crossing the Himalaya Mountains," read Mr. Willet. He smiled teasingly at Annabel. "I suppose some day we'll be reading announcements like that about you; 'The famous Miss Annabel Willet, transcontinental flyer, will tell about her adventures in Africa'," he pretended to read from the sales bill.

For it was Annabel's ambition to be an aeroplane pilot when she grew up. People usually smiled when she told them her ambition, for Annabel did not look like the sort of person who craved danger and hardship. She was little and slim, with flyaway curls and big blue eyes, and, as a matter of fact, she looked more like a Christmas doll than a possible aeroplane pilot.

"You'll see," said Annabel, beginning on the pans which she hated. "You'll see that some day I really do become a famous flyer. And when I do I never mean to wash another dish or pan, or look at a broom, or think of a baby chick!"

Her blue eyes looked scornfully out at the long row of brooder houses which stretched along the hillside. Annabel's father had a poultry farm, and there were times when Annabel felt that she never wished to see another chicken. Chickens weren't any more exciting than dishes, but they were so demanding. You always had to be around to look after them, and it cost a lot to raise them, too.

"Chickens are so dumb," finished Annabel, polishing the bacon skillet before she hung it up. She added coaxingly, "Daddy, don't you suppose we could drive over to Fairways just long enough to see the flights? You and mother and I. We could go for

the afternoon, and we could get John Ferguson to come and watch the incubators. Or grandfather could watch the incubators. He's old and he isn't interested in airships. But if I could just go to one big thing like this, I wouldn't so much mind washing dishes and sweeping the floors."

Her father shook his head. "I'm sorry, honey," he said gently. "Even if I could spare the money, I couldn't spare the time. There's a sale over at Bedford. I've got to go and see if I can get some used colony houses. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a dollar, that pays for an admission to the field, and if the Boyers are going, I'll ask them to stop and take you along. He thought he might—"

"Oh, Daddy, goody, goody!" Annabel interrupted excitedly. She seized the broom and began to work fast. Dust rushed from her swooping broom. Grandfather, who was out in the back yard "fiddling" around the gooseberry bushes, looked up and smiled. "My, ain't you energetic this morning?" he approved.

Annabel sang as she worked. She saw Adventure lurking around the corner. Oh, if the Boyers would go to the Carnival! At noon she called up Mrs. Boyer, and the neighbor's response set her heart to dancing. "We are almost sure of going, early tomorrow afternoon, and we'll be glad to take you along. . . . . And listen, Annabel, you might even be lucky enough to get a ride. They've scattered several free tickets between here and Sherman Field, and if you find one, you get a five-dollar flight!"

"Wouldn't it be just wonderful if I'd find one and get to take a ride?" said Annabel to her mother in a breathless voice. "I wouldn't get scared and cry like Betty Hughes did. Don't you suppose, Mother, that it's quite likely that if I did find a ticket and did take the free ride that the pilot might notice that I had a talent for airplanes and say something about it, maybe even recommend me for bravery, or something? Things like that often happen."

"I wouldn't expect a thing like that too much," said Mrs. Willet sensibly, "but you can enjoy the exhibition just the same."

"Yes, you can enjoy the exhibition," echoed grandfather. Annabel looked at him in surprise. His old eyes and his gentle voice were strangely eager. If a person didn't know better, they might almost think that grandfather wanted to be an airplane pilot, too!

"I can hardly wait till tomorrow afternoon," sighed Annabel.

It is certainly surprising how many things can happen to change one's well laid plans.

Really, about the only thing that turned out according to plan that day was that Annabel's father got started off to Bedford immediately after breakfast.

He had hardly been gone more than half an hour before a neighbor came by begging Mrs. Willet to go with her to visit a woman of their church who was very sick.

"Of course, I'll go," said Mrs. Willet who could never refuse such requests. "But that won't keep you from your trip, Annabel. While I get dressed, you call John Ferguson

and ask him to come over and help take off the baby chicks."

This was hatching day in the incubators. Three thousand fluffy baby chicks were due to break the shells during the day.

John Ferguson agreed to come, and Annabel said goodby to her mother with a cheerful heart. It was nine o'clock now; only four hours until she would be starting off with the Boyers. She could hardly wait.

Granfather was excited, too. It was funny how eager he was; like a boy. "I want you to watch everything." he said. "I want you to see how they do that there tail spin and how they take off, and where they get in and how the steering gear works."

And Annabel laughed; "Why, grandfather, I believe you're almost as much of an airship fan as I am."

Grandfather's blue eyes became strangely wistful. "I mind the first automobile ride I ever took," he said. "It was a big occasion. I always did have a hankering for things that you can drive like that. If I could have my ruthers, I'd ruther ride in one of them airships than anything I can think of. Though I reckon I'll never see that occasion, old as I am and all!"

"You'll be the first passenger I take up when I become a licensed pilot!" promised Annabel.

"Well, I'll be with you in spirit, anyhow, as they say on the Christmas cards," twinkled grandfather. Annabel looked thoughtful. Grandfather was seventy-five. When a person gets that old, they can't look too far into the fture.

'Would you like to go to the Carnival?" she asked suddenly. "The Boyers would take us both, and John Ferguson will be here to look after the chickens. You've got a dollar haven't you, grandfather?"

"I've got two dollars and a half, right here in my pocketbook," said grandfather proudly. "My, my, Annabel. I hadn't thought of it before, but it would be an experience—"

Just then the telephone interrupted. It was John Ferguson's wife calling to say that John Ferguson had hurt his arm so badly in cranking his car that he would not be able to come over.

Annabel turned around with this news and she saw a look of sharp and instant disappointment come over grandfather's face. It came and passed like a shadow, and immediately grandfather was cheerful again.

"That's all right," he said heartily. "You go right on, Annie. I can look after the chickens. It's better for me not to go anyhow. I'd be so discontented wishing I could take a ride that I probably wouldn't be able to enjoy anything anyhow. Now, if you was to find one of them free tickets, I'd find it hard to give up, but being as you haven't, I'd be better off at home."

Annabel said, "I'll run down now and release the first hatch. And on the way back, grandpa, I'll see if I can find enough strawberries to make us a nice dish for lunch."

She thought, excusing herself; "Of course, if he could go up, I'd insist that he go. But since he can't take a ride—if there aren't enough straw-

berries, he can have them all."

She had turned the lever in the big incubator, watching yellow chicks rain down like big yellow snowflakes, and she was out in the strawberry patch, bending over the green vines and searching with great care for the nicest berries when the most incredible thing happened.

At first she thought she was dreaming. This was just the way a thing would happen in a dream. She was stooping over, pushing the vines apart with her hands, and there was the ticket. It was bright red in color, and attached to it was a small lead weight. It was standing on end between the strawberry leaves.

"This ticket entitles bearer to one free ten mile ride on excursion plane," the big black letters read.

Annabel read it over and over. She turned it this way and that in her hands. She said to herself; "Of course, this is only a dream."

But it was'nt a dream. The feel of the cool lead slug in her hands, the rough corner of the ticket, the smell of black printer's ink, were all too real to be dreams.

She stood up, letting the strawberries fall to the ground. A little voice whispered; "But of course, he won't need to know that your really found a ticket. . . .Nobody ever really thought that you'd find one of the free tickets!"

Up above her the sky was very blue, and Annabel felt an eager longing that was like pain. She looked at the bit of cardboard in her hands and felt that it was strangely magic. It was not just a piece of red cardboard; it was wings. The wings for which she had yearned!

The little voice whipered again; "It isn't as if he knew anything about the ticket. . . .and you never will have such a chance as this again."

Suddenly Annabel spoke aloud; spoke in a stern voice as if she were speaking to Sambo when he got too rough with his paws; "No. No. There'll be other chances for me before I'm sevent-five. . . . . And besides, an airplane person has got to be brave. They can't be mean and cheaty!"

It took a lot of persuasion to make grandfather go. Annabel had to pretend that she was very angry and was going to cry and have a temper spell and throw the ticket away if he didn't take it. And after the Boyer's car had finally disappeared down the road, she did go into the house and have a good cry. It was not from temper, however. Part of it was disappointed longing; part of it was happiness because of the look on grandfather's old face when he had started off.

"This is the greatest occasion of my life," he had quavered. "I never thought I'd see the day when I'd actually get to go for a ride in one of them flying contraptions!"

Annabel, wiping away her rainbow tears, and starting out to look at the incubators again, thought to herself; "Now, I really know what I'm talking about when I say it's more blessed to give than to receive. . . I never really did relaize that before!"

She went out to the hatching shed and let down another golden snowstorm of baby chicks. It was only a quarter of one. What a long after-

noon this was going to be! It would be an hour and a half until she needed to look at the chickens again.

"I won't be an Indian giver, anyway," she thought, "wishing back what Igave away."

In the sky above her two airplanes zoomed over. "A person must have something to do," said Annabel. She took a basket and went back to the strawberry patch.

It was while she was out in the strawberry patch that she saw a plane descending slowly slowly, like a great bird, and come to a rather bumping stop away out in the middle of the chicken run.

Annabel thought, "Will wonders never cease?" And for the second time the ripe strawberries fell unheeded while Annabel sped like the wind to the chicken run. She came up to the plane. It was beautiful. She had never seen one at such close range, and the excitement of it took her breath.

Two young man were walking about the plane examining it, and they looked up in surprise at the flying figure who greeetd them.

"Oh, do you need anything?" gasped Annabel. "A telephone, I mean, or water, or a hammer? We've got nearly everything like that up at the house."

"Well, that's luck," said the taller of the young men. He smiled. "Do you have a comfortable bed where my partner can lie down for a while. You see, he's been ill. He really should have not come out yet."

Annabel explained eagerly that they had a very wonderful bed where the partner would be most welcome.

"I can guess where you're going," house. "I bet you're going over to she said, as they walked up to the the Air Carnival at Sherman Field."

"We're going farther than that," said the tall young man. "We're going up to Nome, Alaska, as soon as Kenn rests a while. Where is the Air Carnival?"

Annabel told about the carnival after they had reached the house. It was really quite a nice chatty party they had. While Kenn rested on the living room couch, Annabel made iced tea, and Mark Burton helped her. Mark Burton was easy to talk to. He seemed actually flattered that Annabel wished to be an airplane pilot, and he did not laugh at all. He listened with great attention while Annabel told all the surprising events of the day.

"But this is the most surprising and wonderful of all," thought Annabel. "I'll think about it and tell my grandchildren about it like grandmother used to about the time Lincoln visited at her house."

Mark Burton said, "Listen, Annabel, I've a wonderful idea. What about our hopping over to that Carnival, you and I, while Kenn rests here? We'd have plenty of time—wait now, don't say a word about the chickens. Kenn was brought up on a turkey farm in Texas and knows everything about incubators. It won't hurt him to look after the incubators."

And so, after all, the most exciting part of that exciting day came in just such a way as Annabel had often dreamed it. Except that the reality was even more wonderful than the

dream had been.

Many and many a day after that Annabel and grandfather exchanged stories about the two occasions. Both of them had been congratulated on their bravery.

"But there is one thing I never did understand," Annabel often said thoughtfully. "Of course, after the flight, Mark knew I was brave, for I sat up straight and I didn't look nor act the least bit scared. But even before we started, as we were walking back to the plane that day, he kept telling me what a brave girl he thought I was, I wonder how he knew I was brave!"

Granfather smiled, with a gentle look in his old eyes. He knew.

MY OBJECTIVE

To reap the crops from the field of knowledge, thresh them out, and hoard them in my storeroom;

To make myself ready, so that opportunity will not pass me by;

To stir my brains with effort;

To do the rational thing without being told;

To make every hour bring increased knowledge, by never letting time find me idle;

To study my profession with unremitting zeal;

To convert practice and experience into capital stock for future use;

To force my way through all difficulties with the most vigorous determination;

To be honest and generous;

To banish a morose for a bright and equable temper;

To attain an agreeable personality and esteem of my fellows;

To feel pleasure and pain, right and wrong;

To be gentle, not only to my superiors, but also to my inferiors;

In short, to make the most of myself with the hope of achieving the greatest of all rewards—SUCCESS.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our farm manager reports that the threshing of the oats crop has been completed and about 2,600 bushels stored in the granary. About one-third of the acreage of the oats was mowed and put in the barn for hay.

—o—

Horse-shoe pitching has become a popular pastime with many of our boys, and during the play time following the supper hour, one can see several games going on at the same time in front of the cottages. There has been some talk of selecting the best pitchers from each cottage and entering them in a tournament, with a prize going to the winners.

—o—

Julian Commander, one of our old boys, called on friends at the School last Wednesday. He was first admitted to the institution November 14, 1919 and was paroled February 15, 1924; he was re-admitted a few months later and was again paroled October 16, 1925.

Julian is now employed by a transfer company conveying automobiles from a Detroit factory. He happened to have a shipment for the Carolinas and since his destination was but a few miles from the School, he said he just thought he would look up some of his old friends here. Julian told us that he had been married about two and one-half years, and had had regular employment for quite some time.

—o—

The game between Mt. Pleasant and the Training School, played on the local diamond last Saturday afternoon, resulted in a 6 to 3 victory for the former. Herrin, visiting pitcher, held the School lads to nine scattered hits and fanned ten batters. Liske started on the mound for the local lads, but was relieved by Andrews in the eighth frame.

The visitors scored in the first inning when Bunn tripled and scored on an infield out.

In the second inning the School boys marked up their first counter when Smith singled and scored on a double by Ange.

The lads from Mt. Pleasant put two runs across in the fourth on singles by Miller and H. Allman and a triple by Dove, the latter being thrown out trying to stretch it to a home run.

In the fifth the vsiitors added two more. P. Smith, first man up, singled but was forced at second by D. Allman, the latter scoring ahead of Bunn, who pounded out a four-ply swat. They added another in the sixth on a single by H. Allman and a three-base wild throw by E. Smith, local first baseman.

In their half of the sixth the local lads scored a run on a single by H.

Lefler, an error and E. Smith's single.

The School boys marked up their tihrd and last score in the ninth on a triple by Poole and Andrew's single.

Bunn, with a home run, triple and single, led the Mt. Pleasant batters; Dove got a triple and single; H. Allman rapped out a pair of singles.

For the School boys, the leading hitters were: Ange with a double and single; Smith and H. Lefler with a brace of singles each. The score:

		R	H	E
Mt. Pleasant	1 0 0 2 2 1 0 0 0	6	10	2
J. T. S.	0 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 1	3	9	2

Two-base hit: Ange. Three-base hits: Bunn, Dove, Poole. Home run: Bunn. Stolen base: Worthington. Sacrifice hit: H. Allman. Struck out: By Liske 4; by Andrews 2; by Herrin 10. Base on balls: Off Herrin 1. Umpires—Lefler and Warlick.

—o—

Bonnie McRary, who left here in September 1924, dropped in, as he said, to see how things had changed at the School. Only eleven cottages were open when he left the institution. While here, Bonnie occupied No. 1 and 9, staying about twenty-one months.

After being paroled he worked for some time for the Carolina Stores, and later engaged in construction work, but is now a deputy sheriff and deputy game warden in Ashe County, and has held his present position for about two years. He is married and lives about eight miles from West Jefferson.

Bonnie has grown to be quite a husky young man, being over six feet tall, and weighs about 175 pounds. He looks like he might be able to handle the boys in his community who get mixed up with the law.

He was delighted to have the opportunity to visit the School and to meet many of his former friends among the members of the staff. These old boys, after having been away for several years, take great delight in going among the officers to test each one's ability to recognize them. Very few were able to recall McRary on account of his having grown so tall.

—o—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, boys' work secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., had charge of the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. He was accompanied by Messrs. Claude Moore, manager of Efird's Department Store; Eugene Davis and George Pickard, all of Charlotte.

Following the opening hymn and Scripture recitation, Mr. Sheldon presented Mr. Moore, who made a fine, inspirational talk to the boys on "Paying the Price." At the beginning of his talk the speaker told the story of Jacob in a most interesting manner.

In life, said Mr. Moore, we have to pay the price or we don't get very far. A man who thinks he can get rich, attain prominence, establish a

good reputation, without making a great effort in that direction himself, is all wrong.

He then pointed out that some men deny themselves of a good many so called pleasures of life, attending strictly to business at all times, and become successful men, while others neglect their opportunities and become failures. The thrifty man works hard and saves his money until he becomes financially independent, while the spendthrift, having no thought of the future, goes through life foolishly squandering all, until he finds himself in a state of dependence.

Mr. Moore then said that the boy who spends his spare time in study, graduates with honor; his record as a student is bound to be outstanding, while the lazy fellow or the lad who spends all his time playing, usually loses out.

So it is in life, continued the speaker; the man who does not allow himself to be turned aside by worldly pleasures, will likely succeed, while the one who fails to take the responsibilities of life seriously is bound to fail.

In conclusion Mr. Moore said that a fellow might have a pretty bad beginning, lots of obstacles to overcome, but by persistent effort he could make the grade and reach the goal of his life.

This splendid talk was very helpful and the boys thoroughly enjoyed it.

Another enjoyable feature of this service was the rendition of two vocal numbers by Mr. Davis, one of Charlotte's talented young singers. In addition to possessing a most pleasing voice, Mr. Davis has a splendid personality, as was proven by the way he led the boys in singing, and their enthusiastic response. The piano accompaniment for the entire service was rendered by Mr. Pickard.

I do not want
The bravery of those
Who, gun in hand,
Rush forth to slay their foes.
Not hatred, greed,
Or glory of conquest
Would I find rooted
In my human breast.
But this of God I ask:
"Please make me strong
To offer love to those
Who do me wrong."

—Rosa Z. Marinoni.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 23, 1935

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since the method was adopted March, 10, 1935.

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(6) Jesse Cleveland 6
(3) Erwin Martin 11
(12) William McCormick 13
(11) Earl Rogers 15
(12) Hassell Shropshire 12
(14) Richard Sullivan 15
(3) Louis Tarkington 11
(16) Ashley Thompson 16
(8) Jerome Warren 8
(11) Vermont Whitley 12

COTTAGE No. 1

(3) Robert Cashwell 7
(5) Herman Lamm 12
Claude McLaughlin 11
(3) Ivan Morrozoff 9
(14) Millard Owenby 15
(2) Eugene Whitt 10
(9) Wiley Willoughby 9
(3) John Wilson 3
Junius Yarborough 9

COTTAGE No. 2

William Downes
Thomas Goodman 5
Robert Harrison 5
Oscar Rowland
Fred Seibert 3
(7) Woodrow Spruill 11

COTTAGE No. 3

Marcellus Gurganus 4
Percy Gurganus 5
Eugene Tyndall 4
(8) John Walsh 12
Porter Willhite 5

COTTAGE No. 4

James Bartlett 9
Vernon Bass 9
Clarence Boren 7
(16) Fleming Collins 16
Roland Davis 5
Clyde Dixon 2
(3) Edwin Greer 3
William Hill 2
(6) Thomas Little 6
Irwin Luther 8
Joel Moore 5
Robert Orrell 8
Clyde Reece 9
(4) Wheeler Sturdivant 8
Melvin Walters 7
Hubert Williams 7
Gray Wright 9

COTTAGE No. 5

(2) Arthur Grier 2
William Hare 7
(10) Maynard Hicks 15
(3) Paul Johnson 5
George Kye 7
(6) Randolph Miller 10
James Yarborough

COTTAGE No. 6

(6) Thomas Doby 6
Columbus Hamilton 3
Thomas Hamilton 6
Robert Keith 2
Leonard Melton 6
William Young 3

COTTAGE No. 7

James Corn 3
Fred Dyson 3
John Elliott
Emerson Frazier 8
Charles Griffin 7
(7) Caleb Hill 11
Houston Howard 2
R. B. Norton 3
Theodore Nines 10
Lewis Parker 11
(3) Paul Saunders 6
Cling Shelton 6
(8) Floyd Watkins 13
(6) Douglas Wilkes 9

COTTAGE No. 8

(16) John Auton 16
(3) Sam Belk 12

Charles Banks 6
J. R. Davis 6
(8) Harry Flowe 14
Jesse Freeman 9
John Maxwell 2
Fred May
William McDade 3
(4) Ernest Owens 5
(3) John Penninger 6
Wallace Pendergraft 4
Charles Webb 2

COTTAGE No. 9

Joseph Brooks
Charles Crotts 5
(3) Randolph Davis 7
Chester Duncan 3
(9) Woodfin Fowler 11
Levi Merrit 4
(2) Thomas McCausley 6
Homer Smith 9
(12) Bryan Williams 15
(4) Ed Lee White 12

COTTAGE No. 10

Jack Carter 7
James Kellam 11
(2) Vernon Lamb 3
Walter Merritt 2
Hilton McMath 7
Winston Strickland 5
Fred Ward 12

COTTAGE No. 11

James Enloe 5
(5) Charles Hefner 8
William Kirk
James Montford 7
(8) Charles Smith 11
(2) Cecil Webb 11

COTTAGE No. 12

(7) Earl Atwood 15
(4) Walter Beaver 12
(6) Paul Eason 9
(3) Alfred Holloman 11
Edward Lockamy 8
(3) Eli Philemon 12
Arbie Phillips 3
(14) Homer Quick 15
William Stevens
(2) Olive Weaver 6

COTTAGE No. 13

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE No. 14

Bernice Baker 4
(2) Elzie Carpenter 7
(3) Jack Comer 13
(2) Brevard Hall 5
Hubert Hooks 2
Homer Jones 2
Hobart Johnson 7
(6) J. C. Mobley 6
Charles Wagoner

COTTAGE No. 15

(3) Robert Alexander 11
(4) Denver Beshears 10
(6) John Caddell 14
Floyd Causey 6
(4) Earl Hill 8
Wilson Medlin 8
Edward Martin 7
(5) George McManus 8
(3) Gilbert Murray 9
Sam Pegram 13
(4) Glenn Stewart 11

Who drains the cup of another's happiness shall find it bitter, but who drains the cup of another's bitterness shall find it sweet.—Irving Bachellor.

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CAROLINA ROO

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., JULY 6, 1935 No. 27

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

A PATRIOTIC WISH

I'd like to be the sort of man the flag could
boast about;
I'd like to be the sort of man it cannot live
without,
I'd like to be the type of man
That really is American:
The head-erect and shoulders-square,
Clean-minded fellow, just and fair,
That all men picture when they see
The glorious banner of the free.

—Selected.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

SPIRIT OF INDEPENDENCE DAY

Ghost of a long-dead, sturdy clan,
Green Mountain warrior and minute-man,
Treading their silent, unseen way
Out of a nation's past today.
Proud of the glorious fight they made,
Men of that dauntless first brigade.

Wraiths from the Concord Green are here,
Ghost of a galloping Paul Revere;
Mist-shrouded army of General George;
Blood in the snow at Valley Forge.
Indian, Hessian and Red-coat foe
Back from this tireless legion go.

Builders of empire, patriots all,
Hearing the voice of Columbia call,
Wrought from the forest and tyrant king
Freedom and Glory! Of thee I sing!
Giving their all in a nameless trust,
Knowing their cause was true and just.

Sturdy and strong in a vast parade
Treading the pathway their prowess laid,
On they are marching for you and I
Just as they marched in the years gone by.
Aye! We salute you, spectre in gray!
Spirit of Independence Day!

—Selected.

The following message from our constant and true friend means that "Old Hurrygraph" will not be heard from for two months. We will miss him, but wish him well:

"I hear the mountains calling me in cool breezes' radio. Off to answer the call through July and August.

Old Hurrygraph."

LIBERTY BELL

"All American boys and girls have heard the story of Liberty Bell whose ringing first announced to the waiting people the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776. Liberty Bell is now 183 years old, and, though cracked and voiceless still hangs in Independence Hall in Philadelphia.

"Liberty Bell is so dear to the American people that every boy and girl in all the land should know its history. It was brought from England in 1752, and hung in the old State House in Philadelphia. Among its uses it was to serve as a fire bell for the city. It soon cracked, however, and in April, 1753, was melted down and recast by American workmen. But the new bell did not sound right, and in June of the same year it was again recast. This time the words, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof" were inscribed upon its crown. From that time the bell was used by the city until July 8, 1835, when it again cracked while being tolled at the funeral of Chief Justice John Marshall.

"The inscription upon the bell is from the Bible—Leviticus 25: 10. Suppose you find and read it there."

* * * * * * *

LINCOLNTON CELEBRATES

A people with a reasonable amount of pride to perpetuate history show an interest not only in the deeds of their forbears, but in the activities of the period of history in which they live.

From the Lincolnton News the information is given out that the town of Lincolnton, chartered in 1785 shortly after the Revolutionary War, is preparing to celebrate its sesqui-centennial this fall with its many historical events of the past, and on up to the present date.

Doubtless the Battle of Ramseur will be pictured, showing this battle contributed in favor of the Independence, that Lincoln county can boast of the richest vein of tin ore in the whole country, that the county has mineral springs of the finest and rarest medicinal qualities, that much of the iron ore for fire arms during the

War-Between-the-States came from Iron Station and that this county and city have given some of the most chivalrous and courageous citizens, in private and public life, known in the state.

The people of Lincolnton have a noble heritage, therefore, it is not a question of doubt that the sesqui-centennial will prove of interest to the whole state and community at large.

* * * * * * *

DELINQUENCY IS ON THE INCREASE

If the statement, according to Raleigh News, that nine times out of ten criminals are made by communities in which they appear," is true, then the duty of reclaiming our wayward boys and girls is not confined to any particular community. The spirit of delinquency seems to have swept the universe.

From the same source the alarming report is that Raleigh gives to the different reform schools of the state "forty-five children between the ages of ten and fifteen years of age, besides there are 700 other delinquent children in the city under the superivision of the welfare officer as the result of minor violations of the law."

If the conditions are such in the capital city it is easy to visualize that there is an undercurrent of restlessness among the young people in the other cities and communities of the state. The question before the citizens is the cause and the cure for this absolute disregard for the laws of decency as well as the lack of spiritually that is felt and known to exist in all classes.

We have the higher institutions of learning, we have a splendid system of public schools, we have churches in every nook and corner of the state, we have orphanages supported by the churches, and different fraternal orders, we have institutions for the physically handicapped and mentally sick, we have reform schools for the delinquents of both sexes and yet the reports continue to come that the courts and the prisons are crowded with juvenile delinquents.

Now, tell us please wherein is the missing link of service? Is it possible that the schools are satisfied with maintaining the standard as to the units required before graduation, is it possible

that the churches stop their most splendid work after Sunday services, and furthermore the burning question comes is the state satisfied in spending just enough money to house, feed and confine the delinquents without giving the strictest attention to vocational training? Idleness is the "devil's work shop", that time-worn statement continues to hold true.

If we wish to save our delinquents we must give them nice environments, good food, the rudiments of an education with a high standard of morals, clothes sufficient to make them self-respecting, good sports, teach them health culture and vocational training if there is a hope of saving the delinquents costing the nation today $12,000,000,000 annually.

We have never seen a devilish boy who is not smart. Suppose his viewpoints of life could be changed? If so, he would be as strong for good as his influence is for the tendency of evil. The number of delinquents in the state is a very serious question.

* * * * * * *

ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF YOUTH

These are incidents in the life of great men who have contributed to the joy and progress of civilization when mere youths. What happened in the past can happen again. Read: "Chopin, the immortal composer of music, at the age of 14 composed famous Rondo in C Minor. At 16, Elbert Hubbard, famous writer and publicist, was a successful salesman, earning a man's salary. At 19, Galileo, inventor of the telescope, had discovered the principle of the pendulum. Between the ages of 20 and 25, Victor Hugo wrote his famous Hand of Iceland, and Mary Shelley, wife of the poet, had written her Frankenstein. Charles Dickens published his first book at 24. At 26, Hannibal had subdued Spain."

* * * * * * *

MRS. COOLIDGE AVOIDS PUBLICITY

Mrs. Calvin Coolidge is one woman who has never been criticized by the public. She has been the type to prefer retirement rather than publicity. Since coming in the limelight as first lady of the

land, as well as during her retirement from public life, she has preferred the quietude of home in the midst of her friends.

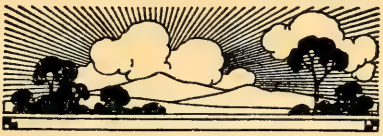
She possesses one characteristic that is rare. She has never discarded her friends made before living in the White House. She keeps in close touch with an institution for the deaf and blind, never refuses to act or sponsor any cause that is for the relief of humanity, participates in all of the educational activities of Smith College, but shies all public, social functions that when indulged in excessively will destroy the interest of real home making.

May her life be an inspiration to many women who have given over their time and talents to a good time, or the things that never satisfy.

* * * * * * *

THE PRESIDENT'S SOCIAL OBJECTIVE

A Canadian newspaper man asked President Roosevelt to explain the social objective of his administration last week. The President replied, in part, that it was to "try to increase the security and the happiness of a larger number of people. . . .to give them more of the good things of life. . . .to give them assurance that they are not going to starve in their old age; to give honest business a chance to go ahead and make a reasonable profit, and to give everyone a chance to earn a living."



AN ELUSIVE SIGNER

By Frank B. McAllister

Among the signers of the Declaration of Independence—topmost in the upper left hand corner—one sees the small cramped signature of Button Gwinnett. There is nothing particularly beautiful or impressive about it. Lacking is the boldness, with a flourish, of John Hancock's name; the clear outlines of those of John Adams, or Lewis Morris, or Roger Sherman. But, if one should embark on the enterprise of assembling a complete set of autographs of the original "Signers," even a rich man would have extreme difficulty, and the Gwinnett signature would be the stumbling block most often in the way. Not the beauty of the patriot's chirography, but the exceeding scarcity of its extant samples furnishes the lure to a collector. One cannot spare even a long purse. A top price (pre-depression) at auction for a single Gwinnett autograph was $22,500—which is, we may surmise, a good deal more money than this Georgia farmer ever had at one time in his life.

We have compartively slight knowledge of Button Gwinnett, whose bicentenary, as usually reckoned, occurs during the present year. The little known—save for his name on an immortal document—would scarcely give him fame. The man emigrated from England, some ten years before the Revolution, and settled ultimately on a farm on St. Catherine's Island, Georgia. Financial difficulties account for one of the few occasions, apparently, on which he signed his name. In the spring of 1770, needing money for the year's planting, he mortgaged his property in the sum of £500 to Levi and Mordecai Sheftall, and affixed his signature to a mortgage note. How little he could forsee that, a century and a half later, those fourteen letters scrawled on faded paper in ink grown brown with time would bring $15,000 in the spirited bidding of an auction room!

Gwinnett wrote his name high up among the fifty-six men who risked their lives and property in defense of American liberty. His day of glory soon passed, however, as poverty and ill fortune pursued him. He was the first of the Signers to die. In May, 1777, less than a year after the Declaration, the man fell in a duel with Col. Lachlan McIntosh, his successful rival for the post of commander of the Continental brigade levied in Georgia. It is worth noting that another Signer whose autograph rivals in rarity and value that of Gwinnett —Thomas Lynch, Jr.—also died young. This man was lost at sea in 1779, in the foundering of a ship on which he voyaged to the West Indies in search of health.

The hazards, as well as the fascinations of autograph collecting, especially as regards Gwinnett material, are illustrated by the circumstances by which one of the most recently completed sets of "Signers" was completed. This set, one of the twenty-seven or twenty-eight in existence, is owned by Herbert L. Pratt, Presi-

dent of the Standard Oil Company of New York.

One day, the janitor of Telfair Academy of Arts in Savannah, Georgia, came upon a basket of old papers in a neglected corner of one of the buildings. He was on his way to the yard to burn the material when Miss Bradley, custodian, decided to have it looked over, before destruction. The bundle lay in her office for a month, before she was able to complete examination. But her pains were amply rewarded, for in the mass of trash she found a note to the order of Button Gwinnett and endorsed by him in his own hand. This particular signature was worth no less than $2,800.

It seems improbable that further sets of authentic Declaration autographs can ever be completed, save by utilizing duplicates, or breaking up sets already formed. Some of these have taken as much as a quarter century to assemble, and many of them having passed into possession of museums and libraries, are permanently off the market.

The moral of it all seems to be that one should hesitate before throwing away, during an attic cleaning, some yellowed page with faded ink characters upon it. At least, let one read it, and possibly, under a microscope. Add the suggestion that if one would enrich posterity through autographs, he should be careful not to leave too many of them. Especially is it recommended to average citizens to leave as few as possible on the backs of promissory notes.

A mother can do almost anything with a boy except to make him admit that girls are his equal.—Selected.

OUR FOURTH OF JULY PRESIDENT

By Norman C. Schlichter

Our only President to have a birthday on our national holiday was the one who was born in a little village called Plymouth Notch. This small place, with so few houses and barns that the boys and girls there when this President was a boy could touch them all in a five-minute run, is in the state known as the Green Mountain state.

This President until he was thirteen, knew only three books, outside of school-books: the Bible, and two stories of Revolutionary days.

His father and mother were lovers of the Bible and taught their son to believe in it which he did all his life. When he was President he praised the Bible on several occasions. The Bible was his first reader.

Readers who know where Plymouth Notch is know I am writing about

President Calvin Coolidge, who came to this office from the vice-presidency when President Harding died in 1923.

As a boy he knew what hard work was, and it is said that he sowed his first wheat when his grandfather took him to the fields at the age of six. He had to help with work in the house, in the woods, and in the fields from the time he began to go to the little country school. Making maple syrup in the spring was about the nicest work he helped with.

His mother and only sister died before he was fifteen, and he had no brothers. There were only three chums his age in the little mountain fastness, so Calvin had to spend a good bit of time chumming with the mountains. He grew up a rather quiet boy and was nicknamed "Silent Cal" when he was President. He was not so silent, however among friends and intimates.

One fine thing about this President was his devotion to his father with whom he planned and talked over every thing in his life as a young man. He spent a number of vacations with him up among the scenes of his boyhood after he was President, and his father, who was very proud of him all his life, would answer questions people asked when they would come from far and wide to try to get a glimpse of their President on vacation.

I think you'll be glad to know of two things this happy old man told about Calvin when a boy.

"He always did what he was told to do, and did it the first time he was told. You could always depend on him," his father liked to recall. And, "If he didn't like a job given him, he never said so."

I dont know many finer things than these that could be said about a boy or girl.

Calvin Coolidge had great respect for his parents. He loved his grandparents, too. An incident which shows this is that at his inauguration in 1925) his aged father brought along to Washington the little Bible which Calvin's grandmother had given him as a boy. When he stepped up to be inducted into the office by Chief Justice Taft, the President put his hand on this little book, opened at the first chapter of John's Gospel, which his grandmother often read to him.

Calvin Coolidge never saw a railroad train until he was thirteen, and never was in another village until he was that old. Then he went to Ludlow, thirteen miles away from Plymouth Notch, to attend the Black River Academy. This was the nearest railroad station to his native place.

Great was Calvin's joy when he found that the school had a library and he read the histories of other nations and the doings of their great men during all his spare time. These early readings helped him later as students at the Saint Johnsbury Academy and at Amherst College, from which he was later graduated.

He didn't stand first in all his classes, and he wasn't an athletic young man, but he was a great lover of the school sports and a great rooter for the college teams.

"A good common boy," his father used to say about his son when he

became governor of Massachusetts and people became interested in knowing about his early years.

He wasn't goody-goody, though, for now and then he helped to play harmless tricks at school, and once was punished as the ring-leader at the Ludlow school in getting a little donkey up the attic steps of the school building and tying him to the bell-clapper, so that the master of the school couldn't pull the morning bell rope to call the boys to classes.

He believed sincerely in our democratic form of government which places power in the hands of the whole people, a good principle to think about on our Fourth of July and on his birthday.

If we don't remember the birthdays of many Presidents I am sure that Calvin Coolidge's, coming as it does on this holiday, is one that we will all easily remember.

Everybody has big ideas, but only the man who masters the details can translate a big idea into a reality.—Selected.

DOMINION DAY

By N. Willison

The eighth verse of the 72nd Psalm has a very special interest for Canadians because it has given us our distinctive name: the "Dominion of Canada." Each one of the self-govering nations within the British Empire is similarly desgnated. There are: the "Commonwealth of Australa," the "Union of South Africa," the "Dominion of New Zealand," as well as the "Dominion of Canada." We like the name "Dominion." It sounds well and that matters. In the psalm it seems to be associated with both King Solomon and Christ and is therefore beautifully suggestive of the happy combination in government that exists in Canada that is expressive of loyalty to the King and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The ideal of Canadian life is complete self-government in a direct personal relationship with the King and spiritual fellowship with God. That is what the Honorable Samuel Leonard Tilley, one fo the "Fathers" of our Confederation had in mind when he suggested the name from the 72nd Psalm. How well the verse describes Canada: "from sea to sea and from the river unto the ends of the earth" —from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the St. Lawrence River system to the North Pole! There is perpetual inspiration in the idea.

It was on July the First, 1867, that Canada became a united "Dominion." And yet it was only Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia that thus united. There was still a

bit of prophecy in the geographical application of the psalm, for it was not till 1905 that the Canada we now have became a reality with Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia designated "provinces" with the own legislative assemblies, and the "District of Yukon and the North West Territories under the more direct control of the Dominion government. Manitoba entered Confederation in 1870, British Columbia in 1871, Prince Edward Island in 1873, Saskatchewan and Alberta in 1905.

The basis of Canadian Confederation in the British North America Act, which became law on the 29th of March, 1867. It provides for a union of the poltical parts of the country on the basis of what we know as "Responsible Government"—that is, government by representatives of the people, elected at regular intervals. The powers of the governments are defined by the Act. In this respect the Canadian system is similar to other democratic federations or unions and yet perhaps distinctive in the emphasis it places on the right of the central government to deal with all matters not specifically named in the Act as under provincial control. In the Commonwealth of Australia the emphasis is on provincial rights when doubts arise as to jurisdiction. The Dominion parliament has general power "to make laws for the peace, order and good government of Canada" in relation to all matters not assigned exclusively to the legislatures of the provinces, particularly: Dominion taxation and borrowing for Dominoin purposes, Dominion officials, Dominion elections, the Census, Naturalization of aliens, Military and naval service, Postal service, Supreme Court, Criminal law, Inter-provincial trade and commerce, General financial and commercial system, Copyright, Marriage and divorce, Public works, Indian affairs, International relations, Territories not within the provinces. The provinces control: Public lands, Taxation and borrowing for provincial purposes, Provincial officials, Provincial elections, Municipal system, License system, Charitable institutions, Administration of justice in the provinces, Education, Solemnzation of marriage, Local works, Matters of purely private nature in the provinces.

The parliament of Canada consists of three parts: the King represented by the Governor-General—since 1931 no longer appointed by the King in Council, but by the King on the recommendation of the Canadian government; the Senate, at present consisting of ninety-six members appointed by the Governor-General in Council for life; the House of Commons, at present consisting of 245 members, elected for five years by the people. The provincial governments, except Quebec, have only two branches: the Lieutenant-Governor and the Assembly. The former is appointed by the Dominion cabinet and the latter is elected for four years by the people. The members of the Legislative Council of Quebec are appointed for life by the provincial ministry.

It is well to remember that Canada is not a British colony or dependency of any kind. The Statue of Westminster of Canada to Great Britain and Canada's relations with the King are not through the British parliament, but direct. Technically, Canada and Great Britain are sister states acknowledging the same King. Canada may carry on direct relations with foreign powers, since 1926 having had an ambassador in Washington and since 1928 in Paris and Tokyo.

In both the Dominion and provincial governments the Prime Minister and his cabinet must be elected representatives of the people and if the cabinet is defeated in the House on a matter of policy new elections must be held. On this basis the Prime Minister is never without a majority in the House. When elections are held a platform is offered to the people for their acceptance or rejection. The party elected must govern itself accordingly unless some unforeseen crisis arises. The official Opposition is always on the alert to see that the government hews to the line. The provincial parliaments may determine the number of representatives, Ontario having recently considerably reduced the number in that province, but the Dominion representation is fixed by the B. N. A. Act in this way: Quebec shall always have sixty-five members and other provinces shall have such number as their population may yield when divided by the unit that results from dividing the population of Quebec by sixty-five.

July the First is Dominion Day. It is a day commemorating a normal development of democratic government. It is a day associated with peace and progress without any thought of war in the background. Canada has no enemies among the nations and fears none. As a people we rejoice particularly over the friendly relationship that exists between us and the United States. May the two flags forever testify unitedly to the world that it is possible for nations to live at peace with each other—a peace not enforced by armaments of war but by Christian good will.

WRITING THE DECLARATION

(Journal, Hillsboro, Ill.)

American liberty was in its infancy when Thomas Jefferson went to Philadelphia to join the Continental Congress in June, 1776. Three bloody battles had been fought—Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill. George Washington, who had hurried to Cambridge to take command of the American army, needed something that would advertise the determination of the colonists to be free. A committee of five Congressmen was appointed to write this document. All hastily passed the task to Jefferson. Within a few days he produced an article which he called the Declara-

tion of Independence.

Jefferson was an orderly man, and preserved his original manuscript. A few small additions were made on it by John Adams and Benjamin Franklin. Then it became time for the shy Jefferson to submit his "advertisement" to the Continental Congress for aproval and publication.

Benjamin Franklin was one of the first to speak concerning the new document. He said: "There is but one word in this paper which I approve, and that is the word Congress," Poor Franklin! It is mostly by reason of this incredibly absurd remark that historians like to remember him now.

Another Congressman moved to strike out words "unfeeling brethren," as applied to the people of England. Other members of Congress made silly remarks. One objected to the words "United States," and desired to change them to "United Colonies." Southern Congressmen disliked the reference to Africa. Others said that they considered the whole declaration "too strong."

The temperature in the old hall soared and soared. Jefferson slipped out, bought a thermometer, and recorded the heat hour by hour in his pocket diary, as the debate over the wording of his document continued.

For three days they wrangled. The third day was the fourth of July, and the sensitive Jefferson was seen to be "writhing."

One of the oldest men in the room, Dr. Benjamin Franklin, stepped up, to Jefferson and laid a fatherly hand on his shoulder. "I have made it a rule," he said, "to avoid becoming the writer of papers to be reviewed by a public body. I took my lesson from an incident I shall relate to you." Despite the heat, despite the wrangle over his manuscript, Jefferson smiled.

"I took my lesson," began Franklin, "from a young companion who was about to open a shop as a hatter. His first concern was to have a handsome sign board with the proper inscription. He composed it in these words, with the picture of an up-to-date hat:

John Thompson
HATTER
Makes and sells hats
For ready money
(Picture of a Hat)

"But he thought he would submit it to his friends for their amendments. The first friend thought the word "Hatter" was unnecessary, because it was followed by the words, "Makes Hats," which showed he was a hatter. It was struck out.

"The next friend observed that the words, 'Makes Hats,' might as well be omitted, because customers would not care who made hats, if the hats were of good material, well made, and to their liking. The young shop-keeper struck that out.

The third friend said he thought the words, 'For Ready Money,' were useless, as it was not the custom of the place to sell on credit. These words were parted with, so the inscription now stood: 'John Thompson Sells Hats.'

"Sells Hats!' exclaimed his next friend. 'Why, no body will expect you to give them away. What, then, is the use of that word? Thompson struck out the word 'sells', and there

mained only the words 'hats,' and since there was a hat painted on the board, he concluded that, too, was superflous. So the inscription appeared ultimately thus:"

JOHN THOMPSON, with the picture of a hat.

While Franklin told this story, the wrangling over the wording of the Declaration of Independence continued. At last a number of horse flies from a neighboring livery stable came buzzing through the unscreened windows of the old Philadelphia State House (now Independence Hall), and bit the Congressmen through their long silk stockings. Suddenly they stopped debating, overcome by a strong desire to return to their inns or homes. One by one they stepped up and signed.

This was the greatest act in the lives of these patriotic Congressmen. The world calls them signers, now. Autographs of even the most obscure of these signers sell for enormous prices—merely because they stopped "correcting" the copy, at last, and put their names to it. Those horse-flies made history.

Achievement is another milestone along the highway of progress—the end of the journey lies beyond.—Selected.

UNSUNG HEROINES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

By Everett Spring

Every complete Independence Day celebration pays equal honor to the parts played by both sexes in the Revolution—to the historic women of the times, whose mothering care kept the baby nation's armies afield during the very blackest period of reverse, as well as to the husbands, brothers and sons of those women who did the bloody task of musketing and sabering their way to liberty.

But it is a curious fact that although the individual work of hundreds upon hundreds of men is recorded alike by historian, poet and orator, next to none of the women who fought and wrought and schemed and died that their country might be free, have been remembered by name.

It has been assumed that while the country could not have thrown off the British yoke without the co-operation of the women, at the same time their role, according to prevalent opinion was only that of the Roman matron, in which they found oportunity for no more than the inconspicuous heroism of starving and shivering that the armies might be fed and clothed, and of falling ill in the attempt to

nurse the sick or wounded back to fighting trim.

As a matter of fact, however, this is very far from being the full truth. The American matron did fill the role of the Roman woman of old, but she did far more than this. Side by side with the men, American women served in battle, camp and siege, sharing the dangers and privations of actual campaigning to the full.

In camp they mended the soldier's tatters and cooked the weevilly food; in battle they risked their lives carrying water to the front, and out of battle they risked their lives again nursing sick and wounded. But they also played more masculine roles than these. Such extra-hazardous duties as dispatch-bearing, powder-running, scouting and spying were frequently entrustde to women.

Moreover, they worked in the thick of battle as gun-loaders and occasionally as cannoneers; while, if they had been allowed, many a woman would have enlisted as a regular soldier. Even the stay-at-home woman did her full share of fighting, for these women had a highly important part in suppressing the Tory and Indian guerillas who carried the horrors of war to the very heartstones of the patriots.

The Heroine of the Battle of Monmouth

Everyone who has read even the most elementary school history of course knows the name of Molly Pitcher, the heroine who took her fallen husband's place at Monmouth, serving the cannon till the end of the battle and winning the personal encomium of General Washington for her valor. The full story of Molly Pitcher, however, has not received as much attention as this crowning incident in her life.

Molly Pitcher was not her real name. She was born Mary Ludwig, the daughter of a German farmer in New Jersey, and married a barber in Pennslyvania named John Hays. When her husband enlisted in Captain Francis Proctor's company of artillery, his wife, as was then allowable in the American army, went along as cook, dishwashed and seamstress to the soldiers. Many patriotic women of those times volunteered for these menial duties, not merely to be their husbands' sides, but to contribute to the effort for independence.

Mary always accompanied her husband into action and, like many other soldiers' wives, made herself useful by performing the dangerous battle duty of carrying water to the soldiers. It was while acting in this capacity that she got her nickname, which, before it was abbreviated, was "Molly o' the Pitcher."

Moreover, Mary took a deep interest in the field piece of which her husband was pointer, and made him tell her all about its mechanism and operation. At the battle of Monmout, Proctor's artilery occupied an exposed position, which it had to hold against murderous, raking British fire. Hays fell as he was in the act of pointing his piece and, in view of the fact that there were no more gun-pointers available, the captain was about to order the gun out of action, when Molly stepped up.

"Here," she said. "I know as

much about that piece as John did. You let me serve it."

The commander left her in charge and she served the piece throughout the rest of the action. In recognition of her services, Congress made her a sergeant and voted her, upon retirement, half-pay for the rest of her life. She died in 1832, at the age of seventy-eight.

Molly Pitcher's Bravery Duplicated

However, the prominence given Molly Pitcher's act can be explained only as a freak of history, for in reality several women saw harder military service. Indeed, one woman, who is now never heard of, duplicated Molly's act.

The woman was Mrs. Mary Cochran Corbin, who served a gun at the battle of Fort Washington after her husband, a private in the First Pennsylvania Artillery, was killed at the side of his piece. While engaged in working the cannon she was wounded and disabled. She received a vote of thanks from Congress, which also retired her on a private's half pay. The State of Pennsylvania likewise granted her an annuity.

The Women Hero at White Plains

But the military exploits of both these women, brave as they were, pale beside those of Deborah Samson, a Massachusetts girl, who disguised herself as a boy, enlisted in the Continental Army for the war and served through several campaigns before she was found out. Moreover, in making this sacrifice Deborah could hardly have been actuated by any motives of gratitude for the oportunities which her country had afforded her, for she had been bound out when only a little child to a position where she got nothing more than her board and clothes, with no educational advantages whatsoever.

She picked up the art of reading by herself, and at the age of eighteen when the law freed her from her indenture, she set about getting further instruction. This she accomplished by working in the family of a farmer half the time for her board and clothes and spending the other half of her time in attendance of the district school. Her progress was remarkably rapid, and in a few months she had progressed farther in her studies than boys and girls who had been going to school for years.

Soon she was able to keep a district school herself. Acting in this capacity, she save $12, with which she bought some coarse fustian. Out of this she made a suit of boy's clothes. With the announcement that she was going where she could get a better salary, she swung her few belongings over her back, walked out of sight and mind of the locality, changed into her new apparel and presented herself to the nearest recruiting sergeant of the Continental Army.

Although not beautiful as a woman, she is said to have made a remarkably handsome boy, for her features were animated and pleasing; her figure, tall for a woman, was finely proportioned, and her whole appearance was extreemly prepossess-
pearance was extremely prepossess-
ing. The recruiting sergeant accepted her on sign, and she signed up for the war under the name of "Robert Shirtliffe."

In active service no man was braver than this young girl. She served in a score of battles, the most notable of which were at White Plains and before Yorktown, and in addition she volunteered for extra hazardous duty half a dozen times. In 1783 her bravery and exemplary conduct was rewarded when she was made personal attendant to General Patterson.

Young "Shirtliffe" was twice wounded. The first wound was a sword cut on the side of the head, over which "he" did little worrying. The second, however, was a bullet in the thigh, and, alarmed that "he" would be discovered, "Shirtliffe" dug the bullet out with a penknife, made a home-made bandage for the injury and resolutely refused to go to the hospital.

However, the secret came out when "Shirtliffe" was seized with brain fever, which was then prevalent among the soldiers. As "his" case was regarded as hopeless, "he" received little attention from the nurses, who therefore learned nothing. Indeed, "Shirtliffe" might have been buried under "his" assumed name, with nobody the wiser, if it had not been for Dr. Binney of Philadelphia, the hospital physician.

One morning Dr. Binney stopped by the young "man's" bed for a moment to ask the attending nurse, "How's this man?"

"The poor fellow's dead," said the nurse.

Dr. Binney, however, detected a feeble flutter of the pulse and began a more thorough examination of the patient. Attempting to place his hand on the dying "man's" heart, he perceived that the breast was tightly swathed with a bandage. When this had been removed he was astounded to find that the sick soldier was a woman.

The doctor kept his discovery to himself, had the girl taken to his own house, and nursed her back to health. While "Shirtliffe" was convalescing "he" made the acquaintance of a niece of the doctor's, a young and very beautiful girl was heiress to considerable property. She promptly fell head over heels in love with the young soldier, much to the doctor's secret amusement. Finally, figuring that "he" would never propose to her, owing to the disparity of their positions, she herself popped the question, at the same time offering to educate "him" before marriage.

Deborah afterward declared that the moment when she learned that unknowingly she had gained the poor girl's love was one of the most poignant anguish she had ever suffered.

As soon as her health was restored, Dr. Binney sent her with a letter to General Washington. She delivered the letter with the utmost agitation, which the general, assuming that it arose from diffidence, kindly endeavored to dispel. Then he sent her into another room while he read the communication.

Soon afterward she was recalled into the presence of the commander-in-chief. In silence he handed her a discharge from the service, giving her at the same time a brief note of advice and enough money to take her back home. Although the kind general spoke not a word, for fear of adding to the girl's embarrassment,

his eyes filled with tears and he was obviously much moved at her self-sacrifice.

"How thankful," Deborah often said afterward, "was I to General Washington for sparing my feelings. He saw me ready to sink with shame; one word from him just then would have crushed me. But he said nothing; and I blessed him for it."

Some years afterward Deborah married Benjamin Gannett. She visited Washington by invitation during the general's administration, where she was rather lionized. Congress passed a bill granting her a pension as well as certain lands, and she was a guest at a number of functions given by the leaders of the official society.

A Fighting Heroine of the Frontier

By all odds the most extraordinary figure of the whole conflict was "Mad Ann" Trotter Bailey, the female Daniel Boone of the Ohio-Kanawha region. This unique character, according to her account, was born in Liverpool in 1700, the daughter of a soldier named Sargent. At the age of nineteen she was kidnapped and taken to Virginia, where she was sold as a bound servant to pay the costs of her passage. In 1730, after having worked out her indenture, she married one John Trotter, and the pair shortly afterward moved off into what is now West Virginia, where they lived quietly for more than forty years.

Then started the Indian troubles which served as a premonition of the break with Great Britain. Trotter volunteered for service and was killed at the battle of Point Pleasant, his wife fighting shoulder to shoulder with him. Wild with rage at the loss of her husband, Mrs. Trotter offered herself to Colonel William Clendennin, commander of the forces, for any service, the more dangerous the better, provided that thereby she could inflict the maximum amount of damage on the redskins.

Mrs. Trotter at this time was seventy-four years old; short, stout, coarse-featured, with a voice so gruff that it frightened children; stronger than most men in their prime, masculine in every word and look and act. She was a crack shot, a splendid rider and an expert in woodcraft. She rode a stallion that she had broken herself and named Liverpool after her birthplace; a great, black, vicious beast whom no one could mount except Mrs. Trotter. He was the fleetest horse in the whole country, and was dreaded worse than a wildcat on account of his murderous disposition. Clendennin couldn't have had a stronger combination for frontier work.

Mrs. Trotter was used as a spy, scout, dispatch rider, and general Indian killer. All during the war with the savage allies of the British, and afterward, till the Indians were pushed beyond the Ohio, she performed the most difficult and dangerous duties of every military expedition. The Indians came to regard her as having a charmed life, and they feared her like a witch.

Some of the reputation she gained for possessing supernatural power was due to the fact that she could beat them at their own game of woodcraft. But most of it was due to her

hardihood and recklessness of danger. One instance is typical of her conduct. Word came to Colonel Clendennin, who was then holding the fort named after him, situated on what is now the site of Charleston, W. Va., that he might expect an attack in force from the Indians.

This was serious news, for his stock of powder had run dangerously low and the nearest supply was at Fort Union, where Lewisburg now is, some 100 miles away. To send three or four men after more powder was foolishness, for the country was infested with Indians. On the other hand, if he sent sufficient men to beat off any prowling band they might run into he would seriously weaken his garrison. Clendennin was in a quandary.

Just then Mrs. Trotter stepped up. "How much powder ye want?" she asked, abruptly.

"We'll have to have a keg of it," answered Clendennin. "That's more than one person can carry."

Mrs. Trotter grinned.

"Is it?" she said. "Huh."

She picked up her smoothbore, gave a hitch to her buckskin trousers, leaped on to Liverpool, took a big chew of tobacco and vanished. On the third day she rode in with a keg of powder slung across her horse's back, having covered some 200 miles of hostile country in less than sixty hours.

At the age of ninety this interesting person was married again, this time to John Bailey, an old veteran. When he was murdered a few years afterward she went to live with her son, John Trotter, a prosperous farmer of West Virginia. Some years later John moved to Gallia Count, Ohio, where he became a large landowner and a leading citizen. Mrs. Bailey went along, but after a few years got tired of civilized life and turned back to the wild.

Her son made frequent efforts to provide a comfortable home for her, but she would have none of it. The old woman suported her declining years mainly by her smoothbore. She was a familar sight about the woods of Gallia County and the neighboring country through which she roamed, always clad in a pair of buckskins, over which she sometimes wore a woman's skirt, a man's coat and a slouch hat.

Throughout the countryside she was noted for her kindheartedness no less than for her eccentricities. All the game she didn't need herself she gave away to the sick and needy, oftentimes walking five or ten miles out of her way to present it. Her pioneer knowledge of herbs and simples made her a valued caller at the sick chamber. She died in 1825. If the date of her birth as she gave it is to be trusted, she was then 125 years old.

The best way to master every one of life's lessons is by living it.—Selected.

ROMEO AND JULIET

By Viola M. Jones

Barbara Porter ran down the shabby brown steps of the Choate Neighborhood House, steadying herself by the rusty iron railing. If she hadn't, she would have thrown up her hands and shouted.

"Carlo Dompe," she murmured, and gave her sleek brown head such a toss that her red beret slipped over her right ear. "Carlo Dompe praised my voice!"

Barbara, like many of her friends, came to the Italian section of the city for music lessons from the good teachers at the Neighborhood House. Today, her spirits were high for her voice teacher, Carlo Dompe, had advised her to take a few lessons from a friend of his from Italy, who was in America on a short visit.

Scarcely touching the pavements, she sped along through the gay Italian streets, bright and warm in the sparkle of the summer sunshine. Occasionally she stopped to admire the little shops that beckoned so merrily with their frosted cakes and strings of candy, their tiny flags and red firecracker boxes, a part of the Fourth of July celebration only seven days away.

"Real Americans already, even if they've never read the Declaration of Independence and do not know what happened on July 4, 1776," thought Barbara. "But they would not be here now if it had never happened, so why not celebrate!"

Carlo Dompe said that his friend would ask only ten dollars for the fee. Barbara picked her way in and out the crowds. "Won't dad be pleased!"

Then she stopped suddenly. "What am I thinking of! I cant ask father for ten dollars now. Ned had to have his banjo and I am not entitled to anything more this year."

Besides, if she really were accepted as a student nurse in the Children's Hospital in September, that would be another expense. "There are many applicants and you are rather young," the starched and noncommittal Miss Allen, Superintendent of Nurses, had told her, and so she hardly dared to hope that she would be chosen. But oh, she did want that appointment more than anything else in the world.

"Only ten dollars!" Barbara murmured, clenching her hands until her gloves almost burst.

"Oh, Miss, will you be so kind?"

Barbara lifted an astonished face to the obviously worried man who had stopped his car beside her.

"Excuse us, Miss, but we are in trouble," he said anxiously. "If you will help us out, we will gladly pay you. As much as ten dollars I'd give to put this picture through."

Barbara's heart pounded. Ten dollars! Voice lessons from the big Italian!

"You see,' he added, "we are around the corner taking a motion picture of twins, and we aren't getting anywhere. The mother can't handle them both, and if you'd be so kind as to come, we'd be more than thankful. We were on our way to

the Neighborhood House to get someone who could give the mother a lift."

"It is quite all right, Miss Porter," the young man in the rear seat added. "I'm Jack Dowell. I go to the Neighborhood Music School for piano, I've heard you sing there."

"Oh—well—I'm sure it must be all right," Barbara stammered, for she did recognize this music student. "Of course I'll come. Shall I hop in?"

In a few minutes Barbara entered Mrs. Nicolina's kitchen and there Romeo and Juliet, just one-year-old, tumbling about on the floor.

"Just like two little kittens!" she exclaimed, pulling off her red beret.

Click! Click! The third camera man, who had remained at the Nicolina home, began working his machine in earnest.

"Horrors!" thought Barbara, and stood as if rooted to the spot. "I'm in it."

The operator beamed on her as he paused. "Great! Just great! Anything like that goes over big with the public."

And Barbara realized that it was not only a movie but a talkie as well!

But there was Romeo on his two sturdy feet, trying to balance without toppling, his brown eyes asking her what business it was of hers anyway. And there was Juliet, with her mass of black curls, apparently doing nothing at all but looking Barbara over from tip to toe with her cool, calculating stare.

"Now for the closeup of a bath," called the director. "Put the tub on the table, Mrs. Nicolina."

Barbara glanced hastily at Mrs. Nicolina.

"The little woman is fagged out," she thought as she noticed her pale face and weary manner. She was sure she heard a sigh as she lifted the heavy tub.

"It is too warm in here," Barbara said, suddenly realizing that she herself was feeling limp under the white light and steamy heat of the movie set-up.

"Sorry, but that can't be helped. It will take only a few minutes," answered the operator.

Click! Click! "Horrors! It's on again," thought Barbara. "Whatever am I supposed to do?"

"O-o-h!" She stifled a scream, for the tub of water was slipping from Mrs. Nicolina's grasp. Crash! Splash! Soapy water running all over the floor and a big cake of ivory soap sliding straight into Romeo's ready hands!

As one man, Romeo and Juliet lifted their voices in a gleeful squeal and on hands and kness splashed about in this suddenly improvised soap suds lake.

Mrs. Nicolina raised hopeless eyes to the operator.

"Perfect!" he shouted.

Just then Romeo, in a too vigorous splash with his cake of ivory soap, sent a wisp of soap-suds straight into Juliet's cool, calculating eyes.

Barbara hastily lifted the screaming baby from the floor. Her feet were kicking like piston rods and she whacked her chubby, soapy fists on Barbara's face and sleek, brown head.

Click! The camera was off. "Marvelous!" called the operator, rubbing his hands together. "This is the

stuff that brings down the house."

Barbara's heart sank. "Where will this picture be given?" she managed to ask between the splashes of cold water on Juliet's eyes.

"Oh, didn't you know? This is part of the benefit performance for the Community Health. It will be at Bolton Hall the evening of the Fourth of July before the fireworks."

Barbara splashed Juliet's eyes with such vigor that she resumed her howling. "Packed," she thought. "It will be packed. I'm done for." But inadvertently she attempted to smooth her sleek brown head with her free hand. "And after all," she thought, "it means ten dollars."

"Now for the outing," the director called.

Click! Click! The camera was on.

Just like two peas in a pod, those twins sat beside each other on the table while they were being wrapped in their coats and bonnets.

Romeo's merry brown eyes rolled from side to side as he rocked back and forth in eager anticipation of a trip outdoors. Juliet sat sedately, fixing her cool, calculating stare upon Barbara, who had just pulled the ribbon ties of her bonnet a bit too tight.

"Good!" called the operator as he finished the set. "Now for the "Good-night" scene, and we are through. Put the cribs beside each other and a baby in each."

Sleep was the last thing Romeo wanted. As for Juilet, her twinkling eyes were never more wide awake.

"Couldn't you hum a lullaby, Miss Porter?" suggested Jack Dowell.

Barbara, who was now aware that all her bridges had been burned behind her, and that the picture had to be saved at all costs, sang the lullaby that had pleased the audience at the last Music School recital. It worked ed like a charm. Romeo and Juliet were so amazed that they cuddled down on their pillows and four brown eyes, round with wonder, fastened themselves upon Barbara. "They might be Raphael's cherubs," she thought.

"Congratulations!" The operator wrung Barbara's hand. "You saved the day and the benefit for the Community Health."

Barbara helped Mrs. Nicolina clean up, for she realized that she was fairly spent. She had also seen the operator give her ten dollars. "He might have at least paid her ten for each twin," she thought.

The excitement over, the twins howled in unison.

"Verra hungry—eat time verra late. Meelk bottles break when I try feex up for movie." She held up one bottle. "One bottle—two bambinos!" She shook her head. "Meelk? No drop in house."

Barbara soon discovered that there was not much of anything else, either, in the house. Mr. Nicolina had been in an accident at his shop, and was in the hospital. In Mrs. Nicolina's own words, "Eet pulled us fara back."

When Barbara left, she pressed her own ten dollars into Romeo's ever ready hands. "The twins really earned it," she smilingly persuaded the dissenting Mrs. Nicolina. "It belongs to them, not to me."

As she sped homeward, away from the Italian section of the city and toward the neat, respectable streets with their rows of cottages, Barbara's world seemed to have toppled into infinitesimal bits.

"My last chance gone. Miss Allen will never take me when she sees that movie," she murmured. Visions of the stiff and starched Superintendent of Nurses rose before her and she heard her saying, "Dignity! Every nurse must uphold the dignity of the profession!" Lower still her spirits sank when she thought of the great teacher from Italy, for she could not even mention this to dad now.

The family looked very comfortable, almost too comfortable, Barbara thought, as she burst in upon them. Mother was cutting the cake, dad was reading his paper, and Ned was swatting flies.

"I'm in the movies," announced Barbara.

"Christopher Columbus!" gasped Ned, whacking the table with his fly swatter. Father's mouth opened and closed without a sound. Mother's cake knife remained just where it was—half way through the loaf.

"In the benefit for the Community Health on Fourth of July," finished Barbara.

The family tension obviously lessoned.

It didn't seem half so bad when it was all out in the open. And the family didn't think it was so bad, either. At least, they didn't let her know if they did. That is, dad and mother, and they were all that mattered. Of course, Ned had already counted the hours before he could sit in front of that screen.

In the middle of the week when Barbara went to the Music School for her lesson, she called to see the twins. Mrs. Nicolina was in distress. The landlord had threatened to put them out if they could not pay some rent.

The thought of Romeo and Juliet out on the pavement on Fourth of July was more than Barbara could stand. On Fourth of July, of all days! The anniversary of that American declaration that definitely stated that all men were created equal! And didn't Romeo and Juliet have the right to life, liberty and happiness? Somebody must do something. She hastened to the office of the publicity manager, who was directing the benefit performance.

Well fortified by his habitual business-like disposal of all matters, Mr. Graham casually puffed his big cigar and stared at the framed picture of the Washington Monument.

"Couldn't you say just a few words at the benefit, Mr. Graham, and ask for a little for the twins?" Barbara finished her plea.

"Sorry, Miss Porter. This is a ticket affair for the benefit of the Community Health. I couldn't possibly ask for anything else. Why, this is one of the best things I've run in a long while. It's going over big that movie of the twins. And the house is already sold out."

Barbara's knees felt wobbly. Sold out! She backed toward the door, smiling uncertainly. Was she looking at the unassailable Washington Monument, or did she see the stiff and starched Miss Allen?

"Perhaps you would like to have

my help in aother movie with Romeo and Juliet on the sidewalk," she asked, her lip curling sarcastically.

"Oh, I say, Miss Porter, I'm sorry," Mr. Graham put in, rising. "I didn't mean to hurt you."

"Oh, it's not that, Mr. Graham," Barbara managed to say, but she went out, hopeless against a confusion wherein the Washington Monument, Miss Allen and Mr. Graham were somehow mingled.

On Fourth of July, the house was packed, so packed that Barbara, in her obscure niche near the door, wondered if anyone were anywhere else that night. Yes, there were dad and mother chatting with some friends just as if it didn't matter that after tonight her chances for being a nurse or anyhing else were lost. Barbara's eyes scanned the orchestra. Carlo Dompe! And surely that strange Italian at his side was the big teacher! Well, she had at least seen him. And there was Mr. Graham buzzing about everywhere. He had seemed to make a special effort to find her. "That is part of his efficiency," thought Barbara.

The opening number began, then came the next and the next! In five minutes they would reach the closing number listed on the program as "Romeo and Juliet." She had promised Mrs. Nicolina that she would come in after the performance and tell her every bit about their picture. Besides, she wanted to hear the latest development in regard to that landlord.

It was coming! "Romeo and Juliet" was on!

"Just like two little kittens," she heard her own voice saying, and from that moment she was in the midst of the Nicolina kitchen with the chuckling, exploring Romeo and the cool, calculating Juliet.

Mr. Graham was right. It was going over big! Such laughter! Such applause! The house had truly gone wild.

Someone was fairly dragging Barbara out of her seat. It was Mr. Graham. He was giving her some direction. She was on the platform telling the story of Romeo and Juliet. Then two of her girl friends rushed forward and were going up and down the aisles. And while they were collecting the Fourth of July gift that would keep two little future Americans in their own warm kitchen on the anniversary of American independence, she was singing the lullaby that had so captivated them in their little cribs.

People were crowding up. "Miss Porter," someone called and pushed through to her side. Carlo Dompe! And the famous teacher with him. "Do let me have a share in this patriotic festival! If you will give me the pleasure, we will study together while I am here." He grasped her hand.

Someone else was pushing through the group. "Won't you drive over to the Nicolinas' in my car, Miss Porter? I'd love to go." Miss Allen! No longer starched and stiff, but smiling and with eyes a bit moist.

While they were driving to the Nicolina home, Barbara heard the words that meant more than she could ever tell.

"We shall be so glad to have you

join our September class," Miss Allen said. "In a children's hospital we need young women who like children."

At the Nicolina kitchen they found not only the little mother, but Mr. Nicolina himself. Romeo, with merry brown eyes filled with wonder, sat on his knee, while the sedate Juliet balanced herself on her own two feet beside his chair.

"We've come to take care of the twins, Miss Allen and I," Barbara announced, "while you both go out to enjoy the fireworks. And leave this at the landlord's as you go," she added, placing the rent money in Mr. Nicolina's hand. "This is Fourth of July, you know, and even new Americans, like Romeo and Juliet, have the right to happiness."

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our boys are now receiving a much needed hair-cut. This work is being done by Mr. Query and his group of youthful tonsorial artists.

—o—

Richard Wrenn and Woodrow Jenkins, two of our boys who had the misfortune to sustain fractured legs some time ago, and were treated at the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, were taken to that institution for examination. They have now discarded their crutches and are back in their respective school rooms.

—o—

Lee Young, of Camden, N. J., who was paroled about fifteen years ago, made his annual visit to the School last Tuesday. For the past thirteen years Lee has been employed by a chain store system in the New Jersey city. A greater part of this time he was a meat cutter but Lee informs us that he was recently made manager of the store. He is spending his vacation with his mother who lives in Lexington. We were glad to see Lee and to learn of his promotion.

—o—

Dr. L. E. Buie, of the dental department of the State Board of Health, is now at the School where he is doing all the necessary dental work among the boys. We are glad to have the genial "Doc" with us again, and his many friends here were delighted to learn that he has completely recovered from an illness of several months. Dr. E. A Branch, of Raleigh, head of the dental department of the State Board of Health, spent a few hours here last Saturday in conection with the work of the dental clinic at the institution.

—o—

Sheriff W. H. Hughes, of Avery County, brought a boy for admission to the School last Tuesday. In a casual conversation with one of the School officials, the sheriff remarked, "I had a brother at this institution one time." Upon being questioned as to how that brother was getting along, Sheriff Hughes said that he was doing as fine as could be. He is

now manager of a store in another state and is making good. The sheriff is very very proud of the record made by his brother since being paroled. The boy's name is John Hughes, and he was paroled Sept. 2, 1922. This is just one of many instances in which our paroled boys are out in the world making a success of life, and it is only by chance that we hear from them. We were very glad to get this information from the sheriff.

—o—

The afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday was conducted by a group of our good friends from Kannapolis.

After the singing of the opening hymn the program for the afternoon was in charge of Mr. E. J. Sharpe, of the Kannapolis Y. M. C. A. Following a beautiful prayer by Mr. Sharpe, the Kannapolis Male Quartet, composed of Messrs. Fred Watts, first tenor; Stahlee Funderburke, second tenor; E. J. Sharpe, baritone, and David Brinkley, bass, rendered two numbers: "I Want My Life to Tell for Jesus" and "In My Heart."

Mr. Sharpe then presented Rev. Walter Goodman, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Kannapolis, who read the Scripture Lesson from the second chapter of Jeremiah.

Two very pleasing numbers by the quartet then followed. They were: "The Nearer, the Sweeter," duet and chorus (duet by Messrs. Watts and Funderburke), and "Satisfied," bass solo and chorus (solo by Mr. Brinkley).

Rev. Mr. Goodman, who has become a great favorite with our boys, then delivered a most helpful and interesting message, taking as his text, Jeremiah 2:13—"For my people have committed two evils; they have forsaken me the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water."

At the beginning of his remarks the speaker told briefly several well known incidents in the lives of the Israelites: (1) How the Israelites were led out of Egyptian slavery by Moses, and their deliverance from the army of Pharaoh, through the Red Sea. (2) The story of the Passover. How the first-born in Israelitish houses were saved. (3) The people of Israel being fed in the wilderness on manna from heaven. (4) The story of King Hezekiah. (5) The Story of Elijah and the test of the power of false gods against the power of the one and only God.

In referring to the text quoted above, Rev. Mr. Goodman, told how Jeremiah was begging the people not to forget God. They had forgotten God's former kindness toward them, and were again forsaking Him and living in sin.

The speaker called attention to what a valuable thing water is to man, but of far greater importance is God, the fountain of living waters. He then called attention to the story of Jesus meeting the woman at the well, stating that while water is necessary to the human body, the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the fountain that satisfies our souls is far more valuable. If we come to Jesus and accept what God, through Him, offers us, we can be saved.

A cistern, said the speaker, is a protected hole in the ground used to catch rain water for our use. We may dig holes and hew cisterns, but they are of no use until God sends rains and fills them. So it is with our lives. We cannot live the right kind of lives by ourselves—we cannot satisfy our own needs without God's help.

Rev. Mr. Goodman then said that the whole trouble with mankind is that people are too selfish, trying to save themselves only. We may live a good life, but that does not satisfy God—we must live for others. The very best man can do is little—he must have God's help and conduct his life along the course He has directed.

Men like to consider themselves powerful, continued the speaker, but such power is nothing as compared with God's. Men built the great ocean liner, Titanic; they thought it could not be destroyed, but an iceberg struck it and the vessel was lost and thousands of people perished. Men pile up great wealth, but at a single stroke their wealth may be lost.

Some folks seek popularity. They want a good time. They have no desire except to seek pleasure. If a good time is all we are after, we are not doing God's bidding, and finally we meet sadness and our life is a failure.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Goodman said that God is exactly what He calls Himself—the fountain of living waters—and urged the boys not to forget or forsake God. He has provided salvation for us and the only way we can be worth while is to accept Him.

The program was closed by another number by the quartet, "Don't Forget to Pray," followed by the benediction by Rev. Mr. Goodman.

We feel deeply indebted to our visitors from the "Towel City," for a most delightful and helpful program, and wish to take this opportunity to assure them that they will always be welcome visitors at the Training School.

—o—

The Lance Packing Company baseball team, of Charlotte, visited the local ball yard last Saturday afternoon and defeated the Training School lads by the score of 7 to 3.

The visiting club, a hustling aggregation of young players, full of pep, played a very nice game in the field—the best we have seen here this year—and they collected ten hits, including three doubles and a triple off the combined offerings of Liske and Andrews, the latter going in as relief pitcher in the ninth.

Haas, twirling for the Lance boys, pitched a nice game, keeping the eight local hits well scattered. He was suffering throughout the game from a violent toothache, but had plenty of nerve, staying right in there until the end. Some of our boys remarked that if Haas could pitch so well under such a handicap they would hate to bat against him when he was feeling real well.

While the visitors rapped out ten hits, the score would have been much closer had the School lads accorded Liske and Andrews proper support, seven errors being marked up against them which allowed the boys from

Charlotte to score five unearned runs.

For the visitors, Perry, third baseman, led with the stick, pounding out a triple, double and a pair of singles in five trips to the plate; Presson and Haas got two hits each. For the School,, Buck Lefler and Ange, with a triple and single each, led the batting attack.

The vistors scored one in the first on Perry's triple and an error. In the same frame, the School lads put a counter across when Buck Lefler triple and scored on an infield out.

The second run for Lance came in the third as a result of Perry's double and an error by the local shortstop.

In the fourth, the visitors put across two more tallies on Byrum's double and two costly errors.

The School boys counted twice in the fifth on singles by Wright and Buck Lefler, a stolen base, and an error.

Three counters for the visitors were registered in the ninth on Hilton's double, singles by Haas and Perry, a sacrifice and an error. The score:

Lance	10120000 3—7	10	1
J. T. S.	10000200 0—3	8	7

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 30, 1935

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since the method was adopted March, 10, 1935.

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(4) Erwin Martin 12
(13) William McCormick 14
(12) Earl Rogers 16
(13) Hassell Shropshire 13
(15) Richard Sullivan 16
(17) Ashley Thompsan 17
(9) Jerome Warren 9
(12) Vermont Whitley 13

COTTAGE No. 1

Clifford Bowers 12
(2) Claude McLaughlin 12
(15) Millard Owenby 16
James White 3
Harvard Winn 6

COTTAGE No. 2

John Capps 4
(2) William Downes 2
Council Holden 4
Lewis Janey 5
Clyde Kivett 5
(8) Woodrow Spruill 12
John Whitaker 3
Y. V. Spates 6

COTTAGE No. 3

Jewel Barker 2
Julian Gregory 5
(2) Marcellus Gurganus 5
(2) Percy Gurganus 6
Frank Hutchins 7
William McRary 3
(2) Porter Willhite 6

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Vernon Bass 10
Carlton Calloway 5
(17) Fleming Collins 17
(2) Roland Davis 6
(2) William Hill 3
(7) Thomas Little 7
(2) Irwin Luther 9

Jack McRary 5
(2) Robert Orrell 9
Lloyd Pettus 4
Robert Penland 8
(5) Wheeler Sturdivant 9
(2) Hubert Williams 8
(2) Gray Wright 10

COTTAGE No. 5

William Ange 10
William Ballew 9
Max Cecil 5
(3) Arthur Grier 3
John Green 2
(11) Maynard Hicks 16
(7) Randolph Miller 11
Burman Holland 2
(2) George Kye 8
George Nelson 2
Perry Russ 4
(2) James Yarborough 2

COTTAGE No. 6

(7) Thomas Doby 7
(2) Columbus Hamilton 4
(2) Thomas Hamilton 7
Milton Hare 2
Leo Forester 3
Charlton Henry 7
John Uptigrove 5

COTTAGE No. 7

(2) James Corn 4
William Corn 5
(2) Fred Dysen 4
(2) Emerson Frazier 9
Harding Kluttz 7
Kenneth Messick 5
(2) Theodore Nines 11
(2) Lewis Parker 12
(4) Paul Saunders 7
(9) Floyd Watkins 14
(7) Douglas Wilkes 10

COTTAGE No. 8

(17) John Auton 17
(2) Charles Banks 7
(2) Fred May 2
(4) John Penninger 7

COTTAGE No. 9

(4) Randolph Davis 8
Lee Dickens 14
Hoyett Hudson 7
(3) Thomas McCausley 7
Ben Overby 3
(5) Ed Lee White 13
(13) Bryan Williams 16

COTTAGE No. 10

James Bell 7
Harold Brown 7
(2) James Kellam 12
James L. Singleton 4
(2) Winston Strickland 6
(2) Fred Ward 13

COTTAGE No. 11

Edward Carpenter 3
Patton Capps
(2) James Enloe 6
(6) Charles Hefner 9
Dallas Hodge 7
(2) William Kirk 2
(2) James Montford 8
William Martin
James Rector 10
(9) Charles Smith 12
(3) Cecil Webb 12

COTTAGE No. 12

(8) Earl Atwood 16
Frank Dickens 5
(7) Paul Eason 10
Bernard Griffin 2
Frank Lewis
Leonard Potter 5
(2) Arbie Phillips 4
James Reavis 3
(2) William Stevens 2
Thomas Welch 10
(3) Olive Weaver 7

COTTAGE No. 13

Harry Smith 3
Wilbur Shoaf

COTTAGE No. 14

Jack Comer 14
Homer Jones 3
James Singleton
Robert Singleton 3
Stacey Long 2
(2) Charles Wagoner 2

COTTAGE No. 15

(4) Robert Alexander 12
Marvin Ashe 8
(7) John Caddell 15
(2) Floyd Causey 7
Claibourne McKee 8
George McManus 9
(2) Edward Martin 8
(2) Sam Pegram 14
(5) Glenn Stewart 12

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., JULY 13, 1935 No. 28

LOVELY THINGS

Let me remember only lovely things:
The scattered smiles of children at their play,
The sapphire of the sea, a star adrift,
The spreading glory of the dying day;
The friendliness of those who light my soul,
Like crystals woven into winter snow;
The clear, blue sky that follows summer rain,
Sweet warbled notes, and sunset's afterglow,
Thus shall I keep the storehouse of my mind
Barred to the gloom that memory often brings;
Beauty will mold each thought that lives with me—
I shall remember only lovely things.

—Willa Hoey.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAI

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

ENTHUSIASM

If you can't get enthusiastic about your work, it's time to get alarmed. Something is wrong.

Compete with yourself; set your teeth and dive into the job of breaking your own record.

No man keeps up his enthusiasm automatically.

Enthusiasm must be nourished with new actions, new aspirations, new efforts, new vision.

It is one's own fault if his enthusiasm is gone; he has failed to feed it.

And right here is the big reason why thousands of men hit highwater marks at thirty-five and then recede.

They can "do their work with their eyes shut," and that is the way they do it.

They have lost their driving power of enthusiasm.

They sleep at the switch. All they see in life is the face of the time clock. All they hear is the quitting whistle.

If you want to turn hours into minutes, renew your enthusiasm.—Papyrus.

GARFIELD AND LINCOLN, SELF-MADE

The expression "some are born great, others have greatness thrust upon them, and there are others who acquire greatness" is not only heard, but if the lives of some of our great men are studied the statement is verified.

For instance there are few who realize that the 20th president of the United States, James A. Garfield, was a poor boy, and his first experience in public life was in a log school house in the back woods of Ohio. It was during his career as school teacher he was invited as a guest of a country-party, but on the day the invitation was received Garfield had the misfortune to split wide open one leg of

his pants at the knee. He felt disappointed, but the hostess of the home came to his relief by offering to darn the break in a manner that made it possible to take in the party.

Garfield was profusive in his expressions for the kindness, but the good house keeper said, to young Garfield, "oh, never mind no one will ever ask when you are a great man how many pairs of trousers you had while teaching school here."

Another interesting story is related of our other martyred president. In 1830 a peddler passed a cabin in Illinois. The shadows of night were fast falling. The peddler stopped and asked for shelter. The house wife said, "I can keep your beast, but if I give you a room you will have to sleep with the "hired-man." The peddler looked the hired man over. He found him closely engaged in reading a book. The bed was shared by the "hired man," and the hired man was none other than Abraham Lincoln.

When this poor teacher and hired man died the whole civilized world acknowledged their intellectual force and the service they rendered. It is also timely to note that Garfield and Lincoln were country boys, therefore, original force is sometimes diminished by the friction of city life, while in other instances it is an advantage to the growing mind.

* * * * * * *

BILLY MOORE IS DEAD

Death at any age of life, even when expected, comes as a distinct shock, but the news of the sudden passing of a young person strikes down deep in the hearts of the masses. Therefore, the sad message, "Billy Moore is dead", when passed from home to home of the legion of friends of this genial young man, who met a most tragic death in an automobile accident the night of July 3rd, while enroute to Myrtle Beach to spend the glorious 4th with friends, was an occasion of universal sorrow in and around Concord.

The very name Billy Moore, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Z. A. Moore, was suggestive of life, also knowing he was the pride of the home, the only son, genial, manly, popular, in the prime of life with the world of opportunities before him, presents a picture of pathos as we stand and mourn his sad demise.

We cannot understand either the mysteries of life or death—why question—so the only thing to do is to move by faith with an understanding heart, feeling that all things are for the best and that time will help heal the wound made too deep for words.

We sympathize, and only those who have passed through the "valley and shadows" of death can give that touch of sympathy and expression of love that binds and makes strong the ties of the human family. The whole community expressed sympathy for the members of the breaved home where Billy Moore from childhood to young manhood moved and lived.

* * * * * * *

THE DAILY CHECK-UP

When we think of the greatly admired traits of character of Charles Lindbergh, we should also remember that they did not "just happen." Some who have marveled at his self-control and humility in days of distracting publicity have not known that for many years he had learned to discipline himself by a daily check-up of qualities which he wished to possess.

Behind the strong characters of the men who lead the world are stories of self-discipline. Each day lived truly is more than a day well spent. It is another stone placed in the cathedral of character that we erect with the years. Ours is not the question whether we shall form habits. We are forming them all the time and cannot help it. Ours is to determine which habit we shall form by careful attention to the matter.—Selected.

* * * * * * *

BOARD OF TRUSTEES MEET

The Board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School met in the Cannon Memorial Building on Tuesday, July 2nd. The meeting was held at this time on account of the fact that the date for the regular quarterly meeting came on July 4th, a holiday.

The following members of the Board were present: Messrs. L. T. Hartsell, Concord, chairman; D. B. Coltrane, Concord; Paul C. Whitlock, Charlotte; J. F. Spruill, Lexington; Mesdames W. N.

Reynolds, Winston-Salem; R. O. Everett, Durham; and Miss Easdale Shaw, Rockingham.

The Board considered plans for the erection of the Indian Cottage at the School, the appropriation for which was made at the last session of the Legislature. They also viewed the maintenance appropriation for the biennium 1935-37, beginning July 1st.

Plans were made for the completion of the papers necessary for the acquisition of 152 acres of land, known as the Pharr property, lying between what is known as the upper and lower farms belonging to the School.

Other routine matters pertaining to the interests of the School were discussed and plans made for carrying out same.

* * * * * *

COL. FRED A. OLDS

Death has claimed Col. Fred A. Olds at the advanced age of 81 years after a life of unusual service to North Carolina. He was formerly a newspaper man, but is best known as founder of North Carolina Hall of History, giving the best he had to this cause up till a few months prior to his death.

Due to the fact he traveled extensively, collecting relics and all other objects to make the Hall of History measure up to his expectations, he made a wide acquaintance, possibly knowing more people than any other one man in the state.

He was an institution within himself, thoroughly conversant with the history of the North State, and when an opportunity presented itself he never failed to exercise his accomplishment for the pleasures and benefit of all people He, too, took great delight in acting as host to young people, by contributing delightful pastime whenever they visited in the capital city.

Except for Col. Old's unyielding spirit he would have been considered an old man years ago. His interest in people and things kept him buoyant and hopeful, moving and acting with the agility of a man many years younger. He served faithfully and effectively, without reward or the hope of reward, however, he built his own monument—"North Carolina Hall of Hsitory."

TOLL-BRIDGES ABOLISHED

There are no more toll-bridges in North Carolina. The "Lost Colony," Roanoake Island, has not only good roads leading to the unspoiled play grounds but free access by eliminating toll-bridges. The removal of toll over the Wright Memorial bridge, and another bridge from Manteo to Nags Head is a fine bid for tourist traffic.

Free bridges and more roads bring Dare county a sort of Independence for practically this part of the state, a veritable play ground for the men who love sport, has up to this era remained untouched by man's commercialism and greed.

The removal of toll over bridges in the North State has set a precedent for the Old Dominion. Watch Virginians get busy and do the same thing, making it possible for tourists and others to visit the places known as the "Cradle of the Republic" without excessive tax over bridges owned by private corporations.

* * * * * * *

AS IT SHOULD BE

Mecklenburg county has a new superintendent of public instruction, and the Observer makes the favorable comment that he is a "prophet with honor at home", leaving a well earned reputation at his home, Franklin county, a characterful administration, covering a period of twenty years of faithfulness, efficiency and progressiveness in every duty entrusted to his care.

It is a fine tribute to the good judgment of any set of school commissioners to look through the record of every school official, because child care and child training are the questions of the hour and young people should be safe-guarded by men and women of the highest type of character. The question of making grades, or measuring up to certain requirements of standardization are necessary, but that should not be done to the elimination of building character. The surest way to build character is by example.

SAM HOUSTON JOINS FAME'S CHOSEN FEW

By Georgia Dickinson Wardlaw

On June 18, Virginia honored another of her illustrious sons, when a bust of Sam Houston, native Virginian and hero of Texan independence, was unveiled in the old hall of the House of Delegates—now in Virginia's Hall of Fame.

The bust of this colorful character and fearless Virginia pioneer—who became a sort of "Minister Plenipotentiary" to Texas, will take its place beside those of other Virginia immortals—George Mason, Cavalier, and author of the Virginia Bill of Rights; Patrick Henry, lover of liberty and impassioned patriot; Matthew Fontaine Maury, "Pathfinder of the Seas;" John Marshall, celebrated Chief Justice; Cyrus McCormick, inventor, and others whose fame is known throughout the length and breadth of the land.

What of this rugged, romantic figure Sam Houston? Who was he, and how did he become the hero of that historic and bloody battle of San Jacinto, in a Texas wilderness miles removed from the verdant Valley of Virginia where he was born? Intensive research into the life of Sam Houston has revealed surprising and fascinating facts concerning his heritage and early days, and it is these which must claim precedence over the thrilling and daring experiences which were to make up his colorful life.

It is recorded that in the year 1730—when a certain ship came to berth in New York (after a terrifying voyage from Belfast—terrifying because of a buccaneering plot of the ship's master that came to no good end for the villanous man)—"a thick-set man in middle life, with silver buckles on his shoes, stepped ashore with his mother, his wife, and six children." This was "John Houston, Gentleman" descended from baronets, whose ancesters, we learn, "were in the company of Scottish archers that led the way for Jeanne d'Arc from Orleans to Reims."

Sam Was Born in Rockbridge County

This John Houston (1) setted for a time in Pennsylvania, where a son and two daughters were married. When the tide of Scotch-Irish immigration flowed southward, he was one of those able men it swept in its wake, leaving him in the upper Valley of Virginia, where he settled among the Paxtons, Davidsons, Stuarts, McCackles, Montgomerys, McCormicks and McClungs.

In his new home in this fertile valley, John Houston at once became one of the first citizens "of the new Presbyterian Commonwealth beyond the Blue Ridge." His land holdings were extensive; he was among the first to import negroes across the mountains; he built roads and a stone church that exist to this day; served as magistrate, and fought against the French and Indians. Such was Sam Houston's great-grandfather—found-

er of the Virginia family.

Robert Houston (2) "Squire" John's son, had married the daughter of one of his father's neighbors—one of the "well-to-do Davidson girls" and established himself on the Timber Ridge farm. His house was not a mansion in the Tidewater sense of the word—but it was a fine sturdy two-story house for the wilderness in which it was set.

Among Robert Houston's children was a son Samuel (3) who at an early age evinced a fondness for military life, and one day came home to surprise his family, as a captain in Morgan's Rifle Brigade—one of the most famous outfits in the Continental Army.

At his father's death, Captain Houston inherited the Timber Ridge place, and it was there that he brought his bride, Elizabeth Paxton, daughter of "Squire" John Paxton, one of Rockbridge County's richest men. The new mistress of Timber Ridge, according to accounts, was tall and handsome, and counted a lady—almost in the Tidewater manner."

Was a Poor Student and a Truant

Having both inherited and married wealth, Captain Samuel Houston could well afford to pattern his life as he so desired, and it was the profession of arms that he chose. One late February afternoon, some 10 years later—on the old Plank Road from Lexington, this soldier Houston was seen to ride home in haste. No enemy could be pursuing him, for the Indian menace as well as the Revolution was a thing of the past.

We learn the reason for his haste when we read—"All was well and he had arrived in time—in good time, for not until the second day of March in 1793, was the baby born. It was the fifth that had blessed the Union of Samuel and Elizabeth Houston, and, like the others, a boy." Thus did Virginia's daring, adventurous Sam Houston, one day destined to be the liberator of Texas from Mexican rule, first see the light of day.

Sam Houston's early childhood was like that of many another Virginian. One of 10 children, he was not hampered in developing his own initiative, and was proud when an opportunity presented itself to demonstrate his pluck. He rode horseback, swam in Mill Creek, hunted in the woods, and, according to tradition, "slew Redcoats and Redskins impartially with father's second-best sword."

With his brothers and sisters, Sam attended church every Sunday in the old Presbyterian Timber Ridge Church, still standing, and which was but a few hundred yards from the Houston homestead. The church stood then, as it does today, a monument to the pious purpose of their great-grandfather, John Houston, who was its builder.

The children attended school in a log building that stood a few paces from the church. Captain Houston (now major) had donated 40 acres of land, and with a group of neighbors, had been instrumental in starting the school. One is not surprised when he reads that "Sam was a poor student and a truant." But in his explorations of the family copy of Morse's Geography, doubtless his

keen young eyes saw intrigue and adventure in the letters that spelled "Tejas"—a land that was one day to beckon this boy far from the hills of home.

Family Emigrates to Tennessee

In the spring of 1807, Elizabeth Houston, "more accustomed to her own riding chair than an immigrant wagon, however new—" took her place behind a five horse team, driven by her boy, Sam, that began its long journey on the road from Lexington —beyond the green Allegheny passes, into the wilderness that was Tennessee.

Young Sam Houston was just 14 when he left behind him—with his mother and brothers and sisters, the fertile Valley of Virginia that had been home to his forbears for more than 150 years. In September, 1806, Major Houston, in fast failing health, had sold for a goodly sum, what remained of his Timber Ridge property. Anticipating that early death might outwit his plan for his family's safe arrival at a home of their own in the new and promising land of Tennessee—he opened negotiations for a grant of land in the eastern end of the State, long before their departure. A wise move by a wise man, for he died soon thereafter.

When his estate was appraised by his executors, the following items were entered—an interesting bit of reading for the modern Virginian, as to what a gentleman-pioneer might own in 1806:

"One sword, $15. One negro woman named Peggy, aged 27 years, $166.66; one negro woman named Lucy aged 17 years, $250; one negro boy, Jerry, 13 years, $250; one negro boy, a child named Andrew, 2 years, $40; one boy named David, 10 months, $20; one iron grey mare, $90; one Riding Chair and Harness, $55; one red cow, $10; one woman's sadle, bridle and martingale, $20; one man's saddle plated stirup, $17; one card table, $6.50; three tea boards, $3; one bottle case and contents. $4; one umbrella, $2; one pistol, $50; two turkey counterpanes, $7; nine sheets, 50 cents; Morse's Geography, two volumes, $6.50; sundry bonds and notes amounting to $1,468.20."

Ran Away to Live With Indians

After weeks of arduous travel, young Sam Houston was at last to deliver his mother and brothers and sisters safe at their destination in East Tennessee. Up the Baker's Creek Valley, and then up a branch stream that rushed down from the hills, they had worked their way "over no road at all" until at last the Big Smoky Mountains rose into view. Their journey was behind them. These new hills were to be the hills of home for the Houston clan; the last home they were ever to know together. On the Baker's Creek branch, Elizabeth Houston patented 419 acres of land that had been her husband's personal choice of a homesite. True to her word, she had fulfilled her promise as to a dying man.

In his new home, as in his old one, Sam was soon despaired as a student, and put to work in a country store.

Even this steady occupation failed to subdue his restless nature, which seemed never satisfied, except when he was exploring the wilds of the Tennessee country roundabout. Then one day Sam Houston failed to come home from his work. Only the brave spirit of his mother—now hardened to the demands of her pioneer life—could have endured the suspense of those weeks when no word came from her son.

Finally startling news reached the family fireside. Sam was living with the Cherokees, very contentedly so, and had been adopted by Chief Oolooteka as his own son. His outraged brothers went to fetch their wandering one home, and did so, but soon the lure of life among the Indians beckoned Sam Houston again, and this time he left his home and family, never to return.

From this time on, Sam Houston's life was as nomadic as it was adventurous—patterned, no doubt after his own desires, and therefore wholly to his liking.

In 1813 he enlisted in the regular army, serving under General Jackson, four years later aiding in the negotiations with the Cherokees. Later, in Nashville he studied law, and opened an office in Lebanon. From 1823 to 1827 he served in Congress, and subsequently was elected Governor. But the call of the wild had never completely died for Sam Houston, and three months after his election to the governorship, he returned to his old friends the Cherokess, later representing their case in Washington, where national attention was again focused upon him.

Made Commander of Texas Forces

The year 1832 was perhaps the most momentous year in Sam Houston's life, for it was then that he went to Texas, where his recognized qualities of leadership plus his spirit of camaraderie among men, soon caused him to be chosen leader of the American colonists. He was a member of the Convention of April, 1833, which attempted to form a State constitution, and when trouble with the Mexicans finally led to armed conflict, Houston was made the commander-in-chief of the Texan forces.

"Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!" The old Plaza in San Antonio still rings with the battle-cry of Sam Houston's frontiersmen, as they marched on to San Jacinto to avenge the Alamo massacre.

It was at the Alamo that less than 200 Texans, under Travis, Bowie and Crockett, held out for weeks against the several thousand Mexican troops, under the Mexican dictator, Santa Ana. From there they sent their now famous message to Congress, pledging their lives for the cause of liberty, should help not be forthcoming.

Sam Houston's blunt advice to them had been to "blow up the Alamo" and retreat while they could, but this had been ignored, and the heroic little band had finally been overpowered and massacred to a man. Out of a whole garrison, only a mother clinging helplessly to her baby, had survived, and these two were promptly sent to carry news of the disaster to Houston—with the compliments of the cruel Santa Ana.

Sam Houston was attempting to

organize his little backwoods army when the news of the Alamo tragedy reached him. Confusion at once overtook his small band of undisciplined troops, and more than a month elapsed before the men could be rallied for the counter-attack—their muskets ready for the Mexicans—their morale again at high pitch.

San Jacinto One of Fifteen Decisive Battles of World

On April 22-23, 1836, Sam Houston led his men to victory in the battle of San Jacinto, which historians have included as one of the 15 decisive battles of the world. This battle led to the ultimate defeat of Santa Ana, long the dreaded enemy of Texas; it brought about the independence of Texas, but it did even more. It proved that those brave defenders of the Alamo had not died in vain.

Honors and homage were lavished on Virginia's Sam Houston. In September, 1836, he was elected President of Texas, serving three terms. More than any other, he was responsible for bringing about the admission of Texas into the Union in 1845. Office after office awaited him. For 12 years he served in the United States Senate, and in 1859 was elected Governor of Texas. At the outbreak of the War Between the States he retired to Huntsville, where he died two years later.

For the visitor who sees in the Alamo today the rustic beauty of old Spain, there are reminders of those Spanish friars who, centuries ago, came to a virgin land to spread the Catholic faith and plant the name of Spain. Originally, the Alamo was the Mission of San Antonio de Valero, founded in 1716, and is the oldest building in the Southwest today. Its delicately carved keystone arch still bears mute but eloquent testimony to its age, as do the roofless cells, now overgrown with masses of tangled ivy—where once lodged Franciscan monks. The dim central building, "whose towers fell under musket fire" a century ago, once echoed to many a Latin mass.

Built as strong as a fortress, with walls more than a foot thick, it was originally designed to resist attacks from the Indians. According to tradition, the stones from which it is made were rough hewn from soft limestone, and laid in place by Indian workmen, whom the good padres had converted.

But not alone of Spanish Friars or converted Indians—of blood-thirsty Mexicans or massacred American patriots does one think, after history has told its story of the Alamo, "Shrine of Texas Liberty."

Deservedly Takes Place in Hall of Fame

Somewhere from in the background there emerges the rugged, picturesque figure of Virginia's Sam Houston, one day destined to change his romantic wilderness of Tejas (never forgotten from childhood days' into a United States' possession, and what 100 years later is the largest of its 48 States. More than one-twelfth the size of the entire United States; larger than either France or Germany—it was the daring and bravery of Sam Houston that helped to make Texas a free and sovereign State ov-

er which the Stars and Stripes have flown continuously for three-quarters of a century. Texas will long honor the memory of her liberator—this vast great State of Texas during whose lifetime six different flags have been hoisted from the Alamo.

Deservedly, one feels does Sam Houston, pioneer, take his place beside other illustrious sons of the Old Dominion, in Virginia's Hall of Fame.

While it is true that a girl's ideal may be shattered, in a good many cases he is just "broke."—Selected.

STEEPLE BELLS SUMMONED YE FAITHFUL

By Georgia Dickinson Wardlaw

The story of Virginia's Colonial churches is the story of Virginia itself—a story that tells of unflinching faith and dauntless determination; of a spirit that has never admitted defeat, but has survived raids and rebellions—the desecration and desolation of three bloody wars; the ruins of flood, fire, and pestilence—the ravages of time—only to emerge strong, secure, supreme—after more than than three centuries of existence.

The first of the five churches erected at Jamestown, (where a crumbling ivy-clad tower still survives, bearing mute but eloquent testimony of the faith of our fathers—) represented the first effort of the first settlers at Jamestown in 1607, to establish the Church of England on Virginia's virgin soil.

Under an "olde saile" stretched between trees—("to shadow us from the sun," wrote Captain John Smith) with benches made of unhewn logs—stood the first "holy place" of worship, where the Rev. Robert Hunt administered the sacrament of Holy Communion to those 120 tempest-tossed first settlers after their long voyage from the Thames.

When a sufficient number of trees could be felled, the first church at Jamestown was built. This was Captain John Smith's church—"the homely thing like a barn, set up on crachets, covered with rafts, sedge and earth; so was the walls." Smith's church was burned during the midwinter of 1608, but the indominable spirit of those first English settlers straightway manifested itself in the immediate building of a second church.

Captain Christoper Newport, just arrived on his second voyage with a further supply of colonists, had his sturdy mariners rebuild it. This church is described as a wooden building, 60 feet long by 24 feet wide,

with a chancel of cedar and a pulpit of the same wood.

It witnessed at least two memorable events in Jamestown's history—the auspicious arrival of Lord Delaware in 1610, and his entourage of 50 halberdiers in "fair red coats of his livery" presenting the first (and perhaps only) church parade Jamestown ever witnessed, of which Strachey has left a colorful and eye-filling picture, describing the Sunday ceremony of His Lordship's attendance in state. It was in this second church at Jamestown that the marriage of Pocahontas and John Rolfe took place, an event that promised a least a momentary peace with the Indians.

This second church, often called "Newport's Church" was destined, like its predecessor, to a brief existence, for though repaired and greatly improved by Lord Delaware in 1610, it was again in a ruinous state in 1617.

Today, the site of this rude structure lies in the bed of the James River, for 20 acres of Jamestown island have been washed away.

In 1617 Captain Argall (the same who kidnapped Pocahontas from the King of the Potomacks) and at that time deputy governor, built a smaller church outside the stockade. This structure, 50 by 20 feet, was the third wooden church, and was the meeting place in 1619 of the first assembly of Burgesses from the James River plantations. These Burgesses, sitting in the "quire" of the church, represented the first elected representative legislative body on this continent, as well as in the entire New World.

It is generally accepted as established fact that the foundations which lie within the modern church at Jamestown today, are those of Argall's church, or those of the first brick church built on the same site in 1639 or thereabout.

The Jamestown Church Tower, cloaked in ancient ivy—solemn and stately in its present-day beauty, is symbolic of early Jamestown history, dating from 1639 or possibly 1642. This lone sentinel—a relic of Bacon's Rebellion, is all that remains today of the first brick church at Jamestown, commonly dated from the governorship of Sir John Harvey. It served as a regular place of worship in the capital until 1676, when the first conflict between royal authority—the growing spirit of independence—and personal rights broke out, fanning the flames of Bacon's riotous rebellion.

Nathanial Bacon, with his "well armed housekeepers girt with broadswords" and supplied with "fusees" (fusils—muskets) left Jamestown in ashes rather than permit the royal governor, Sir William Berkeley, to return to the capital. Having driven out the governor, causing him to seek refuge in the "Kingdom of Accomack"—Bacon set fire to Jamestown, burning it to the ground. Tradition has it that it was none other than Nathanial Bacon's own hand which held the torch that fired the old church.

In 1699 the Assembly voted to remove the seat of government from Jamestown to Middle Plantation (Williamsburg), a pioneer settlement which had been established and

strongly fortified in 1633 after the first Indian massacre. Although the church at Jamestown was rebuilt after the period of Bacon's rebellion (when the walls were reenforced and a new interior constructed) and stood until 1758—with the removal of activities to Middle Plantation, the desertion of Jamestown was inevitable, and Jamestown's fourth church fell into a state of dilapidation and decay.

Jamestown and its church were abandoned. The Rev. Hugh Jones described it in 1722 as an abundance of rubbish with three or four inhabited houses." Time witnessed the caving in of the restored part of the church, leaving only the ruins of the ancient tower of 1639.

As if standing sentinel at the very "Cradle of the Republic"—this classic old ivy-clad tower alone remains today all that there is or will ever be, of that first Jamestown. Marking the entrance to what is the third brick church (and fifth in all) that has stood on this historic ground—known as the "Memorial Church" erected by the Colonial Dames of America in Virginia, and given in 1907 to the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, the main portal of the new church is through the silent, bare walls of this historic tower.

Originally 40 feet high and 18 feet square, the ruined and crumbling heights of this majestic structure bespeaks the vicissitudes through which a settlement—a state—and a nation had to pass, ere the dawn of peace and permanency, safety and security was to come.

Seen in the simplicity of its antiquity, this arresting and beautiful old vy-clad landmark is more than brick and mortar. It imparts to every human heart and seeing eye, something of the dauntless courage, perseverance, privation and noble spirit of those early settlers of Virginia, who, by faith and fortitude laid the foundations of a great nation one day to become a great people.

Bruton Parish Church, reputed to be the oldest Episcopal Church in continuous use in America, was erected on the probably site of three successive earlier churches, to meet the needs of the new Capital at Middle Plantation (Wiliamsburg).

Considered the virtual successor of the old church at Jamestown—as the Metropolitan or "Court Church" of Colonial Virginia, it fell heir to the beautiful communion service and baptismal font of the Jamestown church, which, according to tradition, was used when the Princess Pocahontas was baptized.

The present imposing brick building, with its square tower and delicate steeple, set in a broad and shaded churchyard inclosed by a solid and ancient brick wall, was built between 1710 and 1715, or very soon after the capital of the Colony was moved from Jamestown, and the early settlement of Middle Plantation was christened "Williamsburg" in honor of the reigning King, William of Orange.

The building of the church was jointly sponsored by the vestry of the parish, the House of Burgesses and the Governor, Colonel Alexander Spottswood, who was one of the most

lavish contributors to the growth and development of the town. Up until the time of the Revolution, old Bruton Parish was attended by the most distinguished and important personages in the colony. Royal governors from Spottswood to Dunmore sat in its throne-like canopied pew, on which may still be seen emblazoned in massive bronze, the Royal Arms of Great Britian, while the square inclosed pews, marked with silver plaques, bearing the names of illustrious early Virginians, were occupied by them and their families, and are today a part of the remarkably preserved interior of the church.

Four Presidents of the United States—Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, worshipped within the sacred, stately walls of Bruton Parish. "The bell in the tower," quoting one authority, "is the most historic in the South, if not in America. It rang with the repeal of the Stamp Act in 1766, with the first act of sovereignty by any of the colonies on May 15, 1766 . . . . It rang as the Union Jack was hauled down from the Capital; it rang the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown; and celebrated the peace with Great Britain, proclaimed at Williamsburg, May 1, 1783."

Small wonder, with its spacious and regal interior, and imposing exterior of mellowed, ancient brick, that old Bruton Church is today considered the handsomest church in Virginia. Standing on the most prominent and historic thoroughfare in Williamsburg — the recently restored Duke of Gloucester Street—it has witnessed all of the color and pageantry of Virginia's history, and all of the panoply and agony of war.

H. I. Brock, eminent authority on Colonial churches in Virginia, gives a graphic picture of old Bruton Church on a Sunday in Colonial times. He writes: "A quarter of a mile up the Palace Green was the official residence of his excellency the Governor, an establishment of dignity, flanked with walls surmounted by balustrades, behind which was a garden in which peacocks strutted, while in front was a forecourt with sufficient gates and a guard house. Turning out of these gates with a flourish, his excellency might be expected to arrive in his coach and four attended by outriders and stirring up a lot of dust in the unpaved street. He would then proceed inside and take his place in the official canopied pew, decorated with the royal arms.

"The gentlemen of the Council and the Burgesses, stopping up the way at the Raleigh Tavern or in lodgings over the shops at the Capitol end of town might come either on horseback or on foot, bewigged and powdered and silver buckled as to shoes. Their ladies arrived in sedan chairs, or perched sometimes on plebian patterns or clogs, which local gentry quite allowed on account of the notorious alternation of mud and dust in the Williamsburg thoroughfares. From Basset Hall and from Tazewell Hall—the latter the residence of Sir John Randolph, the great man of the place, likewise the great friend of the College of William and Mary, and not unknown to Sir William Walpole, the prime minister—the family might be conveyed in a coach or chariot.

Some of the neighboring owners of country seats might use similar pomp, for example the Ludwell's from Sir William Berkeley's manor of Green Spring. From the west end came the students of the college, to be locked in their gallery as the rule prescribed; and from various quarters the shopkeepers, realtors and keepers of the ordinaries with which the little capital was notoriously well supplied. Such was the urban scene of a fine Sunday morning."

A colorful fabric, woven in words, of the Sunday gatherings at Virginia's court church, where today the visitor enters a triste churchyard of moss-covered tombstones, to step into a church regal yet sombre, and on certain days, damp and dark as if enveloped in the mist of centuries past.

Usually the man who knows what should be done expects the other fellow to do it.—Selected.

THE UNSAFE NEEDLE

(Young Folks)

The person who has to depend on the needle of a compass to give him direction regards it as a very important instrument. It is not very large, and it certainly is not very strong, but it is worth more to the sailor than many precious jewels. If the stars are shut out by the clouds and he is dependent upon it to show him how he is to steer his ship, you could not make him give it up.

There are two things the captain of any ship wants to be sure about. The one is power, and the other is control. Of what use is the most palatial boat in existence if it does not have enough power to push it over the seas? Every officer's heart beats with pride as he feels the huge vessel vibrating with power. He is satisfied if he sees it being driven with resistless energy toward its destination. There can be no sight more helpless or hopeless than that of a ship in mid-ocean without any power to send it over the waves.

But there is a sight equally helpless and hopeless, and that is a ship whose captain cannot turn it in the direction he wants it to take. If it refuses to respond to his will; if it does not answer to his manipulation of the marchinery, he surrenders all hope of every reaching the harbor.

Have you, who know little of the path of the sea and the skill of the sailors, ever wondered how a ship could sail over three or four thousand miles of water and dock in a particular harbor without difficulty? The answer is, *power* and *control.*

A life is not so different from a boat. It too must have power. There must be something about it to send

it forward, to enable it to do the thing that is chosen for it. So many people are little further on today than they were ten or twenty or thirty years ago. They are floundering around. They make no progress.

Then too a life must move in the right direction. Some persons have unusual power, the power of insight, of influence; but it is carrying them the wrong way. They have no high goal, no worthy life purpose. They only drift, which means they gradually get farther from their destination. We need power, and self-direction and self-control.

The dog has his day, the cat his night, and the road hog has all Sunday afternoon.—Selected.

HOW UNDER-RIVER TUNNELS ARE BUILT

By Harry K. Hobart

The Holland Tunnel which was built some years ago, for the traffic between New York and New Jersey, has proven to be such a success that nance another tunnel to take care of the Government has proposed to fi- this ever increasing traffic. The new tunnel is to be built in the mid-town section of New York and the estimated cost will be 37,500,000 dollars.

In the building of such a tunnel thre are many engineering problems and they are not all problems of construction. One of the most important of engineering problems is the problem of keeping sufficient air pressure in the hole under the river which will eventually be the tunnel to keep the river from crushing down into that hole. This problem might be called the fight of men against the river. It is purely a question of keeping an even balance. For instance, air pressure at sea level is about 15 pounds to the square inch; at 100 ft. depth below sea level the air pressure must be increased to 50 pounds to the square inch to balance the tremendous weight of water, sand and rock overhead.

Down already sixty feet, today, sandhogs, engineers and blasters are working under the keels of ocean greyhounds where the air rings like an anvil, where a man may not smoke for fear of causing an explosion, where a million tons of mud, sand and water crouch in readiness to smother them. It is a queer place, down under the river. You remind yourself that it is time for high tide and you visualize the mighty ocean pushing its way up the mouth of the river, but the men in the tunnel work on, oblivious to high or low tides. Storms may rage or pandemonium

break loose up above, but all is the same under the river. No day, no night; just incandescent lights and air pressure charged with oxygen.

Do you think you could whistle down there? Not a bit of it! Your vocal cords won't vibrate for a whistle. And although you were to blow with all your might you couldn't extinguish a candle. It just burns all the more brightly as you blow against the flame. This is because the air is charged with oxygen and that is why no one smokes and of course, there are no lighted candles down there. If, as sometimes happens, the men strike a pocket of sewer gas, and this combined with the oxygen and a light were present it would mean a terrible explosion and many men would be killed. It might even mean that the tunnel would collapse. So there are no unguarded lights allowed.

The noise of pumps working overhead is always good news to the men under the river. They seem to say, "You dig the tunnel, boys; we'll take care of the river."

At the beginning of this article we showed how the balance was kept between the river and the air pressure. The deeper the caissons are sunk, the greater the air pressure must become. If this delicate balance is lost for a moment, the air either blows a hole in the tunnel, or the river blows a hole in the caisson. Caissons are great steel tanks which sink deeper and deeper as the men inside of them dig away the sand and mud. They sink from their own weight thus keeping up with the working men inside of them. But they are not strong enough to resist the weight of tons of water and rock alone. They must be filled with air under pressure or they would collapse as they sink downward.

As they get farther and farther under the river, the men, or "sand hogs," as they are called, are put under greater air pressure. After a certain point is passed this becomes dangerous. Hence the wages of sand hogs go up and their working hours go down, the deeper they get. Finally, the sand hog works no more than an hour a day and gets as much as an ordinary laborer would earn in three eight hour days.

Every possible precaution is taken to insure the air supply and health of the sand hogs. Each man is constantly under a doctor's eye. The sand hogs enter the under river workings through an air lock, where the pressure is increased gradually. Likewise, when they are quitting, they are subjected to a gradual decompression of the air. As a result of rigid precautions, very few men who work under the river become victims of the dreaded disease known as the "bends." In addition to the regular decompression locks, the sand hogs can take advantage of a special hospital lock kept in readiness all the time. In this steel chamber, the air density can be controlled by an operator on the outside. It provides a gradual compression and decompression, to accustom a man to ordinary atmospheric pressure.

When released too suddenly into the atmosphere, a sand hog is likely to suffer severe aches and has a tendency to reel like a drunken man. To preclude the possibility of his being

arrested for drunkenness, he wears a special badge, which identifies him and gives instructions for treatment in case he should lose control of himself.

Modern science has considerably cut down the hazards of sand-hogging. During the entire seven years of construction work on the Holland Tunnel there was not a single case of compressed-air illness although there were 756,000 decompressions. Sixty-four per cent of "bends" cases occur within the first hour after men are exposed to the free atmosphere. Hence, the rgeulations require that they accommodate themselves to it very gradually. While waiting to be decompressed, they play games or talk or read.

The new Hudson tunnel will have an outside diameter of thirty-one feet, an outside lining generally of cast iron, but in certain places of cast steel, and an inside lining of cast steel and concrete. The cast iron and steel lining is a ring made up of fourteen segments with a "key" segment added. These are all bolted together securely and are made water-tight.

Most of the tunneling is done by the shield method under compressed air. The shield is like a great cylinder with a sharp cutting edge. It is driven forward through the earth as if it were cutting the core out of a giant apple. The men work under the shield with pick and shovel.

Two separate vehicle tunnels are now projected to form what is to be known as the "Mid-town-Tunnel." One tube is 7,250 feet long, the other 8,080 feet. The maximum grade against traffic will be three and one half per cent; with traffic the maximum grade will be four and one-half per cent. The roadway between curbs in each tunnel will be twenty-one feet six inches, eighteen inches wider than in the Holland Tunnel. This increased width is necessary for modern trucks and busses.

The capacity of the tunnel is amazing. Since the opening of the Holland Tunnel in 1927, more than 75,000,000 vehicles have passed under the river. About 2,000 cars can pass through each tube per hour.

The ventilation is another engineering problem which requires the services of many experts. With thousands of cars discharging deadly carbon-monoxide fumes, the air must be changed constantly. In one minute the ventilation towers must deliver 4,000,000 cubic feet of fresh air to the interior and expel an equal amount of used air. Carbon monoxide in the tunnel atmosphere is limited to less than four in ten thousand parts. Engineers are investigating the use of sodium lamps for illuminating the tunnel. If adopted one-half will be saved in lighting costs.

Sizes are often very deceiving. Sometimes a small woman's thumb has a man under it.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Clifford Bowers, of Cottage No. 1, was called to his home near Albermarle on Friday of last week on account of the death of his brother, John, who was once an inmate of this institution.

—o—

The Calvine Mills baseball team, of Charlotte, was scheduled to play at the School last Saturday afternoon, but the manager called us that morning saying that the game would have to be postponed. The company's trucks were all out of the city and the team had no means of transportation.

—o—

Our school principal reports the winners of the Barnhardt Prize for the quarter ending June 30, 1935, as follows:

First grade, Cling Shelton, highest average; second grade, Harry Connell, best on recitation; third grade, Erwin Martin, greatest improvement; fourth grade, Ashley Thompson and Spurgeon Dowless, most studious; fifth grade, Wiliam Goodson, best general average (scholarship and deportment); sixth grade, Arthur Greer, most studious, highest average; seventh grade, Charles Wagoner, greatest improvement in English.

—o—

Rev. and Mrs. A. W. Ballantine; daughters, Pearl and Anna Margaret, and son, Luther, all of Timberville, Va., where the Rev. Mr. Ballantine is pastor of the Lutheran Church, visited the School last Monday. They were conducted through the various departments and seemed to be quite interested in the manner in which the work is carried on here. Rev. Mr. Ballantine who, in addition to attending to his duties as a minister of the Gospel, conducts a small printing plant, was a very close observer of the operations of our printing department.

—o—

William Smith, formerly of Durham, now of Richmond, Va., dropped in at the School last Monday to say "hello" to us all. Bill has been gone about five years, and is now employed in the home office of the Life Insurance Company of Virginia. He attended the John Marshall High School, Richmond, and upon completion of the course, secured work at his present place of employment. He is now nineteen years old and has a fine prospect for a successful business career before him. Bill was glad to see a number of old friends at the School and was anxious to locate all the officers who were here while he sojourned in our midst.

—o—

We had rather unusual visitors at the School last Monday in the persons of Mr. and Mrs. Rock, of Rock Hill, S. C. They did not call on any special business, but just for the purpose of renewing their acquaintance at the School. About thirteen years ago, Mr. Rock sold us a large safe for the office, but had not been back since. He and his wife are very much interested in the work the School is doing. Mr. Rock was very favorably

impressed at the time of his former visit, and since learning of the many boys who have gone out from the institution, and by dint of their own brain and brawn have won for themselves places of distinction in society and the business world, he has become a very enthusiastic supporter of the Training School.

—o—

What would you do in a situation like this—nearly five hundred hungry boys ready for dinner and no coal on hand with which to cook same? This came very near being an actual fact at the Training School last Tuesday.

A car-load of coal had been ordered in June, but on account of some delay in transportation, did not reach the School until Tuesday morning. The supply of coal at the School had been burned down to the dust, and prospects for a well-cooked dinner were most unfavorable.

A sigh of relief went up from sixteen households when it was learned that a Southern Railway engine had backed a car-load of coal on our siding, and in a very few minutes our truck was alongside, loading to meet the emergency. So all went well; the boys were fed, and July 9th passed as a normal day.

—o—

The Training School baseball team is enriched to the extent of fine new catcher's and first baseman's mitts, nine uniforms and two bats. All of these have recently been donated by friends interested in athletic developmnt among our boys.

Our constant good friends, Messrs. Charles and William Barnhardt, of Charlotte, together with the manager of the Carolina Sporting Goods Store, also of Charlotte, made the gifts of the mitts possible, while Messrs. H. F. Krauss, principal of Concord High School; Harry Hollingsworth, athletic director, and Aubrey Hoover, president of the Weavers and leading baseball spirit in the city of Concord, donated the uniforms and bats.

Unfortunately our budget provides very little for athletic equipment, and the School depends largely upon interested friends to provide same, and we greatly appreciate the gifts and kindly consideration of these friends.

—o—

There was once one Monroe Horton, of Elizabeth City, who came to the School as rather an awkward, loose-jointed, homesick youngster. This boy was placed in Cottage No. 5 as his home while at the School. He also contacted the work at our printing office, where he passed the time while not in school. While here, Monroe made a fair record in both cottage and shop, and was paroled August 1, 1930, returning to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Horton, Elizabeth City. Since that time we have had only a few reports on Monroe.

We were surprised and delighted last Saturday afternoon when a nice, well-dressed young man, weighing about 180 pounds, announced himself as being the same Monroe Horton, now employed at the Stein Printing House, Atlanta, Ga., where he states he has been recently promoted to the position of pressman on an offset press, a new and very popular branch of the printing industry.

After leaving the School, Monroe worked in a printing establishment at Elizabeth City, publishing the "Daily Advance," edited by Mr. Herbert Peele, going from there to take his present position. Monroe states that he has stuck to the printing trade for the entire time since leaving the School.

On the side, Monroe says they pay offset pressmen one dollar per hour. Some of the workers at the School who, for the past few years have been looking for prosperity to hurry around that "corner," wanted to know if they might not be able to get a run of about 2,000 hours at that kind of work.

—o—

Rev. Walter Miller, pastor of Forest Hill, M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson, Rev. Mr. Miller and the boys read the 121st Psalm together, following which he talked to them on "The Voyage of Life."

In the course of his remarks the speaker called attention to the great ocean liners of today, stating that they were admired by all who see them as they go plowing through the foam.

In order that the safety of the passengers or cargo may be assured, said the speaker, it is necessary that a ship have a captain to direct the crew serving under him. This captain must have a compass to guide the course of the vessel. A chart which serves as a guide to the proper destination is another thing necessary.

Rev. Mr. Miller then stated that every person is as a ship, sailing on the sea of life. In order that the voyage of life may be made successfully, it is necessary that we have a captain. As true Christians, the only Captain in whom we can put our trust is Jesus Christ. Our chart should be the Holy Bible. The compass which guides a Christian in the right direction is the conscience.

There are many wrecks on this voyage of life, continued the speaker, that are caused by men failing to heed the voice of the Great Captain, or by disregarding the still small voice of the conscience.

Just as there are treacherous currents and other dangers in ocean travel, there are also dangers in this voyage of life, said Rev. Mr. Miller in conclusion, but if we folow Christ, and His teachings as found in our chart, the Bible, there will be no question about a safe passage to a bright and happy home in heaven. The course is one that has been followed by many who have gone before us, especially the Master of our lives or Captain of our salvation—Jesus Christ.

—o—

JULY FOURTH

The boys at the Training School thoroughly enjoyed another happy Fourth of July. There were no speeches or patriotic program, as on previous occasions, but there were games galore. When the cottage lines assembled in the morning at the usual time, Superintendent Boger paid a brief tribute to the real meaning of Independence Day, and follow-

ed with the announcement that a holiday would be observed. The rest of the morning was spent in attending to the necessary chores about the School and the playing of various games on the campus and athletic field.

Realizing that "eats" play a very prominent part in a boy's conception of the proper manner in which to celebrate the Fourth of July, or any other holiday, the officials of the School made sure this part of the program was not overlooked. Two hundred fifty gallons of good cold lemonade were served to the boys on the campus. About 115 young frying sized chickens, well browned, and delicious cinnamon buns, together with side dishes of string beans, mashed potatoes, tomatoes, corn, cucumbers, etc., constituted the basis of real delight in the hearts and minds of our entire family, all of which tends to bring about the realization of what a good country we are living in and an apreciation of a land where all these good things may be enjoyed by its citizenship.

The Morrison Farm team, of Charlotte, visited the local diamond on the afternoon of July 4th and easily defeated the Training School ball tossers by the score of 13 to 9.

It was a long, drawn-out contest, marked by plenty of hard hitting, some very good fielding plays, and a number of the worst errors seen on the local field in many a day.

Andrews and Liske did the pitching for the local boys and the visiting batters touched their combined deliveries for fourteen hits, including two doubles, a triple, and a home run. The Morrison team used three hurlers, Mullis, who lasted one inning, Capel and Mosley, (the latter taking the mound in the seventh and holding the School lads to two singles) and the local batters knocked out thirteen hits.

Morrison Farm scored twice in the first frame on successive singles by Phillips, Little and Cope, and an error. In their half of the same inning, the School boys landed on the delivery of Mullis for four hits in a row—doubles by Wright and Lefler, J. Williams' single, and a three-ply smash by Furr, scoring four runs.

In the third a couple of two-base wild heaves by the School's third baseman permitted the visitors to score another. In this frame the local lads also registered once on a single by J. Williams and a couple of errors.

In the next inning, a hit batter, a pass, an error, Phillips double, and Bingham's single, netted the visitors two markers, tying the count at five all.

The School boys took the lead in the fifth when Buck Lefler singled, stole second and scored on a single by Ange.

The visitors regained the lead in the sixth when Paxton's single, Little's double, a base on balls and a hit batter produced two counters. The enemy's lead was short-lived, however, for in the same inning the School boys scored three times on Buck Lefler's triple, singles by Ange, Bryan Williams and Poole, a base on balls and an error.

In the seventh, Bingham, visiting

catcher, pounded a long drive far over the right field embankment for a round-trip counter.

The Morrison Farm lads proceeded to put the game on ice in the eighth inning, scoring five runs on singles by A. Little, Cope, McCharity, Key and Mosley, and the complete collapse of the local defense in which the boys made three costly errors.

Cope, visiting left fielder, contributed the most sparkling fielding play of the game in the third inning, when after a hard run he made a shoestring catch of B. Williams' line drive. The score:

		R	H	E
Morrison	2 0 1 2 0 2 1 5 0	13	14	3
J. T. S.	4 0 1 0 1 3 0 0 0	9	13	7

Two-base hits: H. Phillips, A. Little, Wright, Lefler. Three-base hits: Lefler, Furr. Home run: Bingham. Stolen bases: Covington, Lefler. Struck out: By Andrews 4; by Liske 1; by Mullis 3; by Capel 4; by Mosley 6. Base on balls: off Andrews 1; off Capel 2. Hit by pitcher: by Andrews (Key, Covington); by Capel (Wright). Umpires—Godown and McMahan.

—o—

The Cottage Honor Roll has been in operation at the Training School since March 10, 1935. The following list shows names of all boys appearing on this roll from that time to June 30, 1935, and the total number of times each one has been listed:

17—Ashley Thompson, John Auton, Fleming Collins.

16—Earl Rogers, Richard Sullivan, Millard Owenby, Maynard Hicks, Bryan Williams, Earl Atwood.

15—Homer Quick, John Caddell.

14—William McCormick, Robert Radford, Floyd Watkins, Harry Flowe, Lee Dickens, Eugene Smith, Jack Comer, Sam Pegram.

13—Hassell Shropshire, Vermont Whitley, Ed Lee White, Fred Ward, Urbane Hill.

12—Erwin Martin, Clifford Bowers, Claude McLaughlin, Herman Lamm, Woodrow Spruill, John Walsh, Lewis Parker, Sam Belk, James Kellam, Bennie Holland, Charles Smith, Walter Beaver.

11—Louis Tarkington, James Cooper, Randolph Miller, Robert Worthington, Caleb Hill, Woodfin Fowler.

10—Wm. Goodson, Eugene Whitt, Vernon Bass, Gray Wright, William Ange, J. B. Murray, Theodore Nines, Douglas Wlikes, Bennie Moore, Jas. Rector, Paul Eason, Thomas Welch, Howard Wilson, Denver Beshears.

9—Jerome Warren, Ivan Morrozoff, Wiley Willoughby, Junius Yarborough, James Bartlett, Irwin Luther, Robert Orrell, Clyde Reece, William Ballew, Wheeler Sturdivant, Connie Dickens, Emerson Frazier, Jesse Freeman, Homer Smith, Steve Talbert, Charles Hefner, Alfred Holloman, Warren Medlin, Jennings Norris, Linwood Potter, Gilbert Murray, George McManus, Paul Rhodes, Roy Wyrick.

8—Richard Tysinger, Sam Batts, Vasco Robinson, Henry Tucker, William Barber, Robert Conklin, Robert Penland, Hubert Williams, George Kye, William Green, Randolph Davis, James Montford, Edward Lockamy, Marvin Ashe, Earl Hill, Edward

Martin, Wilson Medlin, Claibourne McKee, Harley Pennell, Robert Teeter.

7—Homer Bunn, Robert Cashwell, Preston Yarborough, Frank Hutchins, Clarence Boren, William Justice, Thomas Little, Melvin Walters, William Hare, Earl Bass, Thomas Doby, Thomas Hamilton, Charlton Henry, James Stepp, Charles Griffin, Harding Kluttz, Paul Saunders, Charles Banks, John Penninger, Hoyett Hudson, Thomas McCausley, James Bell, Harold Brown, Jack Carver, Hilton McMath, David Hodge, Lee Watkins, Horace Faulkner, Elzie Carpenter, Hobart Johnson, Joseph Stockton, Floyd Causey, George Gibson.

6—Jesse Cleveland, Harvard Winn, Y. V. Spates, Percy Gurganus, Porter Willhite, Roland Davis, Wayne Fowler, Ralph Johnson, Leonard Melton, Cling Shelton, John R. Davis, Norman Pike, Norwood Cockerham, Winston Strickland, James Enloe, Leonard Ellis, J. C. Mobley, Thomas Brown, William Moose, Marshall Scoggins, Glenn Stewart.

5—Thomas Goodman, Robert Harrison, Lewis Janey, Clyde Kivett, Julian Gregory, Marcellus Gurganus, F. E. Mickle, Carlton Calloway, Joel Moore, Jack McRary, Max Cecil, Paul Johnson, John McCoy, Joseph Sanford, John Uptegrove, Kenneth Messick, Ernest Owens, Luther Pierce, Charles Crotts, William Knight, Warren Holloman, Charles Pollard, Norman McGee, Oscar Vereen, Adolph Watson, Frank Dickens, John Owens, Glenn O'Quinn, Leonard Potter, Olive Weaver, Clarence Douglas, Brevard Hall, Earl Chambers, John Early, Marvin Malcom, Frank Wakefield.

4—Ray Hutchins, Bunn Shoe, Everett Wiliamson, John Capps, Boyd Freeman, Council Holden, John Mecum, Lemuel Murphy, Elbert Bryant, Eugene Tyndall, Edwin Greer, Lloyd Pettus, Perry Russ, Earl Barnes, Columbus Hamilton, John Drum, Boyd Barringer, James Corn, Fred Dysen, Joseph Long, Wallace Pendergraft, Erwin Coward, Levi Merritt, Kester Sutphin, James L. Singleton, Arbie Phillips, Bernice Baker, Nelson Daubenmeyer, Troy Powell, Berry Rogers, Vernon Sheaff, Virgil Sheaff, Charles Pennell.

3—Douglas Carter, John Wilson, James White, Fred Seibert, John Whitaker, Barney Caviness, William McRary, Robert Poole, Charles Vanhoy, Thomas Wilson, Lindsay Chavis, Mathis Garrett, William Hill, Percy Newsome, Samuel Everett, Braxton Grady, Jack Freeman, Arthur Greer, Monroe Keith, David Odham, James Seawell, Robert Benfield, Fred Clark, Leo Forrester, Clinton Keen, Robert Keith, George Spears, Wiliam Young, R. B. Norton, William McDade, Esker Childress, Chester Duncan, Carl Everett, James C. Hoyle, Thomas McCarter, Ben Overby, Luther Wilson, Vernon Lamb, James Hodge, Edwin Shuler, Edward Carpenter, Eldridge Ward, Trojan Aiken, William Faircloth, James Reavis, Harry Smith, Curtis Coleman, Henry Hallman, Homer Jones, Clarence Lingerfelt, Robert Singleton.

2—Joseph Johnson, John Kellam, Leland Crosby, William Downes, Cleatus Daugherty, Carliss Evans, Jewel Barker, Robert Ashe, James Burns, Claude Hicks, Harvey Watson, D. C. Winston, Shelton Ander-

son, Clyde Dixon, Glenn Haymore, Joseph McPherson, Marvin Adams, Ernest Beach, John Green, Burman Holland, George Nelson, James Yarborough, Milton Hare, Luther Landrum, William Beach, Perry Harvell, Ted Hicks, Houston Howard, James Lyerly, Boyce Watts, Clyde Bolton, Clarence Haney, Morris Hicks, Lonnie Holloman, John Maxwell, Fred May, Charles Webb, William Craven, Pearlie Funderburk, Charles Freeman, Jack Livesay, Esmond Reams, Lewis Hanna, Walter Merritt, Troy Reynolds, Ira Grogan, Dallas Hodge, Theodore Rector, William Tobar, Alphus Bowman, Joseph Cox, Bernard Griffin, William Stevens, Randolph Foy, Monte Beck, Bernis Kirby, Norman Owens, Ancil Byrd, Howard Cook, Hubert Hooks, Stacy Long, Charles Wagoner, Avery Eason, S. T. McGinnis, Walter Mitchell, William Kirk.

1—J. D. Ashe, Anderson Payne, Charles Pepper, Foley Phillips, William Pitts, James Sims, Latha Warren, William Adkins, Virgil Cecil, William Garris, Oscar Rowland, Barney Watson, Judge Cook, Charles Furchess, Jesse Holloman, Thomas Maness, William Cassell, Richard Baumgarner, Junius Holloman, Roscoe Honeycutt, Ernest Hudspeth, Marvin King, Clarence Mayton, Robert Stephens, William Suite, Jack Turner, Joseph Wheeler, David O. White, John Elliott, Walter Guy, A. Ray Hudson, Jack Pyatt, Thurman Robertson, Percy Sanford, Haynes Hewitt, Edgar Jackson, Guy Lewis, James H. Lockamy, Joseph Brooks, Alvis Browning, C. D. Grooms, Richard Wrenn, William Peedin, Lemuel Rose, Maurice Staley, John Cantrell, Patton Capps, Lewis Crawford, Ted Pitman, William Martin, Franklin Hensley, Frank Lewis, Lonnie Sloan, Boyd Baker, Neil Collins, Charles Lloyd, Erwin Medlin, Claude Pickett, Wilbur Shoaf, Everett Williams, Luther Nunnery, Paul Shipes, James Singleton, Wilburn Suite.

THE HELPING HAND

Not once in life, perhaps 'tis ours
  To reach a long-sought goal;
But we may pause beside the road
  To help another soul.

Not once to us may come the call
  To play the hero's part;
But we, perchance, may find some word
  Of courage for some heart.

—Selected.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR JUNE

(Figure following name indicates number of times boy has been on Honor Roll since January 1, 1935.)

ROOM No. 1

—A—

Walter Beaver 2
Vernon Bass 2
Homer Smith 5
Bryan Williams

—B—

Marvin Ashe 3
Sam Pegram 5
Robert Alexander 2
Clifford Bowers 2
Stacey Long
James Seawell

ROOM No. 2

—A—

Arthur Greer
Henry Tucker 5
John Whitaker 3
Everett Williamson 3
Brevard Hall
Ivan Morrozoff
Maurice Staley
Charles Smith 4

—B—

Thomas Brown 4
James Bell
Douglas Carter
George Kye
Harding Kluttz 3
Charles Womble
Randolph Davis 3
Raymond Irvin 2
James Lockamy

ROOM No. 3

(No report. Boys working greater part of month.)

ROOM No. 4

—A—

Edward Martin 2
Frank Wakefield
Spurgeon Dowless 3
Harry Flowe 2
Clarence Haney 2
Ashley Thompson 3

—B—

James Singleton
Berry Rodgers
Anderson Payne
James Montford 2
David Hodge 4

ROOM No. 5

—A—

Clyde Adams 2
William Beach
Monte Beck
Virgil Cecil
Virgil Harvell 2
Houston Howard
Arlon Jones 4
Robert McKee
Robert Orrell 3
Erwin Martin 2
Wilbur Suite
Charles Williams 2

—B—

Edward Carpenter 2
Wiliam McRary
Jack Turner

ROOM No. 6

—A—

Norwood Cockerham
James Cooper
Edward Kirk

—B—

Leo Forrester
Leonard Melton 2
Lemuel Rose
Vernon Sheaff

ROOM No. 7

—A—

James Corn 4
Luther Wilson 3
Alphus Bowman

—B—

Martin Hicks
James Stepp

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending July 7, 1935

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Jesse Cleveland
Erwin Martin
Earl Rogers
Richard Sullivan
Ashley Thompson
Vermont Whitley
Jerome Warren

COTTAGE No. 1

Clifford Bowers
Robert Cashwell
William Goodson
Herman Lamm
Claude McLaughlin
Millard Owenby
Eugene Whitt
Everett Williamson
Wiley Willoughby
John Wilson
Harvard Winn
Preston Yarborough

COTTAGE No. 2

James Boyce
John Capps
Robert Harrison
Fred Seibert
Y. V. Spates
Henry Tucker
Myron Whitman

COTTAGE No. 3

Julian Gregory
Percy Gurganus
Eugene Tyndall
John Walsh
Porter Willhite

COTTAGE No. 4

Fleming Colins
Thomas Little
Wheeler Sturdivant
Hubert Williams

COTTAGE No. 5

Wililam Ballew
Wiley Crawford
Arthur Greer
Maynard Hicks
George Kye
Robert Worthington

COTTAGE No. 6

Earl Barnes
Thomas Doby
Charlton Henry
James Stepp
Lloyd Stphenson
John Uptegrove

COTTAGE No. 7

Caleb Hill
Hardin Kluttz
Paul Saunders
Cling Shelton
Douglas Wilkes

COTTAGE No. 8

John Auton
Charles Banks
Harry Flowe
Jesse Freeman
Morris Hicks
Thomas Hudson
Wallace Pendergraft
John Penninger

COTTAGE No. 9

Charles Crotts
Lee Dickens
Randolph Davis
Woodfin Fowler
Pearlie Funderburk
C. D. Grooms
Hoyett Hudson
Jack Livesay
Ben Overby
Homer Smith
Bryan Williams
Ed Lee White

COTTAGE No. 10

James Kellam
Charles Pollard
James L. Singleton
Winston Strickland
Fred Ward

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Bryant
Lewis Crawford
James Enloe
Charles Hefner
Bennie Holland

William Kirk
James Montford
William Martin
James Rector
Charles Smith
Cecil Webb

COTTAGE No. 12

Earl Atwood
Walter Beaver
Paul Eason
Horace Faulkner
Eli Philemon
Arbie Phililps
Homer Quick
Thomas Welch
Olive Weaver

COTTAGE No. 13

Jennings Norris
Wilbur Shoaf
Eugene Tollie
Howard Wilson

COTTAGE No. 14

Jack Comer
Leonard Finch
Elzie Carpenter
Homer Jones
J. C. Mobley

COTTAGE No. 15

Denver Beshears
Floyd Causey
Claibourne McKee
Edward Martin
Sam Pegram
Harley Penell
Marshall Scoggins
Glenn Stewart

HEADS UP

A young man once found a five dollar bill in the road. From that time on he never raised his eyes from the ground when he walked. In the next 30 years he accumulated $1.60 in silver, 22 pennies, 11,318 buttons, 27,801 pins, a hunch back, a miserly character and a rotten disposition. He lost the glory of the sunshine, the smiles of friends, the beauty of flowers, trees, blue skies and all there is which makes life worth living. Like that young man, business men who keep their eyes glued to the ground fail to see the larger things going on around them.

Some watch their competitors' prices and sales so intently that they lose all perspective about their own business. From year to year they pick up buttons and pins from the ground while their broad-visioned brethren pick the business plums from the trees. Others spend their time consulting dull papers when they ought to be out meeting live people, thus actually learning what customers do and do not like.

What a pity that more business men do not keep their heads up and view their business and business life with more perspective. Were this done what a happier and sounder business world this would be.—New Hampton Tribune.

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* 2½¢ PER MILE — ROUND TRIP TICKETS—Return Limit 6 Months .....for Each Mile Traveled

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Charlotte, N. C.

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U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM
JI 20 '35

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., JULY 20, 1935 No. 29

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YOU

You are the fellow who has to decide
Whether you'll do it or toss it aside;
You are the fellow who makes up your mind,
Whether you'll lead or linger behind.
Whether you'll try for the goal that's afar,
Or just be content to stay where you are.
Take it or leave it, here's something to do—
Just think it over—it's all up to you.

—Selected.

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE BOY WHO RECOMMENDED HIMSELF

A gentleman advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number he selected one and dismissed the rest. "I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation," "You are mistaken," said the gentleman, "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly, showing that he was polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor, and replaced it on the table, while the rest stepped over it, showing that he was orderly, and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding. When I talked to him I noticed that his clothing was tidy, his hair neatly brushed and his finger-nails clean. Do you not call these things letters of recommendation? I do."

—Junior Life.

TRUE CHARACTER BUILDING

In spite of the large number of graduates turned out by our colleges and universities each year, our population is a long way from being college bred. Statistics show that there is only one college graduate to every one hundred persons in North Carolina.

However, education is not measured by the fact that one holds a degree, but that one can use to advantage the values received while in college or school of any rating. An education without adaptability is nothing short of misfortune. The principals of honest toil should be emphasized in every lesson of life, either practically or theoretically.

The following story perhaps is far-fetched, but timely, because

some of the finest lessons learned that serve throughout life come from the ante-bellum negroes, especially those known as "Mammy" or "Auntie."

This story possibly will not be appreciated by the youths of today, because they have not the innate appreciation of this type of faithful servants. However, with a hope of keeping the memory of these old servants from becoming extinct, we relate all stories that reflect the character of the ante-bellum bodyguards, both faithful and true.

This old Auntie knew nothing of education. She knew nothing of the confounding isms or ologies. Her methods were those of living and practice. She had three sons, reared according to the customs practiced in the "big house," and the big house had sons.

The youngest son of old Auntie made the greater progress. He really worked himself up to a position of respnosibility in a large business. The question was asked, "how did you inspire your son to live such an exemplary life, Auntie?" "Oh, honey," she replied, "dats nothin'. Yo' see, I ain't had no edication meself, so all I could learn 'em wuz jes three things—ther pray'rs, ther manners, an' to work."

These three elements are essential to character-building, and should be stressed wherever there is child care or child training.

* * * * * * *

DOG-DAYS

This season of the year according to "Salem" almanac dog-days begins on July 3rd and extends into August, covering a period of forty days. The sign is if the old lady, or young lady in the sign of the almanac goes out with her umbrella on the first dog-day there will be rain for a long period of time.

It rained on July 3rd so there is reason to believe the croakers who always have the dry weather as an alibi when the crops are short will within the next forty days have rain sufficient to make a bumper crop of vegetables or any other crop.

In the years gone, when the mother studied the almanacs every precaution was taken to avoid wading in the rain water at this sea-

son, also the early morning dew, because of foot infection and the tendency of ague and fever. But, advanced science has exploded all of these old practices.

However, there is one thing that is imperative: during this wet season and intense heat every home, in every community, should be cleaned from attic to basement, and the grounds from the back yard to the front, sprinkled with lime so as to sweeten the earth and avoid all disagreeable fumes drawn from mother earth by the intense heat. That is common sense and should be done for the protection of humanity.

* * * * * * *

THE DARE COUNTY TIMES

To start any kind of a new business shows that those who have undertaken the task have faith in their community. Such is the faith and courage of the men and women who have launched a newspaper, the Dare County Times, the first paper to be issued in Dare county, the birthplace of the Nation, 1584, where Virginia Dare, the first white child of English speaking parents was born.

This paper along with all other progressive activities, roads and free toll over the bridges leading to the unspoiled and unexploited play grounds of Easten North Carolina, will prove a most valuable asset in keeping the affairs of the county before the public.

We offer congratulations to the staff of the new venture with every assurance success will crown the efforts of those interested in giving their country a necessary institution—a newspaper.

* * * * * * *

ON TO WASHINGTON! THE SCOUTS SLOGAN

From August 21 to 30 inclusive 35,000 scouts with leaders will celebrate the 25th anniversary of the scout movement in America in Washington, D. C., the invitation extended by President Roosevelt.

There will be scouts present from every state in the Union with other representatives from foreign countries. This jamboree will live in tents, the larger part of the camps on the Virginia side of the Potomac River, covering an area of 400 acres of land with all

of the facilities of a modern city.

The invitation was so extended as to have scouts from every nook and cranny of this great nation. Doubtless this will be one of the greatest gatherings of American youths recorded. The first day will be featured by a review of all scouts lined up in columns of eight on each side of Constitutional Avenue while the president, honorary president of the Boy-Scout-Movement, passes through this rank and file of the future citizenship.

This will prove an inspiring scene especially to those who understand that the future of America depends upon the character instilled in the youths of today.

* * * * * * *

RURAL ELECTRIFICATION

The subject of rural electrification is greatly discussed with a hope of giving the most benighted spots some of the comforts and conveniences of the city people with the aid of federal funds.

David S. Weaver of North Carolina State College, projects engineer of the state rural electrification committee, states that according to his estimate it will take $25,000,000 to electrify all rural committees wherein it is practical.

The funds from federal aid will be made available only in forms of loans, and loans made only to communities whose power lines will prove self-supporting, making it possible to pay back the loan within the period of forty years.

The cost of constructing the line is estimated at $1000 a mile with five or six consumers per mile to make it self-supporting. Already 75 per cent of surveys have been made for rural electrification in communities where electrification is possible on an economical basis.

* * * * * * *

ANOTHER USE FOR CRUDE OIL

Just lately Clessie Cummins, pioneer in Diesel engine design, left New York for the Pacific Coast in his first oil-burning passenger automobile with the expectation of getting forty miles to the gal-

lon of crude oil. This would make the cost across the continent not less or more than eight dollars.

But, all of this, the use of oil in operating motor vehicles, is in the experimental age, therefore, the demonstration may take time before proven to be economical and satisfactory.

We have been living in the gasoline age and there is a possibility that we are now headed towards the crude oil era. It is thought that oil has a greater acceleration, and twice the mileage that gasoline has.

* * * * * * *

TOO PRECOCIOUS

New York boasts of the brightest of all school graduates, one Ellen Elizabeth Barnes, who is prepared for college at the age of 12 years The many stories of her precocity are at 8 months she startled the doctor by saying "baby want dinner", at 16 months she had a vocabulary of 159 words; at 3 years she could read, so now at 12 years she possesses the mentality of a young woman of 19 years.

There are varying degrees of mentality but this is one of the most extreme cases of precocity known. The story is good enough for Ripley who has traveled through one hundred and eighty-five different foreign lands and at the same time receiving thousands and thousands of contributions of the unusual for the entertainment of others.

Ripley's facts cannot be gleaned from ordinary text books, but just instances of the unusual to be placed in Ripley's daily "Believe It or Not" pictures. The story of New York's precocious child doubtless would hold the attention of Ripley.

IN OLD HEIDELBERG

By Antonia J. Stemple

One of the oldest and most famous institutions of an educational nature is the University of Heidelberg in Germany. For hundreds of years this famed institution of higher learning has been attracting students from all nations. Many graduates of other universities take post graduate courses or work for degrees at Heidelberg and having done that, there are few worlds left to conquer educationally.

Strangely enough the university buildings at Heidelberg do not at all resemble preconceived ideas of what the buildings and grounds of a great foreign university should look like. The stranger is almost certain to be mightily disappointed. From the age and fame of the university most people get the idea that its buildings must be numerous and impressive and, of course, ancient. Consequently it comes as something of a shock to find the buildings insignificant and not worth bragging about, with the exception of the library, which is the most notable structure in the group and the assembly hall, which is handsome.

But though the outward appearance of the great German university may be a disappointment the great Schloss or castle of Heidelberg emphatically is not. It far exceeds anticipation. Here is beauty—great beauty—unforgettable beauty. The castle is in ruins, in parts, but its grandeur, architectural distinction, the ivy clad gray walls and the outlook over the glorious valley of the Neckar River are a sheer delight and present a succession of lovely pictures which make memories of Heidelberg a precious possession.

It is a long, stiff climb up the hill to the Schloss, even for the best hill-climbing autos, but the road is always lined with machines and pedestrians, coming and going. Arrived at the top one descends from the machine and traverses the beautiful grounds, with their mammoth trees and velvety greensward, on foot. The courtyard on which the main buildings face is probably the most picturesque in all Europe. It is a superb setting for the festival performances which are given here yearly in July and August. The castle is always illuminated on August 11 and sometimes on other notable occasions.

The Otto Heinrichsbau or building, is a superb wing of the castle, and undoubtedly the finest part of the old structure. It is this wing which is most often pictured. Its architecture and beauty are matchless and it is difficult to tear oneself away from it and from the terrace in the rear. Cameras invariably snap incessantly in this romantic spot. The Otto Heinricsbau was begun in 1556.

Queen Elizabeth, the German queen whose grandson, George I, began the line on Hanoverian sovereigns who still sit on the throne of England, lived here for five years. It was her granddaughter who married Gaston of Orleans of France, whose claims to the Rheinish Palatinate caused

King Louis XIV of France to invade Germany in the latter part of the seventeenth century and lay waste the Rheinland, ruining so many of the hoary castles along the Rhine. It was during this invasion that Heidelberg castle was also destroyed or rather left in a state of ruin as at present.

Heidelberg castle is a beauty spot which should be enjoyed leisurely. Its many superb terraces, its velvety lawns, and the glorious trees and many secluded walks and paths, together with the views over the Neckar valley, make an indelible impression upon the mind. The castle has an interesting history as well, and many are the stories and traditions in which it figures.

The University of Heidelberg was founded in 1386. After the Reformation it became the chief Protestant center of learning in Germany. The magnificent library, which has previously been mentioned, contains some 400,000 volumes to say nothing of more than 10,000 manuscripts, papyri and documents. The university and the castle together make Heidelberg an extremely interesting city for tourists.

SHALL "CHRISTIAN" BE CAPITALIZED?

Writers suffer an admonition. We do not like to admonish our writers. We seldom do. We prefer for writers to follow their own preferred technique just as a true preacher should do in the pulpit. But there are some tricks in the pulpit that should be taboo among men of good taste. Similarly in print. In the last several years we have received an increasing number of manuscripts from valued writers many of whom persist in writing the word "Christian" with a small "c"—thus "christian." Why do they do it? They do not write Mohammedan, Christian Science, Buddhist or Confucianist with small initial letters. Some secular newspapers began it. Then some book writers who had a literary and perhaps theological modernistic itch seemed to figure that it was a hall-mark of up-to-dateness. Christian writers should follow better patterns. If we are going to quit captalizing "Christian," we will next have to write the sacred name "Christ" with a small "c." Please do not do it, dearly beloved. At least in the Western Recorder the word "Christian" will be printed with a "cap C". The principle that underlies the particular case we have mentioned is of far broader application. The tendency noted suggests a purpose to make common the sacred, though many who are caught in the net of the tendency, of course, have no such purpose.—Western Recorder.

SOLDIERS OF THE COMMON GOOD

By Ruth Mathea Herberg

Forestry, as a profession, is so new in our country, that few people realize what a great future it has. Each year our colleges are sending out young men, in increasing numbers, whose work it is to guard and preserve our great national heritage. These young men engage in a crusade against waste, disease, and all the other enemies of the forests. They are trained to delve into the mysteries of research with the aid of test tube and retort, and yet they have just as practical a knowledge of the ax, the saw, the canthook, as our forefathers had.

The point, however, is that these young men use their ax and saw much more wisely than our forefathers did. When the Pilgrims first landed in New England, it was a heavily wooded country, but today it contains almost no forest at all. The first settlers took what timber they needed, which was righ, of course, but succeeding generations gave no thought to the needs of those who were to come after. No nation ever contained more extensive or more valuable virgin forests than our country did, even a century ago, but due to the extravagrant use of this great gift to mankind, there are now only two considerable timber sources left in the United States, namely the Gulf states and the Pacific Northwest. And, were it not for the awakening of the people to the importance of these remaining forests, in less than fifty years these also would be gone, and our country would be bare of trees.

Suppose we had no wood at all. Suppose, overnight, all wood were taken away from us. First of all, most of us would find ourselves out in the cold. Even those who live in brick or stone houses would find the doors and windows and roofs gone. The floors also would be gone, and one's bed, that is the spring and mattress, would have to rest on the basement floor. Of course there would be no fuel, for even coal is produced from wood and other vegetation that has been buried for millions of years.

Also, we'd have no books. School would have to close, for there would be no pencils nor paper. But that wouldn't make any difference, for if we depend on buses or street cars, we couldn't get to school anyway. There'd be nothing but the bare skeletons left of our automobiles. Neithere would there be airplanes, for you know the lightest and toughest spruce is used in their manufacture.

Wouldn't it be a strange world? Indeed it would, but of course it is very improbable that such a condition will ever come to pass. But I think you will agree with me that we do need our forests. We need them not only for our common human needs, but to protect our water courses, and keep the springs alive, and to hold back the soil on the steep slopes. And we need the trees for nestling places for the birds, and a place where the wild creatures may find shelter and a home.

We think of fire as the greatest

enemy of the trees, but appalling as as the loss from fire is, it is nothing compared with the terrific loss from ignorant careless waste in the logging camps and lumber and pulp mills. Heretofore, sixty per cent of every tree that was cut was wasted. Only the finest straight grained pieces were taken, and the balance was left to decay on the ground. It is estimated that through this terrible extravagrance, seven hundred million dollars a year was lost to the country.

We have cut more than twice as many trees as have been necessary for our needs. Trees were given to us with such prodigality that no thought was taken of our use of them. This is where the forester, with his expert knowledge, serves us so well. He goes through the forests ahead of the cutting crews, marking such trees as may be cut, leaving the younger trees to stand until they have attained their full growth. He also designates how the tree shall be cut, so as not to waste a single inch of it.

Disease takes less toll of our trees than fire or waste, but too many are lost through the slow ravages of fungus growth. The sharp eye of the trained forester immediately detects the decayed limb or hollow trunk that indicates the tree is suffering from disease of one kind or another. Usually, when the condition is apparent to the naked eye, the tree is too far gone to be saved, and then it is the first duty of the forester to remove the tree so that the rot cannot spread to the neighboring trees.

The forester also has a thorough knowledge of the insect pests that destroy trees. Some of the insects live upon the leaves, other eat the sapwood under the bark, while a few attack the roots. Although they do not always kill the tree, they weaken it and make the wood unfit for use. A tree dies when its foliage is eaten off, for it is through its leaves that a tree breathes. Nature, however, has provided the forester with a splendid helper in ridding the forests of insect pests—the birds. It is an all wise Providence that has taught the birds to eat the insects that otherwise would rob them of their home.

As it is the duty of the forester to protect the forests, so it is his duty to make them available to the public in every way possible. It is not the government's plan that the forests shall remain unused, but that they be used wisely, so as to be of the greatest permanent good to the greatest number of people. The timber that is sold is cut carefully, and then the brush and undergrowth is removed and piled and burned in such a way that it does not hinder the growth of the old trees or stifle the young saplings.

Many thousands of sheep, horses, goats and cattle are grazed in our national forests—under the watchful eye of the trained forester, of course. Animals can do incalculable harm if not properly watched, but the fees that the owners of the flocks pay to the government help materially to overcome any such loss.

The planting of new forests is a particularly interesting part of the forester's job. In this phase of the

profession, our eyes must be turned to Europe, particularly Germany, France, and Italy, where reforestation has been practiced for many decades. Today, great majestic forests cover many a European hillside, where not so many years ago was nothing but a barren treeless stretch. Our government, as you know, is at the present time particularly interested in the reforestation of our country, and many of our states maintain nurseries, where new little pine and fir trees are grown until they are large enough to be set out on the cut-over of burned off lands. In twenty years, or even less, these young saplings will be large trees, giving shade and beauty, and ready to serve their purpose to mankind.

THE BEST MEMORY SYSTEM

Forget each kindness that you do
  As soon as you have done it;
Forget the praise that falls to you
  The moment you have won it;
Forget the slander that you hear
  Before you can repeat it;
Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer,
  Wherever you may meet it.

Remember every kindness done
  To you, whate'er its measure;
Remember praise by others won
  And pass it on with pleasure;
Remember every promise made
  And keep it to the letter;
Remember those who lend you aid,
  And be a grateful debtor.

Remember all the happiness
  That comes your way in living.
Forget each worry and distress,
  Be hopeful and forgiving;
Remember good, remember truth,
  Remember heaven's above you,
And you will find through age and youth,
  True joy, and hearts to love you.

—Exchange.

TRAVELING BY STAGECOACH

By Lois Snelling

If you should take a trip today in one of the big motor busses that race back and forth between St. Louis and San Francisco, you would not expect to be on the road for more than a few days. But had you taken passage in an Overland Mail coach in grandfather's day, the journey would have required more time. And you doubtless would have been less comfortable besides.

The Overland Route, which was said to be the longest, greatest, and best-conducted system of its kind in the world, operated coaches for mail and passengers on a twice-a-week schedule. For $200 you could board a stage at St. Louis, rattle over the 2,795 miles that lay between that city and San Francisco, and arrive at the Golden Gate in twenty-five days' time. Enroute you would stop at 140 stations, while horses were changed, new drivers relieved the weary old ones, and passengers got off and on.

The first trip over the entire length of the Overland Mail Route was made in September, 1858. The last one was in 1861, when the service was curtailed by the outbreak of the Civil War. The Route, often referred to as the Butterfield Stage Line, because of the fact that John Butterfield of New York was president of the company which owned it, was laid out in nine divisions. The first division out of San Francisco extended to Los Angeles. The others were: Los Angeles to Fort Yuma, Fort Yuma to Tucson, Tucson to Frankln, Franklin to Fort Chadbourne, Fort Chadbourne to Cobbert's Ferry, Cobbert's Ferry to Fort Smith, Fort Smith to Tipton, Tipton to St. Louis, the eastern terminal of the line.

We who skim along so smoothly today on our balloon tires, over hard-surfaced highways, can hardly realize the full discomfort of travel in those days of wretched roads and ironrimmed wheels. Here is the experience of one of the officers of the Overland Mail Route Company, as he described it in a letter after he had made a journey over a section of monutainous country in 1860: "It (the road) winds along the mountain sides over a surface covered with masses of broken rock, and frequently runs in fearful proximity to precipitous ravines of unknown depth. Over such a route as this the coaches of the mail company are driven with fearful rapidity. The horses are seldom permitted to walk even when traversing the steepest and most tortuous hills, and when driven at their utmost speed, which is generally the case, the stage reels from side to side like a storm-tossed bark, and the din of the heavily ironed wheels in constant contact with the flinty rock is truly apalling. The man who can pass over this route a passenger in one of the Overland Mail coaches, without experiencing feelings of mingled terror and astonishment, must certainly be oblivious to every consideration of personal safety."

So you see, even the owners of the stagecoaches did not consider that mode of travel perfect. However, it

was not really as dangerous as it seemed, as he goes on to state: "Yet with all these indications of danger and recklessness, accidents rarely occur, and since the mail company has been established, not a single life has been lost on this part of the route. The coaches are built expressly with reference to rough service—and none but the most experienced drivers are placed on the mountain districts. The horses are of the most powerful description to be found, and when once thoroughly trained to the service perform the laborious run with apparent pleasure and delight."

INTO MY GARDEN

Your seeds blow into my garden, friend,
  Whenever the wind is right;
They blow on wings of the breeze by day
  And they ride on the gales by night.

Your seeds blow into my garden, friend,
  And nestle among my flowers;
In the soft, sweet soil of my garden plot
  They wait for the sun and the showers.

Whatever you grow in your garden, friend,
  Of beauty or ugly weed—
The fall will come and the wind will blow
  And over will come your seed.

Your words blow into my life, my friend,
  Or whether of good or ill;
Your thoughts fly over like ships of love
  Or daggers that pierce and kill.

Your smiles blow into my heart, dear friend
  And neighbor across the way;
They blow and blossom in buds of love,
  A blessing to life all day.

Your life is a garden of love, dear friend,
  And planted with kindly deeds;
So ever and over the wall will blow
  Into my garden your seeds.

—William L. Stidger.

FABULOUS YELLOWSTONE

By Walter E. Taylor

It was in the fall of the year 1807 that John Colter, adventurer, camped in the mountains of what is now northeastern Wyoming. With his few Indian guides, Colter was en route to a lonely trading post far to the north. He was a lone white man in a virgin country, where but one or two others had gone before. And now John Colter was having trouble. His Indian guides had become surly and refused to accompany him any farther. They said the region through which he wanted to travel was bewitched, the home of the evil spirits. They were afraid to venture into it.

A man of lesser courage than John Colter would have turned back with the Indians, but not he. Bidding farewell to the Redmen, this pioneer, trader and trapper extraordinary set off alone into the wilderness of mountain and forest. He continued north on the route he had originally planned to travel.

A few days after leaving the Indians, Colter discovered why they had refused to come with him into this region, for he entered what is now called Yelowstone National Park. He was the first white man to see this great natural wonderland and he could scarcely believe his eyes. In the course of his journey, Colter saw wonders beyond the imagination of most men of his time. He saw great geysers spouting boiling water and sulphur-laden mud. He walked along the shore of a great lake, past rushing streams and breath-taking waterfalls. He found petrified trees and smelled strange odors. He came upon a canyon whose majestic coloring filled him with awe. No wonder the Indians thought this region bewitched!

When John Colter arrived at the trading post, which was his destination, he told what he had seen. His friends laughed. Later he traveled east to St. Louis and told his story. Again he was laughed at. People thought he was making up a tale to fool them. They said he was the champion liar of his time and it was not until 1872,, when the Washburn-Langford expedition made an official exploration of the region, that the world knew that John Colter had told the truth. The region was immediately created a national park and now thousands of tourists pass through it each year. Yellowstone National Park is our greatest national playground, for it combines all the best features of all other national parks. Take away her most famous features, the geysers, and Yellowstone would still be worth traveling across the continent to see.

Visitors to the park are always amazed at the manner in which Dame Nature, always lavish with her gifts, crowded all her most mysterious and wondrous works into the compartively small area of less than 3,500 square miles and aside from all Nature's freaks and volcanic surprises, the park is the greatest natural game reserve on this continent. During a recent two-hour drive from Gardiner to West Yellowstone, the park's west-

ern entrance, twelve different kinds of wild animals were seen. This included a herd of more than fifty elk and a family of moose, the great, antlered bull moose, the cow, and the fuzzy-looking black calf.

The finest way to see Yellowstone is by horseback. Then the tourist gets away from the highways and thus sees many sights missed by the motorists. The National Park service is constantly improving and adding to the horse trails, and the justly famous 150-mile Howard Eaton Trail now connects all the highlights of the park.

The animals of Yellowstone are a living proof that wild animals are not shy and dangerous unless men treat them as game to be hunted or as enemies. It is not an uncommon sight to see a herd of elk or deer grazing peacefully within a few feet of a group of gaping sightseers. The animals know that the humans are not going to harm them and so they have no fear. Even the great grizzly bears, which are commonly thought to be vicious, are proved by experience in Yellowstone Park to be utterly inoffensive if they are not bothered in any way. For this reason there are signs throughout the park warning against feeding the bears. "Don't bother the bears and the bears won't bother you," is the park motto.

Another mode of sightseeing which is increasing in favor among park visitors is walking. Park officials declare that Europeans who visit the park are always surprised to see so few people hiking. They cannot understand why Americans must always go by automobile. Hiking is a favorite European pastime and it is to be hoped that Americans will adopt this method of seeing the park, for the man afoot misses not one of the sights of interest.

Yellowstone is probably most famous for its hot water phenomena. These are scattered throughout the park, but the most notable are confined to three basins lying close together near the park's western border. Fantastically colored hot springs small mud volcanoes and other strang phenomena are to be seen. In many places the hot springs and geysers have brought up mineral matter which has built high terrances over which the water cascades, making a wonderful sight. The most celebrated of Yellowstone's hot water freaks is Old Faithful, the famed geyser, which has shot its column of boiling water and steam high into the air regularly—every sixty-five minutes—for many years. For several years past, various authorities have predicted that, like several other of the geysers, this most famous one will disappear; but regardless of predictions it goes on, delighting travelers year after year, true to its name, Old Faithful.

One of the loveliest sights in the park is a small, comparatively unknown little hot spring called, The Morning Glory Pool. This cone-like little pool is most appropriately named, for it does look like a huge blue Morning Glory bloom. A chemical in the boiling waters gives it a tinge of deep blue.

Visitors seeing the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone for the first time

usually compare it with the Grand Canyon of Colorado in Arizona. The canyon of the Yellowstone is much, much smaller, but in coloring it is no less wonderful. Its rugged walls are streaked and dotted, as if painted with a huge paint brush, with marvelous tints of orange, red and yellow. It has been called the cameo of canyons. At the head of the canyon the roaring falls of the Yellowstone drop from a height twice that of Niagara.

Volumes and more volumes might be written about the glories of Yellowstone Park. Within recent years scientists have found a new fossil forest which was hitherto unknown to park authorities and it is quite possible that the park contains in its wild fastness other wonders, yet undiscovered. More than a century has passed since John Colter first wandered alone into the Yellowstone region, but to this day many of the Indians living on reservations near the park believe, as did Colter's Indian guides, that the park is bewitched, a land of ill omen.

THE FEW

The easy roads are crowded,
  And the level roads are jammed.
The pleasant little rivers
  With the drifting folks are crammed.

But off yonder where it's rocky,
  Where you get a better view,
You will find the ranks are thinning
  And the travelers are few.

Where the going's smooth and pleasant
  You will always find the throng,
For the many, more's the pity,
  Seem to like to drift along.

But the steeps that call for courage,
  And the task that's hard to do
In the end results in glory
  For the never wavering few.

—Exchange.

ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL

Don't crowd and push on the march of life,
  Or tread on each other's toes,
For the world at best, in its great unrest,
  Is hard enough as it goes.
Oh, why should the strong oppress the weak
  Till the latter go to the wall?
On this earth of ours, with its thorns and flowers,
  There is room enough for all.

If a lagging brother falls behind
  And drops from the toiling band,
If fear and doubt put his soul to rout,
  Then lend him a helping hand.
Cheer up his heart with words of hope,
  Nor season the speech with gall;
In the great highway, on the busiest day,
  There's room enough for all.

If a man with the tread of a pioneer
  Steps out on your track ahead,
Don't grudge his start with an envious heart,
  For the mightiest once were led.
But gird your loins for the coming day—
  Let nothing your heart appall;
Catch up, if you can, with the forward man,
  There is room enough for all.

And by doing your duty well
  You should get to lead the van,
Brand not your name with a deed of shame,
  But come out an honest man.
Keep a bright lookout on every side
  Till, heeding the Master's call,
Your soul should go from the world below
  Where there's room enough for all.

—Selected.

THE MYSTERY OF THE HULET HOUSE

By George H. Hall

"Can I get you to do a job for me?" Robert Duncan glanced up from his desk in the tiny office of the Duncan Trucking Company at the young man who had just entered and now stood before him. The face of the speaker was bright and hopeful but there was a suggestion of hesitancy that made his question sound more like a request for a favor than a simple business inquiry.

"If it's a job of trucking, you've come to the right place," Robert assured him briskly. "What is it and when do you want it done?"

"I have a small lot of household furniture up at the railroad station that I want to get moved to the house that I have hired."

"All right," agreed Robert. "My partner has the heavy truck out but I can handle your things in the light one. As soon as my sister gets back from the bank, so that I can leave the office, I'll get busy."

"But—" The newcomer again hesitated. "Well, you see," he explained falteringly, "I can't very well pay for the job. Not right now, I mean. I've been out of work for a long time and my money is nearly gone. Now I have a job as draftsman with the Red Seal Electric Company. I'll be able to pay very soon."

Robert smiled reassuringly. Although he was hardly over twenty his experience in the business world had already given him an insight into character upon which he felt sure he could depend. Here, he decided, was a young fellow whom he could safely trust. He would pay, but now he needed a little help. Robert realized how much such help might mean to him just now. "That will be all right," he replied promptly. "Here is Christine. Now we can get on the job right away."

As he spoke, Robert's sister, Christine, entered the office smiling at the sight of a prospective customer. "Oh, Chris," explained her brother. "This is Mr.—Mr.—"

"Goodwin, Steven Goodwin," supplemented the stranger.

"Mr. Goodwin has just come to Brentwood," continued Robert. "I'm going to move his things from the station up to his new home. Oh, by the way, where is your place?"

"Up on Willow Street," was the reply. "I think they call it the Hulet house."

"Not the old Hulet house!" cried Christine in a tone of dismay.

"That's it," responded Steven. "It is a rather old place but there will be only my sister, Bess, and myself. We will make out very comfortably."

"I'm sure you will," agreed Christine trying to conceal her confusion. "Is your sister with you now?"

"She's due here tomorrow," said Steven; "she stopped with some friends. That's why I'm so anxious to get straightened out as much as possible today. I don't go to work until Monday. By that time we ought to be quite at home."

"I do hope you will find everything right," wished Christine. "As soon as you are settled I shall want to call

on your sister, if I may."

"That will be fine," responded Steven as he left the office and started toward the truck. Robert lingered behind a minute. "I'm going to take time to help him get his things in and straightened around," he advised his sister. "If I am needed just run up to the Hulet house in the roadster and let me know. Otherwise I'll take Goodwin to lunch at the restaurant and will be back later in the afternoon."

"Oh, but Robert! The old Hulet house! What will he ever do if he finds out? Shouldn't you tell him?"

"No, Sis, I don't think I should suggest anything that might worry him. Perhaps if he doesn't know he won't have any trouble."

For the two young man it was but a short job to unload Steven's scanty supply of household furniture and transfer it to the truck. As they toiled together Robert became convinced that he had made no mistake in his estimate of the young man's character. While Steven spoke but seldom Robert could see that he was well-bred and educated.

"Your sister didn't seem to think much of this place," laughed Steven as the truck drew up before his new home, the old Hulet house. "It does look rather spooky now but when we get those boards off from the windows and the grounds cleared up it will look very different. Anyhow, it's the best I can afford. I am getting it for a very low rent. I only hope Bess will like it."

"I'm sure she will," agreed Robert in at tone which concealed the doubt which he could not help feeling.

"First we'll get everything inside. Then you rip off the window boards while I run down home for a scythe and lawn mower. Then, after lunch, I'll help you get the grounds in shape. We want the place to present a good appearance the first time your sister sees it."

"But—," faltered Steven. "I can't afford—Anyway that isn't your work—you have your own business to attend to."

"Forget all that," laughed Robert. "You can pay for the moving when it is convenient. As for the rest, well, I just want to give you a hand. I want to make you feel at home in Brentwood."

"That's mighty kind of you, Mr. Duncan."

"Rob to you, Steve," replied Robert with a friendly smile. "Now let's get to work."

By noon the furniture was in place. The opened windows brought a flood of sunlight streaming into every nook and corner driving out all signs of the gloom and mystery with which the old place had seemed surrounded.

Then the newly-formed acquaintance ripened into friendship as the pair lunched at the "Tiny Teapot" restaurant. But again Steven protested against accepting so many favors. "This time I'm going to pay," he insisted.

"All right," agreed Robert appreciating Steven's feelings in the matter. "On one condition. You come over to dinner with us."

True to his promise, Robert spent the first part of the afternoon in helping Steven with the grass cutting and general cleaning up of the

grounds. Then he returned to the office where he found Christine entirely in accord with his plan to entertain their new neighbors at dinner. "I only hope that nobody tells him about the old house," she commented. "It would be too bad, now that he is so well pleased with it, if he learned why no one has stayed there for any length of time during the past three years."

As Robert drove up to the Hulet house in the late afternoon he was quick to admit the appearance of the old place had indeed changed greatly since morning. The unshuttered windows, the trimmed lawn and the freshly raked paths gave the place almost a look of hospitality; almost, Robert conceded, but?

Walking up the neatly trimmed path toward the door Robert caught the sound of voices from the side of the house. "Philip Fletcher. Now what is he doing here?" speculated Robert with a frown. While he was on good terms with the young real estate dealer Robert had for some undefined reason never felt that he could trust him. Fletcher's methods of conducting business might be all right, still there was that about the man that gave one a feeling of doubt and suspicion. As a dealer in property in Brentwood, Philip, of course, knew all of the tales of mystery and disfavor that clung to the old Hulet house. Had he already disclosed them to its new tenant, Steven? Philip's rather high-pitched voice lead Robert to believe that to some extent at least he had.

"Well anyway, young man," Philip was saying, "if you should decide you want to make a change, look me up. I can get you any kind of a place you want."

"I'll remember you," assented Steven, "although I can't think of any reason why I should wish to give this up. It seems to be just what I want."

"You never can tell," flung back Philip as he started for the gate. "Oh, hello, Duncan," he exclaimed in a tone of embarrassment as he perceived that his remarks had been overheard. "I was just looking for business. Have been telling Mr. Goodwin that I can get another house for him if he wants to make a change."

"He only came this morning. Why should he want to make a change?" demanded Robert.

"You know well enough," replied Philip in a low voice as he passed close to Robert. "Well, I'll be moving along."

"And we had better be moving along too, Steve," suggested Robert, purposely avoiding reference to anything that Philip might have said. "Christine will have dinner ready in about fifteen mnutes. Come on."

But when the boys had finished the fine dinner Christine prepared it was clear that Steven had something on his mind. "You have both been awfully good to me today," he declared. "Now I'm going to ask a favor. Tell me frankly just what is the matter with that old house I have hired?"

"Who said anything was the matter with it?" asked Robert in an all too apparent effort to avoid a direct answer.

"Why have all of the recent ten-

ants remained only a day or two?"

"Young Hulet stayed there forty years after his father died," explained Robert evasively. "He was sixty years old when he moved away but he was still called Young Hulet as his father had always been Old Hulet."

"Yes. But the next family that moved in stayed only a week. The next only three days and the last was there but one night." Sevten was clearly fully supplied with facts and as fully determined to get at the root of the matter.

"I'll tell you," spoke up Christine at last. "It all seems so foolish to me. I'm sure it will to you, but there is a rumor that the old house is haunted."

"I'm sure you won't believe any such nonsense," avowed Robert. "You surely don't believe in ghosts."

"No-o," replied Steven slowly and somewhat doubtfully. "I don't believe in them. Still, I wouldn't want to see one. Tell me about it."

"There isn't much to tell," volunteered Robert. "The house was built by Old Hulet, I don't know how many years ago. It's over forty years since he died and gossip says that he was the victim of a mutiny on the old windjammer which he commanded, that he died in chains and was buried at sea."

"It's not a cheerful story," broke in Christine as if to turn her guests thoughts to pleasanter matters.

"His son, Young Hulet," went on Robert, "stayed on there until about three years ago. Then he went south to live with a brother and it is true that no one who has taken the place since has remained over a week. I don't believe in such things but it is said by those who slept there that they have heard the old captain walking through the halls, dragging his chains and moaning pitifully. I suppose Philip Fletcher told you much the same thing."

"That's about what he intimated. But, ghosts or no ghosts, I have hired the house and I intend to stay there."

"You said you hired it through Mr. Grant. He should have told you," declared Robert. "He surely knows the reputation the house holds."

"He certainly didn't mention anything of the kind. That is probably why he let me have it so cheap, if I hadn't taken it I don't know what I could have done. I only hope it won't annoy Bess. I'm willing to take a chance on the ghost," finished Steven in a tone which might have been far stronger and more convincing."

"Tell you what," decided Robert. "I think it would be pleasanter for you if I spent the night with you. Just the first night you know."

"If you would," breathed Steven, relief in his voice. "We'll prove that there isn't anything in the story."

The old house was peaceful enough that evening as Steven and Robert, sitting before the fireplace with its roaring logs, discussed the future and its hopes as only young men will. It was nearly midnight before they decided that it was time to go to bed.

"I'll lock up all of the doors," offered Robert as he started on a final inspection of the ground floor.

"Perhaps it would be just as well if we lock the door to our room," suggested Steven as the boys prepared

for their bed. "I noticed that the key was in the door this afternoon."

Robert laughed at the idea but admitted that it would do no harm. In spite of his better judgment he could not help wondering if it were possible that there was something queer about the old house. His doubts became a matter of certainty as Steven cried out, "Why, Rob, the key has gone!"

"Are you sure it was there?" asked Robert doubtfully as he stepped across the room and placed his hand on the knob. "Perhaps it has fallen outside." Then he gave a shudder of surprise. "The door is locked!" he gasped.

Silently the boys stared at each other in doubt and fear. That there was something wrong there could be no doubt. But what? "Sssh!" breathed Robert. "There is someone in the hall."

"Sounds rather loud for a ghost," suggested Steven in an evident attempt to control his nerves. "It's coming this way."

Slowly the steps came down the hall, clump, clump, clump, directly to the door. Then past it and on to the end of the long hallway. There followed a low, heart-rending moan as the steps were resumed, this time accompanied by the clanking of a heavy chain on the floor. Could it indeed be the ghost of Captain Hulet, come back in the chains in which he died, to visit his old home? Robert could not believe it. The panic of the first few minutes was giving way to rational sense. "Steve," he declared in sudden determination, "I'm going to lay that ghost!"

"I'm with you," responded Steven heartily.

"You watch this door," directed Robert. "I'm going to get out of the window, slide down that big oak and come back into the house. Let me have your keys."

Suiting action to his words, Robert was soon approaching the house from the outside. An intermittant flash of light from the window above showed that the "ghost" was still operating and the noise of the chain and the discordant murmuring could still be heard. At the back door Robert paused to fit the key. It was not needed. Sure that he had locked it before retiring, Robert's courage rose at this sign that the intruder had entered in a most human way. "Spirits don't have to unlock doors," he assured himself as he noiselessly stole into the back hall. In the dining room he picked up a heavy baseball bat that he remembered seeing Steven place in the closet. Then up the stairs where he carefully peered around a corner of the wall. The apparition was still there. Covered with a long sheet the, whatever it was, paced slowly back and forth dragging the long length of very material chain. As he neared the spot where Robert stood concealed, Robert raised the bat and swung a heavy blow which caught the "ghost" directly on the chin. It went down in a heap, the flashlight which it had been carrying falling to the floor beside it. By the glow of the light Robert saw that the key to the bedroom was still in the lock. "Come out, Steve," he called as he unlocked the door. "I think I have settled the

ghost of the Hulet house."

The fallen "ghost" sat on the floor rubbing his head in a dazed manner. Robert tore off the sheet. "Philip Fletcher!" he cried, "what does this mean?"

"Mainly that I'm a fool,' admitted the rueful young real estate dealer as he rose to his feet. "Well, you boys have got the goods on me. What are you going to do about it?"

"We might be better able to decide if we knew why you were doing such a silly thing," replied Robert.

"I thought by 'haunting' the house I could get the tenant to move. Then I could get him to hire one of my places that I have to rent. It worked three times but I guess it's all over now."

"It surely is," Robert assured him. "We could," he went on," have you arrested for breaking and entering. Perhaps something not quite so harsh would do in this case. I believe you have learned a lesson."

"I'll say I have," admitted Philip rubbing a much swollen jaw.

"Well, if you will cut out this sort of thing and run your business on an honest basis we might not say anything more about it," decided Robert. Steven nodded his head in agreement.

"I don't see as there is anything else for me to do," agreed Philip. "At any rate I will promise never to haunt the Hulet house again."

A half hour later two tired but happy young men stretched out in their beds in the no-longer-haunted Hulet house.

"I'm sure I am going to find Brentwood the finest place in the world with you and Christine for friends and such a lovely old home as this," declared Steven drowsily. "But, as Hamlet said, 'Alas, poor ghost,."

There was no reply. Robert was fast asleep.

DEFEAT

No one is beat till he quits,
No one is through till he stops;
No matter how hard failure hits,
No matter how often he drops;
A fellow's not down till he lies
In the dust and refuses to rise.

Fate can slam him and bang him around
And batter his frame till he's sore,
But she never can say that he's downed
While he bobs up serenely once more.
A fellow's not dead till he dies,
Nor beat till he no longer tries.

—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

A group of boys under the direction of Mr. Talbert spent several days this week hauling gravel and re-surfacing the roads over the campus that had been damaged by recent rains.

—o—

Plenty of ripe peaches are now in the local markets and truck loads may be seen passing every day, but in looking over our orchards, there is not a peach to be seen. This is due to the destruction of the orchards by the severe hail storm last Spring.

—o—

During the past two weeks we have noticed quite a number of boys dressed in civilian clothes, and with huge smiles on their faces, on their way home. These lads have made good records while in our midst and we trust these records will be continued as they again take their places in their home communities.

—o—

While strolling over the farm recently we located the watermelon patch and are glad to report that the prospects for a good crop of melons are quite favorable at the present time. For some time huge trucks loaded with watermelons from points south, have been seen passing along the highway. This has seemed to whet our appetites, and all hands are eagerly looking forward to one of our old-time watermelon feasts in the near future.

—o—

The numerous showers that have fallen during the past two weeks have put new life into everything at the School. The plant life has been greatly benefitted and the atmosphere has been cooled to such an extent that our entire population seems to be in better spirits.

The pastures are covered with newly-grown grass; the alfalfa fields have been revived and are looking very promising; the corn and other farm crops are assuming their natural color of luxuriant growth.

Since the extremely dry weather took its heavy toll of the acres of early beans and tomatoes planted for canning purposes, we are planning to overcome this loss by a late planting and increased acreage. We are still in hopes of having plenty of these vegetables for both table use and canning.

—o—

Robert Coleman Smith, one of our old boys, called on us last Saturday morning. Coleman left the School in 1924, at the age of sixteen years, going to live with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Smith, Reidsville.

The family moved to Florida soon after Coleman returned home and stayed in that state about three years. Coleman worked on a farm with his father who had been sent to Florida on a special mission, that of teaching the people there how to grow tobacco, and to find the adaptability of the plant to that climate.

Upon returning to North Carolina, Coleman secured employment with the Chinquapin Dairy, Reidsville, where he remained about two and

one-half years.

From this job he went to the Burlington Rayon Mills at Reidsville, where he is still employed. He now holds a position as cloth inspector, having passed the various grades of work from the bottom to his present work.

Coleman tells us that he has been married for about seven years. We noticed that he was quite bald, but failed to learn whether or not married life was responsible for the scarcity of hair.

In addition to paying strict attention to business and working himself up, Coleman has also been a great source of help to his parents. He is the owner of a small farm just outside of Reidsville, on which his parents now live, they having lost their home place during the depression.

Coleman has developed into a young man of nice appearance and has a most pleasing personality, and all of his old friends at the School were glad to see him and to learn of the success he is making in life.

—o—

Last Saturday's game between the Red Men, of Concord, and the Jackson Training School, resulted in a 3-3 tie. The visiting warriors' medicine man must have produced the wrong kind of mixture, as the game between these two teams, for the secon time this season, had to be called on account of rain. This game was stopped in the eighth inning.

Andrews was on the firing line for the School lads and hurled a fine game. He deserved a victory, but errors by his mates proved his undoing. He held the Red Men to six hits, all singles, and caused ten batters to go out via the strike-out route.

Miller, the visiting pitcher, also did some good work, allowing but seven hits and fanning nine, but was wild, issuing six free passes to first base.

The visitors registered their first counter in the fourth on successive singles by Miller, Kluttz and M. Ketner.

In the fifth the local lads counted twice as Andrews, Hicks and Lefler were walked, the former two scoring on a double by Bryan Williams.

The School lads scored another in the seventh as Wright was safe on an error, going to second on another misplay, and scoring on a single by Williams.

In the eighth the visitors tied the count at three all when Jim Utley singled, raced to third when Wright fumbled Miller's grounder, both scoring when the local catcher heaved the ball far over the third baseman's head.

In addition to pitching a nice game, Miller led the visitors at bat, getting three hits in four trips to the plae.

Bryan Williams, with a double and single, led the School batters, driving in all three runs scored his buddies. Buck Lefler hit safely twice in three times at bat. The score:

		R	H	E
Red Men	0 0 0 1 0 0 0 2	3	6	3
J. T. S.	0 0 0 0 2 0 1 0	3	7	5

Two-base hit: B. Williams. Stolen bases: Andrews, Hicks. Struck out: by Andrews 10; by Miller 9. Base on balls: off Miller 6. Hit by pitch-

er: by Andrews (J. Utley). Umpires—Lefler and Ketner.

—o—

Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read from the seventh chapter of Judges, and his talk to the boys was on the story of "St. George and the Dragon."

Here is the story as related by Rev. Mr. Hughes: There was once a small kingdom called Lydia, now a part of Asia Minor, where lived many strange people. They were pagans and had never heard of Christ.

As the story goes, most of the people lived within a great walled city. Each day they would take their cattle and sheep outside the walls to graze on a nearby plateau. Near the city was a great marsh, and just outside the walls ran an old paved Roman road.

This little kingdom was ruled by Xevius, the king, whom the people loved devoutly, until they began to get in trouble, at which time they thought he was not properly caring for them.

Near this walled city was a large cave in the side of a mountain in which lived a huge dragon. This monster could be seen at a great distance, and when he would raise his head out of the cave and see something which he did not like, fire could be seen coming out of his nostrils. The people wanted to destroy this creature, but not having any weapons other than small spears, could not do so.

In the morning when the people took their sheep or cattle out on the hillside, the dragon would come out of the cave and kill and eat either a person or one of the animals. It was soon decided to keep the animals within the walls. After a while it became necessary to go outside for food for both man and beast. The only way this was possible was to feed the dragon a cow or a sheep, after which he would return to his cave for the remainder of the day, and those seeking food could go their way unmolested.

Soon the cattle and sheep were all destroyed. The people appealed to the king who offered large rewards for some great warrior to come and slay this terrible monster. Many warriors came but each one was killed. The king then said that he believed one of the gods would come down and destroy the dragon and save the people. They prayed for one of their pagan gods to come, but of course none came.

The dragon then left the cave and took his place just outside the entrance to the city, making it impossible for the folks to get out. Conditions became worse, many more starved. It was then decided that the only way to save most of the inhabitants of the city would be to appease the appetite of this monster by sacrificing one person each day, for the beast always returned to the cave after having eaten, which would give someone an opportunity to go after food. Names of persons under twenty years of age were placed on cards, and one name drawn each day, that person to be the sacrifice in order that the others might not suffer.

This was done 365 days and there was sorrow in every home. On the 366th day the name of the king's daughter was drawn. At first he was unwilling for the princess to be sacrificed, but the people said that if it was not done according to the agreement, they would fire the city, and gave the king and queen eight days in which to decide.

On the eighth day the little princess was dressed in a white robe and a golden crown was placed on her head, and she was led out to be the daily sacrifice. The people crowded the walls to watch. They had suffered the loss of their loved ones, and knew how the king felt, but told him he had to be just. The king and queen hid themselves in their castle.

In a short time the dragon appeared in the marsh, crawling toward the princess. At that moment a knight came riding along the highway. He stopped and asked the princess why she was there in such a dangerous position. She told him of the sacrifice and urged him to flee for his life. The knight replied, "In the name of Christ, this shall not be," and asked the princess if he might not be her protector. The princess then asked the knight if this Christ he had mentioned was one of the gods, to which he replied that He was the one and only God.

Instead of waiting for the dragon to approach, this brave knight, armed with a lance, spurred his horse down into the marsh to meet the beast. He first plunged his lance into the monster's neck and then drew his sword and cut off his head. Then, hitching the reins to the head of the dragon, he placed it on the horse's back, and took the princess back to the city.

The king and queen came out to meet them, and all the people rejoiced that the terrible monster had been destroyed. The king then offered the knight a reward, but he refused to accept, telling the king to give the money to the poor, which the king readily agreed to do. The king then asked the knight by what power he had been able to accomplish such a feat. The knight replied that he did it through the power of Jesus Christ, the one true God. He then urged the people to accept Christ, and the king and queen, together with more than ten thousand men and women were baptized.

This knight, said the speaker, was called Saint George, who later became the patron saint of England, and hundreds of churches throughout the world have been named in his honor.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Hughes said that as we go through life we, too, have dragons to conquer. Among these are the dragons of selfishness, deceit, impurity, and dishonesty, which can be overcome only through Christ. By living according to His teachings, all obstacles can be surmounted, and we will enjoy the glories of the life eternal.

"Better shun the bait than struggle in the snare."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since July 7, 1935.

Week Ending July 14, 1935

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(2) Jesse Cleveland 2
(2) Erwin Martin 2
William McCormick
(2) Earl Rogers 2
Hassell Shropshire
(2) Richard Sullivan 2
(2) Ashley Thompson 2
(2) Jerome Warren 2
(2) Vermont Whitley 2

COTTAGE No. 1

(2) Clifford Bowers 2
Homer Bunn
(2) Robert Cashwell 2
(2) William Goodson 2
John Kellam
(2) Claude McLaughlin 2
(2) Millard Owenby 2
Bunn Shoe
Oscar White
(2) Eugene Whitt 2
(2) Harvard Winn 2
(2) Preston Yarborough 2

COTTAGE No. 2

(2) James Boyce 2
Cleatus Daugherty
Council Holden
Clyde Kivett
Vasco Robinson
(2) Fred Seibert 2
Woodrow Spruill
John Whitaker

COTTAGE No. 3

Marcellus Gurganus
Frank Hutchins
William McRary
(2) John Walsh 2
(2) Porter Willhite 2

COTTAGE No. 4

Lindsay Chavis
(2) Fleming Collins 2
Clyde Dixon
Ralph Johnson
Irwin Luther
Jack McRary
Joel Moore
(2) Wheeler Sturdivant 2
(2) Hubert Wililams 2

COTTAGE No. 5

Marvin Adams
(2) William Ballew 2
(2) Wiley Crawford 2
William Cassell
Max Cecil
Jack Freeman
(2) Maynard Hicks 2
(2) George Kye 2
(2) Robert Worthington 2

COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Earl Barnes 2
(2) Thomas Doby 2
Leo Forrester
Columbus Hamilton
Thomas Hamilton
George Spears

COTTAGE No. 7

James Corn
Emerson Frazier
(2) Caleb Hill 2
(2) Harding Kluttz 2
Theodore Nines
Floyd Watkins

COTTAGE No. 8

(2) John Auton 2
(2) Charles Banks 2
Sam Belk
(2) Jesse Freeman 2
J. R. Davis
(2) Harry Flowe 2
(2) Morris Hicks 2
Lonnie Holloman
(2) Thomas Hudson 2
Ernest Owens
(2) Wallace Pendergraft 2

COTTAGE No. 9

(2) Lee Dickens 2
Carl Everett
(2) Woodfin Fowler 2
(2) Pearlie Funderburk 2
Frank Hall
Carrol Hoyle
(2) Hoyett Hudson 2
Thomas McCarter
Thomas McCausley
(2) Ben Overby 2
(2) Ed Lee White 2
(2) Bryan Wiliams 2

COTTAGE No. 10

James Bell
(2) James Kellam 2
Hilton McMath
(2) Charles Pollard 2
Leamon Rose
(2) Fred Ward 2

COTTAGE No. 11

(2) Louis Crawford 2
Edward Carpenter
(2) Bennie Holland 2
Warren Holloman
Dallas Hodge
David Hodge
(2) William Kirk 2
(2) William Martin 2
(2) James Montford 2
(2) Charles Smith 2
William Tobar
Eldridge Ward
Charles Womble

COTTAGE No. 12

Trojan Aiken
(2) Earl Atwood 2
Alphus Bowman
(2) Walter Beaver 2
Joseph Cox
Frank Dickens
James Douglas
(2) Paul Eason 2
Leonard Ellis
(2) Horace Faulkner 2
Alfred Holloman
Basil Johnson
Edward Lockamy
Glenn O'Quinn
(2) Eli Philemon 2
Andrew Powell
(2) Homer Quick 2
James Reavis
(2) Thomas Welch 2

COTTAGE No. 13

Leon Burkhead
Randolph Foy
Burnis Kirby
Warren Medlin
(2) Jennings Norris 2
Eugene Smith
(2) Wilbur Shoaf 2
(2) Eugene Tollie 2
(2) Howard Wilson 2

COTTAGE No. 14

(2) Jack Comer 2
Hubert Hooks
(2) Homer Jones 2
Troy Powell
James Singleton

COTTAGE No. 15

(2) Denver Beshears 2
(2) Floyd Causey 2
John Caddell
Earl Chambers
George Hill
Earl Hill
(2) Edward Martin 2
William Moose
Charles Pennell
Robert Teeter
Richard Tysinger
Frank Wakefield
Roy Wyrick

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., JULY 27, 1935 No. 30

THE MEASURE OF A MAN

Not—"How did he die?" but—"How did he
live?"
Not—"What did he gain?" but—"What did
he give?"
These are the units to measure the worth
Of a man, as a man, regardless of birth.

Not—"What was his station?" but—"Had
he a heart?"
And—"How did he play his God-given part?
Was he ever ready with words of good cheer,
To bring back a smile, to banish a tear?"

Not—"What was his church?" nor—"What
was his creed?"
But—"Had he befriended those really in
need?"
Not—"What did the sketch in the newspaper
say?"
But—"How many were sorry, when he pass-
ed away?"

—Selected.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

A MAN WITHOUT HATE

There has been published the interesting autobiography of H. Rider Haggard, the English novelist whose vivid tales have entertained and charmed millions of readers throughout the world. This autobiography was written several years ago, but Haggard stipulated that it should not be published until after his death, which occurred in 1926.

The author of "King Solomon's Mines," "She," and forty-odd other stories reveals a versatile and kindly personality and recounts his adventures in various parts of the world. Perhaps his most striking passage is that in which he says: "I have known many emotions, all of them, I think, except that of hate."

What a fine thing it was to be able to say that! How many of us have known all the emotions except hate?—Selected.

DO IT NOW—OR "NUNC HOC AGE"

The much talked of old age pension has been a hope to many who today have neither the funds nor a recourse to meet the demands for the essentials of life. A helpless, dependent old person, regardless of class or clan, presents a most deplorable picture.

The young people of this era are prone to lay on the shelf those who have passed the half century mark regarless of physique or mental capacity. Therefore, whenever we find a story of an old person who continues to render an efficient service with the power and vim of a much younger man it is a pleasure to reproduce the same for refreshment of those who have begun to feel the weight of accumulated years.

By chance a story was brought to the attention of the writer, captioned, "Public Schools Hold Nation's Future," revealing the

activities of the octogenarian superintendent of schools in Halifax County, Virginia, who with a vision urges community study be added as essential to citizenship training. One's usefulness ends if there is a lack of interest, having a closed mind and refuses to march with any suggestion of progress of the times.

We wish it were possible to carry the picture of this youthful old man whose face radiates interest and hope in the young people if properly trained and educated. The story is in this issue, it is readable and refutes the argument of the smart young chap who thinks a fellow's usefulness is ended after a certain number of years.

The story reveals the fact that one of the characteristics of the octogenarian contributing to his success was that he never put off till tomorrow the things that can be done today. One of the aphorisms that he always carried in his pocket was "do it now", or as he likes to say it in Latin "Nunc hoc age." This delightful old character in the spirit of progressiveness can make rings all around a man of forty-five who is included in the rank and file of usefulness because accepted as a "young-man."

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ENCOURAGING JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

We thoroughly agree with the newly elected judge of delinquents in Charlotte, F. Marian Redd, in dealing with an element who encourage theft among the young boys of the city by purchasing stolen articles. Many of these young boys steal simply to realize enough money to satisfy the desires of youth such as going to the movies, baseball games and other things that appeal to any boy. If there is not a market for stolen goods the consequences are easily discerned, therefore, it is better to concentrate on those who encourage theft than on the ones who actually commit the offence.

For an adult to knowingly purchase an article for fifty cents worth several dollars surely has a consciousness that something is wrong and is encouraging a juvenile to become a professional rogue.

The Mecklenburg Times has the right slant upon life in saying: Men and women are responsible for three-fourths of the juvenile

stealing in Charlotte at this time, and Judge Redd has determined to make it hard for those who are aiding, or encouraging the practice of stealing among the boys of the city, or words to that effect. We again hear the echo, there "are no bad boys", but bad parents. The parents directly may not do the buying, but each and every one who tries to drive a good bargain by buying stolen goods are doubtless old enough to be parents. The older people have a great responsibility in dealing with the youths and can by example work miracles.

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THE FIRST DAILY NEWSPAPER

Julius Caesar, whose name we are more likely to associate with war and statecraft, was responsible for the first daily "newspaper." This was established in 60 B. C., centuries before the invention of printing.

It was posted daily on a white bulletin board or album, from which, incidentally, we get the name of our present-day photograph and stamp albums. Called Acta Diurna or Daily Acts, it recorded each day's achievements of the Senate, and included in addition new concerning Caesar's own activities, financial news, election returns, and the like.

All who passed by the Senate might read the Acta Diurna, of course, but its circulation was not limited to those who lived in Rome, for rich people living in the provinces or in other cities also received this news through numerous "publishers" who conducted a very unusual service. The "publisher" would go to the Senate, copy the Acta Diurna, and return home. Here in a large room he would mount a platform, and to a group of slaves, one for each subscriber to his service, he would dictate the news of the Acta Diurna, adding to it goosip and general news which he picked up during the day. This individually written "newspaper" was then sent by messenger to each of its subscribers.

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MUSIC COMES TOO EASY

Wheeler Beckett, conductor of Symphony Orchestra, Richmond,

Virginia, makes the statement that music has been made too easy, therefore, the ear of the people has become blunted, unable to discriminate between good and bad music. And that if he were "Czar of Music" in America he would declare a moratorium on music till there was a real thirst for music, and a disposition to work for better music.

These conditions he thinks have been brought about by the radio. All one has to do is to turn the dial and a program of music interspersed with some advertising scheme is instantly broadcasted. This we can readily see encourages the spirit to take the road of least resistance, get a smattering of best music with much that is not worth the air it clutters, with nothing to do other than skimp and turn to make the monthly payments on the radio.

Another thing this musical genius advocates is that America should have opera sung in English if this country is ever going to have an audience that really appreciates opera. Another reason for having opera in English is that the language is singable and musical, and by singing in English the opera will be intelligible to the least informed as to the theme.

Music, so states Beckett, helps one to grow beautiful inwardly and that there should be more good music for the unemployed. This program of activities, music for pastime, would react as a panacea for the wayward, leading many from the thoughts of crime to higher planes of thought.

It is quite true the days of practicing by the hour, and then more, to learn the musical compositions of the masters is no longer emphasized as it once was, but instead the youths of the country go to college aspiring for the much talked of degree. The degree is all right for many, but not for the masses, music especially for the women, the home makers, has a refining and sweetening influence in rearing a family. It gives grace to the soul the same that dancing, and other ways of physical cuture, give grace to the body.

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PATRIOTISM

Patriotism is not belonging to a political party and voting for its candidates. That may be merely partisanship.

It is not paying taxes to support government. That's only discharging obligation for privilege security, freedom, liberty.

It is not boasting institutions that make for the education and enlightenment, institutions which must be preserved after we are gone.

Patriotism is love of country expressed in such immortal words as: "My country, right or wrong"; and "I regret that I have but one life to give to my country."

Have we such patriotism today? That's the searching question we should ask ourselves as we celebrate the anniversary of the day on which our country was born.—F. B. Craig.

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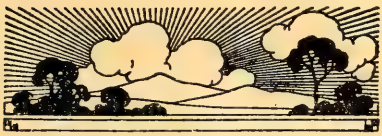
THE REAL FRIEND

In the life of Wendell Phillips there is this significant sentence. "It is not enough to be ready when duty calls." A man should stand around where he can be sure to hear the call. Standing by when our friends are sick or in distress; standing by when all others want to forsake; "standing-by-friends" are the kind of friends worth having. Any one can stand by when every thing is lovely, and the sun shines brightly, but the sunshine friend is the one who can make the sun shine on a dark, cloudy day.



PUBLIC SCHOOLS HOLD NATION'S FUTURE

By R. S. Barbour, Jr., in Richmond Times-Dispatch

He was going to see his best girl, she lived a half mile away, it was raining, he had to walk, what must he do about his shoes? It was in the country, the path was full of weeds, his shoes were slickly shined. Ha! a solution. He arrived, his shoes were perfectly shined, not a trace of dampness. The inevitable question, "How on earth did you get here and keep your shoes looking so nice?" The reply was: "It is the way I walk."

The truth was that he wrapped his nicely shined shoes in paper, safely ensconced them under his arm, and increased his stocking feet in overshoes. He creeps to the porch, changes his shoes, and proudly knocks on the door. Is he thrilled? Ask him.

The same young man walks three miles from his home to his church. He crossed quite a large creek on each trip. He says that in the summer time he was assured of plenty of baths, as he would take a lengthy plunge in the creek on his way to worship, whether night or day.

This is an exemplification of the adroitness, and pure joy of living of Hal J. Watkins, beloved 85-year-old superintendent of Halifax County schools. Mr. Watkins' life is one of hardships gracefully taken, and one replete with beautiful friendships. His home here in South Boston is the mecca of many happy gatherings, as every teacher in the country loves Mr. Watkins, and he is never forgotten.

Mr. Watkins was born at Mount Mayo in Halifax County in 1849, the son of Richard V. Watkins and Mary E. Baskerville Watkins. His first education was in his home, a private tutor performing the duties. Following this early training, he entered Cluster Springs Academy, and for six years was under the training of the late Dr. J. B. Shearer. He graduated from the academy with the highest honors of the school. Following this, he entered Hampden, Sydney College, and after an examination, was placed in the junior class, graduating in two years, leading his class in every department. His only athletic activity was baseball. He graduated at 19 years of age and was a member of Phi Kappa Tsi, honorary fraternity.

Been Superintendent For 22 Years

Following his graduation from college, he was presented with a 400-acre farm by his father in Charlotte County, where he worked for some time, teaching school every day, and hunting when possible. Later, for 17 years, he was connected with the Bank of South Boston. For some time he was president of the West End Land Company, during which time, with Captain French, he surveyed the large West End section of South Boston, and staked off every lot himself, taking two years to complete the job. For 10 years he taught

in the schools of Charlotte County, and for another 10 years he was superintendent of schools in Charlotte County. Twenty-two years ago he was appointed superintendent of Halifax County schools, which office he has held since that time, serving with honor to his town, to his county and to himself.

Mr. Watkins is still an active man, belying his 85 years. For the past 22 years, he has visited every school in Halifax County at least once during each session, the schools numbering 250 at the time he was inducted into office, and now numbering 310, with about 11,000 pupils.

There are nine high schools in the county, two of them having no elementary department, C. H. Friend, South Boston, and Volens, in the northern part of the county. Volens is the pride of Mr. Watkins, being the largest accredited rural high school in Virginia, number more than 250 pupils. At the present time, plans are under way for the erection of another large high school in Halifax, and another at Turbeville.

Another pride of Mr. Watkins' is the Halifax Training School, a negro institution. This school was sponsored by Mr. Watkins, who even went so far as to furnish the seats for the auditorium, paying for them with his own money, picking out the lumber with his own hands for the job. The instructors in the School rate with the best in the State, the pupils numbering 466.

Pupils in all he schools in the county have increased by 6,000 during the time Mr. Watkins has been superintendent. Mr. Watkins for 22 consecutive years delivered the diplomas at the C. H. Friend High School here, and certificates of advancement in the Main Street Grammar School. He is the delight of the children and the teachers and his visits are eagerly awaited.

Veteran of Virginia School Executives

He is the oldest superintendent of schools in Virginia, both in experience and in age. His services are in great demand, and he has made many addresses to gatherngs of teachers and principals in various parts of Virginia and North Carolina. He is famous for his ready wit, his optimism, his ever-ready smile, and his modesty in connections with his many great achievements. He has even on occasion, substituted for ministers, delivering a beautiful sermon, with the greatest of ease, apparently. He is especially noted for high ideal of womanhood, being at all times a favorite with the ladies. He says if you stay on the good side of the ladies, your chances for happiness are greatly enhanced.

Mr. Watkins is an elder in the Presbyterian Church. He was superintendent of the Sunday school for 25 years.

Many years ago he married Miss Rose Overby, the lady of the shiny shoe episode, showing conclusively that he did get a thrill out of her compliments. His bride was from Charlotte County, and passed to her reward 14 years ago. Their living children are John O. Watkins, South Boston; Henry Watkins, Richmond; Richmond Venable Watkins, Seattle, Wash., and Mrs. A. M. Leak of Lake City, S. C.

Mr. Watkins carries in his pockets at all times papers with the following aphorism plainly written in various places, "Do it now," or as he likes to say it in Latin, "Nunc hoc age." He sums up his accomplishments in three words, vision, co-operation, success. He has personally conducted every teacher who has taught in the schools for the 22 years, making each recommendation to the board, after his private investigation. It has been a matter of wonder to everyone how Mr. Watkins has been able to find time to accomplish the multitudinous tasks he completes. When asked how it was possible, his reply was, "I try and keep trying, never ceasing to work, and much more could be accomplished by all, if all would try harder."

Urges Community Study Be Part of Curriculum

"Our schools must teach those whom they influence to become better citizens or they will fail in their higher possibilities," declares Superintendent Watkins "Emphasis should be laid upon our national existence, and as other nations of the world have come to respect this nation, so should our own citizens have a proper respect for our Government and its national institutions. The schools have taught respect and must continue to do so, or the respect will not continue.

"However valuable as a part of the education of a citizen, it is evident that a study of the Constitution and the functions of government alone will not accomplish any purpose. It is good to teach young people the names of officers, the length of terms of officers and their duties; but it is still better to teach the motive forces in our politics, how the work of politics is really done, and what the purpose of government is and ought to be. Sometimes the effort is made to teach patriotism by singing patriotic songs, by reciting the victorious deeds of the fathers, and no doubt such things are good, but insufficient. If the public schools are to be instrumental in molding our boys and girls into actively good citizens, the study of the community in which they live should form a great and important part of every curriculum. It should be such a study as will impress upon the child's mind the fundamental principles of community life and the value of co-operative effort.

"Girls and boys are assets only when properly trained and educated. Ignorance consumes, its does not produce; it destroys, it does not create. Instead of happiness and loyalty, ignorance results in discontent and Bolshevism. The educated mind is creative. If America will take care of its boys and girls today, those boys and girls will take care of America tomorrow. The character of the future civilization of America depends upon the character of education given today.

"People must be made to realize that the public schools are the nurseries of good citizenship, the lights by which republican virtues are most clearly and extensvely reflected. Without them no republic government can long exist and flourish; with them, wisely fostered and liberally supported, no bigot's faith can be widely disseminated. In view of these facts, how earnestly and assiduously should every good citizen strive to guard and improve a judicious system of public instruction."

HOW OLD ARE YOU?

(Watchman-Examiner)

Some people are old at thirty and some are young at seventy. Years, though, on the surface so exact, are nevertheless notoriously unreliable. We know two men. The calendar years tell a false story about them. They say each is beyond seventy. They both came up from poverty to their present prosperous estate.

They are alert, vital, and keenly interested in present day affairs. They are hopeful and happy. We met them together once. We came away from the experience of that memorable hour with a new interest in life. In our Christian churches there are many such people whom the world calls old, but whose spirits are alive with the eternal fires.

Oliver Wendell Homes, when eighty years of age, spoke of a friend of seventy as "still a stripling." A brisk maiden lady, herself a woman of seventy, was talking with us about the strength and joy with which her father had welcomed the advancing years. We asked, "Was he old when he died?" "Oh, no!" she replied, " he was only eighty, and he really seemed younger than his children. He had the spirit of youth and hope to the end."

We remember a deacon whom the figures said was seventy-five or so. He used to attend the young people's society regularly. He was not prosy or long-winded. He would always say something, speaking for a minute or so. At the close of the meeting the young folks would gather about him, and talk and laugh with him. He loved them and how they loved him! He was one of them. Blessed is the man of years who, when men of his own age pass from earthly scenes and seem to leave him alone, makes new contacts, and gathers about him loyal friends of the succeeding generations.

When that good deacon died his funeral was attended by a multitude which completely filled the great church auditorium and hundreds of them were young people who mourned the loss of a true friend and dear comrade. Such men never die, for their influence lives on.

Youth is the period of high adventure, not for morbid self-analysis. Robert Louis Stevenson once said: "If we wish to scale Mont Blanc or visit the Thieves' Kitchen in East End, go down in a diving dress or up in a balloon, we must be about it when we are still young. It will not do to delay it until we are clogged with prudence or limping with rheumatism, and people begin to say, 'What does gravity out of bed?' "

If a man determines to be young and nobly adventurous, and refuses to be cynical and thus beckon ennui and old age, the vital spark will continue to glow, and virile energy will persist throughout the changing years. The man of seventy, thus sustained, may not attempt to climb the physical height of Mont Blanc, but with radiant faith and cheerful hopefulness he can climb heights of intellectual and spiritual attainment, undreamed of in his earlier years—

and keep on climbing. The Christian life is an ever,achieving and ever-conquering life. The man goes forward, from glory unto glory.

We wonder if some ministers do not grow old before their time? We wonder if the so-called deadline in the ministry cannot, in part at least, be thus accounted for? It is unthinkable to us, whatever their years, that some ministers of our acquaintance can ever grow old. To be sure they are nearing seventy, but they are up to date in their friendships, in their consciousness of social obligations and in their knowledge of everyday affairs. Add to this the wisdom which has come to them by long experience and it can be seen at once that these young old men can never be despised.

We saw one of these young old men the other day. He came in dressed in a handsome gray suit, spotless linen, a becoming Panama hat and well polished shoes. He laid aside his cane, took off his gloves, polished his glasses, and wanted to know about the newest of the new books! He then asked about people and movements over the denomination from Maine to California. After a visit of fifteen minutes he went out of our office like a whirlwind. When he left we felt that we needed a rest. We remarked, "Well there is one man who will never grow old." After all, what is the use of growing old?

IT DOESN'T PAY

It doesn't pay to worry
  Or give up in despair,
When there's so much of gladness
  For you to freely share.

It doesn't pay to grumble,
  If things seem to go wrong;
Better down your disappointments
  With a burst of cheerful song.

It doesn't pay to dwaddle
  When there's urgent work to do;
A clear and noble purpose
  Will inspire the best in you.

It doesn't pay to be sorry
  Over chances missed and gone;
For however black the night,
  Then surely comes the dawn.

—Selected.

A NECESSARY MINERAL

By Cora P. Emerson

Salt is the only food that belongs to the mineral kingdom. It is so essential to the well-being of man, that it early became an article of trade. Most historians agree that that never since the earliest times have human beings lived without salt. If they have not had salt as a seasoning, they have lived upon foods containing an abundance of that necessary mineral.

The first written reference, that we find to salt, is in the Bible. In the Book of Job which was written more than twenty-two hundred years before the birth of Christ, we find this question, "Can nothing which is unsavory be eaten without salt?" (Job 6:6).

We find the word salt mentioned some thirty odd times in the Bible. The most familiar story is the one about Lot's wife. You will recall that Lot was the nephew of Abraham. He lived in the city of Sodom at the time it was to be destroyed for its wickedness. Lot and his family were warned to leave Sodom and not to look behind them, as they fled. Lot's wife looked back at the burning city and was changed into a pillar of salt.

During ancient times hundreds of shallow salt basins were to be found on the shores of the Dead Sea, which is in Palestine. Caravans of donkeys used to carry salt from this region to nearby countries.

Salt was one of the commercial products of ancient Venice. The salt was evaporated from the water around the marsh islands upon which the city is built.

The poet Homer referred to salt when describing the repasts of his heroes. The soldiers in old Roman days received part of their pay in salt. Our word "salary comes from the Latin word salarium which means "salt money."

The early Hebrews had a religious custom of rubbing little babies with salt. This was thought to make the infants grow into strong and healthy men and women. To the American Indians salt was "magic white sand." They thought it made people strong.

Before the dawn of Christianity salt was used in keeping agreements, also in religious ceremonies. The Greeks had a saying that one should never trust a person without first eating a peck of salt with him. To these ancient people salt was almost as important as the sun which they worshipped.

Up to a few years ago, salt was used as money in Abyssinia. Pure salt was made into lozenges called "amoulies." These small tablets had a value equal to about one cent. They were accepted by the natives as readily as we accept pennies.

We read how, in certain parts of Africa and the South Sea Islands, the natives will trade a peck of potatoes for a tablespoonful of salt. We are reminded of the times that Indians in our own country would barter their land for a small amount of "magic white sand."

One of the oldest roads in the

world was built by Roman soldiers. The name of this road was Via Salaria. It was built so that salt could be carried to Rome from the salt works at Ostia. Ostia was a town near the Mediterranean Sea. A high tax on salt is said to have been one of the causes of the French Revolution.

In olden times in England, this necessary mineral was considered so imoprtant that it was used to determine the order of seating guests at banquets. A large dish of salt was placed in the center of the long table. All those of noble birth were seated above the dish of salt. The humble people were given places below the salt dish. Shakespeare, England's famous playwright, spoke of salt in several of his writings.

In our own language we have many phrases about salt. These have been handed down to us from ancient times. When we hear it said that a certain person is "not worth his salt," we know that it means he is not doing his work well enough to earn his salary. When we say that person is "the salt of the earth" it is about the highest compliment that we can offer.

Not many years ago, an old document was found that had been written in Verona, Mississippi. It had been written shortly before the close of the Civil War. This paper recorded the sale of seven thousand pounds of salt at one dollar a pound. Think of the number of pounds of salt we would be able to buy for seven thousand dollars.

At the time civilization first began its westward movement, salt was considered so necessary that people in the Dakotas and Kansas were willing to pay twice as much for it as was asked in Ohio. So great were the hazards of moving this mineral that only the bravest and hardiest plainsmen would attempt the journey.

Because salt is so plentiful and cheap in our own country, we forget how necessary it is. The United States has so much salt that it would be able to provide the world with salt almost indefinitely. The state of Oklahoma has a salt desert covering 40,000 acres. In some places in New York state, the salt deposit is more than 300 feet thick.

The famous salt mines at Wieliczka, (Poland) are known as one of the lesser wonders of the world. They form an underground city with more than thirty miles of railroad. The whole city is carved out of solid salt.

America produces more than twenty-five million dollars worth of salt in a year. Michigan, New York, Ohio, and Kansas are leading salt producing states.

Salt is used mainly for cooking and seasoning. It is also used extensively in meat packing, refrigeration, dairying, pottery glazing, enamel and pipe works, and in the tanning of hides.

Each person in the United States uses on an average sixteen to eighteen pounds of salt a year. Salt supplies the tissues of the human body with the necessary amount of iodine. Without this mineral every living thing would perish.

ONCE A VIRGINIAN INVADED BRITAIN

By John T. Goolrick

The two officers in the practically unknown uniform of the Continental Navy sat in the little French cafe sipping rumpunch and looking at no one. There were only a few casual wine drinkers who strayed in to look at them, because all Brest had gone to the docks to gaze in astonishment at a British man o' war brought in captive by an American ship, a strange sight, indeed, when England in actuality ruled the sea.

Of those who turned their eyes toward the table, each saw a small man, resplendent in a gold embroidered uniform and lace, and a gangling Yankee first mate whose furbishings were as sea worn as his face. All present, including the landlord, stared in amazement when the small man arose, overturning the table, and with no preliminaries set terrier like upon a great hulk of a fellow who had just come in, striking viciously, knocking the big man down, and throwing him out, afterward returning to a table to which he carefully brought other glasses of punch for his companion, which they sipped quietly.

"The man he beat," after wrote the first mate, Nathaniel Fanning of Connecticut, "was of large dimensions, weighing 200 pounds, and whom he accused of spying. I have never seen a man hit so hard or so fast. He could do more damage in a second than another man could in a minute."

Brest Awed by His Pirate Reputation

The captain and Mate Fanning pushed later through the crowd at the docks near His Majesty's ship, the Drake, and onward to the Ranger. Captain Jones walked erect, as a man who had pride and cared not who knew it. He was slender, well built, five feet seven inches tall, with dark brown hair and darker eyes, and he wore a three-cornered blue hat with a gold band about it, a blue coat faced with red, slashed cuffs, a linen collar from which there cascaded white lace of fine make, a scarlet waistcoat, white silk stocking, and on his shoes silver buckles. Upon his shoulders were gold epaulets and at his side hung a gold trimmed sword scabbard. Even the buttonholes of his coat were embroidered with gold thread.

As he passed, puzzled onlookers said: "It is Paul Jones, the Pirate" and whispered tales of him, and of how he had harried British shipping and taken the Drake in a despertae battle in which the odds were against him. They wondered at him, for ovwere being told, and always he was a swashbuckler, a ship scuttler with a knife in his mouth and a red handkerchief about his forehead. All of Europe was in time, to hear the tales of his piracy and they were amazed at his appearance.

Perhaps that night it was that Jones told something of his past, for Fanning afterward knew much of him, as did Benjamin Franklin to whom he wrote in a curious letter the story of his life, in part. No one ever knew it all.

Born at Arbigland, Scotland in 1847, at 12 this son of a gardener was a sailor before the mast, ignorant and poor. It happened that his ship came to America and, deserting on the lower Rappahannock, so tradition says, he made his way to Fredericksburg in Virginia—"The country of my fond election"—, where he found a home in the humble place where lived his brother, William Paul the tailor, for whom John delivered clothes and stitched garments.

There he met such men as George Washington, George Mason, Fielding Lewis, Hugh Mercer, George Weedon, and the Lees, when they came up from the Northern Neck to get William to make them clothes, and although this ignorant little boy in a new land must have stood far off from them his quick mind learned much. Probably there were sown in him the seeds of the love of liberty that made him later the greatest American sea fighter.

But the tall spars of the ships which lay in the river opposite Mrs. Washington's farm called to him, and at 17 he was away to sea again. Two years of his time were as first mate of a slaver, and aboard this ship in the harbor of Scarborough on the Island of Tobago he killed Mungo Maxwell, a sailor whom he said was mutinous, a crime that hung over him until long afterward, when he was tried and cleared. Back in the same harbor again, two years later he drove his sword through another sailor whom he claimed was mutinous and whom, he related strangely, assaulted him and drove him back until an open hatch behind him stopped his retreat, when the sailor rushed upon the sword and impaled himself. Two men killed in port, even in Tobago, was too much, and Paul's friend, Governor Young, advised him to "retire to the continent of America and remain incog." There was a lapse in his life history from now on for some time, when he was again found resident at his brother William's house in Fredericksburg, being now, however, "Mr. J. P. Jones."

Sailed First Stars and Stripes Across Atlantic

William died in 1773, leaving nothing to John, who erected a stone over his brother's grave, and who later was desribed by the courts that settled the estate in Norfolk as "A citizen of Virginia and a resident of Fredericksburg." His brother having left him nothing, Jones went North where, after rebuffs enough, he was appointed a lieutenant in the Continental Navy, among the first, and the first to raise the original flag with the coiled snake and "Don't Tread On Me." Nevertheless, favorites were placed ahead of him until he stood last on the list of lieutenants. When he protested, John Hancock asked Jones to leave his commission with him to be shown the committee, and then lost the commission, and Jones remained eighteenth. He was a subordinate with no real command. Sent to sea with three ships the best of which hadn't a quarter deck fit for a sailor's feet, he sailed to Canadian waters, burned shipping in two harbors, drove a small

British fleet from American waters, burned a British transport, captured 10,000 British uniforms, sank two brigs of war, and was back in America in 60 days. Were it not of record it would be unbelievable.

Despite which he was left in port idle and fuming, now a captain, the highest rank America ever gave him, until 1777, when the politicians, possibly to get rid of him, gave him the little Ranger, over which he hoisted the first Stars and Stripes and sailed for foreign waters with no authentic orders. He crowded on sail through a battering sea, stopping to sink two British ships, and when his crew demurred at his recklessness he answered, "She'll carry this sail in or carry it down." In 32 squally days he was in France, flying the first Stars and Stripes that ever crossed the ocean.

George Washington later said that John Paul Jones was not a sea genius, but that he understood displomatic relations. The captain exhibited this, long before Washington said it, of course, by sailing for the Bay of Quiberon where he demanded and received from the French Admiral La Motte Piquet the first salute to the American flag. Satisfied, Jones swept now along the British coast, took the British ships Dolphin and Lord Chatham, and on April 2 1778, landed on British soil at Whitehaven, the first foreigner in centuries to put hostile foot on British shores. He fired the shipping and docks, captured the English soldiers on sentry, and reached his ship, unharmed, with his landing crew. Next day he was ashore at Arbigland, the place where he was born, upon the estate where his father was gardener for Lord Selkirk, whose place he raided, seizing the silver plate, setting the docks afire, burning the shipping. The shadow of the smoke reached England and she sent out the best of her fleet to seize him, but before it arrived Jones had put into port in France.

Little Fleet Deserts Bone Homme Richard

This was what, in part, lay behind John Paul Jones the day he engaged in fisticuffs with the Englishman he called a spy. Much more lay before him.

France, and Benjamin Franklin, who wrote of him; "When face to face with him neither man or I am told, woman, can resist the strange magnetism of his presence, the indescribable charm of his manner," knew his qualities better than America. It was the King of France, who gave him a gold sword of which, Jones later said "I am the only man who wears a gold sword given to him in person by the King of France," who also gave him a ship and procured funds to remodel it. When this was done, when she was ready for sea and the workmen had laid down their tools and the riggers had gone home, she was christened the "Bon Homme Richard" after Dr. Franklin, and set sail for the sea.

The Bon Homme Richard was no beauty and she was sent upon a mad quest, with madmen in the fleet accompanying her and deserters and mutineers aboard. The crew were French, American, Malay and Portuguese wharf rats. With the Bon

Homme sailed the little ships Cerf, Pallas, Monsieur, Gambrille, Vengance, and the more fit Alliance, whose captain was a traitor. Jones started for Liverpool upon the project, wild except that Jones had done things as reckless, of seizing the docks and burning the shipping. But he captured two prizes and with these the Monsieur and Cerf deserted back to France. The British seamen on the Bon Homme stole the captain's barge and put off, and when the Pallas was sent to take them she sailed over the horizon never to return. The Gambrille tacked away and disappeared, and behind her the best of the smaller ships, the Alliance, also took off. She was to return, with bad results for Captain Jones.

A lesser man might have been discouraged, but when near night the sails of two men o' war loomed against the sky and the lookout made them out to be His Majesty's Serapis and Countess of Scarborough. Captain Jones sailed cheerfully into them. Either was equal or surperior to the Bon Homme Richard but the little captain was untroubled. "I want tall spars" he had said when the Richard was remodeled "because I intend to go in harm's way."

> "It is propably Paul Jones" said the British captain of the Serapis, "If so there's work ahead."

They clashed at night under the moon, with bellowing guns, at close quarters. Against the two ships Jones maneuvered for an hour, when the Alliance came in sight to cheer up the American crew. But the insane Landias only sailed the Alliance close and fired a broadside into his companion ship, the Richard, and sailed away again.

Twice Jones led boarding parties that were driven back. He grappled with the Serapis, the Scarborough now being partly disabled, and they fought across the taffrails. The hull of the Richard was riddled, the rigging fell, the hold filled with water, dead and wounded littered the decks and a traitor released an hundred British prisoners who added confusion to the will scene. Fire broke out aft and the ensign was shot down, seeing which the British captain called:

> "Have you struck?"
>
> To which Jones answered:
>
> "No Sir. I have just begun to fight."

Muskets and cutlasses played and Jones led a last boarding party across the Serapis' taffrail, when the British ship was surrendered. Just a little later the Bon Homme Richard sunk, riddled with cannon balls. Later, at an investigation, Captain Pearson of the Scarborough said.

"Captain Jones won the victory by his will power alone."

Leaving behind in Davy Jone's locker the Good Ship Richard and 800 of his own and the British crews, Jones sailed to Texel, Holland from where the echo of his victory spread rapidly to France and over Europe. England wished to revenge the audacity of Jones and outside Texel she placed a large fleet, while neutral

Holland, after a few days, must order Jones out. It was his luck that a terrific gale swept down the channel, driving the British fleet into safe harbors, and into this John Paul Jones sailed with his single ship, scuppers awash, past the harbor—locked English fleet, past the Downs, out to the open sea. As his craft tossed precariously through the thundering waves of the channel a British captain in the harbor looked from a port hole and said, "Mad; Quite Mad."

Congress Rewards Valor By "Investigation"

He made now a last voyage for America, capturing 12 ships which he burned. He had taken in all 60 British vessels, more than a million dollars in supplies, destroyed 10 times that amount, captured 1,500 British seamen, and four times invaded Britain, as a reward for which his country called him back for congressional investigation. Before the committee he said, "I came as a youth to Virginia, of which I am a citizen. I entered and fought in the Continental Navy. If I have done ought wrong let it be made clear."

After a single day he was cleared with honor and Congressman Varnum of Massachusetts afterward wrote: "There is a magic about his way and manner. Whatever he said carried conviction. He made himself master of the situation. At the end the committee felt honored for the privilege of hearing him."

John Paul Jones at that time was just passed 32 years old. He had served in the Continental Navy less than three years.

Found Body Under Laundry Refuse Pile

One hundred and eight years later Ambassador Porter began to look for his body and after six years found it in a leaden coffin, under the stable and refuse of a laundry. It was brought back amid a fleet of warships and at Aannapolis the President and great men eulogized the memory of the little sea fighter. But even then the strange fate which would have hurt him worse than all else followed the vain little man, for his coffin was placed behind a door and forgotten for several years more. Then some one remembered and his country reared above his remains a monument of marble and porphyry fit to honor any hero.

Half the world still regards him as a bold pirate. But of him the Duchess de Chartres said, "Not Bayard, or Charles le Tamaire, could lay his helmet at a lady's feet with half so knightly grace." He himself wrote to Catherine, "Far from being bloodthirsty, I am the most peaceable of men. I was not made to be a soldier or sailor, but for quiet and love."

Mrs. John Adams, whose husband was not by any means Jones' friend, wrote of him, "He is small, well proportioned, soft of voice, and vastly civil. He understands all about a lady's toilette and what perfumes she should use. Under all this he is bold, enterprising, ambitious, and a favorite among French ladies. I should sooner think of wrapping him in cot-

ton wool and putting him to bed than of sending him out to contend with cannon balls." One begins to think that, perhaps, Mrs. Adams was falling under the charm of his "indescribable manner."

His worth was gauged by one man whose star rose when Jones' star had set, on St. Helena Napoleon said:

"How old was Paul Jones when he died."

He was told 37.

"Had he lived," Napoleon said, "he would have been Admiral of France."

The sum of wisdom is that the time is never lost that is devoted to work.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

ORDEAL BY FIRE

By Leta Zoe Adams

"Yes," cried Marjorie, training the powerful government glasses on the shore of lake two thousand feet below, "it really is someone moving into that summer place, Dad!"

Mr. Starling, Forest Guard stationed on Avalanche Peak, squinted at the tiny moving figures on the beach. "I understand that the people who own that place come from the east and their name is Crenshaw. I hope for your sake, Marjorie, that there are some young people. Up here on this peak you get so little chance to meet young folks. It's hardly fair to keep you in places like this every summer, but I don't know just what else can be done—under the circumstances."

Marjorie took her eyes from the glasses long enough to send her father a quick little smile. "You know I love the mountains and forests, Dad."

"Yes, I know that. And I don't know exactly what I'd without you. You're as good a forest ranger as the average man who is holding down a job of that kind. Still, it isn't a normal life for a girl of seventeen. I know you get lonely."

Marjorie put the glasses down for a moment then. Her blue eyes gazed out over the velvet-green forested slopes wistfully and under he khaki blouse her slender shoulders straightened.

"Yes, I do get pretty lonely—sometimes."

The truth of the matter was that Marjorie had never admitted even to her father just how lonely she had got on Avalanche Peak this summer. Full of life and fun, she had to content herself day after day with helping her father with his work and performing the simple household tasks. She never heard a gay young voice except her own. She never saw anyone but her father, for Avalanche

Peak lay at a wild end of the lake where campers and hikers never came.

Ever since she had come up to the Peak she had been interested in the one summer house which lay just below, two miles away by steep trail. Every day as she scanned the slopes for signs of forest fires she had also taken a long look at the house at the foot of Avalanche, hoping that some day her search would be rewarded. And now that someone was moving in down there she was as excited as Columbus might have been when he sighted land after weeks at sea.

Her father was saying—"maybe next year something else can be done. Maybe you can go and stay with your Aunt Eleanor . . ."

Marjorie, who had put the glasses back to her eyes, broke in quickly—"Oh-h! There are some young people! There are, Dad! One—two—two boys. Yes-s—they're both young. And—and there's a girl! I can see a blue hat. She's taking it off now—she has golden hair—she must be lovely . . . want to look?"

She handed the glasses to Mr. Starling who took a brief glance at the sight on the beach far below. "You're right, Marjorie. Three young people! That's great. As soon as they're settled you must take a trip down the trail and call on them."

Marjorie took the glass again then. For a long time she gazed, enraptured, at the scene going on below. She saw the young people bring a canoe from the house and launch it in the water. She saw them come romping out to the beach in bathing suits and, with shouts (which came faintly to Marjorie's ear) catapult themselves off the end of the little dock into the water. She had to give up the glasses for a while then because Mr. Starling had to use them to look for fires, and when she looked again the beach was deserted.

That night the glow of a beach fire and the faint tinkle of a banjo testified, only too plainly, to good fun at the Crenshaw place. Marjorie, sitting on the peak with her chin her hands, wove dreams of the days to come when she, perhaps, might be sitting around the fire singing songs with other people! She was thrilled.

Two days later Marjorie put on her neat forest-green breeches, her best khaki shirt and the wide-brimmed hat of the forest service, and started down the trail to greet the newcomers.

When she came to the house she found the girl lolling in porch swing on the deep, cool veranda overlooking the lake. A certain pertness about the Crenshaw girl seemed to breathe of city places and as Marjorie came up the steps and introduced herself she felt suddenly rather il-at-ease.

"So you're the forest guard's daughter?" the girl said, taking in Marjorie's mountain garb from the wide-brimmed hat to the dusty boots. She didn't bother to rouse herself from her comfortable position. She didn't even ask Marjorie to be seated.

Marjorie explained how she lived on the Peak with her father. "I—I'd like very much to have you—all of you—come up and see us," she ended, with a friendly smile.

The Crenshaw girl yawned daintily. "Thanks, but I'm afraid the climb up to that peak doesn't appeal to me very much. I prefer the lake."

Marjorie scarcely knew how to answer such an unfriendly speech as that. "It's lovely up there, really," she said. "You can see for long distances all around."

"I can get enough view right from here," answered the Crenshaw girl and turned her head away as if the interview, as far as she was concerned, had lost interest.

Marjorie went slowly down the steps. Tears swam in her eyes and a hard lump had worked itself into her throat. It was quite, quite plain. The Crenshaw girl wanted nothing to do with the forest guard's daughter!

"Hi, there, who's this?" Marjorie had all but collided with a tall youth coming around the corner of the house. She looked up into teasing gray eyes.

"I'm—Marjorie Starling," stammered the girl. "I—just came down to welcome you to the lake and—and to get acquainted!"

"A native here?" inquired the tall young man.

"Not exactly. Just here for the summer helping my father watch for fires."

"Oh—one of those lookout people." Something seemed to go out of his voice as he regarded Marjorie's mountain garb.

Was it some kind of crime in the eyes of these people, Marjorie wondered, to be in the forest service?

"I—think I'd better be going now," she said, flushing under the youth's scrutiny. "If you ever want to take a nice hike—come up to the peak."

"Sure. We'll come up sometime," he said, but Marjorie knew as she turned away that they wouldn't come. More than that, she knew she would never be invited to visit them. They—the three of them—didn't need her friendship, nor want it.

Somewhere along the trail she sat down and sobbed out her disappointment and hurt.

When Marjorie told Mr. Starling about the result of her visit to the Crenshaws he tried to make light of it.

"If they don't think my girl is good enough for them it's just their hard luck, chick. Don't bother any more about them."

Marjorie promised, but it wasn't an easy promise to keep. Each day, through the glasses, she could see the Crenshaws at play either on the lake or on the beach. And each night the friendly glow of their fire and their songs were a mockery to the girl who watched from Avalanche Peak.

It was more than a week later when Mr. Starling prepared to go down to the nearest store for the next month's supplies. One day he went out on the mountain and rounded up the burro that the government furnished him for the purpose of carrying supplies and the next morning he started.

He gave Marjorie many last minute directions. "Use the glasses every half hour and if you see any suspicious signs phone to the Supervisor right away and report your findings. He'll tell you what to do. I'll be back tomorrow. You're not afraid to stay alone tonight, are you?"

Marjorie had stayed alone so many times on peaks that once more held

no terrors for her. "No one ever comes here," she said now. "I'll be fine."

Alone on Avalanche Peak with all the responsibility of leagues of Uncle Sam's precious forests! Twice Marjorie scoured the distant slopes with the powerful glasses, searching for a fleck of smoke marring the virgin beauty of the landscape.

It was the third time that she detected a smudge low on the north slope of Chilco Mountain. Her heart missed a beat as she trained her glasses on it.

For a long minute she looked. Then, with a little cry of alarm, she darted into the cabin to the telephone.

And when a masculine voice answered her ring, she gasped out—"There's a fire—over on Chilco Mountain. The north slope. It's growing—I can see the flames."

"Has Mr. Starling started for town?" came the voice, reassuringly calm, from the other end of the wire.

Marjorie told him that her father had left almost two hours before.

Without a moment's hesitation the voice came, "The nearest people are those Crenshaws at the foot of Avalanche. You have my authority to enlist the men to go and fight the fire until I can send reinforcements up there."

"Enlist them!" Marjorie gasped. "Then I . . ."

"Must go with them to see they do all they can," he said.

"But I—but they . . ." Marjorie stuttered.

"You know what to do," the forest Supervisor interrupted. "Take shovels and gunnysacks and pails. Stamp it out. Smother it. No matter what you do—but check it. Understand?"

"Yes-s," faltered Marjorie. "But—those Crenshaws—what if they won't go . . ."

"They'll have to go," came the clipped tones of the forest Supervisor. "If they don't they're liable to imprisonment. Now hurry along. Every minute counts."

The receiver clicked into place.

The Supervisor's orders, of course, were law. She would have to approach those unfriendly Crenshaws again! But there was no time to think about that—now. Swiftly Marjorie gather, then she was off down the trail.

ered a few necessary things togeth-

All the young Crenshaws—the girl and the two boys—were stretched on the beach sunning themselves in their bathing suits when Marjorie appeared.

"Well, it seems to be the forest lookout girl again," said the Crenshaw girl in a bored tone.

Marjorie looked directly at the two boys.

"I need two men," she said. "To fight a fire over on Chilco Mountain."

"Is that so?" drawled the youth with the gray eyes, lifting himself on an elbow. "Well, if you'll guarantee a dip every half hour I might consider going. But otherwise I guess you'll just have to let 'er burn."

"I'm sorry," Marjorie said, her small face setting grimly, "but you'll have to come whether you want to or not. It's the law."

"Law? In this wild country?" remarked the other boy who was the younger of the two. "I don't see any law around here. Where is it?"

How could they waste all this precious time when every minute meant

that dozens of beautiful old trees were being doomed to death? Didn't they realize what timber mean to this country, to any country? Didn't they care about beauty nor the generations to come who would live in this country?

Forgetting her timidity before these unfriendly people Marjorie's eyes snapped. She couldn't keep quiet any longer.

"Haven't you any patriotism? Haven't you any civic pride?" she burst out. "Oh, I know you'd fight for your country to save it from enemy invasion. Well! This is an enemy too! But what do you care about your forests being destroyed? You don't care about anything except your own—comfort! Don't come then. I want force you to! I'll fight the fire —alone! I'm not afraid of it!"

She knew she had said things she shouldn't have said, but for the moment she didn't care.

The Crenshaw boy with the gray eyes got to his feet. "Listen, are you accusing me of being a coward—or what?"

Marjorie bit her lip, facing him bravely. "Well—aren't you?" she flung out, looking the tall young man in the eyes.

He met Marjorie's look without flinching. He jerked his head toward his brother. "Come on, Allen," he said.

"Aw, Ted, what's the idea?" complained Allen protestingly. And the girl drawled—"I think it's silly to go."

"Maybe it is silly—but I'm going just the same," said Ted, grimly.

"Oh, well, if that's the way you feel about it . . ." the girl got to her feet also . . . "I'm certainly not going to be left behind. And, come to think of it, I always did love to go to a fire."

There followed a hectic fifteen minutes during which time the Crenshaw young people got into clothes and helped Marjorie get shovels and pails and gunnysacks into the motor boat. Then all four of them were speeding across the smooth water of the lake toward a rocky point below Chilco Mountain.

"I don't mind telling you that this won't be any picnic, especially when you're not used to it," Marjorie remarked as they neared the point.

Ted Crenshaw, guiding the boat, answered—"If a girl can fight a forest fire I guess Allen and I can."

"I'm going to watch," said the girl, whose name was Corrine.

The way to the fire led up a pathless canyon watered by a tinkling little stream. As the four pushed through the small brush Corrine began to regret that she had come.

"Turn back and wait for us at the boat then," admonished Ted.

But Corrine tossed her head wilfully, "I'm not going to miss the fun now!"

They could see the smoke and presently they saw the fire burning sullenly in a grove of tamarack trees. Marjorie drew a breath of relief when she saw that the fire hadn't gained any real headway yet. But, even as it was, she knew they must all work fast.

Quickly she gave her directions. Ted seized a shovel and began frantically to dig the necessary trench around the burned area. Allen, after a moment's hesitation, joined the

older Crenshaw boy.

Marjorie turned to Corrine. "You and I will have to carry water from the creek to put out the fire as it creeps ahead."

Corrine glared at Marjorie. "I don't take orders—from anyone," she said loftily.

"If you don't want to help I think it would be a good idea if you went back to the lake so you wouldn't bother the rest of us," Marjorie told her.

"I never said I didn't want to help," retorted Corrine and, seizing a pail in each hand, flung off toward the creek.

As Marjorie had warned them the business of fire-fighting wasn't any fun. The heat from the rays made an inferno out of the wooded slope on which they all toiled. By afternoon Ted's and Allen's palms were a mass of blisters and their strong young backs bent more and more painfully to the task of constructing the trench. Marjorie saw them stop now and then to gaze back at the cool lake, but neither of them said anything as they bent grimly again to the work before them.

Corrine's clothes were torn and soiled from carrying water up the slope through the brush from the creek. Her face, too, was streaked with dirt.

Sunset had come upon the forests before the fire was at last under control. The two boys leaned wearily on their shovels mopping their brows. With a moan, Corrine flung herself face-down on a patch of bear grass.

Trampling feet could be heard down the canyon, but Marjorie was the only one who seemed to pay any heed.

"It's our reinforcements!" she cried.

A few moment more and they came into sight—a dozen men equipped with all the implements for fire-fighting. And at their head was Mr. Starling!

He looked at the smoking patch of ruined forest, then at the four weary fire-fighters. "Why, it looks as if we were too late to do any good here," his voice lifted proudly. "Uncle Sam will be grateful for this, Marjorie. If you hadn't jumped on the job so promptly this whole slope would be ablaze by now."

"I don't deserve any credit at all, Dad," Marjorie answered him, smiling wanly. "I was just carrying out orders. But—if it hadn't been for the Crenshaws I would have been helpless. They've worked like veteran fire-fighters all day."

Mr. Starling went over and gripped first Allen's hand, then Ted's. "I want to thank you boys, and your sister over there, too, for your fine co-operation here today. And I want to apologize to you, too. You know, I sort of had the idea that you were the kind who wouldn't feel any responsibility toward a thing like this. But I'm glad to find out that I was wrong."

Ted grinned through his dirt-streaked face. "I'm afraid you were about right at that, sir. We didn't want to come, but we're all glad we did come now. It's been a great experience—helping to save these old trees. As a matter of fact, I don't think I ever really appreciated these forests—until today. But you bet I'll appreciate them from now on!"

Marjorie heard what Ted said and she felt a little glow of joy.

Later, going back toward the lake with a new moon just appearing over the trees Corrine, at Marjorie's side, said:

"We've been very discourteaus to you, Miss Starling. And I, for one, feel mighty sorry. I think you're a a peach and—and I want to know you better. I know we can have some good times here this summer—all of us—together."

And Ted joined in with—"You bet we can. Can you swim, Miss Starling, and would you mind if we just dropped the 'Miss' and called you—Marjorie?"

"I don't mind," said Marjorie happily, "and I—can swim!"

Avalanche Peak would not be lonely any more this summer! Funny, reflected Marjorie, how fire cleansed things—burning out the dross so that the gold could come to the light!

INSTITUTION NOTES

Miss Myrtle Thomas, of Jonesboro, a graduate nurse, who has been employed by the School, assumed her duties last Monday. Miss Thomas was formerly employed by the State Board of Health. We are glad to announce this addition to our staff, and feel sure that the boys will all like the new nurse.

—o—

Mrs. W. F. Goodman, Miss Mary Iris Goodman, Mrs. W. A. Sappenfield, of Concord, and Mrs. George Braun, and son, "Lefty Braun, of Berne, Indiana, visited the Training School last Monday. "Lefty" is one of the star pitchers of the Concord Weavers of the Carolina League. Mrs. Braun, having visited similar institutions in her home state, was very much interested in the work of the various departments here.

—o—

Marshall Weaver, better known as "Boll Weevil," who was paroled four and one-half years ago, called on us last Sunday. Since leaving the School, Marshall has occupied himself in various ways. He attended school part of the time, completing the tenth grade. He then spent some time on a farm, later going to work in a filling station. He is now employed at this work in Kannapolis, where he says he is doing well, and is well pleased with his present occupation.

—o—

The largest quantity of cucumbers ever gathered at one time at the Training School was gathered last Tuesday. Mr. Walker, who is the official pickle operator, has seventeen barrels (capacity fifty and fifty-five gallons) of cucumbers put in salt preparatory to pickling later. While this is an unusually large amount of cucumbers to be stored away, the boys never noticed any deficiency in the quantity served almost daily. The recent rains came in time to prevent almost complete destruction of our cucumber patches. None of the oth-

er vegetable crops were revived anything to compare with that which took place in cucumbers.

—o—

The wet weather of the past week has caused a lot of extra work for our hoe hands. Large numbers of them may be seen in the cornfields and vegetable gardens in an effort to destroy the growth of young grass and weeds brought up quickly by frequent rains.

Almost every farmer is familiar with bitter weed, as it is most destructive to pasture lands. The pastures here, as elsewhere, were literally covered with this pest, and the entire school section was reequisitioned to help in its eradication by pulling it up by the roots. It is necessary that this work be done immediately following a heavy rain, as the weed has such a root depth that it can be scarcely be pulled unless the ground is softened by wet weather. By reason of this work our cows are assured of a much greater quantity of grass.

—o—

The game played here last Saturday afternoon between Mt. Pleasant and the Training School resulted in a victory for the visitors by the score of 3 to 2. The game was marked by light hitting, each team getting but five hits, none going for extra bases.

L. Allman, who did the hurling for the visitors, kept the local lads' five hits well scattered, no two coming in the same inning. He was also aided by some very good fielding by his mates.

Liske started on the mound for the School boys, but retired in the sixth inning when his suport cracked, errors giving the visitors two unearned runs. He was replaced by Andrews who held the Mt. Pleasant batters hitless for the remainder of the game.

The visitors scored first, putting one run across in the fourth frame when Miller singled, advanced to second on Cauble's sacrifice and scored on H. Allman's single.

Two more tallies were added by the lads from Mt. Pleasant in the sixth inning after the side should have retired on easy outs. L. Allman, first man up, raced to second when Worthington, local third sacker, scooped up his roller and heaved the ball far over the first baseman's head, and scored when Wright, shortstop, booted H. Allman's grounder. The latter scored when Ange allowed Dove's single to left get away from him. The School lads scored once in the seventh frame when H. Williams drew a pass, advanced on an infield out, and scored on B. Williams' single.

The School's last counter was marked up in the ninth as Buck Lefler singled, stole second, and tallied on successive infield outs. The score:

		R	H	E
Mt. Pleasant	0 0 0 1 0 2 0 0 0	3	5	5
J. T. S.	0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 1	2	5	1

Stolen base: B. Lefler. Sacrifice hit: Cauble. Double plays: Wright, H. Williams and Smith 2; Cauble and Dove. Struck out: by L. Allman 5; by Liske 2; by Andrews 1. Base on balls: off L. Allman 2. Umpires—Davis and Lefler.

—o—

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Con-

cord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read the Parable of the Vineyard, as found in the 21st chapter of Matthew, and the subject of his talk to the boys was, "Obedience."

In our daily lives, said Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, we should ask in our minds, "What is my attitude towards life; towards those over me; those in the home; towards the church; and towards God?"

The speaker stated that the story of the father who told his two sons to go into the vineyard to work could be likened to our lives. The father represented God, and the two sons represent His disobedient children on earth.

There are three groups of people continued Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, which fall under the name, Obedience. They are: (1) Disobedience; (2) Supposed Obedience; (3) Real Obedience.

The first group has no religious faith in God that is lasting. They fall into the vices of dishonesty; evils of social life; and drunkenness. All these acts of disobedience seem to declare, "I do not care to know the will of God." The people in this first group would not necessarily be classed with the thieves and harlots spoken of in the story, but they are just as far away from God's vineyard. They have no connection with the church. Their minds are on sinful things of tht world. They are disobedient.

The second group would be people of the "Supposed Obedience" class. The second son said, "I go," but he did not do so.

The Pharisees with all their petty laws of observance and outward show of religion, felt they were doing service to God. So did Saul think he was doing his duty when he persecuted the Church of God. They wanted to make a show, in the eyes of the world, of living a religious life.

Real service for God, said the speaker, does not come by simply saying we will do so and so—but we must have the right attitude towards life and others.

The people in the third group, said the speaker, are those who believe in real obedience. This group would consist of persons which later repented, believed and served God.

If we fail to do the things that are right, can we expect to enter into heaven? Through true obedience we have our souls filled with love of God, and our lives are given over to His service. Then we are ready to spend self for our Master. When we serve our fellow men, we serve God. In doing this, we find our own burdens lightened.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Baumgarner said when we have a huge task to perform or a proposition to solve we should go to God and ask for His help and guidance. We should seek to know His will in all things undertaken. This is true obedience to God.

—o—

Of all the busy business men in this community, there is no one, perhaps, who takes more time in an endeavor to make others happy than our good friend, Mr. John J. Barnhardt, one of the vice-presidents of the Cannon Manufacturing Company.

In addition to many other activities outside his regular occupation, he

never misses an opportunity to do something to gladden the hearts of the boys at Jackson Training School. Not many days ago, he inquired whether or not the boys would enjoy a concert by the Kannapolis Band on Sunday, July 21st. Having been assured of their keen appreciation of and delight in music, arrangements were made to have the concert at that time.

Immediately following tre afternoon service in the auditorium, the members of the band, forty-one in number, arrayed in handsome uniforms, assembled in the Latham Pavilion, where for about an hour they thrilled an audience of five hundred boys and quite a number of visitors with stirring marches, beautiful overtures and popular dance numbers.

This splendid musical organization, under the guiding hand of Mr. R. G. McGuirt, director, is one of the best concert bands in the South, and for several years it has been our good fortune to enjoy these delightful programs. The members of this band, in addition to being splendid musicians, are men who take great delight in providing entertainment for our boys, and Director McGuirt tells us whenever the announcement is made that they are scheduled to play at the Training School, he is sure of almost 100 per cent attendance.

We were also glad to welcome Mr. C. A. Fisher, business manager of the band, and are indebted to him for the nicely arranged program which follows:

"Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen"—Roberts; "March Invergargil"—Lithgow; "Oh, Slip It, Man," (trombone novelty)—Davis; "La Paloma," (Spanish serenade)—Yradier; "The African 400," (an educated rag)—Roberts; "Hilo," (Hiwaiian one-step)—Lake; March and Procession of Bacchus from the Ballet "Sylvia"—Delibes; "Bull Trombone," (a colored toreador)—Fillmore; Waltz, "One, Two, Three, Four"—Lake; March, "On the Mall;" "Star-Spangled Banner."

Each number on this program was exceptionally well rendered, but the ones making the biggest hit with the boys were "Oh, Slip It, Man," a number in which the trombone section starred, and the march, "On the Mall," in which most of the members of the band first hummed and then whistled a very catchy part of the selection.

Following is a list of members of the band present on this most delightful occasion: Director—R. G. McGuirt. Clarinets—Philip Seapark, Joe Gabriel, Raiford Miller, Harris Rainey, Richard Wagoner, C. P. Tate, Harold Tash, L. C. Harmon, Jr., Ray Hawkins, R. C. McDowell, O. B. Lowdermilk. Trumpets—L. C. Harmon, Harold Nance, L. K. Currie, Grady Bowles, Floyd Watson, Fred Kuthan, William Shepherd. Trombones—Lewis Hilton, Clarence Black, Hubert Hall, C. B. Suther, John Lentz, L. M. McKenzie. Bass—L. M. Eudy, C. B. Dry, Clarence Younger, V. T. Chisholm, Carl Lowdermilk. Alto—W. M. Demarcus, Glenn Chisholm, J. W. Chisholm, Leo Gabriel, Ray Black. Baritone—W. B. Peel. Drums—J. C. Harmon, Pat Farrington, Moody Reynolds.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since July 7, 1935.

Week Ending July 21, 1935

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(3) Jesse Cleveland 3
George Chambers
(3) Erwin Martin 3
(3) Earl Rogers 3
(2) Hassel Shropshire 2
(3) Richard Sullivan 3
(3) Ashley Thompson 3
(3) Jerome Warren 3
(3) Vermont Whitley 3

COTTAGE No. 1

Sam Batts
(3) Clifford Bowers 3
(3) Robert Cashwell 3
(3) William Goodson 3
Herman Lamm 2
(3) Claude McLaughlin 3
(3) Millard Owenby 3
Wiley Willoughby 2
John Wilson 2
(3) Harvard Winn 3
(3) Preston Yarborough 3

COTTAGE No. 2

(3) James Boyce 3
John Capps 2
Frank Cobb
(2) Cleatus Daugherty 2
(2) Vasco Robinson 2
(3) Fred Seibert 3
Y. V. Spates 2
(2) Woodrow Spruill 2
Henry Tucker 2
Myron Whitman 2

COTTAGE No. 3

Elbert Bryant
(2) Marcellus Gurganus 2
(3) Porter Willhite 3

COTTAGE No. 4

Vernon Bass
Clarence Boren
(2) Lindsay Chavis 2
(3) Fleming Collins 3
(2) Clyde Dixon 2
William Hill
Woodrow Jenkins
(2) Ralph Johnson 2
Billy Justice
Thomas Little 2
(2) Irwin Luther 2
(2) Jack McRary 2
(3) Wheeler Sturdivant 3
Gray Wright

COTTAGE No. 5

(2) William Ballew 2
(2) Max Cecil 2
Arthur Greer 2
(3) Maynard Hicks 3
Paul Johnson
(3) George Kye 3
Randolph Miller
Louis Tarkington
(3) Robert Worthington 3

COTTAGE No. 6

(3) Earl Barnes 3
(2) Leo Forrester 2
Thomas Hamilton
Robert Keith
(2) George Spears 2
James Stepp

COTTAGE No. 7

(2) James Corn 2
William Corn
Fred Dysen
William Green
(3) Caleb Hill 3
A. Ray Hudson
(3) Harding Kluttz 3
Kenneth Messick
Lewis Parker

COTTAGE No. 8

(3) Charles Banks 3
(3) Harry Flowe 3
(3) Morris Hicks 3
John Maxwell

(2) Ernest Owens 2
Luther Pierce
(3) Wallace Pendergraft 3
John Penninger 2

COTTAGE No. 9

Erwin Coward
(3) Lee Dickens 3
Randolph Davis 2
Charles Freeman
(3) Woodfin Fowler 3
(3) Pearlie Funderburk 3
C. D. Grooms 2
(2) Frank Hall 2
(2) Carroll Hoyle 2
(2) Thomas McCarter 2
(2) Thomas McCausley 2
(3) Ben Overby 3
Homer Smith 2

COTTAGE No. 10

(3) James Kellam 3
J. T. Lovett
(2) Hilton McMath 2
(2) Leaman Rose 2
Winston Strickland 2

COTTAGE No. 11

(3) Lewis Crawford 3
Patton Capps
(2) Edward Carpenter 2
James Enloe 2
Robert Farmer
Dewey Freeman
(3) Bennie Holland 3
(2) Dallas Hodge 2
(2) David Hodge 2
(3) William Kirk 3
(3) James Montford 3
(3) William Martin 3
Theodore Rector
(3) Charles Smith 3
(2) Eldridge Ward 2
Cecil Webb 2

COTTAGE No. 12

(2) Trojan Aiken 2
(2) Alphus Bowman 2
(3) Walter Beaver 3
(2) Joseph Cox 2
(2) Frank Dickens 2
(2) James Douglas 2
(3) Paul Eason 3
(2) Alfred Holloman 2
Richard Honeycutt
(2) Basil Johnson 2
(2) Edward Lockamy 2
(2) Glenn O'Quinn 2
Leonard Potter
Arbie Phillips 2
(3) Eli Philemon 3
(2) Andrew Powell 2
(3) Homer Quick 3
(3) Thomas Welch 3
Leonard Watson
Olive Weaver 2

COTTAGE No. 13

(2) Leon Burkhead 2
Clarence Douglas
Randolph Foy
(2) Bernis Kirby 2
Claudius Pickett
(2) Eugene Smith 2
Harry Smith
Porter Stack
(3) Howard Wilson 3

COTTAGE No. 14

Elzie Carpenter 2
(2) Hubert Hooks 2
(3) Homer Jones 3
Robert McKee
(2) Troy Powell 2
James Singleton
Charles Wagoner

COTTAGE No. 15

Robert Alexander
Earl Chambers
Wilson Medlin
Edward Martin
(2) William Moose 2
George McManus
Harley Pennell 2
Glenn Stewart 2
(2) Robert Teeter 2
(2) Frank Wakefield 2

Your services will not command a premium if your word has to be discounted.—Selected.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 3, 1935 No. 31

CHINESE PROVERBS

If a man has not done any thing wrong, a knock may come at dead of night, and he will not be startled.

Think of your own faults the first part of the night (when you are awake), and of the faults of others the latter part of the night (when you are asleep).

Even if you should be uncivil to a great man, be sure that you are respectful to a small man.

T o go a long journey to offer incense in a distant temple, is not so good as showing kindness near home.

Use men as you use wood: if one inch is rotten, you do not throw away the whole piece.

Do not unto others what you would not have them do to you.—Swinton's Reader.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAI

PUBLISHED BY

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

LIFE'S HAPPINESS

Wouldn't this old world be better,
  If the folks we meet would say,
I know something good about you,
  And then treat you just that way?

Wouldn't it be fine and dandy,
  If each handclasp warm and true,
Carried with it this assurance—
  I know something good about you?

Wouldn't life be lots more happy,
  If we praised the good we see?
For there's such a lot of goodness,
  In the worst of you and me.

Wouldn't it be nice to practice,
  That fine way of thinking too?
You know something good about me!
  I know something good about you!

If aught of good thou canst not say
  Of thy brother foes or friend.
Take thou then the silent way
  Lest in words thou shouldst offend.

—Selected.

"THE CHAPEL ON THE ROCK"

The King's Daughters Chapel when first built attracted much attention, was termed the "Chapel On The Rock" by the Charlotte Observer and has been accepted as a classic in architecture, built of Rowan county granite.

By chance we found an Uplift dated October 28, 1915, the date of the 26th Annual Convention of the King's Daughters, at which time this beautiful classic in stone was dedicated to the dominion of God in faith and in truth.

The different articles of this same Uplift carried beautiful tributes to the officials of the North Carolina Branch of the King's Daughters, terming them noble women with an ambition to carry on the work of the "Church In Action."

The dedicatory exercises on this memorable day were opened with this remark,—"Kind Friends, this Chapel in its completion stands for the increase of loving kindness, which is the soul of religion; for the glory and magnifying truth and justice, which, sown in whatever barren and rocky soil, spring up and yield a hundredfold for use and blessings; for inculcating and teaching the dominion of God and faith in human nature; creating and inspiring hope, the chief blessing bestowed by Providence on man; and for exhibiting in a practical way that true charity, the divinest of all virtues, this chapel has been erected."

The editorial in The Uplift of the same date states,—"This is a gala day in the life of the Jackson Training School. In addition to the members of the state convention of the King's Daughters there was a splendid representation of the best people from various quarters of the state—a pleasing crowd of sympathetic and genuinely good people, and every thing conspired to make it a glad day for the school."

Being a member of the Order, with an ambition to see the Chapel in completion, there are delightful memories of the impressive and solemn occasion, and a continued hope that the Chapel will be reclaimed for service as intended for humanity. We all know that the growth of the school was far beyond the expectations of the most hopeful, therefore, the chapel is not adequate to hold the 500 boys, and stands as a reminder of the past and is suggestive of a hope.

But, if it stands "for the increase of loving kindness, the soul of religion" why is it not possible to fulfill the mission as intended for the Margaret Burgwyn Chapel? This is food for serious thought upon the part of the North Carolina King's Daughters. It is a challenge to these good women who have never failed in any work

undertaken for the uplift of humanity. We offer no suggestions, but hope that some far-visioned woman will see the possibilities of the Chapel that should be used as intended for "the increase of loving kindness."

* * * * * * *

ABRAHAM STARR NOT DISCONCERTED

So far no echoes have been heard as to changes in the life of Abraham Starr, a foundry worker of an Eastside tenement, since receiving a cool million from a relative who died.

This man, poor but happy, worked in a foundry, receiving enough wages to supply the modest wants of wife and children, said when the news of his good fortune was broken to him, "I'll give it to my wife." This was a high compliment to the wife who perhaps had not gone out to work for a salary, but had remained in the home, true to her charge, and by her frugal mind made it possible to live a clean and wholesome life. It is not the amount of salary realized that counts but the wisdom in spending.

Starr is satisfied to continue to live as he has in the past, and remain true to those who were his close friends when "economy" was the word in his household.

* * * * * * *

STANDARDS FOR TEACHERS

The New York City schools have adopted for their teachers a code of character-factors such as neatness, cleanliness, orderliness, good manners, tact, courtesy, co-operation, unselfishness, the habit of speaking and writing good English, reliability, honesty, integrity, kindliness, cheerfulness, affection and sympathy for children, ability to discipline, loyalty, good health, a clean mind, a good moral with the spirit of service, and if they do not measure up and sustain the code mentioned other fields of service have to be sought.

We have always visualized a teacher with all of these requisites, because when once deciding to take up the profession the preparation includes every factor mentioned. In fact in the days of the "old-school" it would be impossible to qualify without these elements of true manhood and womanhood.

However, since public sentiment has been moulded in favor of stressing certain methods, with a certain number of units so as to be in accord with the standardization, the elements that make men and women of strong parts have been to a great degree overlooked.

Nothing presents a more deplorable picture than a finely-cultured man who is devoid of character. These are the things that make one feel that culture without character is a dangerous weapon, especially so if used in training children. A teacher, next to a parent, wields a wonderful influence, therefore, it is imperative to stress the practice of the character-factors listed by the New York City schools. Every teacher leaves an impress either for good or bad, they are living models for their pupils. One cannot exercise too much care in selecting teachers who have the combination of a fine mind and strong character. They mould a life unconsciously.

* * * * * * *

LINDBERGH SAYS

If you read the following, according to Lindbergh, it is easy to see that the success this young man attained was not just a happen so, but the culmination of his ambition was brought about by a daily study of self "to see if he had gone the way he charted:"

"I came to the conclusion that if I knew the difference between the right way to do a thing and the wrong way to do it, it was up to me to train myself to do the right thing at all times. So I drew up a list of character-factors at the left margin of a sheet of paper, and then I numbered the top of the sheet from one to thirty-one, ruling the sheet both up and down and sideways. One vertical column under a certain number would be my daily chart for that particular day of the month. At night I would read off my list of character-factors, and those which I had fulfilled satisfactorily during the day I would mark with a red cross; those I had not been called upon to demonstrate that day would get no mark. But those character-factors which I had actually violated during the day I would mark with a black cross.

"I began to check myself from day to day, and to compare my 'blacks' and 'whites' from month to month and year to year. I was glad to notice an improvement as I grew older."

These are the character-factors mentioned above:

Altruism, Ambition, Brevity in speech, Concentration, Calmness in temper, Clean body, Clean speech, Clean thought, Clean conduct, Cheerfulness, Courage, Decisiveness, Determination, Economy, Energy, Enthusiasm, Firmness, Faith, Gracefulness, Honesty, Hopefulness, Industry, Initiative, Justice, Judgment, Love to all, Loyalty, Moderateness, Modesty, Neat appearance, No argument, No sarcasm, No faultfinding, No talking about others, No talking too much, Optimism, Perseverance, Physical exercise, Pleasant voice, Punctuality, Patience, Politeness, Reverence (divine):, Parent, Home and family, Country, Respect superiors, Respect fellowmen, Readiness to compromise, Recreation: "Manful, not sinful" Self-esteem, Self-control, Self-confidence, Sense of humor, Sleep and rest, Sympathy, Sincerity, Tact, Truthfulness, Thoroughness, Unselfishness.

* * * * * * *

A NEW WAY OF TAXATION

The first city in the United States to make motorists pay for parking cars on the streets is Oklahoma City. The way it is done is that the streets are lined with "parking-meters." The motorist drops a nickel in the slot, that pays for a stipulated time, and when the time is up a red-flag flashes. Then the cop tags the car for parking over time.

After thinking about this plan of taxation it seems by far a more sensible way of raising revenue than putting a tax on the essentials such as the real necessities of life.

Another thing that makes this form of taxation favorable it is no respector of persons, but automatically makes every body come under the letter of the law.

BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT MAKES GREAT PROGRESS IN ITS 25 YEARS

(The Pathfinder)

This is Boy Scout Year in America. On February 8, 1935, the Boy Scouts of America celebrated the 25th anniversary of the organization for on that day in 1910 it was incorporated under the laws of the District of Columbia. Observance of its birthday inaugurated its Silver Jubilee of which the highlight will be the National Jamboree in Washington August 21 to 30. Scouts from 73 scattered nations of the world in which the Scouting movement is organized will come to join in the national celebration. A kindly Congress and State Department set aside passport requirements for the occasion.

This is just one of the visible results of the spread of Scouting into all corners of the world. In order to understand its amazing growth it is necessary to know something of the history of the organization and what it stands for. It has been said that a boy's will is "the wind's will" and that he is like a bicycle, "stable only when going somewhere." These things were taken into account about the beginning of the century when the need of doing something for the youth of the land began to be recognized as a pressing problem. About that time there came into existence in America an organization known as the "Woodcraft Indians" founded by Ernest Seton-Thompson. At the same time Daniel Carter Beard organized a similar movement, the "Sons of Daniel Boone," named after the famous pioneer of that name. Then, in 1908 Sir Robert Baden-Powell, who recently visited this country, perfected an organization in England under the name of Boy Scouts. Since the ideals of both American organizations were about the same and were similar to the British group the two merged and became the Boy Scouts of America. A later organization, Lone Scouts, founded primarily for those boys who were situated so they could not take part in group movements, also merged with the Boy Scouts in 1923.

Beginning with President William H. Taft in 1910 the change of each administration saw the President of the United States become the honorary head of the organization with which some of them had already been identified as workers. President Franklin D. Roosevelt, for instance, had been a volunteer worker for 14 years before becoming its titular head in 1933. But there have been five real presidents of the Boy Scouts. Of these the present executive officer, Walter W. Head, has served continuously from 1926 with only a break of one month. Dr. James E. West has served as Chief Scout Executive since the first year of the movement, one of the founders, "Dan" Beard, is still National Scout Commissioner and many of the other original organizers are still in harness.

Its greatest appeal, perhaps, lies in the fact that it has opened to boyhood the way of the great outdoors; the plains, the hills and the mountain trails. It has built character and

taught health and safety, woodcraft and handicraft, how to be resourceful when possessed of few resoures other than natural intelligence, and above all, service to others. Deep in the heart of nearly every boy is the desire to be noticed or, to phrase it a little differently, a desire to be recognized by his elders as an important and useful element in life. This want is satisfied in Scouting for in order that he may carry out the Scout law which says he must be trustworthy, helpful and must do a good turn every day he is taught to become proficient in ways of making himself useful that cannot escape recognition. Last but not least Scouting offers the opportunity to exercise the "gang" or "club" spirit in the proper way.

From the very beginning personal responsibilty devolves upon the Scout and his progress in knowledge and skill is marked through the awarding of medals, merit badges, honorable mention, etc. These act as a spur to ambition and he advances from the Tenderfoot or Cub stage through the various degrees until he may become an Eagle Scout—a rank of which any boy or his parents may well be proud.

Anyone who pauses to review briefly a few of the accomplishments of this organization in the past quarter-century cannot help being impressed. Almost 2,000 awards have been made to Scouts for life saving at the risk of their own lives and this figure does not take into account other rescues and the thousands of lives which have been saved through application of Scout trained first aid. Examination of records of a few of the 32,800 Scout units reveals the wide latitude of services rendered. In them may be found notations of how a troop aided in the search for a lost child, helped in city clean-up campaigns; made police tarffic counts and distributed copies of new traffic laws; planted trees; sold papers for a crippled boy while he was ill; acted as ushers at civic and public affairs; rendered special services to the blind and needy, etc. However, one need not to go to the individual troop records for the newspapers are constantly recording their deeds during floods, earthquakes, hurricanes, epidemics and other occasions of distress.

A thumb-nail brief of a few outstanding events in 25 years of Scouting follows: 1910, incorporated; 1911, national office opened and first annual meeting held (at the White House); 1912, started campaign for safe and sane July 4th; 1913, outstanding service performed during Ohio floods; 1915, Merit Badge and Sea Scout program instituted; 1918, chartered by Congress; 1917-19, war service including sales of Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps; 1920, first World Jamboree; 1921, service in Colorado and Texas floods; 1923, Lone Scouts join up; 1924, swimming instruction instituted and second World Jamboree; 1925, service in Illinois tornado, California earthquake and Louisiana fire; 1926, instituted Silver Buffalo, (a Scout award to outsiders for service to boyhood); 1927, extended program to include rural boys; 1928, one Scout goes to Antarctic, three to Africa, and four make Covered Wagon tour of Lincoln Highway; 1929, third World Jamboree; 1930, President Hoover's White House conference; 1931, service in relief work and instituted Club program for small boys; 1932, instituted

10-year plan; 1933, authorized Senior program for older boys and held fourth World Jamboree; 1934, relief service, made greatest membership increase in history; 1935, American Silver Jubilee and Washington Jamboree.

During these 25 years more than 6,500,000 have participated in Scouting in its various branches and over 5,000,000 boys have passed through its ranks, many of whom have now grown to manhood. Many of these still find time to serve as scoutmasters, advisers, etc., and are helping to carry out the objective of the 10-year program instituted in 1932—"One Out of Every Four New Male Citizens a Four-year Scout-trained Man." Others find themselves too occupied to be of much aid but wherever they are they have never forgotten the Scout oath: "On my honor I will do my best to do my duty to God and my country and to obey the Scout law; to help other people at all times; and to keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight."

JUST HANG ON

When things are black, and getting blacker,
And your grip is getting slacker,
When you're sick abed, and deep in debt to boot,
Just remember what your Daddy
Told you when you were a laddie—
It was, "Hang on, like a puppy to a root."

When your fairest dreams and hopes end,
And you think you're at your rope's end,
When your shoes are thin, and ragged is your suit;
Bolster up your dying hope, sir,
Tie a knot in that old rope, sir,
And then—hang on, like a puppy to a root.

If you find you're in the middle
Of a nightmare or a riddle,
And Old Man Depression slams you in the snoot;
Don't retreat, and don't surrender,
Take a hitch in your suspender,
And just hang on, like a puppy to a root.

—Selected.

AN IRON-WORKER WHO LOVED THE STARS

By Dorothy Fritsch Bortz

The story of Uncle John Brashear is that of a simple ironworker of Pittsburgh from whose shops have gone forth some of the finest astronomical lenses and instruments ever fashioned. These instruments have been used to discover new planets, to photgraph the smallest stars and to learn more about the sun. But even more fascinating than the account of all the instruments fashioned in the Brashaear shops is the life story of Uncle John himself—how he followed an ideal for twenty years and found international fame as a scientist and a lover of the stars.

Among the earliest memories of Uncle John Brashear was the night when, as a lad of nine in his hometown of Brownsville, Pa., he saw the starry heavens through Squire Wampler's handmade telescope for the grand sum of five cents. That view of the moon and Saturn so impressed him that he lay awake half the night thinking of those far distant worlds. From that time on he began to dream of making an even larger and better telescope than the Squire's so that everyone could enjoy the beauyt of the stars.

For twenty years John Brashear worked as a mechanic in the ironmills in Pittsburgh. As a young man of twenty-two he married Phoebe Stewart, and together they planned and built a plain but comfortable home "on the hill," South Side, Pittsburgh. They also bought their neighbor's small coal-house for Brashear's first workshop. In it he installed an engine with a boiler and also a lathe. Then he ordered a piece of glass to grind the lens for his first telescope.

When the glass came, Brashear and his wife worked on it every evening after he returned from the mill. Ma (as he fondly called his wife) always had the shop immaculately clean, the tools in order, the engine oiled and steam up in the boiler. After supper he and Ma would work late into the night shaping and grinding the lens.

They experienced many trials in making this first lens. Oftentimes when they were ready to polish the surface they would scratch it. One time Brashear even dropped the lens and broke it into pieces. His heart almost broke with it! But Ma encouraged him and they ordered another piece of glass. For three long years, night after night, they worked on this first five inch lens until it was finally finished. Of this occasion Brashear wrote:

"I shall never forget the night when we cut a hole into the attic roof, poked the nose of the telescope through it and pointed it to Saturn. The view I had of the planet Saturn that night I never shall forget. After Ma and I had enjoyed the sight, we could not rest until we had called in some of the neighbors."

Later Brashear asked Professor Langley, head of the Allegheny Observatory in Pittsburgh, to inspect

the glass. Of this first lens Professor Langley remarked: "Mr. Brashear, you have done very well." Brashear then had a view of Saturn through the Observatory telescope and from that night on he decided to make a reflecting telescope similar to the one at the Observatory.

Profiting from former experience, he ordered two pieces of glass instead of one and together he and Ma started work on the twelve-inch mirror. After many months of grinding, polishing and testing the disk was ready to have its front surface silvered—a most difficult process. They poured the silver carefully and were delighted to see it coat the surface of the glass evenly.

They were rejoicing in their success when—CRACK!—their joy was turned to sorrow! The disk had cracked from the outer edge to the center! Evidently the glass had cooled unevenly. They had only failure after all their hard labor, and failure, too, when Mars was in a better position for observing than it would be for many years!

Brashear did not sleep a wink that night. He could not concentrate in the mill. He was uttterly discouraged and came home a beaten man. But as he climbed the hill Ma met him with a smile and took him to the workshop. There all was in order, fire under the boiler, steam up, and the second piece of glass was ready to work on.

Within two months' time the second lens was ready for silvering. Brashear had worked out his own method of silvering in the meantime and after a beautiful bright coat of silver was deposited upon the surface of the glass, they waited for the first clear night and their first look at the heavens through this twelve-inch reflector.

The views they had through the telescope were never-to-be-forgotten. Again they shared these glorious sights with their neighbors and friends. Of a young farmer who "desired to look in the big telescope" Brashear wrote this interesting account:

"I found him waiting one night to see the sights. I did not know whether or not he had any knowledge of Astronomy, but I asked him what he would like to look at. He replied, "Juniper." I told him that unfortunately that planet was not visible in the sky at the time. Then he expressed a desire to see "Satan." But his Satanic Majesty was not around either. The climax came when he asked if I could show him the "Star of Jerusalem!" I ended it by showing him the moon and some star clusters and he went home very happy."

At this time the following notice appeared in the Scientific American:

"Silvered-glass specula, diagonals, and eye-pieces made for amateurs desiring to construct their own telescopes.

Address:
John A. Brashear
No. 3 Holt Street
South Side, Pittsburgh, Pa."

John Brashear had definitely decided to leave the mill and devote his time to making telescopes for others. It was a daring step for he had a large debt on his home and only a modest savings account. But fate introduced him to a kind friend interested in helping struggling scien-

tists to perfect their ideas. Mr. William Thaw, a Pittsburgh millionaire, had heard of Brashear's work through Professor Langley of the Observatory. He immediately paid off Brashear's debt, built him a larger shop and appointed him a comfortable salary so that he could go on perfecting his telescopic apparatus.

Within a few years Brashear had to move into a larger factory for the demands upon his business were so great. He was supplying astronomical instruments to firms, universities and observatories both in Europe and America. He became one of the outstanding scientists of his day and the man most in demand as the principal speaker and every scientific convention abroad and at home.

Uncle John (as his many friends called him) was cited as the most distinguished and best-beloved citizen of Pennsylvania. Many honorary degrees were conferred upon him by colleges and universities. He was a charter member of the Committee that established the Carnegie Institute of Technology. Through his untiring efforts was built the beautiful new Allegheny Observatory in Pittsburgh. In it Uncle John's dream, that all mankind might enjoy the stars, has been realized, for it contain a telescope and lecture-room forever free to the public!

But through all this rise to success and fame John A. Brashear never changed. The secret of his success lay in these words he penned in his diary many years before when he shipped out his first order of astronomical instruments:

"I do hope they turn out well."

That had been his ideal in all his work—to do things as well as he could do them, regardless of the time it took.

In 1920 death brought an end to Uncle John's busy life of love, work and service, and although he was all but eighty years of age, his soul had never grown old. Today as you walk through the New Allegheny Observatory you will find there, under one of its three domes, the Brashear crypt in which rest the ashes of Phoebe and John Brashear. On the marble slab of the crypt are engraved these words:

"We have loved the stars too fondly
To be fearful of the night."

WORK

Work was never intended to be a drudgery, but a source of pleasure and a stimulus to worthy achievement. Life is not a treadmill, a jail, or a place of punishment; but a beautiful and fascinating field of endeavor and enterprise, with inspiring horizons of newer and greater fields beckoning ever onward. Work, opportunity, effort, and service are blessings to enrich life and make it truly worth living. Blessed is the man who does his work joyously.—Selected.

CLOTH DAY

(Weston's Record)

In the little western New York city of Salamanca, the ninth of August each year is known as "cloth day," the date on which your Uncle Sam must pay his annual rent to his Indian landlords, the Senecas and other surviving members of the Six Nations of the Iroquois.

The ceremony in which Uncle Sam confesses to being a renter is marked annually by the transfer from the Indian Department of Affairs at Washington of approximately $54,000 in cash and 24,000 yards of red calico. Although little known, the government must pay a similar tribute annually on this date for its tenure of of the vast territory which belonged to the Indians at the time the new republic became an established nation.

"Cloth Day" is the result of a treaty signed by George Washington, who in 1795 recognized the claim of the powerful Iroquois to much of the land east of the Mississippi River. And, while agreeing to allow the white colonies to grow, Washington stipulated that they were forever to have certain lands of their own, and that "as long as the sun shines, the grass grows green, and waters flow downhill," the whites must pay on the ninth of August each year, nine dollars cash and four yards of red calico to each surviving member of the tribes.

Today there are about 6,000 of the Six Nations surviving; most of them are Senecas. They own 87,000 acres of land. The treaty with Washington is most unusual, and is not duplicated anywhere, for it gives to the Indians the right to have their own government and to collect taxes from the white men who come to dwell within their borders.

Salamanca is the only city that pays rent on its site to the Indians. The lease runs for 99 years, at the end of which time it must again be renewed. The tax ranges from $5 for the average householder to $150 for the owners of large business places.

The Indians charge $2 to white men who wish to roam the hunting lands of the tribe. A license is good for a twelve-mile strip, one-half mile back from either bank of the Allegheny River.

The Indian landlords of this section of the country are naturally farmers. The powerful Iroquois were bound in a league which was agricultural and peaceful, therefore powerful. Only the women voted. But the braves of the confederacy owned more land than did the Greeks under Alexander the Great. The word of the Indian mother was law, from the stately St. Lawrence to Chesapeake Bay and from the mighty Mississippi River to the Hudson. Their oratory, their poetry, their statesmanship and their religion were all based on the four seasons and the soil.

Farming was their religion. To the Indian the white man seemed the most ungrateful man in the world—he had only one day of Thanksgiving where they had twelve, following the harvests—the feast of strawberries, the feast of green corn, and so on

through the year. While today many of the Indians profess Christianity, they still keep much of their old religion. That they do not want factories and cities; all that they desire is to be left free, on their own lands, farming.

It is generally believed that the Iroquois came across a bridge of solid land where the Bering Strait now is. The first white setlters in America found them orangized in a solid confederacy with many of our present political ideals, including woman's suffrage, established. It is claimed that the present League of Nations was adapted from the Iroquois Confederacy. Their strength and peacefulness led to the treaty with Washington, which recognized their ownership of much of the continent. So each year on the ninth day of August, "as long as the sun shines, the grass grows green, and waters run downhill," Uncle Sam will be forced to pay tribute to the survivors of the once powerful Six Nations of the Iroquois.

OUR UNUSED FACULTIES

What are some of the unused powers that we own but do not turn to our advantage?

We know not what we might accomplish if we would only use all of our hidden resources of mind and body.

Do we use all our emotions? A certain reaction in man enables him to guard himself against foes and many other dangers, known or unknown. Yet how often do we do things that affect our minds and bodies, destroying this hidden power. We should try to use all our emotions to an advantage for unused they cripple us. We need to feel deeply to understand the world. To get our heart into our work is to be strong.

Our power of perception is not used to the fullest extent. Do we see our faults and try to correct them? To see is to know.

Do we call into play all of our abilities? Does our work make demand upon our talents, and do we put these energies into use?

We need to set before us high ideals, and, working toward these ideals we will find ourselves being raised to the highest pinnacle of success.—Selected.

OUR FRIENDS, THE BIRDS

By Henry H. Graham

Scientists say that if there were no birds on the earth all vegetable and animal life would perish within a few years. Insect hordes, which the birds keep in check, would devour everything. Recognizing the truth of this statement is it any wonder, then, that most states have laws protecting our feathered creatures and forbidding the shooting of them? They are among mankind's best friends.

America alone has more than 800 different kinds of birds. The entire world contains over 13,000. Those in the United States consist of 69 families, being classified as shore-birds, birds of prey, water-fowl, upland game birds and songbirds. Only a few of the hawks and owls, such as the Pigeon Hawk, Duck Hawk, Sharp Shinned Hawk, Cooper's Hawk, Goshawk, and Snowy Hawk are considered destructive in their habits. The vast majority of birds kill mice, rats and insects and are thus beneficial.

The largest bird is the Ostrich, weighing 300 pounds. The smallest is the Ruby-Throated Humming Bird, between three and four inches long and weighing but a few ounces. All birds are alike in one respect. They have feathers. In other respects they differ markedly in the nature of their food, their habits, time of migration, structure of nests, color of eggs and so forth. Some have the sweetest songs, notably the Golfinch and Meadow Lark; others, like the Kingfisher, give utterance to weird, raucous cries. Yet all birds will be tame and friendly if kindly treated, coming each morning for food and drink. I have had Bluebirds, Nut-Hatches and Robins eat out of my hand without the slightest fear or hesitation.

During the summer months birds take life easy, pursuing insects and hunting ripe fruit for food. When the nip of fall is in the air and the leaves are turning they feel the urge to migrate to the south where they spend the cold winter months. This annual migration is one of the most remarkable features of bird life. A few creatures, particularly the little Chickadee, never fly far from their habitats, remaining in the bleak, snowy woods during the coldest periods. In contrast to the home-loving Chickadee is the Arctic Tern, which travels 10,000 miles from the far north to Argentina and other South American lands when winter sets in. The Golden Plover builds its nest in the Arctic and also winters in the tropics. Ducks and geese, of course, throng the sunny southland, the latter traveling in a giant V-shape formation with a huge gander at the helm as leader.

While the Chickadees, Woodpeckers, and Grouse are sticking close to their beloved regions the Robins, Meadow Larks, Martins, Tanagers, Warblers, Orioles, Swallows and Thrushes are winging their way to warmer climes. The stronger, more fearless types like Loons, Swallows, Ducks and Hawks migrate chiefly

during the hours of daylight in the belief they can take care of themselves against all enemies. Timid birds such as the Vieros, Thrushes and Robins fly by night so that enemies cannot so readily detect and kill them They feed by day in sheltered places, always keeping an eye alert for danger and resuming their journey when darkness sheds its cloak over the countryside. The Hawks and Owls, being possessors of eyes adapted to seeing at night, spend the nocturnal hours apeasing their appetites, continuing their southward trek busy cities with fatal results. While at dawn. Birds migrating often crash into high towers rising above heading south migrating flocks reach unbelieveable heights, sometimes being as high as five miles in the air, especially when going over towering mountain ranges. The bird's sense of direction is so acute that it usually returns precisely to the spot where the previous summer was spent. A friend of mine banded a Robin in midsummer. The next spring it and its mate built a nest in the same cheery tree. That bird had flown thousands of miles only to come back where it knew there was kind, loving treatment in store with plenty of fruit and angleworms.

Before winging north again in March or April birds feed themselves well and put on several layers of fat that stands them in good stead during the hard, exhausting trip north during which they fly for many, many hours without rest.

Upon arriving in the temperate zones they mate for the season and start the task of constructing a nest. The latter is built of various materials, according to the species of bird, and in unusual places. Woodpeckers use their bills to drill holes in dead tree for homes. Phoebes and Swallows prefer old buildings against which to build. Robins, Tanagers and most of the birds of prey put their nests in trees and the latter varieties invariably choose high elevations, often atop some sentinel-like oak or pine where there is the least possible danger of molestation. Swallows enjoy each other's society, living in large groups and the same condition exists in the Martin realm. The Martin is one of your most beloved and beneficial birds, killing countless millions of the insects that plague the farmer and reduce the size of his crop.

Perhaps the most beautful work of art among the whole list of nesting birds is the home of the Oriole. This structure is composed of feathers, sticks, string, leaves and other articles all woven into a smooth, cup-shaped and weather-resisting abode. The whole thing is suspended to a small limb that does not support the body of a weasel, cat or other marauder. Here the couple rear their young, feeding them until the fledglings are able to fly and take care of themselves.

The Meadow Lark, as its name implies, nests on the ground in a field and in the early morning can often be seen on a fence post caroling its sweet melodies while the dew is still on the grass. Being a bird lover and something of an amateur ornithologist I enjoy studying our numerous feathered friends. Once I quite ac-

cidently spied a Meadow Lark's nest with three eggs. The mother bird darted through some brush nearby as if badly frightened but her fears were groundless as I had no intention of harming either her or her eggs.

As I looked at her beautiful nest from a distance a prowling house cat, always a great foe of wild life, stalked nearer, evidently unaware of my presence. A few shouts on my part drove the menacing feline away and I hurried home to procure materials with which to protect the nest of that charming Meadow Lark. I made a sort of cage out of fine mesh woven wire and placed it over the nest, two weeks afterward I visited the scene again. My heart glowed with joy, for, in the sanctity of that wire enclosure were three tiny Larks whose feathers had begun to grow. Secreting myself in the dense cover at hand I was rewarded by seeing the mother feed her youngsters with a big mouthful of grubs and other worms.

In some instances both parents work at nest building. In others the female does it all while her mate sits in an adjacent tree and sings his loveliest songs. The Cow Bird never builds any knd of a nest, preferring to lay her eggs in nests of other birds and leaving them there to be hatched. The young Cow Birds receive the same attention, if not more than those that really belong there, being fed regularly and schooled in the art of feeding themselves and learning to fly.

The Blue Jay not only assists in bringing bugs and insects to his young but carries them to his mate while she is hatching the eggs. He is unusually attentive and sees to it that she is never hungry. The Kingbird keeps close vigil over the nest while the mother bird is away, allowing nothing to threaten the eggs or young fledglings if he can prevent it.

Most nests are built in early summer, usually during May and the first part of June. After the eggs are hatched the parents carry the shells far from the nest and clean it thoroughly at regular intervals. To deposit the broken shells nearby would invite disaster, for such a policy would attract hawks, owls and other creatures of prey. The weasel not only has sharp eyes but a keen sense of smell which directs him unerringly to food.

As soon as the birds are out of the shell the colossal task of feedng begins. Few of us have any idea of the vast number of insects young birds consume. Their stomachs can bulge with them to an extent that would seem to insure breakage, but so wonderful is their digestion and so rapidly do they grow that they can handle everything the parents bring in. Long before dawn the parents begin hunting food and the work does not cease until after dark. I personally, saw a pair of Robins deposit forty-six angleworms on the nest in an hour and every one disapeared down hungry, young throats. And what was more, those baby Robins were stil starved. Two Brown Thrashers greedily devoured twenty-six beetles in half an hour from my hand and clamored for another course. Three infant Flickers ate a cupful of ants

that I dumped before them and swallowed many grasshoppers. The Flicker is passionately fond of both insects. As is the case with other birds, food seldom if ever turns against them; few birds are sick at any time and not many die of old age. The majority are killed by enemies or accidentally. Many birds have been known to live for ten years although the average is probably much less than that.

The anatomy of birds is truly remarkable and well-adapted to their mode of life and physical requirements. The eyes of all birds are immeasurably superior to our own. Hawks can spot from high above mice and other forms of vermin that you or I could not detect without a telescope. Likewise, as a defense, quail have equally sharp or sharper organs of vision, being able to see an enemy before it ever appears within the range of our eyes. Their ears are remarkably keen, too, and can quickly hear foreign noises that spell possible danger. All wild creatures live principally by their wits and at no time are they really safe from enemies. Thus, they are forced to be constantly alert, not only for the sake of their own welfare but for that of the babies under their care. Mother love is very strong in the hearts of the wild folk of field and forest. An example is the Sandpiper, which, when its home is threatened, pretends to be hurt and limps away, whining pitfully. This is all camouflage to lure enemies from the defenseless young. The mother Sandpiper reasons that she can take care of herself, and even should she fail to do so would willingly sacrifice her own life for that of others. Is there anything in Nature more beautiful than this maternal devotion?

Beaks of birds constitute an interesting study. The Barn Swallow employs his to cement the nest with mud. It acts as a sort of trowel. The Woodpecker's beak is of almost flint-like hardness so that he can drill holes in trees for the purpose of seeking insect borers and constructing homes. Seed-eating birds, of which the Field Sparrow is typical, have knife-like beaks so they can break tough pods and kernels. Herons and other wading birds have sensitive beaks that permit them to discover food in the muck and slime of reedy marshy lakes which are their favorite feeding grounds. The duck's spacious beak enables it to seize bits of food, strain out the liquid and leave the solid matter, chiefly grass and bits of plant life. Sometimes, the tongue is a valuable aid in procuring food, too. A notable example is that of the Humming Bird, which is a miniature tube, allowing it to obtain the sweet nectar-like substances deep in flowers. The different forms of Woodpeckers have tiny swords on their tongues, which facilitate the catching of insects beneath the bark of trees. A few tongues have sticky substances that hold insect eggs. The latter are not even visible to the naked eye. A Woodpecker can actually hear the movements of worms as it pauses between stabs and Meadow Larks also use their acute hearing to find small crawlers.

All of us should learn to study and appreciate our wonderful bird life to a greater extent than we do. The

preservation of our feathered friends depends upon more attention to their welfare. The scattering of winter feed and the building of bird houses are important factors in increasing the numbers of honey-throated creatures and attracting them to our door-yards so that we may observe them and look after them. Birds ask nothing but warm, snug shelters abundant food and protection from natural enemies. To show their appreciation and happiness they sing charming songs and parade their beauty before us. Their destruction of untold billions of harmful insects far more than pays for all kindness extended them.

IF YOU HAVE A FRIEND WORTH LOVING

If you have a friend worth loving,
  Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
  Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
  Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
  Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you see the hot tears falling
  From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them. And by kindly sharing
  Own your kinship in the skies.
Why should anyone be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If your work is made more easy
  By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
  Ere the darkness veil the land,
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer.

—Anonymous.

THE FAMILY RIDDLE SOLVER

By Agnes Barden Dustin

"Run ahead and open the big doors, Lou. We'll drive them on to the barn floor," Nancy shouted above the rising wind.

A chill, easterly rain storm was sweeping over Hemlock Mountain. The Mitchell sisters had been up in the mountain pasture since two o'clock hunting their sheep flock. Rain and early twilight had overtaken them, but they had at last rounded up the scattered sheep. Nancy drew a long breath of relief as the flock crowded into the warm security of the barn.

"There! they're safe until morning, anyway!" Louisa panted, as the girls, after a struggle, closed and latched the heavy doors.

"Two more gone," Nancy sighed despairingly. "What will Ern say? But we did the best we could. Run, Lou, we'll be soaking wet."

The sisters, joining hands, sped through the gathering storm toward the gray, weathered farmhouse under its wind-tossed elms, which was an inheritance from a bachelor uncle.

Once inside the snug kitchen, Nancy lit a kerosene lamp, and soon had a wood fire crackling in the cook-stove, over which the younger sister hovered and shivered.

"Come, we must get off these damp clothes and have some hot tea," Nancy said, with forced cheerfulness.

Louisa, a fairer, slighter edition of her sun-browned, energetic sister, was listening intently. She went quickly and locked the kitchen door and drew the brown shades over the two windows.

When the two were warm and dry, Nancy brought from the pantry cold meat and potatoes, which she set briskly about chopping. "Ernest will be home from the village soon and he likes browned hash better than—"

"Hark! there it is again!" cried Louisa.

A long, quavering shriek drove down by the old house on the wind.

Nancy dropped her chopping-knife with a clatter but resolutely picked it up and went on with her work.

"Oh, Nance, what is it?" trembled Louisa.

"I—don't know," Nancy admitted worriedly.

"This is the third time we have heard it within a week," Louisa half whispered, her blue eyes wide with fright. "And always when it's stormy. Can it be—that—which is taking such toll of our sheep?"

"Now let's be sensible," Nancy reproved. "If we go getting scared at every unexplained noise or happening in this new place what will we be good for? And you know how terribly important it is that we stay here and make good. Remember the home folks and how they look to us to carry on. All the money dad has left is in that sheep flock. Think of mother, cooking, sewing, toiling in that crowded little city flat and longing for the country with every breath she draws. And the children. Mother says they talk of nothing else but going to live on the farm. Do you suppose anything at all is going to make us go back on the home folks?" Nancy was ablaze with indignation at the

recent happenings which threatened disaster to all their plans.

"I know. I'm not going to be a coward, either," Louisa said, straightening. "It's just the—the mystery of it all. If we only knew what makes that queer screeching!"

"No noise can hurt us, that's certain," Nancy answered stoutly. "We will find out what it is—somehow. But what is taking off the sheep is of vital importance. We'll have to turn shepherdesses and watch the flock every minute it's out to pasture. Ernest has his hands too full with the farm work to help us there. The sheep are our responsibility. We've lost nine. I just haven't the heart to tell them at home. We've got to do something about it."

"I don't know what any of us would do without you, Nance. You could put heart into a wooden image." Louisa's softly rounded chin took on a more determined set. "There's two of us," she said steadily, and began to lay the supper table.

"Let it screech!" she added disgustedly, as another prolonged, groaning shriek echoed through the old house.

"There!" didn't you hear a scraping noise upstairs?" Nancy was listening intently. "Lou, you light the lantern and come with me. I've an idea."

Cautiously, and with much reluctance on Louisa's part, the two girls climbed the stairs and entered the long ell chamber over the kitchen. Going to the east window, Nancy raised the sash and leaned far out, looking up, the lantern, held aloft, faintly illuminating the branches of the great elm tree that shaded that side of the farmhouse.

"There! Listen! Look here!" Nancy crowded over to make room for her sister, and pointed. "See that big branch just over the roof? When the wind's just right—see? it saws back and forth on the ridgepole."

"It does! that's what makes the screech!" exulted Louisa. "Oh, I'm so thankful! What a goose I've been! Now I don't mind anything!" She hugged Nancy and danced about the room in a transport of relief and joy. "Now we can sleep nights. Shut that window and come along down, Nance. I could eat a raw potato, I'm so hungry."

Ten minutes later their brother Ernest came tramping in, his arms filled with packages of groceries. "Wild night," he said cheerily. "Sure looks comfortable in here. You girls are some home makers. Here's a letter from the folks."

At the supper table Nancy read the letter aloud.

"Your father has reciveed notice that the factory will close down the first of next month," their mother wrote. "Of course that means hardship for us all, but we can't be too thankful for the home you children have been making for us. Your father says the flock has done so well—"

"Two more sheep missing tonight. At this rate there won't be any flock by the time father gets here," she groaned. "And they are so counting on it. What can be taking them off, Ern?"

"And so silently," Louisa added. "We never hear a sound from the pasture."

Ernest buttered his fifth biscuit thoughtfully. "I don't know," he

said slowly. "If I didn't absolutely have to get in those oats I'd stand a better chance of finding out. It can't be dogs, as Lou says, for we'd hear a commotion up there. There hasn't been any wild animal on Hemlock Mountain larger than a fox these twenty years, the neighbors say. And thieves would take more than one or two sheep at a time. I—What in thunderation's that noise upstairs?" Ernest broke off to exclaim in astonishment, his teacup clattering into its saucer.

"It's the first time you've heard our elm-tree fiddler," Nancy laughed. "We girls have been entertained all too often."

"It's only a branch of the elm tree sawing on the ridgepole," Louisa explained happily. "Nance solved that riddle, as she has a good many others since we came up here, and I believe she'll find out how and why the sheep disappear. She's the family conundrum guesser, Nance is."

"Huh! I'll attend to that squealing branch before I sleep," Ernest grunted. As he pushed back his chair from the table he advised, "We'd best keep the flock shut into the small pasture near the barn for the present, though there isn't feed enough for them there. But I don't want you girls trailing around over the big pasture—not now."

For two days the sheep flock fed scantily in the small pasture, and then on the day Ernest had to go to the mill, the sheep escaped through a gap in the fence. When the girls discovered their loss the flock was already out of sight, far up the mountainside.

Nancy was rolling pie crust when Louisa came running in from the barn with the unwelcome tidings.

"Oh, what luck!" Nancy cried. "But perhaps if we hurry we can overtake them before they get far off. Get the salt dishes."

Down across the fields ran the girls and into the sheep pasture, a great tract of land, wild and rocky, which extended to the craggy top of the mountain. The girls had been berrying on the lower slopes of the mountain but the upper stretches they had never explored.

There were groves of white birches and poplars in the pasture, many pines and spruces, and a hemlock wood climbed the rugged upper slopes. The girls vainly explored the natural clearings, calling "co' nan, co' nan" and shaking the coarse salt in their tin basins.

The sun climbed higher in the heavens and the girls climbed higher up the mountain. Nowhere did they catch a glimpse of the vanished flock or hear even the bleat of a lamb.

They had ascended the west slope of the pasture, and when near the bald ledges and scanty herbage of the peak they circled eastward and over the crest of a ledge came suddenly upon a great heap of broken rock near a pit and the remains of a weathered old shed.

"Why, that must be the mica mine Ern said was up here," Nancy exclaimed. "He said it didn't pay and was abandoned years ago."

"There's Curly!" shouted Louisa. "See, Nance, up on that crag!"

The stately old ram, leader of the flock, was standing like a statue, looking back at the girls, while the last of the flock could be seen disappearing into the hemlock wood.

Joyfully the girls ran after, head-

ed the sheep downward, and at length drove them into the small pasture and closed the gap.

"There's another gone," Nancy declared woefully. "I counted them as they went through the gap."

"It's Sally, our pet cosset," Louisa sat down on the stone wall, the picture of discouragement.

"We found the flock near the old mica mine," Nancy said thoughtfully. "I'm going back up the mountain and hunt around."

"Not alone," Louisa decided. "Oh, Nance, hadn't we better wait for Ernest?"

"He won't be home till dark, Lou. And Sally is worth two ordinary sheep—the pick of the flock."

"It seems to be up to us," Louisa agreed soberly. She hunted a stout maple stick for a staff and silently followed her resolute sister up the mountain.

The old mica mine, when they reached it, presented a sinister aspect. The great hole in the side of the mountain, from which the stone had been blasted, was deep and dark, with precipitous sides. The girls crept up to its brink cautiously and looked down to where a black pool of water covered the bottom of the pit.

"Well, if any sheep have fallen down there they're drowned, that's certain," Nancy said soberly, as they drew back.

"Sheep don't fall off crags or over precipices unless they're chased or terrified," Louisa reminded.

Nancy was reconnoitering the weathered shed in which Ernest had told them that some rusty machinery and tools were still housed. The one window was boarded over and the padlock was unbroken on the door. Some boys had evidently played there, for near a rude outdoor fireplace, built against a nearby boulder, there were broken bows and arrows and on a tree stub hung a forgotten red sweater, faded and ragged from many a storm.

"Probably the boys used the old shed as a cave or robbers' den," Nancy suggested, wise in boy lore, having brothers of her own. "They found some way of getting in, I'll wager." She poked curiously around the shanty, and found on one side a well-defined sheep path that wound among the rocks to the back of the shed and then up the mountain.

Suddenly Louisa heard her sister calling, "Come here, quick Lou!"

Fearing that something had happened, Louisa ran around to the back of the shanty to find Nancy gazing in astonishment through an aperture, where a wide board had been broken off, down into the interior of the shed. Moving forms of sheep could be seen in the dim interior, and a pitiful bleat or two sounded in answer to the human voices.

"I can see Sally!" cried Louisa gladly.

"There're ten of them. They're all here," counted Nancy. "See, Lou, whoever built this shed excavated several feet on this side to make the floor level, and when the flock crowded around this broken place to look in—sheep are always curious—some of the foremost were pushed in or maybe jumped in to join those inside, and couldn't get out again."

"They're all alive," Lou said thankfully.

"Yes, but some are so weak and

starved they can barely stand," commiserated Nancy. "We must get that door someway."

Urged on by pity the girls attacked the rusted padlock with rocks until it gave way and they could push open the sagging door.

The sheep, frightened at the racket, huddled in a corner of the shed until the girls coaxed and pushed them into the sunshine when they all, except two, hastened away to the nearest mountain stream. The two weakest sheep staggered and fell before they reached the brook, but the girls brought water to them in their sun hats until they revived, and fell to nibbling eagerly the sweet wood grasses.

Later, as they followed slowly on after the home-going little flock, Nancy said gratefully, "We don't have to write home about lost sheep."

"Dad will be taking care of them soon," Louisa said, and the sisters smiled contentedly at each other.

THE MAN BEHIND THE SMILE

I don't know how he is on creeds,
  I never heard him say;
But he's got a smile that fits his face
  And wears it every day.

If things go wrong he won't complain—
  Just tries to see the joke;
He's always finding little ways
  Of helping other folks.

He sees the good in every one,
  Their faults he never mentions;
He has a lot of confidence
  In people's good intentions.

You soon forget what ails you
  When you happen around this man;
He can cure a case of hypo—
  Quicker than the doctor can.

No matter if the sky is gray,
  You get his point of view;
And the clouds begin to scatter,
  And the sun comes shining through.

You'll know him when you meet him,
  And you'll find it worth your while
To cultivate the friendship of
  The Man Behind the Smile.

—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

During the absence of Miss Virginia Smoot last Sunday, Mrs. Paris Kidd, of Concord, played the piano for Sunday School and the regular afternoon service.

—o—

Miss Annabel Russell, of Badin, spent last week-end with Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Sappenfield, officer and matron in charge of Cottage No. 14. While here, Miss Russell gave us the following information about two of our paroled boys:

Dwight Ewing, formerly of Cottage No. 7, who was paroled January 28, 1930, is now living in Badin, where he is employed in the aluminum plant. He has been married about a year, and is getting along very nicely.

Ralph Stepp, who came to the School May 2, 1928 and was paroled February 2, 1930, is now employed in the Beacon Blanket Factory at Swananoa. He has a good position and contributes a considerable portion of his wages toward the support of his parents who live in Badin.

—o—

In an uninteresting one-sided affair the Training School defeated the Red Men, of Concord, last Saturday afternoon by the score of 21 to 13. The game was marked by very poor fielding, weird base-running, in fact everything but good baseball.

Liske and Andrews did the pitching for the School lads and took things easy after their team mates had piled up a large lead.

The visiting Red Men used six pitchers, and they were all given rough treatment, the local lads driving out fifteen hits, including three doubles, two triples and a home run. Many of the local runs, however, were scored by poor fielding, the visitors making nine errors.

The Red Men scored two in the second; two in the fourth; three in the sixth; and six in the seventh.

The School boys scored one in the first; three in the second; two in the third; three in the fourth; and in the sixth they drove out eight hits which, coupled with a hit batter, a walk, and four errors, produced a total of twelve runs for the inning.

Leading the Red Men at bat were: Utley, two singles; S. Williams, triple and single; Robertson, double and single; Faulkenbury, a pair of singles.

For the School boys the leading hitters were: Worthington, two doubles, triple and a single; Wright, double and triple; Buck Lefler, two singles; H. Williams, triple and home run; Hicks, two singles.

By mutual agreement the game was called at the end of the seventh inning, to enable the boys to go to their cottages for supper at the regular hour. The score:

		R	H	E
Red Men	0 2 0 2 3 6 0	13	10	9
J. T. S.	1 3 2 3 12 0 x	21	15	5

Two-base hits: Robertson, M. Ketner, Wright, Worthington 2. Three-base hits: S. Williams, Wright, H. Williams, Worthington. Home run. H. Williams. Stolen bases: Wright, B. Lefler, Hicks. Double plays: Wright and Smith; S. Williams and

L. Ketner. Struck out: by Liske 2; by Andrews 3; by Miller 3; by S. Williams 5. Base on balls: off Andrews 1; off Miller 2; off S. Williams 1; off Miller 2. Hit by pitcher: by S. Williams (Wright) Umpires—Godown and Hobby.

—o—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, boys' work secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., was in charge of the afternoon service at the School last Sunday.

Following the Scrpiture recitation and opening prayer, Mr. Sheldon presented Rev. E. E. Wiley, of Bluefield, West Virginia, who read for the Scripture Lesson part of the 103rd Psalm.

In his talk on "God's Blessings To Young People," the Rev. Mr. Wiley, himself a young man, very clearly demonstrated that he knew how to talk to a group of boys, bringing his message in a manner which held their interest throughout his entire discourse.

Rev. Mr. Wiley began by stating we could not get along without God's blessings to us daily.

He then told of his experience in college, first describing some rather humiliating experiences as a freshman. Among other things he was required to do, he was given a little green cap, with orders from the upper classmen to wear it at all times. Being rather small of stature, he was nicknamed "Rat." But with all these experiences he also learned the art of making friends, and he told of many friendships that would last all through life.

Outstanding among the many blessings for which we should be thankful, continued the speaker, are: Good health, a sound mind, friends, the beauties of nature all around us, beautiful poetry, and the kindly deeds of others toward us.

Rev. Mr. Wiley stated that we should carefully guard our good health. It is priceless. Many an aged mililonaire would gladly exchange his wealth for the healthy body of a young boy. The man broken down with the infirmities of old age is almost through, but the youth with a strong healthy body and a sound mind has a great future ahead of him.

We should also be thankful for a sound mind, said the speaker. Not necessarily brilliant, but sound. The mind is the gift of God, and what a horrible thing it is to lose it.

We should also thank God for our friends. The real joys of life come from giving—not taking. We should not live for ourselves, but for others. A man's friends are his choicest possessions and he should feel thankful for having them.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Wiley said while all these other things were most beautiful, the crowning event in a man's life was when he accepted Jesus as his friend. When the Master says, "Come. Follow me," there is our opportunity to establish the greatest friendship known to man. He is the one friend who never fails us.

The Rev. Mr. Wiley, who graduated from Yale University last year, and has been attending Duken University this year, is acting as the supply pastor of the First M. E. Church, Charlotte, while the pastor, Dr. W. W. Peele, is enjoying his vacation. We were delighted to have him with us on this occasion and trust he will

find it convenient to visit the School again while in this vicinity.

Another very enjoyable feature of the service was the rendition of two vocal numbers by Miss Mary Garrison, of Charlotte. Miss Garrison is no stranger to the Training School boys, having sung here on previous occasions. She has a fine soprano voice, and the manner in which she rendered the numbers, "Satisfied With Jesus" and "Pass It On," was a source of delight to all who heard her. Miss Garrison is a member of the choir of the Tenth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Charlotte.

A man deserves to be a doormat who signs himself "Your humble and obedient servant."—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since July 7, 1935.

Week Ending July 28, 1935

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Arthur Boyett
(2) George Chambers 2
(4) Jesse Cleveland 4
(4) Earl Rogers 4
(4) Richard Sullivan 4
(4) Ashley Thompson 4
(4) Vermont Whitley 4

COTTAGE No. 1

(2) Sam Batts 2
(4) Clifford Bowers 4
(4) Robert Cashwell 4
(4) William Goodson 4
Ray Hutchins
(2) Herman Lamm 3
(4) Claude McLaughlin 4
(4) Millard Owenby 4
Bunn Shoe 2
Eugene Whitt 3
Everett Williamson 2
(4) Harvard Winn 4

COTTAGE No. 2

William Adkins
(4) James Boyce 4
(3) Cleatus Daugherty 3
(3) Vasco Robinson 3
(3) Woodrow Spruill 3
Newland Wilson

COTTAGE No. 3

William Barber
Judge Cook
(3) Marcellus Gurganus 3
Percy Gurganus 2
Frank Hutchins 2
F. E. Mickle
William McRary 2
Robert Poole
(4) Porter Willhite 4

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Vernon Bass 2
(2) Clarence Boren 2
Carlton Calloway
(3) Lindsay Chavis 3
(4) Fleming Collins 4
Roland Davis
(3) Clyde Dixon 3
Mathis Garrett
Edwin Greer

(2) William Hill 2
(2) Woodrow Jenkins 2
(3) Ralph Johnson 3
(2) Thomas Little 3
(3) Irwin Luther 3
(3) Jack McRary 3
Percy Newsome
Lloyd Pettus
Robert Penland
(4) Wheeler Sturdivant 4
Melvin Walters

COTTAGE No. 5

William Ange
(4) William Ballew 4
(3) Max Cecil 3
Braxton Grady
John Green
(2) Arthur Greer 3
(4) Maynard Hicks 4
(2) Paul Johnson 2
(4) George Kye 4
Edgar Merritt
(2) Randolph Miller 2
Perry Russ
(2) Louis Tarkington 2

COTTAGE No. 6

Columbus Hamilton 2
(3) Thomas Hamilton 3
Milton Hare
Junius Holleman
(3) George Speer 3
John Uptegrove 2

COTTAGE No. 7

(3) James Corn 3
(2) Fred Dysen 2
Emerson Frazier 2
(2) William Green 2
(4) Caleb Hill 4
(2) A. Ray Hudson 2
Joseph Long
Theodore Nines 2
(2) Lewis Parker 2
Floyd Watkins 2
Douglas Wilkes 2

COTTAGE No. 8

John Auton 3
(4) Charles Banks 4
Clyde Bolton
J. R. Davis 2
(4) Harry Flowe 4
Haynes Hewitt
Thomas Hudson 3
Guy Lewis
(2) John Maxwell 2
Fred May
(3) Ernest Owens 3
(4) Wallace Pendergraft 4
(2) John Penninger 3
(2) Luther Pierce 2
Nathan Shelton

COTTAGE No. 9

(2) Randolph Davis 3
(4) Lee Dickens 4
(4) Woodfin Fowler 4
(4) Pearlie Funderburk 4
(3) Frank Hall 3
Hoyett Hudson 3

COTTAGE No. 10

Harold Brown
Norwood Cockerham
(4) James Kellam 4
(2) J. T. Lovett 2
Marvin Miller
(3) Leaman Rose 3
Edwin Shuler
Steve Talbert
Fred Ward 3

COTTAGE No. 11

Everett Bell
(4) Lewis Crawford 4
(3) Edward Carpenter 3
(2) Patton Capps 2
(2) James Enloe 3
(2) Robert Farmer 2
(2) Dewey Freeman 2
(4) Bennie Holland 4
Warren Holleman 2
(3) David Hodge 3
(4) William Kirk 4
(4) James Montford 4
(4) William Martin 4
Norman McGee
Thelbert Poole
(2) Theodore Rector 2
(4) Charles Smith 4
William Tobar 2
(3) Eldridge Ward 3
(2) Cecil Webb 3
Charles Womble 2

COTTAGE No. 12

Earl Atwood 3
(4) Walter Beaver 4
(3) James Douglas 3
(3) Frank Dickens 3

(4) Paul Eason 4
Horace Faulkner 3
(3) Alfred Holleman 3
(3) Basil Johnson 3
(3) Edward Lockamy 3
(3) Glenn O'Quinn 3
(2) Arbie Phillips 3
(2) Leonard Potter 3
James Reavis 2
(4) Thomas Welch 4

COTTAGE No. 13

Arthur Ashley
(3) Leon Burkhead 3
Joseph Brown
Joseph DeVault
Jennings Norris 3
Urbane Hill
Linwood Potter
(3) Eugene Smith 3
(2) Harry Smith 2
(2) Porter Stack 2
(4) Howard Wilson 4

COTTAGE No. 14

(2) Elzie Carpenter 3
Lemon Finch 2
(3) Hubert Hooks 3
Berry Rogers
Paul Shipes
Robert Singleton

COTTAGE No. 15

Marvin Ashe
(2) Robert Alexander 2
Denver Beshears 3
(3) Earl Chambers 3
George Gibson
Earl Hill 2
George Hill 2
Claibourne McKee 2
S. T. McGinnis
(3) William Moose 3
(2) George McManus 2
Marshall Scoggins 2
Richard Tysinger 2
Winfred Whitlock
Roy Wyrick 2

THINK BEFORE SPEAKING

A thoughtless act or careless word
So often quickly said,
May cause us many wakeful hours,
And bitter tears to shed.

The things we say unthinkingly
May cause another pain,
And although sorry for our words,
They can't be recalled again.

So let us in our daily life
Just think before we speak,
And we'll have something thankful
To live for every week.

—Florence E. Powers.

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2½¢ PER MILE — **ROUND TRIP TICKETS—Return Limit 6 Months** .....for Each Mile Traveled

* 3¢ PER MILE — **ONE WAY TICKETS** .....for Each Mile Traveled

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CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 10, 1935 No. 32

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

LOVE

In peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed.
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed.
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and gods above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

—Scott.

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

BROTHERLY LOVE AND RELIEF

Do not live to make a living, rather
  Live to make a life,
For the measure of succeeding, is your
  Service in the strife.
All you leave behind you, when your
  Soul has crossed the bay,
Is the good you've done to others,
  As you tarried by the way.

Build a life as pure as crystal!
  Build a spirit full of love!
Build your life by noble thinking!
  Build a faith in God above!
Build your life with care and patience,
  As the sculptor hews the stone,
With the Master as your model,
  And your eyes upon the throne.

Noble lives have been the beacon,
  Lighting mankind's upward way;
They who serve are the immortal,
  Fathers of a better day.
Let your life shine out in service,
  Noble living, noble deeds,
And until time's course is ended,
  Good will blossom from the seed."

WRITERS BORN IN AUGUST

Frequently one is consumed with a longing to review old text-books—friends of the past—hoping to glean a renewed impetus for a broader scope of historical facts, and a finer culture by dig-

ging deeper into the minds of inspired writers who paint the beauties of nature and life with the pen.

By so doing we learn that three English writers, Shelley, Tennyson and Southey, and one American writer, Francis Scott Key were born in the month of August. Briefly, Percy Bysshe Shelley, of the "Age of Scott", in English literature, was born in Horsham, England, August 4, 1792, and was drowned in the Bay of Spezzia, an arm of the Mediterranean Sea in 1822. His poems "The Skylark" and "The Cloud" are truly written in the spirit that characterizes all true poetry; Robert Southey, of the same period of English literature, was born in Bristol, England, August 12, 1774 and died in 1843. He is best known for biography, the Life of Nelson, Cowper and Wesley. This extract from one of his literary contributions expresses the inner soul of man,—"call not that man wretched who, whatever ills he suffers, has a child to love." Alfred Tennyson, belonging to the Victorian Age of English literature, once poet-laureate, known as a profound thinker, of refine taste and wide culture, was born in Somersby, England, August 6, 1809 and died in 1843. Probably the greatest of his works are "In Memoriam" and "The Idyls of King". Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star-Spangled Banner", the inspiration coming like a flash with the break of the dawn, was born in Frederick County, Maryland, August 9, 1779, and died in Baltimore in 1843.

To take a day off occasionally and study the lives and works of such men will prove of greater benefit than reading for hours page after page of crime, divorce suits and other tendencies in the social life that disrupt the homes,—the very corner stones of any country with a love of church and respect for government. The life of every individual is reflected by things uppermost in the mind, "for of the abundance of the hear the mouth speaketh."

* * * * * * *

RENTAL OF TEXTBOOKS

North Carolina will have the first state-wide rental system of textbooks in the United States. Texas has a free textbook system. Superintendent Erwin has expressed the opinion that North Carolina eventually will supply its school children with books, just as it

supplies them with other necessary school supplies and equipments.

All tetbooks for elementary schools and high school histories, science and home economic books will be rented by the state. Doubtless this far-visioned move upon the part of the educators of the state will prove of untold benefit to the indigent child unable to purchase books. It will relieve the financial embarrassment, as well as aid many children to make the grades in the prescribed courses of study.

* * * * * * *

HARD JOBS

Boys thoroughly enjoy doing what seems the impossible. When accomplishing something that the other fellow cannot do there is a feeling of pride and importance. We go further and say every boy likes to excel, especially so if there is some commendation when the task is accomplished. A little praise makes the youngsters peppy. If you do not believe it, just for once pat one of the boys on the back and say "fine."

Do you know the hardest things to do in a boy's life? First, to apologize, to admit an error, not to be selfish, to listen attentively, to face a slight or sneer, to be charitable under all circumstances, to try again in spite of failure, to think twice before speaking, to make much of little, not to grouch but look for the silver lining. These are the little things that serve one well throughout life. They are the impulses of a fine spirit, and can be achieved by practice.

* * * * * * *

WHAT TO LIVE FOR

All we need do is to look around us to see that men are not living for the same things. As for many of them, it is anything but easy to tell what their purpose in life is. They go on from day to day without very much of an idea where they are coming out, or what they will have achieved at the end. One would think that some aim, even though it is not the best, is more to be desired than no aim at all.

We do see though as we look out upon the world of people that very many of them seem to be aiming to get as much of this world's

goods as possible. Their hands are extended here and there to gather what they may, either to increase their comforts as they go along, or to lay aside against a rainy day. We must all be given somewhat to this pursuit, for we must live, and it takes things to live with.

On the other hand there are people who feel that they should use whatever may come their way in order to see what they may become. They do not feel that mere accumulation of things is an end big enough for one who has been made in the image of God. They sincerely believe that they are more than things, more than many things. They are persuaded that unless they can develop themselves in the way of the best it is possible for man to become they have failed. Do you think they are justified in that belief?

The supreme question then is this, Shall we live for what we can get, or for what we may become?—Young Folks.

* * * * * * *

BE ON TIME

One of the essentials of success is to be "on time", and try not to be full of excuses when failing to measure up to expectations. Some one has said that "it is better to be an hour too early than a minute too late." Also Benjamin Franklin said to a servant who usually worked on slow schedule, but ready at all times with an excuse, "I have found that the man always ready with excuses has time for nothing else."

A similar story is told of Napoleon who once invited his marshals to dine with him, but, as they did not come at the appointed time, Napoleon proceeded to eat without them. Just as he finished his meal the guests arrived, and Napoleon said, "Gentlemen, it is now past dinner, and we will proceed at once to business."

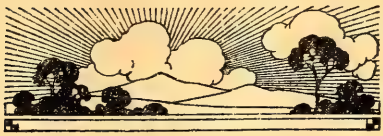
Washington too had a secretary, who excused the lateness of his attendance to business engagements by saying his watch was too slow, then it was that Washington said, "you must get another watch or I'll get another secretary". Men should be made to feel the responsibility of the charges entrusted to their care just as they did in the yesteryears.

WHY NOT HEED THOMAS JEFFERSON?

Jefferson said: "If the choice was left to me whether to have a free press or a free government, I would choose a free press."

Did we Methodists, says the N. C. Christian Advocate, believe as fully in the power of the press as did Jefferson, what a change there would be in the distribution of Christian literature! We would become finer followers of John Wesley. We stress evangelism, Christian education, systematic collection of money and the use of religious literature. The first three are counted of first concern with us, but the fourth is largely nominal. Why not make as much of the output of the printing press as we do of Christian education, evangelism and finances?

Just as a comment, The Uplift feels that the free press is much in evidence, but the wrong things are stressed, giving to the masses who read nothing but calamities, slander and other things detrimental to clean thinking, the wrong slant upon life. The minds of the masses have been so cluttered with such stuff till there is not the least desire to read wholesome literature.



THE SUNKEN TREASURE

By Nathaniel Hawthorne

William Phipps was a poor man's son, and was born in the Province of Maine, at the time when our country was under British rule.

In his boyhood and youth he used to tend sheep upon the hills, and until he had grown to be a man, he did not even know how to read and write. Tired of tending sheep, he next apprenticed himself to a ship-carpenter, and spent about four years in hewing the crooked limbs of oak trees into knees for vessels.

In 1673, when he was twenty-two years old, he went to Boston, and soon afterwards was married to a rich widow. It was not long, however, before he lost all the money that he had acquired by his marriage, and became a poor man again. Still he was not discouraged. He often told his wife that, some time or other, he should be very rich, and would build a "fair brick house" in the Green Lane of Boston.

Several years passed away, and William Phipps had not yet gained the riches which he promised to himself. During this time he had begun to follow the sea for a living. In the year 1684 he happened to hear of a Spanish ship which had been cast away near the Bahamas, and which was supposed to contain a great deal of gold and silver. Phipps went to the place in a small vessel, hoping that he should be able to recover some of the treasure from the wreck. He did not succeed, however, in fishing up gold and silver enough to pay the expenses of his voyage.

But before he returned he was told of another Spanish galleon, which, laden with immense treasure, had been cast away near Porto Plata. This ship had lain as much as fifty years beneath the waves. But though it was now an old story, and the most aged people had almost forgotten that such a vessel had been wrecked, William Phipps resolved that the sunken treasure should again be brought to light.

He went to London, and obtained admittance to King James. He told the king of the vast wealth that was lying at the bottom of the sea. King James listened with attention, and appointed Phipps to be captain of a vessel called the Rose Algier, carrying eighteen guns and ninety-five men.

Captain Phipps sailed from England in the Rose Algier, and cruised for nearly two years in the West Indies, endeavoring to find the wreck of the Spanish ship. But it was all in vain. The seamen became discouraged, and gave up all hope of making their fortunes by discovering the Spanish wreck. Finally they broke out in open mutiny, but were mastered by Phipps and compelled to obey his orders. It would have been dangerous, however, to continue much longer at sea with such a crew of mutinous sailors; and, besides, the Rose Algier was leaky and unseaworthy. So Captain Phipps judged it best to return to England.

But before leaving the West Indies he met with a Spaniard, an old man, who remembered the wreck of the Spanish ship, and gave him di-

rections how to find the very spot. It was on a reef of rocks, the old man said, a few leagues from Porto Plata.

On his arrival in England, Captain Phipps solicited the king to let him have another vessel and send him back again to the West Indies. But King James, who had expected that the Rose Algier would return laden with gold, refused to have anything to do with the affair.

Phipps might never have been able to renew the search if the Duke of Albermarle and some other noblemen had not lent their assistance. They fitted out a ship, and gave the command to Captain Phipps. He sailed from England, and arrived safely at Porto Plata, where he took an adz and assisted his men to build a large boat.

The boat was intended for the purpose of going closer to the reef of rocks than a large vessel could safely venture. When it was finished, the captain sent several men in it to examine the spot where the Spanish ship was said to have been wrecked. They were accompanied by some Indians, who were skillful divers.

The boat's crew proceeded to the reef of rocks, and rowed round and round it a great many times. They gazed down into the transparent water, but nothing could they see—nothing more valuable than a curious sea-shrub, which was growing beneath the water, in a crevice of the reef of rocks.

"We won't go back empty-handed," cried an English sailor; and then he spoke to one of the Indian divers. "Dive down and bring me that pretty sea-shrub there. That's the only treasure we shall find." Down plunged the diver, and soon rose dripping from the water, holding the sea-shrub in his hand. But he had learned some news at the bottom of the sea. "There are some ship's guns," said he, the moment he had drawn breath, "some great cannon, among the rocks near where the shrub was growing."

No sooner had he spoken than the English sailors knew that they had found the very spot where the Spanish galleon had been wrecked so many years before. The other Indian divers immediately plunged over the boat's side and swam headlong down, groping among the rocks and sunken cannon. In a few moments one of them rose above the water with a heavy lump of silver in his arms. The single lump was worth more than a thousand dollars.

The sailors took it into the boat, and then rowed back as speedily as they could to inform Captain Phipps of their good luck. "Thanks be to God!" cried Captain Phipps. "We shall every man of us make our fortunes!"

Hereupon the captain and all the crew set to work, with iron rakes and great hooks and lines, fishing for gold and silver at the bottom of the sea. Up came the treasure in abundance. Now they beheld a table of solid silver, once the property of an old Spanish grandee. Now they drew up a golden cup, fit for the King of Spain to drink his wine out of. Now their rakes of fishing-lines were loaded with masses of silver bullion. There were also precious stones among the treasure, glittering and sparkling.

After a day or two Captain Phipps and his crew lighted on another part

of the wreck, where they found a great many bags of silver dollars. But nobody could have guessed that these were money-bags. By remaining so long in the salt water, they had become covered with a crust which had the appearance of stone, so that it was necessary to break them in pieces with hammers and axes. When this was done, a stream of silver dollars gushed out upon the deck of the vessel.

The whole value of the recovered treasure, plate bullion, precious stones, and all, was estimated at more than two millions of dollars. Captain Phipps and his men continued to fish up plate, bullion, and dollars, as plentifully as ever, till their provisions grew short. Then, as they could not feed upon gold and silver, Phipps resolved to return to England, where he was received with great joy by the Duke of Albermarle and other English lords who had fitted out the vessel.

The captain's share was enough to make him comfortable for the rest of his days. It also enabled him to fulfill his promise to his wife, by building a "fair brick house" in the Green Lane of Boston.

Before Captain Phipps left London, King James made him a knight; so that, instead of the obscure ship-carpenter who had formerly dwelt among them, the inhabitants of Boston welcomed him on his return as the rich and famous Sir Wililam Phipps.

THEN LAUGH

Build for yourself a strong box,
  Fashion each part with care;
When it's strong as your hand can make it,
  Put all your troubles there;
Hide there all thought of your failures
  And each bitter cup that you quaff;
Lock all your heartaches within it,
  Then sit on the lid and laugh.

Tell no one else its contents,
  Never its secrets share;
When you've dropped in your care and worry
  Keep them forever there;
Hide them from sight so completely
  That the world will never dream half;
Fasten the strong box securely—
  Then sit on the lid and laugh.

—Bertha Adams Backus.

WHO WILL DROWN IN 1935?

(Chatham Record)

Does ever a summer pass without every one of us hearing of some fine boy drowned, some loving family bereaved? A vivid and timely warning is given in the following conversation between a doctor and a neighbor, quoted from The Progressive Farmer:—

"Hello, Dr. Jim; how are you?"

"Good morning, Ben. I am just downright tired."

"Been up all night, Dr. Jim?"

"No, Ben; it's worry as much as anything. Late yesterday I got a call telling me to hurry to Carver's Mill, that a boy had been drowned, but that perhaps if I could get there quickly enough I could bring him to life. Of course I hurried; that's one time I think I was justified in breaking the speed laws. When I arrived I found it was the Widow Jones' oldest boy, that it had been over an hour since he had been taken out of the pond, and not a single one of the boys present knew a thing about artificial respiration! This particular bunch of boys refused or neglected—it doesn't matter which, the result was the same—they failed to take the course in 'first aid' that was given last year by a Red Cross representative. I fully believe in fact, I almost know—that these boys, if they had known how, could have saved Eddie Jones. I worked on him for a long time, but it was too late. Then of course I had to go and break the news to his mother. So that's the reason I am all tuckered out. No easy job, Ben, to work over a drowned boy for an hour and then have to go and tell his mother that you had failed in your undertaking and that her dear son and bread winner was gone forever. She will have to be taken care of by the county."

"Dr. Jim, it looks like those boys could have gotten Eddie out."

"They could Ben, if they had just thought to carry a rope along. One of the boys, Joe Brown, tried manfully to rescue him. But like all drowning people, Eddie clung so tight that Joe saw Eddie would drown both of them if he did not get loose. So it was only after Eddie went down for the last time and quit struggling that the boys got him out. But I think even then they could have saved him if they had only known some 'first aid' stuff. And it's the greatest pity in the world they had not carried a rope along for safety's sake. Boys should never go swimming without a good coil of rope at least 40 feet long; then if a boy gets cramped or something wrong, one boy can drop a loop around his waist and the other boys can hold the rope's end while he swims to the boy in distress."

"I helped to save a boy once with plow lines, Dr. Jim. Six of us neighbor boys rode our plow mules down to the river for a swim. One of the boys out in deep water got cramp in his legs and called for help. The river was up from a freshet, a swift current and rather dangerous. Being on the bank near my mule, I snatched my plow lines off as quickly as I could, and called to Henry Smith, who was also on the bank, to get the

lines off his mule. Then I made a slip noose around my waist and fastened Henry's line to mine, gave him the end to hold and I jumped in. As soon as I reached Wilbur, he grabbed me with a death grip. I called to Henry to pull and he and the other boys pulled us out. Every time I hear the old tune, 'Throw Out the Life Line,' I think of the day we saved Wilbur Williamson. Dr. Jim, I want you to give those first aid lessons to my boys and that crowd of boys who were at Carver's Pond. If you give them right at Carver's Pond, it would be more impressive."

"All right, Ben; I'll do that. You get the boys together and I will start anytime."

A MAN

A man doesn't whine at his losses
A man doesn't whimper or fret.
Or wail at the weight of his crosses,
And ask life to rear him a pet.

A man doesn't grudgingly labor,
Or look upon life as a blight
A man doesn't sneer at his neighbor
Or sneak from a cause that is right.

A man doesn't sulk when another
Succeeds where his efforts have failed.
Doesn't keep all his praise from his brother.
When glory is publicly hailed.

Never passes the weak and the humble,
As though they were not of his clay.
A man doesn't ceaselessly grumble.
When things are not going his way.

A man looks upon woman as tender,
And gentle, and stands at her side
At all times, to guard and defend her
And never to scorn or deride.

A man looks on life as a mission
To serve just so far as he can.
A man holds his noblest ambition
On this earth, to live as a man.

—Exchange.

STATUE OF LIBERTY TO CELEBRATE HER FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY

(The Pathfinder)

Only the stranger coming to our shores by way of the New York harbor or the traveler returning by that route can appreciate the thrill of seeing the Statue of Liberty after long days at sea. But all of us can rejoice that this symbol of our political faith is celebrating her 50th or semi-centennial birthday. When our Pilgrim fathers came to this country there was no Statue of Liberty to greet them, but they had their golden political beliefs. It was the seed of political liberty which they planted and nourished and cherished that resulted in this great bronze symbol to American liberty being erected.

After America had grown and prospered through more than a century of liberty and soon after the Franco-German war a group of prominent Frenchmen decided it would be a worthwhile thing to present America with a gift to commemorate her centenary of independence. It was as early as 1872 that the group of Frenchmen proposed the gift. One member of this group was Frederic A. Bartholdi, noted French sculptor, who was commissioned by them to do the work. Committees in both countries were organized to raise funds for the undertaking. In France 180 cities, 40 general councils, numerous societies and thousands of French citizens raised over $700,000 to have the statue sculptored and placed on its pedestal. In the United States citizens, with the aid of a leading newspaper of the time, raised $300,000 to construct the foundation and pedestal, making a total cost of about $1,000,000. On February 22, 1877, Congress authorized President Hayes to set apart a site on Bedloe Island which Bartholdi, on a visit had chosen.

The great statue took 10 years to make, with 60 workmen being employed. While the statue was finished in 1883 and it was presented to the American Ambassador to France on July 4, 1884, it was June 19, 1885, that a famous French man-o-war plowed into New York harbor with the Lady of Liberty in sections as cargo. The corner stone of the pedestal was laid on Bedloe Island on August 4, 1884. The work of putting the parts together was begun in May, 1886, and the statue was unveiled on October 28, 1886. She was then and is now the largest lady in the world.

This great lady of bronze, now referred to as the "Lady in Green" and the "Mecca for millions of Americans," weighs 450,000 pounds (225 tons)—the bronze alone weighing over 200,000 pounds. Some 40 persons can stand in the head of the giant lady and 12 in the torch. From the pedestal to the head of the statue there are 161 steps. Even the ladder in the uplifted arm has 54 rounds. This right arm extends 42 feet. The hand on it is over 16 feet and the index finger on the hand holding aloft

the torch is eight feet long. The pedestal supporting the statue is 89 feet high and 62 feet square at the base, while the height of the statue from the base to the torch is 151 feet feet. But from the very foundation of the pedestal to the tip of the torch it measures over 305 feet. The distance from the heels of the figure to the top of the head is 111 feet. There are 11 points in the star-shaped base. In her left arm Liberty carries a book representing the law, which has on it in block letter the date "July 4, 1776" and is supposed to signify Liberty based on law. From ear to ear Miss Liberty measures exactly 10 feet. Her nose is four feet six inches long.

Being one of America's greatest immigrants herself the Statue of Liberty has always represented a haven of refuge to the storm-tossed of the world and pointed out a free port to the oppressed. The light in her hand, however, is a more modern accomplishment. The new floodlight system on the statue was put into operation in October, 1931. Fed by 96 1,000-watt lights placed at the eleven corners of the star-shaped base, eight lamps of the same size on the pedestal balcony and 14 others of the same size in the torch Miss Liberty's light is strong enough to penetrate storm and light fog.

Despite her feminine characteristics Miss Liberty used to be in the Army and a small company of soldiers acted as a sort of guard for her. Bedloe Island, you know, is the site of the Army post called Fort Wood, under the jurisdiction of the headquarter of Governor's Island. But by presidential order in August, 1933, the Statue of Liberty was placed under the Department of the Interior. Jurisdiction over the island, exclusive of the Statue of Liberty, however, is still vested in the War Department.

American citizens everywhere are being invited to share in the program which will mark the semi-centennial of the Bartholdi masterpiece. But they are not being asked to contribute funds. This time their contributions will be copies of poems and pictures of the Statue of Liberty which were written and printed during the years the plans for the Statue were in process and at the same time of the unveiling. Many of the portrayals of that signal event were striking and artistic. These may be reproduced for publication for the celebration to take place October 28, 1936. Among the poems written in that period were contributions by John Greenleaf Whittier, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, E. C. Stedman, Charles Barhard, Esther Singleton, John J. Garnett, Sidney Herbert Pierson, and others. George A. Palmer, superintendent of the Statue of Liberty National Monument, has been authorized by the Ntaional Park Service to receive contributions of poems, articles and pictures bearing upon the erection of the pedestal and the unveiling of the Statue. His address is Fort Wood, N. Y., but remember, NO PAYMENT is being made for such contributions.

It is seldom that one country goes to another for designs for stamps. But the Statue of Liberty has been pictured on the stampe of four

foreign countries—Spain, France, Uruguay, and Paraguay. In the case of the two South American countries the structure is the main object of the design. It is also pictured on the 15-cent United States stamp of the 1922 series.

A hundred mistakes are an education if your learn something from each one.—Selected.

UNEMPLOYED YOUTH

By Mrs. Roosevelt

A short while ago two million young people left high school and college. Some of them have graduated and carried away diplomas, which show that this era of their lives has come to a successful end. Others have left school or college because economic conditions forced them to do so. The same economic conditions, moreover, make the future seem extremely insecure.

Will they be able to find work? In the old days in this country, many youngsters of 12 ond 13 and even younger went to work, learned some trade or special skill, and brought their earnings to swel the falmily finances, but more recently a social conscience has been stirring. People have begun to think that at 12 and 13 these youngsters are not prepared to take a job. Economic conditions have been such that it has not only been possible, but very advisable, to keep young people out of jobs. Consequently, the age of employment has moved up first to 13 and 14 and now to 18 or 20.

Our social conscience made us feel that it was not fair to put young people into occupations which might be called blind-alley occupations, where there was no future and no chance for advancement. We realized that they should have a better education and a better chance of getting on. Economic conditions have now brought us face to face with the problem that for many of these young people life itself appears to be a blind alley. No job of any kind seems to be open to them regardless of the scope of their education.

When this condition first began to dawn upon us, the obvious feeling was that these young people who could not get a start honestly, would be tempted to go in for crime and racketeering. This seemed an easy outlet for youth's suppressed energies, since there was no regular work. To meet this situation CCC camps were started. They have certainly proved a great blessing in that they have taken young men from the streets, built up their bodies and taught them a certain amount of discipline with perhaps, a few other

things on the side. These camps are not the ultimate answer to the question of unemployed youth, however, for they do not start young people on a life work. They are a stop gap and a useful one. I know that some camps are better than others and that some camps give young men more than others, which is nothing more than saying that they are run by human beings and human beings vary in ability. But, at the very best, they do not give young men a permanent life pattern.

A serious matter which confronts youth is that they have lost, through lack of use, whatever skill they have been trained in. If you do not get an opportunity to work, you cannot form habits of industry, which are most important to us all, nor can we build up our own sense of achievement and self-reliance when you are constantly faced with the failure to obtain a job.

I am told that, even in communities which provide recreational and healthful activities for unemployed young people, such facilities are not used as largely as they should be. This seems to me easy to understand, for youths do not want to be marked by other youths as being unable to find niches in which to earn a living.

There is no census which can tell us how many young people are unemployed at present. The best estimate that one can find is that 13 per cent of the young people between the ages of 16 and 25 do not have steady jobs now. This can only mean that we have great masses of young people to whom the world seems an unsatisfactory and disillusioning place in which to live and who think our form of civilization one that creates despair. They are willing enough to grant that heads of families require work, but they realize that most of them are potential heads of families and have a right to demand that their elders, the builders of this strange type of civilization, shall give some thought to adjusting it to their needs.

It seems to me that the best way to handle this situation is to take it up in every community. Each community should make its own census in order that it may know what the young people can do and put them in the way of gaining experience or creating jobs for themselves. The industries will undoubtedly aid by suggesting new occupations which might give opportunity for enterprising youth. There should be a correlation of all agencies, federal, state and local, in an effort to build up a youth program and it should be done before these two million youngsters just out of school are added to those already unemployed.

This is not only the problem of youth; it is the problem of all of us and demands our attention.

It is a fine thing for a person to have new convictions, but nothing is more annoying than the person with convictions who insists on announcing them belligerently on every possible occasion.—Selected.

EDWARD BAPTIST, FORGOTTEN FOUNDER

By William B. Hill

When the historian arises amongst us to record the story of the religious life of the Southern people, one who will not be forgotten is Edward Baptist, minister of the Baptist faith, a "laborer in the vineyard" in Virginia and in Alabama. He was one of the founders of the Baptist General Association in Virginia, of the Virginia Baptist Education Society and Seminary, from which has grown the present University of Richmond, and he left behind a journal, as yet unpublished, which is an extraordinary religious document.

He was the ninth of the eleven children of William Glanville Baptist, planter and merchant, and one of the magistrates of Mecklenburg County, Virginia, at the time of Edward's birth, which occurred May 12, 1790. As he says in his journal, the common schools of the time, were so inferior that his father educated his children himself and he never went to school a day until after his father's death when he entered Hampden-Sidney College.

The family must have been one of ability for his brothers attained no small distinction in their community. Colonel John G. Baptist was Clerk of the Court of Mecklenburg, and at his death was succeeded by Richard Bannister Baptist, son of his brother, Mathew. Richard H. Baptist, another brother, also a graduate of Hampden-Sidney, was long a prominent lawyer in the county, and was a member of the Virginia Senate, 1836-1848. His sister, Frances, married Major Thomas Hill of Culpeper County and was the mother of General A. P. Hill, the Confederate leader whose name was on the dying lips of both Jackson and Lee. It is a tradition firmly believed by the members of the Baptist family still living in Mecklenburg County, that General A. P. Hill was not born in Culpeper as his biographies state, but in Mecklenburg, while his mother was visiting her sister, Elizabeth, the wife of Thomas Marshall, whose plantation adjoined that of Sycamore Grove, the old Baptist homeplace.

Edward Baptist's father was an Episcopalian, his mother, Margaret Langston, a Presbyterian; they were natives of York County from whence Baptist had come to Mecklenburg in 1778. His grandfather was John Baptist, who married Ann, daughter of William Glanville, John Baptist was a son of Edward and Elizabeth Baptist, grandson of Morgan Baptist, and great-grandson of Edward Baptist who was living in York County in 1657, at which time he was one of the "loving friends" whom Major John Broadnax appointed as his executors in his will, and to each of whom he left a hogshead of tobacco for the service. At 8 or 10 years of age Edward had his first impressions of religion, but he says his religious teacher was a negro in the family who said he was seeking the Lord who kept him looking for voices and visions, so that he mistook the nature of

religion and was disappointed. Then he says:

"At 12 years of age my father placed me in his store, a dissipated place, and here ended my religious course for that time, at 16 or 18 I had made such proficiency in vice, that I could frolic with the young and drink with the old, ridicule the Bible and its most sacred characters and things. My father's influence was some restraint; he knew not half my wickedness, nor did I want him to know it. In my nineteenth year my father died, and his restraint removed, I launched forth into a wider field of dissipation. But God mercifully interposed; in a few months, he showed me my guilt, my danger, and my refuge."

He then describes at great length his conversion and the great anguish of spirit which accompanied it. He had one great trial during which he felt himself only comparable to Judas Iscariot:

"I was deeply impressed with the idea that I had betrayed my Lord, and had communed, and there remained but one act to complete the resemblance, which was self-destruction, and it would be accomplished that night. While riding in company the same evening I felt a Hell within. Such blasphemous thoughts, such horrid, soul-appalling suggestions rushing into the mind with irresistible force, they seemed to spring from the bottomless pit. I thought every moment I would be cursing and swearing aloud, and had to make every possible effort to keep from blaspheming and cursing God to his face. About dark my company left me, and I had to travel five miles alone in the night, when I was sorely pressed by Satan to put an end to a life already intolerable; at first thought, I would throw away my knife, lest in a moment of desperation I might commit the horrid deed, but was arrested by a second thought, that after disposing of it, there were other methods of suicide; hanging, drowning. In having to cross several streams, I concluded I would resist the Devil and look to God and plead with Him the best way I could. So I prayed aloud the balance of the road; and although it did not relieve my mind, yet it somewhat divided my attention from self-murder."

Joins Baptist Faith And Loses Sweetheart

He had been a member of the Presbyterian Church, but now he determined to join the Baptist faith and in December, 1810, "on a conviction of duty," he was baptized by Elder Richard Dabbs; despite the objections of his relatives and friends, a step which he says he never regretted although his sentiments were often severely tried. He tells this story as an example:

"Soon after I left college, I was understandingly, though not expressly engaged to be married to a young lady of the first respectability, whose parents were pedobaptists. She at length informed me, that she could not marry me because her parents were opposed to our union on account of my being a Baptist. I expressed my deep sorrow and mortification that their objection was irremovable on my part, and asked her for a tune on the piano before we parted. She promptly complied, and while seated by her side for the last time, listening to the love inspiring notes of her

voice and instrument, she paused and looked me tenderly in the face and asked, "Do you ever intend to become a Presbyterian?" I answered "No Madam, never. Ask any earthly sacrifice and I will make it, but my conscience is too sacred to be tampered with, and if I were you I would not have the man that would do it" Here was an object that I then loved more than any other earthly, that I could obtain by changing my religious coat, and stifling my conscience which may be viewed by some as merely changing their uniform in the same grand army of saints. But I viewed it as selling my immortal soul, or sacrificing the Savior to an earthly affection, and thus will it be viewed in the trying day."

At Hampden-Sidney he was a student under Dr. Moses Hoge to whom he pays a loving tribute for his deep religious character. Graduating he spent a year in Halifax County teaching school, the latter part of which year he was called to the colors with his milita company for the defense of Richmond, after the British had burned Washington. They were soon mustered out, however, and he then returned to Hampden-Sidney to study theology another year.

After completing his education he settled in Powhatan County as a minister of the Gospel, and there he met his wife, Eliza J. Eggleston, niece and adopted child of Mr. and Mrs. William Hickman. They were married May 27, 1817, and in the same year he was sent as a deputy of the Virginia Baptist Missionary Society to the General Convention in Philadelphia. In 1820 he was again sent to Philadelphia. He says that the first 10 years of his ministry were often discouraging, he had many addtiions to the church, but nothing like a revival of religion. He was sustained, however, by the thought that perhaps the Lord, was trying his ministerial faith before blessing his ministrations.

The period was one of active doctrinal controversy, and Edward Baptist took a prominent part in this. He wrote much for the Religious Herald, in which he attacked the views of Alexander Campbell, founder of the Disciples of Christ; and he published a pamphlet in reply to one by Dr. John H. Rice on the subject of Baptism. His most important work, however, was that in connection with the founding of the Baptist General Assocaition, and the Seminary from which has grown the present university.

He records in his journal: "Without wishing to arrogate, but simply to state historical fact, I was instrumental under Heaven in orgiinating the General Association of Baptists in Virginia. Brother James Fife and myself had buried at Charlottesville, Va., where it died a natural death, the old General Meeting of Correspondence, and I suggested to him the propriety of forming such a a metting as the General Association, he approved, we suggested it to a third minister who also approved. It was accordingly advertised, and the meeting held in the city of Richmond, June 1822, at which time and place attended several ministers, among them our highly esteemed Brother Robert B. Semple, who was always ready to every good work. By appointment I drafted the constitu-

tion of that body, which had been gradually increasing in popularity and usefulness to the present time. Another important institution I suggesed, and contributed my humble gested, and contributed my humble moiety of support toward the Virginia Baptist Educational Society and Seminary. At its first meeting I was called upon by the body to undertake the instruction of the young brethren in the ministry who might be received. On account of a very feeble state of health I could not consent to become their regular and permanent instructor but would cheerfully contribute what health would permit to so important an object. Accordingly I administered instruction to them at my residence in Powhatan for nearly two years, during which time their studies were greatly interrupted."

Shortly after this, in 1835, he removed his family to Alabama where he continued his ministry, being pastor of the Spring Hill Church in Marengo County. His work in Alabama was as fruitful as that in Virginia, he inspired the erection of the first Baptist Church in Mobile, and he was was known throughout the State as one of the most eloquent of preachers. He was a trustee of the University of Alabama, and on the opening of Howard College at Greensboro (now located in Birmingham) he was offered the presidency. This he was forced to decline because of poor health which enfeebled the latter years of his life.

Nothing could be so eloquent of the temper of this man who spent his life in the service of God then some of the entries he made in his journal in his later years. Each birthday as the years took their turn found his devotion deeper, his faith stronger. Although death was not to come for nearly two years more, he wrote the last lines May 12, 1861:

"This day I am 71 years old and the goodness of the Lord is still continued with his unprofitable servant.

"Although unable to labor in his vineyard may I endeavor to do good to others and set a good example to all around me by suffering the will of God, or doing His will. I do not believe I shall live to see another birthday. But the Lord's will be done. Job 14: 14 'All the days of my appointed time I wait till my change come.'"

A man is successful when he refuses to slander even his enemies, when he does not expect to get paid for everything he does; when he does not wait until tomorrow to do the things he might do today; when he is loyal to his employer and to his associates; when he intelligently co-operates with others and is tolerant in thought and deed; when he studies constantly to prepare himself for a higher position financially and in the estimation of his fellows.—Sunshine Magazine.

OUR FRIEND FROM PERU

By Walter Ed Taylor

The Irish potato is not an Irish potato, for it came from Peru! When, in the sixteenth century, the Spanish legions under Francisco Pizarro crossed the Isthmus of Panama and toiled up the steep slopes of the Andes into Peru in their search for the fabulous, legendary Golden City of Peru, they found a tribe of highly civilized Indians living there. Ruled by the Great Inca, these Indians of the Peruvian high country were skilled in many ways and they were particulary skilful as gardeners. Their beautiful gardens were laid out in neat divisions on the fertile heights of the mountains. They had developed ingenious and, to the Spaniards, amazing systems of irrigation and fertilization and one of the most important crops in these gardens was the "chunu"—the potato. Cured by freezing and drying, the potato could be stored just as corn and other grains are stored, and so these Indians who, because of the high altitude, were unable to raise grains, raised potatoes as a staple food.

But the Spaniards were not interested in potatoes for they had come to plunder. Their king had ordered them to find gold, and though they tasted and relished the potato. in was not until nearly fifty years after the conquest of Peru that the first potatoes were carried to Europe. In about 1583, in one of the treasure ships carrying gold from the New World to Spain went a few potatoes, and if the Spaniards had only known it, in the potato they had a treasure of far greater value than all the gold of the Incas and Montezuma combined. The lowly potato was destined to have a far-reaching effect on the diet, the life, and the history of the civilized world.

When the potato was first introduced into Spain, the Spanish peasants seem to have considered it a rather comical oddity. They laughed and made jokes about it and called it "our friend from Peru," but they were not long in discovering its value as a commercial crop. They soon found that it was easy to raise and was very nourishing, cheap food that could be made grow with the minimum of care. From Spain the new vegetable went to Italy and thence to Northern Europe and the British Isles.

Different portions of Euorpe received the potato in different ways. It was greeted with a storm of controversy in Scotland, where the ministers preached fiery sermons against it. Because it was not mentioned in the Bible, they said it was a forbidden fruit. The beauty-loving French liked the potato because it had pretty foliage and gay flowers, and it is said that Marie Antoinette wore potato blossoms in her hair when she attended court functions. However, many Frenchmen denounced the potato as a food and said that besides having a bitter taste it was also poisonous! To combat this campaign against the potato in France Antoine Parmentier, who was interested in the raising of the potato, put on an advertising campaign for the vegetable. He held a great banquet in Paris, at which every dish was a po-

tato dish cooked in a different way. He invited many notables, including Benjamin Franklin, to the dinner. The potato banquet broke up the campaign against the potato and it soon became a popular French food.

The practical Germans immediately recognized the value of the potato and the German government forced farmers to plant it. Later, the Germans even had a civil strife which they called "The Potato War." The Irish also greeted the potato with open arms. Always a poor country, Ireland was glad to get the new vegetable which would produce a large crop of nourishing food on a small plot of ground. Soon the potato was the staff of life of the Irish and it came to be called the Irish potato. Irish priests went through the potatc fields each year and blessed the crops. The Irish peasants came to depend almost entirely upon the potato yield for food, and when disease and insects caused a failure of the crop in 1846, millions of Irish peasants died from starvation and the famine caused more than a million other Irishmen to migrate to America. Many German and Polish peasants also fled to America to escape the potato famine in their native lands when the blight which had ruined the Irish crops spread to central Europe.

There is a legend which is stil believed by the Irish, which says that Sir Walter Raleigh introduced the potato to Ireland from Virginia. This legend is not founded upon fact, for the potato was not know in Virginia in Raleigh's time. The vegetable that Raleigh did introduce was the sweet potato.

Another legend says that Sir Francis Drake introduced the potato to Europe from North America, and in the German city of Offenberg there stands a statue of Drake which bears the inscription, "Sir Francis Drake, Introducer of the Potato to Europe in the year of our Lord 1580." Like the Raleigh legend this Drake story is mere romantic fable, although many Europeans insist to this day that bold Sir Francis first brought the potato to their continent.

The potato, by this time well known abroad, made its debut in North America as a cultivated commercial vegetable in 1790, when a group of of Irshmen settled at Londenderry, N. H., and began to raise potatoes on a large scale. Long before 1790, a wild variety of potato was being eaten by the Indians of the western part of the continent.

From a few withered brought to Europe by the Spanish adventurers three and one-half centuries ago have come the great potato crops of the world. In many parts of Europe the size of the potato yeild means the difference between famine and plenty to millions of peasants today, and 350,000,000 bushels were produced in the United States last year.

The Spanish peasants of 1583 may have been joking when they called the potato "our friend from Peru," but the vegetable has really been a friend to all mankind.

The only one who should put faith in a rabbit's foot is a rabbit.

A COG IN A WHEEL

A man there was to unusual gifts,
  Bearing an honored name,
Life came to him with outstretched hands,
  Proffering wealth and fame;
But he carelessly turned his head away,
  The prize made little appeal,
Contenting himself with a minor part,
  He was only a cog in a wheel.

When opportunity knocked at the door,
  It found him inert and deaf,
Long and patiently it waited there,
  But he did not come to himself.
Golden chances he wasted like chaff,
  He took no account of the real;
Each day was a monotonous grind to him;
  He was only a cog in a wheel.

In the image of God this man was made,
  With power to do and serve;
Strong of mind and body was he,
  But he lacked essential nerve.
So he drifted along from day to day,
  Without ambition or zeal,
Play dull and nondescript parts;
  He was only a cog in a wheel.

What place do you fill in life's machine?
  Are you using your gifts aright?
Today have you wrought some truly fine thing;
  Can you claim you have fought a good fight?
Will it be said that you played the game,
  That your life was productive and real?
Or will the world say, as it goes on its way,
  "He was only a cog in a wheel?"

—Grenville Kleiser.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR JULY

(Figure following name indicates number of times boy has been on Honor Roll since January 1, 1935.)

ROOM No. 1

—A—

Clifford Bowers 3

—B—

Homer Smith 6

ROOM No. 2

—A—

Thomas Brown 5
Arthur Greer
William Goodson 2
Charles Smith 5
Porter Willhite 3
Melvin Walters 2

—B—

James Douglas
Lewis Parker
Henry Tucker 6

ROOM No. 3

—A—

Thomas Hudson
Clyde Dixon
Eli Philemon
Clyde Reece
Clyde Bolton
Y. V. Spates
Charles Vanhoy
Preston Yarborough
Ben Overby
Homer Quick

—B—

Paul Johnson
J. T. Lovett 4
Harold Brown 3
Homer Jones
Edwin Newell 3
Duke Davis
Allen Davis
Norman Pike
Olive Weaver

ROOM No. 4

—A—

Spurgeon Dowless 4
Wiley Willoughby
Harry Flowe 3
Ashley Thompson

—B—

James Young 3
Leonard Potter 3
Charles Crotts
Boyd Barringer
Frank Wakefield 2
Hobart Johnson

ROOM No. 5

—A—

John Caddell 4
Frank Hall
William McRary 2
William Young 5

—B—

Clyde Adams 3
Monte Beck 2
Virgil Cecil 2
Henry Hallman
James Harvel 2
Houston Howard 2
Arlon Jones 5
Erwin Martin 3
Millard Owenby
Linwood Potter 3
Harvey Watson
Charles Williams 3

ROOM No. 6

—A—

Sanford Collins
Allen Ray Hudson
William Kirk 2
Hubert Williams

—B—

William Anders
James Cooper
William Corn
Leo Forrester
Ernest Hudspeth
James Hare
Clarence Lingerfelt
Leonard Melton 4
Leaman Rose 2
Vernon Sheaff 2

ROOM No. 7

—A—

James Corn 5
David Oldham 2
Robert Stephens 3

—B—

Martin Hicks 2
James Stepp 2

INSTITUTION NOTES

As a climax to one of the hottest days known in this section for several years, we received word last Friday afternoon that the agitator on our ice manufacturing machine had broken. Repairs were hastily secured from Charlotte and the ice plant was back in operation the same day, and is still working nicely.

—o—

For some time our bakery equipment has been in a bad state of repair, and we have been looking daily for an S. O. S. from that department. It was feared that the daily supply of the "staff of life" would be suddenly cut off. Contact was made with an oven company. Our baker selected the necessary parts for repair, and they are now here ready for installation.

—o—

Our supply of cucumbers is steadily increasing. We now have thirty-eight barrels of cucumbers packed in salt, to be pickled later. In addition to this supply, about two hundred bushels have been distributed to the County Welfare Department, the Sunderland Preventorium, and to various individuals. It is expected that the dry weather of the past few days will bring the gathering of cucumbers to a close.

—o—

An unusually large number of our boys were visited by home folks last Wednesday, the regular visiting day. From the number of cars parked on the campus, one might have gotten the impression that a baseball game between the Concord Weavers and Kannapolis was scheduled to be played on the local diamond.

On Wednesday of last week very few visitors were present, but there was one too many. One man from Eastern Carolina spirited his boy away, after having been granted permission to visit him. While this does not happen often, the authorities have to be on the look-out to prevent irresponsible parents from committing acts of this nature.

—o—

It is a well-known fact that normal boys love pets above most any other possesion, and we wish to assure our readers that Training School boys are no exceptions in this respect. Here the farm boys have their favorite mules and horses; the dairy boys have their pet cows and calves; the boys on the poultry force have pet chickens; and others have sundry pets. One morning this week our attention was called to the following unusual pets:

In a conversation with a bright youngster on the campus, inquiry was made as to the bulging appearance of his overal bib. He quickly ran his hand underneath the bib and brought forth a flying squirrel, with a collar and string attached. He placed the little aimal on his knee and stroked him affectionately, and after playing with him for some time the squirrely immediately scuttled for his hiding place underneath the overall bib. This interesting little animal, which has been in captivity a little more than a month, will sit up on a box and eat nuts, acorns,

corn, etc., and will sometimes perform fancy jumping tricks taught him by the lad. The youngster and the squirrel are inseparable companions and seem to be equally pleased with each other's company.

The most interesting pet, perhaps, is a young rooster which has been taught to play and lie down with a dog, and do other unusual stunts. In showing off his prize rooster the other day, the boy ordered him to mount a perch made of a piece of broom handle. At first the rooster was disinclined to obey, whereupon the boy said he needed a little urging and, securing a small switch, administered a little "persuasion," after which the bird mounted the perch and performed the trick.

We are told of the existence of other pets among the boys but have not yet seen them perform, but our hats are off to the young squirrel and rooster trainers.

—o—

Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of Sampson's strength as found in the sixteenth chapter of Judges, and the subpect of his talk to the boys was "Damaged Goods."

In the course of his remarks Rev. Mr. Arrowood state that Sampson had been born to perform a patriotic mission in life, that of delivering his people out of the hands of the Philistines.

An angel of the Lord had appeared unto the mother of Sampson before his birth, and had declared: "Drink not wine nor strong drink, and eat not any unclean thing; for, lo, thou shalt conceive and bear a son; and no razor shall come on his head; for the child shall be a Nazarite unto God from the womb; and he shall begin to deliver Israel out of the hands of the Philistines."

Sampson was born of God-fearing parents, said the speaker, who brought him up carefully as God commanded. He developed wonderful muscles and early in youth he was able to perform many great feats of strength.

As he grew older, instead of appreciating the many blessings he had in having good parents, a good home, the gift of health and strength, Sampson took lightly his mission and broke his agreement with God. He damaged his goods by mixing with his enemies; he left home and married into the camp of the enemy.

Sampson's one great fault was that he did not control his tongue. He talked too much and thereby fell into the hands of the Philistines when he confided in Delilah the source of his secret strength. His great downfall was due to sensual sin. He defiled his body which was a holy vessel of God.

Once in the hands of the Philistines' his eyes were put out, and he was put into jail where he was bound with fetters of brass and made to grind in the prison house.

On a great feast day, Sampson was brought out before the crowd to make sport for the people. As he stood there blind, between the great pillars of the house, his conscience told him that he had been a fool; that he had thrown away his life; and that he had

lost his wit by his own folly.

Then he called upon God to restore his strength for just a short time and, taking hold of the great pillars, he pulled the house down upon himself and upon three thousand men and women.

Sampson did not acomplish his God-given task, and had to pay the penalty for sin by sacrificing his own life.

Rev. Mr. Arrowood concluded by saying, that just as in Sampson's day, we, too, must pay the price for our sins, and urged the boys to control their sinful desires, and try to live as God wants them to live.

WHAT OF THAT?

Tired! Well, what of that?
Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease?
Fluttering the roseleaves scattered by the breeze?
Come, rouse thee! Work while it is called today
Coward, arise! Go forth upon thy way.

Lonely! And what of that?
Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?
Some must be lonely! It is not given to all
To feel a heart responsive rise and fall
To blend another life into his own.
Work may be done in loneliness, work on.

Dark! Well, and what of that?
Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?
Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet.
Learn thou to walk by faith and not by sight
Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.

Hard! Wel, what of that?
Didst fancy life one summer holiday?
With lessons none to learn, and naught but play?
Go, get thee to thy task! Conquer or die!
It must be learned! Learn it then, patiently.

No help! Nay it is not so!
Though human help be far, thy God is nigh,
Who feeds the ravens, hears His children cry,
He's near thee wheresoever thy footsteps roam,
And He will guide thee Home.

—Anonymous.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since July 7, 1935.

Week Ending August 4, 1935

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(2) Arthur Boyette 2
(5) Jesse Cleveland 5
(5) Earl Rogers 5
(5) Richard Sullivan 5
(5) Ashley Thompson 5

COTTAGE No. 1

(3) Sam Batts 3
(5) Clifford Bowers 5
(5) Robert Cashwell 5
(5) William Goodson 5
(2) Ray Hutchins 2
(3) Herman Lamm 4
(5) Claude McLaughlin 5
(5) Millard Owenby 5
(2) Eugene Whitt 4
(2) Everett Williamson 3
(5) Harvard Winn 5
Preston Yarborough 4

COTTAGE No. 2

(5) James Boyce 5
Virgil Cecil
Frank Cobb 2
(4) Cleatus Daugherty 4
Robert Harrison 2
Thomas Horton
Lewis Janey
Clyde Kivett 2
Lemuel Murphy
(4) Vasco Robinson 4
Fred Seibert 3
Y. V. Spates 3
(4) Woodrow Spruill 4
Myron Whitman 3
(2) Newland Wilson 2

COTTAGE No. 3

Emerson Barnhill
Elbert Bryant 2
Charles Furchess
Eugene Green
(4) Marcellus Gurganus 4
Claude Hicks
Jesse Holleman
(2) William McRary 3
George Shaver
(5) Porter Willhite 5

COTTAGE No. 4

James Bartlett
(2) Roland Davis 2
(4) Clyde Dixon 4
Wayne Fowler
(2) Mathis Garrett 2
(2) Edwin Greer 2
(3) William Hill 3
(3) Woodrow Jenkins 3
(4) Ralph Johnson 4
William Justice 2
(4) Irwin Luther 4
(4) Jack McRary 4
(2) Percy Newsome 2
(5) Wheeler Sturdivant 5
(2) Melvin Walters 2

COTTAGE No. 5

(2) William Ange 2
(4) Max Cecil 4
(2) John Green 2
(5) Maynard Hicks 5
(3) Paul Johnson 3
(5) George Kye 5
(2) Edgar Merritt 2
(3) Randolph Miller 3
(2) Perry Russ 2
(3) Louis Tarkington 3

COTTAGE No. 6

Earl Bass
Charlton Henry 2
Luther Landrum

COTTAGE No. 7

Boyd Barringer
William Beach
John Elliott
(3) William Green 3
(5) Caleb Hill 5
Ted Hicks
Ernest Mobley

J. B. Murray
R. B. Norton
Thurman Robertson
Paul Saunders 2
(2) Floyd Watkins 3
Boyce Watts
(2) Douglas Wilkes 3

(5) Harry Flowe 5
COTTAGE No. 8
(2) Thomas Hudson 4
Wilfred Land
(2) Guy Lewis 2
(3) John Maxwell 3
Paul Mitchell
(4) Ernest Owens 4
(3) John Penninger 4
(3) Luther Pierce 3
Charles Webb

Erwin Coward 2
COTTAGE No. 9
Charles Crotts 2
Esker Childress
(5) Lee Dickens 5
C. D. Grooms 3
James C. Hoyle 3
(4) Frank Hall 4
Levi Merritt
Thomas McCausley 3
Ben Overby 4
Homer Smith 3
Richard Wrenn

COTTAGE No. 10
James Bell 2
(2) Harold Brown 2
Jack Carver
(2) Norwood Cockerham 2
(5) James Kellam 5
(3) J. T. Lovett 3
Hilton McMath 3
William Peedin
Charles Pollard 3
(4) Leamon Rose 4
(2) Edwin Shuler 2
Winston Strickland 3
(2) Fred Ward 4

COTTAGE No. 11
(2) Everett Bell 2
(5) Lewis Crawford 5
(4) Edward Carpenter 4
(3) James Enloe 4
(3) Robert Farmer 3
(3) Dewey Freeman 3
Ira Grogan
(2) Warren Holleman 3
(5) Bennie Holland 5
Dallas Hodge 3
(4) David Hodge 4
(5) William Kirk 5
(5) James Montford 5
(5) William Martin 5
(2) Norman McGee 2
(5) Charles Smith 5
(4) Eldridge Ward 4
(3) Cecil Webb 4
(2) Charles Womble 3

COTTAGE No. 12
(2) Earl Atwood 4
(5) Walter Beaver 5
(4) James Douglas 4
(4) Frank Dickens 4
Bernard Griffin 2
(2) Horace Faulkner 4
(4) Alfred Holleman 4
(4) Basil Johnson 4
(4) Edward Lockamy 4
(4) Glenn O'Quinn 4
(3) Arbie Phillips 4
Eli Philemon 4
Andrew Powell 3
(3) Leonard Potter 4
Homer Quick 4
(2) James Reavis 3
William Stevens
Lonnie Sloan
(5) Thomas Welch 5
Olive Weaver 3

COTTAGE No. 13
(4) Leon Burkhead 4
Clarence Douglas 2
(2) Urbane Hill 2
Claude Pickett 2
(4) Eugene Smith 4
(3) Porter Stack 3
(5) Howard Wilson 5

COTTAGE No. 15
(3) Elzie Carpenter 4
Hobart Johnson
Homer Jones 4
J. C. Mobley 2
(2) Paul Shipes 2

COTTAGE No. 14
(2) Marvin Ashe 2
(3) Robert Alexander 3
(2) Denver Beshears 4
Jack Barlow
Floyd Causey 3

(4) Earl Chambers 4
(2) George Gibson 2
(2) Earl Hill 3
Clarence Lingerfelt
Wilson Medlin 2
(2) Claibourne McKee 3
Edward Martin 4
(4) William Moose 4
(3) George McManus 3
(2) S. T. McGinnis 2
Gilbert Murray
Paul Rhodes
(2) Paul Rhodes
(2) Marshall Scoggins 3
Glenn Stewart 3
Robert Teeter 3
(2) Richard Tysinger 3
Frank Wakefield 3
(2) Winfred Whitlock 2

THE DAY AND THE WORK

To each man is given a day and his work for the day;
And once, and no more, he is given to travel this way;
And woe if he flies from the task, whatever the odds;
For the task is appointed to him on the scroll of the gods.

There is waiting a work where only our hands can avail;
And so, if you falter, a chord in the music will fail.
We may laugh to the sky, we may lie for an hour in the sun;
But we dare not go hence till the labor appointed is done.

To each man is given a marble to carve for the wall;
A stone that is needed to heighten the beauty of all;
And only his soul has the magic to give it a grace;
And only his hands have the cunning to put it in place.

We are given one hour to parley and struggle with Fate,
Our wild hearts filled with the dream, our brains with the high debate.
It is given to look on life once, and once only to die;
One testing, and then at a sigh we go out of the sky.

Yes, the task that is given to each man, no other can do;
So your work is awaiting; it has waited through ages for you.

—Edwin Markham.

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U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 17, 1935 No. 33

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THE DAY'S WORK

To live as one designed to be a man!
To ask no favours from the hand of life,
Be glad to share the struggle and the strife;
To know that toil is written in the plan,
To rest when I am weary, but to spurn
The wished-for joys I could not truly earn.

—Independent Forester.

——PUBLISHED BY——
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE PRISONER AT THE BAR

And the Judge said: "What:
  No money to pay
In your hour of need
  A lawyer to plead
Your case today?
  And you come to the bar
Just as you are,
  Poor and alone, with no friend to nudge
The solemn sides of the powerful Judge
  And ask as a personal favor that you
Be spared the punishment due?
  Well, be not afraid!
Let your case be laid
  Here before me. Though poor you are
And alone you must stand at the Judgment Bar
  With the best and the worst
Of you known, my son,
  I'll forgive you most
Of the things you done."
  If these lines you've read
You may think them odd—
  But the man was dead
And the Judge was God.

—Edgar A. Guest.

I AM MUSIC

Servant and master am I; servant of those dead and master of those living. Through me spirits immortal speak the message that makes the world weep, and laugh and wonder, and worship.

I tell the story of love, the story of hate, the story that saves, and the story that damns.

I am incense upon which prayers float to heaven.

I am the smoke which palls over the field of battle where men lie dying with me on their lips.

I am close to the marriage altar, and when the grave opens I stand near by. I call the wanderer home, I rescue the soul from the depths, and open the lips of lovers, and through me the dead whisper to the living.

One I serve as I serve all; and the king I make my slave, as easily as I subject his slave.

I speak through the birds of the air, the insects of the field, the crash of waters on rock-ribbed shores, the sighing of wind in the trees and I am even heard by the soul that knows me in the clatter of wheels of city streets.

I know no brother, yet all men are my brothers; I am the father of the best that is in me; I am of them, and they are of me. For I am the instrument of God.—I Am Music.

The author of the above is unknown. However, it takes a man or woman of a generous and sweet spirit to hear music in every thing, and to see beauty in the storm. A person possessing these elements walks daily with God—God means love.

* * * * * * *

THE SARANAC SANATORIUM, ESTABLISHED IN 1884

An abstract from an address by Dr. Louis I. Dublin, 3rd vice president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, in the Literary Digest gives the cheering thought that within the next fifty years tuberculosis will be under complete control.

The address was made at Trudeau's "Little Red Cottage,'" the first sanatorium in America for tuberculosis treatment, and was rededicated, on June 25, at semi-centennial services in Lake Saranac, New York, before the National Tuberculosis Association. Much credit for this hopeful and complete control of the incipient tubercular cases is due to the development and perfection in sanatoria throughout the country where patients are taken, treated and educated to protect self and their neighbors.

That the disease attacks "more girls and women between sixteen and twenty-five than boys" was emphasized by Doctor Dublin in

the address, is a thought that should take lodgment in the minds of all interested people, and prove a red-flag to young women to abstain from dissipation of all kinds.

Also much credit was given to Dr. Edward Livingstone Trudeau, who in nursing his brother contracted the disease, in 1873 went to the Adirondacks, died there in 1915, but in 1884 the residents of Lake Saranac gave land and money to build his sanatorium for the treatment and cure of incipient tuberculosis in men and women.

The Lake Saranac Laboratory was the first of its kind in America. Robert Louis Stevenson, the Scotch writer and jurist was one of the Saranac famous patients; therefore, Doctor Trudeau, a pioneer in establishing sanatoria has received recognition from home and abroad.

Dr. Dublin gave the following as his three-point program of control:

1. Care for tubercular negroes.
2. Increased attention to tubercular young women from sixteen to twenty-five.
3. Intensive study of tuberculosis in industry.

* * * * * * *

PANAMA CANAL

"When with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent upon a peak in Darien."

Ever since the day that marked the triumph of the adventuring Spaniards, men dreamed of a waterway across the narrow band between the two Americas. Seemingly the logical spot to intersect.

Now, 400 years later their dreams have come true. There is a canal, and one far greater than entered into the thoughts of most of those who in the early history of the nation advocated such a course. For a long time the benefits of the canal were discussed. It was easy to see no country could gain a greater advantage, un-

less it was Canada, from the new route than the United States.

For instance New York, New Orleans and Galveston are nearer Yokohama and Melbourne than are Liverpool and Hamburg. Also San Francisco formerly three times as far as London from the West Indies is now closer to most of them. Besides it is also valuable to the nation as a highway for foreign trades. For the reason steamboats can operate cheaper than railroads having no expense in keeping up tunnels, bridges, grades and tracks.

It was in 1902 the question of a waterway between the two oceans begun to be looked upon with great favor. This concensus of opinion followed the treaties with New Granada, Great Britian and Nicaragua guaranteeing the neutrality of a canal.

First, capitalists of New York built the Panama Railroad, and a French company began digging a ship passage. This company was dissolved by bankruptcy years later. Swiftly following this failure the United States bought the franchise of the French, giving Panama, with the aid of the United States its independence by a perpetual lease of a strip of land 10 miles wide known as the Canal Zone.

After many unsuccessful attempts by private contracts the work on the canal was undertaken by the government, and placed in the hands of the army. This work, under the guiding mind of Colonel George W. Goethals, was virtually completed and the first ship passed through the canal August 3, 1914.

The total cost of the work exceeded $375,000,000, and the number of laborers employed at any time was over 40,000 of whom three-fourths were West Indian negroes. The sanitary conditions of this wet, boggy country was quickly transformed into the finest sanitation by General Gorgas of the United States sanitary department, having completed a similar and very successful experiment in Havana.

This month marks the 21st anniversary of the passing of ships through the Panama Canal, a small work when one realizes how close the different countries are brought together. The conception of such a tremendous project had its genesis with the early navigators and with each generation was crystallized into a reality for the benfit of mankind.

VACCINE FROM THE RHEUS MONKEY

Recognizing the epidemic of infantile paralysis Dr. Carl V. Reynolds, Secretary of the State Board of Health in North Carolina, warned parents about public gatherings for children. The Public Health Service Campaign against the epidemic was directed from Washington by Dr. James P. Leak, veteran of more than twenty-five years of battle against the poliomyelitis.

As a result of all this concerted action the scientists of the nation are experimenting with a new vaccine made from the crushed spinal cord of the rheus monkey infected with the disease. The treatment is preventive. It is so stated that after the disease is contracted the vaccine is of no avail.

Two scientists of New York City, Drs. William H. Park and Maurice Brodie have in their laboratory been giving much time to this experiment, hoping to make effective the battle against the dread disease that can so quickly make a child a cripple for life.

The rheus monkey is found in India. More than 3,000 children in the epidemic districts have received treatment, but not enough vaccine has been made available to meet the demand. The belief is that paralysis is spread by the germ from the nose and throat of infected persons, reaching the nose and throat of another. Conclusively it seems that the germ of paralysis is as easily spread as that of a cold. So there is more to do than to keep children from crowds, but keep them from the streets where pedestrians pass continuously.

There is wisdom in closing places of public amusement for children, the health authorities can so order, but the same authorities have no power to make parents follow a program of safety for their children. An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure at any time. The Health Board of the respective counties have given the signal, the powers have functioned, and now action rests with the parents. To safeguard your own child means much for the children of the community.

LEE CHAPEL IS MECCA FOR MANY PILGRIMS

(Richmond Times-Dispatch)

Men in grey will continue to honor the memory of the great commander, Robert E. Lee, for many a year to come, for the grey-clad cadets of Virginia Military Institute never pass Lee Chapel in Lexington, where General Lee is buried, without a reverential salute.

Not only "Marse Robert" but 15 other members of the great Lee clan are interred in the mausoleum of the famous chapel on the campus of Washington and Lee University. "Lighthorse Harry" Lee, father of General Lee; Anne Carter Lee, his mother; Mary Custis Lee, his wife; George Washington Custis Lee, Fitzhugh Lee and Robert E. Lee, Jr., his sons, and the Misses Mildred and Mary Custis Lee, his daughters—all are buried in the crypt of the mausoleum, in addition to other members of the famous Virginia family.

In a marble-walled sepulchre above the tomb rests the recumbent statue of Lee, almost lifelike in the dim shadows of the chapel. Thousands of tourists from all over the world annually visit this Lee shrine and treasure-spot of southern history.

Not only is Lee buried in the chapel but it was he who planned and supervised its building. As president of Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, from 1865 to his death in 1870, he obtained funds and drew up plans for the building, which was to serve as the religious and administrative center of the college. In its auditorium students met every morning for devotionals led by ministers of Lexington. College functions, speeches, entertainments, and graduation exercises were held there. In the basement, now a museum, were the offices of the president, the college library, Y. M. C. A., and several classrooms. The mausoleum was not added to the chapel until 1883.

Today Lee Chapel with its seating capacity of 600 can no longer accommodate Washington and Lee's 850 students at one time, but it is still widely used for meetings of the various departments of the university. Its basement classrooms have been converted into a Lee museum, leaving only General Lee's office intact. It is no longer the vital unit of campus activity that it used to be, but it has grown in significance to become a shrine for all those who revere Lee and who admire the traditions of the old South.

Valentine's recumbent statue is probably the most widely known feature of the chapel today. After General Lee's death a movement was begun to erect a monument to him at the college where he had spent the closing years of his life. Generous contributions were made by W. W. Corcoran of Washington, Cyrus McCormick, General J. E. B. Stuart, General R. D. Lilly, and women's memorial associations throughout the South.

Edward Valentine, Richmond sculptor, and a friend of the Lees, was

chosen by Mrs. Lee to make the statue. Of the designs he submitted she chose a recumbent figure suggested by the statue of Louise of Prussia in the museum at Charlottenburg. Mr. Valentine set to work at his studio in Richmond, now the Valentine Museum, and finally, on April 1, 1375, announced the work finished. The statue had taken three years for completion and had cost $15,000.

Students of Richmond College immediately made application for "the privilege of taking charge of the monument when it is sent up to Lexington and bearing the expenses of its transportation." The courteous offer was accepted by officials of Washington and Lee University, and the statue was conveyed by boat up the James River Canal, accompanied by a cortege of Richmond College students.

The carefully-guarded figure was turned over to Washington and Lee by the Richmond group and temporarily housed in old north dormitory on the university campus. Immediately plans got underway for a mausoleum to contain the statue and the remains of General Lee, which had already been interred in a tomb in the floor of the museum. General Joseph E. Johnston was elected president of the Lee Memorial Association to secure funds for the mausoleum, and on November 29, 1878, General Johnston, assisted by John Randolph Tucker, laid the cornerstone for the structure.

Funds for the construction gave out in two years, before even the roof and the interior had been completed. About $24,000 had already been spent by the association and $5,000 more was needed. The Memorial Association agreed to deed the statue and mausoleum over to the university on condition "that the mausoleum shall be preserved as a perpetual place of sepulchre for the remains of General Robert E. Lee and Mrs. Lee and such other members of their family as it may be the pleasure of the family to have interred there . . ." The proposal was accepted and within a year the mausoleum was completed. The recumbent statue was placed in it, and on June 28, 1883, the unveiling ceremonies were held.

John W. Daniel, Virginia statesman, delivered the dedicatory address in the absence of Jefferson Davis, who was unable to attend because of age and ill-health. More than 10,000 people stood on the university campus to hear the famous orator deliver a three-hour eulogy. Among the invited guests were ex-Confederate soldiers, former cabinet officers of the Confederacy, general officers of the Confederate army and navy, members of General Lee's staff, survivors of the "Stonewall Brigade," Governors of the Southern States, and state officials of Virginia.

At the close of the stirring oration salute was fired by survivors of the "Rockbridge Artillery" from guns used by Jackson's army at the first battle of Manassas. Then Miss Julia Jackson, daughter of "Stonewall," pulled aside the curtain to reveal the statue to the public gaze—eight years after its completion!

The simple dignity of the memorial won its wide acclaim as soon as it was unveiled, and today it is recognized as one of the finest monuments

in marble ever created. The statue represents General Lee asleep in his tent after a battle. At the foot of the sarcophagus is the simple inscripion:

Robert Edward Lee
Born
January 19, 1809
Died
October 12, 1870

Today wrought-iron gates separate the mausoleum from the remainder of the chapel. These were added in 1929 after it was observed that tourists had begun to efface the marble for "souvenirs." The gates are never opened except for memorial services and as a special courtesy to distinguished visitors.

The chapel contains other artistic masterpieces, including the original Peale portraits of Washington and of Lafayette, originally at Mount Vernon, and Gilbert Stuart portraits of Washington, Madison, Marshall and Jefferson. Other pictures of Washington and Lee's presidents and benefactors hang in the chapel. Busts of Washington and Lee, the gift of Isadore Straus were added in 1883.

The Peale portrait of Washington, representing him in the uniform of a British colonel, is of inestimable value. It is the only portrait ever made of Washington as a young man and the only one showing him in British uniform, which he wore during the period of the French and Indian Wars. The portrait was painted at Mount Vernon in 1772, and remained there until after Washington's death, when it and the Lafayette portrait were given to George Washington Parke Custis of Arlington. On his death they became the property of his daughter, Mary Custis, who willed them on her death to her eldest son, General George Washington Custis Lee. He in turn gave them to the university when he succeeded his father as president.

The Peale Washington was reproduced by the United States Government on a special Washington sesquicentennial stamp in 1932, through the courtesy of the university, and the original was loaned to the Federal Government for exhibition in Washington during the same year.

Except for the pictures and the electric lighting which have been added, Lee Chapel is almost at it was in General Lee's time. The hand-carved speaker's stand and rosewood furniture that New Orleans friends gave General Lee are arranged on the platform just as he had them. The straight-backed pews, planed by hand in post-war Lexington, are kept intact, much to the discomfiture of students an others who must sit in them.

The building's connection with the history of Washington and Lee University is intimate. All presidents of the institution since Lee have taken office there—George Washington Custis Lee, William L. Wilson, G. H. Denny, Henry Louis Smith, and Francis Pendleton Gaines. Final exercises are always held there, and Newton D. Baker, John W. Davis, G. C. Peery, James L. Price and others high in the counsels of State and nation have received academic or law degrees from its rostrum.

In the museum on the basement floor of the chapel has been assembled the most complete collection of

Lee memorabilia anywhere in the country. Prominently displayed there is the Lee family collection of pictures, composed largely of portraits of ancestors of the Lees and the Washingtons. Dr. George Bolling Lee of New York, a grandson of General Lee, has loaned the museum a large number of articles owned by the general.

The people who are getting things done are the ones who have a lot to do.—Selected.

IN PICTURESQUE DELFT

By Pearl H. Campbell

Of all the dreamy old cities that lie along the canals of Holland, there is none more beautiful than Delft. Very rich it is in historic interest, guarding jealously not a few of the great and glorious names that shine with such lustre in the chronicles of the past history of the Netherlands. It is only a short ten miles from Rotterdam, the busy, prosperous port whose ships go out to the uttermost parts of the earth and whose transit trade is rivalled only by Antwerp and Hamburg.

The contrast between Rotterdam which presents all the aspects of a modern, up-to-the-minute city and its queer, old-fashioned little neighbor on the north is one of those things which make Holland so fascinating. To go from one to the other is to make a swift transition from the present to the past.

Delft was founded in 1075 by Godfrey III, duke of Lower Lorraine, after his conquest of Holland, passing then to the counts of Holland. Its situation on the Schie River, midway between the North Sea and Rotterdam was an advantageous one for trade. In 1389 a canal connecting the Schie with the Meuse was completed and the town which quickly sprang up was known as Delfshaven, or the Harbor of Delft. It was from Delfshaven, July 22, 1620, that the Pilgrim Fathers embarked in the *Speedwell.* And the spot marked by a bronze tablet is a very sacred one to every loyal American.

Yet long before America was even heard of Delft had grown rich and prosperous from its trade with other cities of Europe. Cloth was made here as early as the thirteenth century and weaving continued to be one of its chief industries until King Edward III brought Dutch weavers into England with the result that English cloth was sold in Delft for less than it could be produced there.

Few towns have remained so typically Dutch in aspect and tone as this dignified old city. Over its canals the tall linden tree lean in friendly fashion, dropping their

leaves in the clear water. Close at hand rise the solid houses built in honest Dutch fashion to withstand the ages. In the silhouettes of old streets and canals one often sees a quaintly carved beam projecting from the sculptured cornices of the gable-tops of the warm-brown brick houses. These are hoisting beams and they serve to lift furniture, fuel, provisions and baskets of freshly laundered clothes from the pavement to the uppermost story. There they are drawn inside through the shuttered attic windows.

In 1536 a fire destroyed three-fourths of all the buildings, but the plucky citizens began at once to rebuild and many well-to-do burghers and noblemen came from other parts of Holland to live in Delft. The fine arts, including painting and the making of exquisite things from gold and silver, flourished past belief. Delft became celebrated for its trim and pretty avenues; its frugal, cultured and hospitable people.

William the Silent, the great deliverer of Holland, the "Father of the Fatherland," as the Dutch love to call him, came to live in Delft in 1575. William was born at the castle of Dillenburg in Nassau and was therefore a German nobleman. But when he was only eleven years old he inherited from his cousin the principality of Orange and the great estates belonging to the family in the Netherlands. The boy who was later on to be one of the most valiant witnesses for Protestantism the world has ever had was educated at the Court of Brussels and was for many years a nominal Roman Catholic. His mother was a Lutheran and the boy, no doubt, had ample opportunity to contrast her quiet faith with the image-worship which he saw at court. Still, he was a great favorite of Philip II of Spain, who appointed him, when he was only twenty-six years old, governor of the provinces of Holland, Zeeland, Friesland, and Utrecht.

He took part in Philip's war in France and was one of the hostages sent to Paris when the treaty of peace was executed. It was during William's stay here that he received the nickname of "the Silent," the proudest title any Hollander can give him. Henry II, the bigoted king of France, who entirely misunderstood the character of his Dutch guest, revealed to him the plot that was already underway for the massacre of all the Protestants in France and the Netherlands. William was shocked beyond measure. Yet had he burst into fierce denunciation of the dreadful business, he would probably have lost his own life and been unable to help his unfortunate countrymen. So he wisely held his tongue. Because of his unusual discretion he has come down on the pages of history as William the Silent. He was, in spite of his title, by no means of a sullen or morose disposition, but frank, open, and generous in all his dealings with men.

Very shortly afterward the persecution of the Protestants in the Netherlands began in reckless fury. And presently Philip of Spain decided to post the edicts of the inquisition in every town and village of the provinces. At the meeting of the council

when this was decided William the Silent disclaimed any responsibility for the consequences and whispered to his neighbor that the curtain was about to rise on the most extraordinary tragedy the world had even seen.

Margaret, Philip's sister, was regent at this time and when the nobles with Egmont, Count Horn and William, Prince of Orange as their leaders met to demand a redress of their grievances, they came before her unarmed and attired in the plainest garments. Margaret was very much disturbed at the demands they made. But one of her councillors said disdainfully, "Madam, are you afraid of a pack of beggars?"

That night at a banquet of the Protestant leaders the remark was gaily repeated. One of the nobles suspended a beggar's wallet from his neck and filling a wooden bowl with wine, proposed the toast: "Long live the beggars." Immediately it became a party name as patriots throughout the persecuted provinces cast aside their silks and velvets and put on the clothing of beggars so that they might have more money to devote to the cause of freedom.

Small and insignificant as the party seemed at its beginning, it grew rapidly in strength and popularity, but it was nearly a hundred years before the struggle was over and Spanish dominion over Holland's religion and poltics was no longer to be feared. Yet what stirring years they were and what glorious deeds were done in the name of liberty!

In those bitter days of relentless persecution William the Silent, Father William, as the Hollanders love to call him, came to live in Delft. The house which the citizens gave him for a residence had formerly been a monastery. It was known as the priory of St. Agatha and stands upon the long canal and shady quay called the Oude Delft, which crosses the city from north to south. The house is built of brick, as are most Dutch houses, in the form of a quadrangle around a courtyard. Today it is known as the Prisenhof. It has been restored, furnished in much the same style as when William lived there and seems to reflect his personality. It is open to the public and no one who goes to Delft should fail to see it. All the rooms are interesting but the large inner dining-hall reached by a dark, winding staircase is particuarly so because of a tragedy which occured there in July, 1584, to which we shall refer later.

The lady who presided over William's household at this time was quite as interesting as her husband. She was Charlotte de Bourbon of the royal house of France. All her life had been spent within the walls of the rich Abbey of Jouarre. Here when she was only a little girl of twelve years, very much against her will she was forced to take the vows of a nun. To make sure that she would never escape from her prison those who held her life in their hands later on made her abbess. When she was twenty-five the spread of Protestantism made it possible for her to leave the abbey and to seek the protection of the Elector Palatine. It was at this court that William met her and he was so impressed with her

beauty and goodness that three years later he asked her to become his wife. They lived happily together and the eldest of their six children was the direct ancestress of the House of Hanover. Queen Victoria was ninth in descent from William the Silent.

Although William was so greatly loved by the people of Holland, he had many bitter enemies, especially in Spain, where the king stood ready to give a rich reward to the assassin who should bring news of his death. Yet though his life seems to have been spared because his country so needed his wise direction, there came a time when treachery accomplished its evil end.

On the night of July 10, 1584 Wililam was dining with his family and some friends. Charlotte had died from the shock of an attempt upon his life some years before, and his present wife was Louise de Coligny, a daughter of the famous admiral. With him was his sister, three of his daughters and some persons who had dropped in on business. After dinner Wiliam left the room and started up the staircase with his friends. Then the murderer, a Burgundian named Gerard, who had hidden himself in a dark corner, stood quite close to William and fired three shots into his breast.

William fell backward into the arms that were stretched out to help him, saying as he did so, "My God, have pity on my soul; have pity on this poor people." Tenderly they laid him down and his sister, leaning low above him, heard him commend his soul to Jesus as he breathed his last.

He was buried in the beautiful Gothic church which, though it was started in 1396 and completed a hundred years later, is still called the the United Provinces erected a monu- Nieuw Kerk, the New Church. Here ment to his memory. Because of its beauty and the greatness of the one who rests beneath it is Delft's chief treasure.

Hendrick de Keyser was the clever sculptor and in the hallowed silence of the dim old church he wrought a mausoleum of surpassing beauty. The effigy of the prince in white marble rests on a black marble saracophagus beneath a canopy supported by four clustered pillars and six marble columns. In the niches of the pillars are allegorical figures of liberty, justice, courage, and religion. At the head of the statue is placed a second statue representing the prince in full military equipment, while at the feet is a bronze statue of Fame. The dog, on which in mediæval fashion the feet of the recumbent figure rest, is placed there in memory of William's favorite dog, which was the means of saving his life in 1572 when he was attacked in his camp by two Spanish assassins. The vault below the monument is the burial place of nearly all the princes of Orange down to the present time. Here, too, rests Louise who was left nearly destitute in a strange land with ten step-children to watch over and protect and portion off. A tremendous task!

From the high tower of this old New Church a chime of 500 bells rings out the same national hymns known to William with undiminshed power.

In the olden days Delft was famed for the lovely things fashioned on the potter's wheel. And indeed when one thinks of Delft it is usually of some old blue and white platter that has crossed the seas and been handed down from one generation to another. No one knows when the first potter began to work in Delft, but from the very first the ware was popular. The exquisite coloring, usually in lovely shades of blue, and the beauty of design created an enormous demand for it by the middle of the sixteenth century. Delft ware was used for almost every conceivable purpose as Longfellow puts it in his poem of Keramos:

"The parlor walls, the chamber floors
The stairways and the corridors,
The borders of the garden walks
Are beautiful with fadeless flowers
That never droop in winds or showers
And never wither on their stalks."

When William of Orange became king of England he tried to get the latest and most elaborate examples of the potter's art to adorn his palaces. As a result of the royal patronage it became exceeding popular at the courts of Europe. Then the decline came, the markets were flooded with Delft ware and the fancy of the fickle public turned in another direction. One pottery out of the thirty that had flourished in the city continued, unbroken, its traditions of centuries. Each pottery was known by its sign, such as the Peacock, the Star, the Rose. The one that survived was named the Pottery of the Porcelain Bottle. It continued on down the centuries until 1876. Then work almost stopped. At that time Joost Thooft, a Dutch civil engineer, with a love for the beautiful old art, found that there was still in the employ of the pottery an old man who had begun his work as a boy and who alone, of all those who worked at the potter's bench, knew the secrets of colors which made the old Delft ware famous and which everyone thought had been lost. With the help of this old potter Thooft set to work to restore Delft ware on the lines laid down by the old master craftsmen. He has been very successful and the porcelain bottle, the trademark and sign of true Delft ware, is still unbroken.

See that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature; and, in order to do that, find out first what you are now. Try to get strength of heart enough to look yourself fairly in the face, in mind as well as in body.

—Ruskin.

PICKET OF THE PRAIRIE

By Lewis Wayne Walker and A. Spottswood Young

The ever-watchful sentinels on the prairie dog mounds barked staccato warnings. Inmates of the colony, feeding on succulent grass roots, made hurried dives for safety. Mud flew from their scampering heels. An eagle, shielded by the slanting rays of the sun, had not been discovered until almost near enough to succeed in his death-dealing swoop. Close behind one dog that had strayed from his burrow sounded the rapid beating of heavy wings. Shrill shrieks of terror were uttered by the pursued, and from all about the colony harsh barks echoed, as if his comrades were cheering him on to more speed. Three feet from the burrow the prairie dog's short, stubby hind legs propelled him from the ground, and while in the air he doubled like a cannon-ball, hit the dirt funnel of his home, rolled to the bottom and was safe.

The high-rimmed funnel had been made for two reasons. One was to keep out the rain which comes down with devastating force on the prairies of eastern Colorado. The other was to aid in just such an emergency as this. The eagle, seeing that his victim had escaped, laboriously rose in the air. Then, as though hating the tell-tale sentinels, he made several threatening motions at their half-hidden forms. As each one, however, was crouched in the doorway of his burrow, issuing a challenge, he sailed away,—not as indifferent as he looked, for he intended to return when he could catch his prey off guard. Not until the great bird was a mere speck in the sky did the prairie dogs leave the protection of their underground passageways.

Standing taller than the rest, like a picket-pin, was the eagle's near victim, seeming awaiting plaudits on his narrow escape. One of the standing jokes on the "Eastern Dude," new to western prairies, is the assertion that he will often attempt to tie his horse to a stiffly-standing prairie dog, mistaking it for the stump of a fence pale, or picket,—hence the colloquial name "Picket Pin."

Picket in half an hour had apparently forgotten his harrowing adventure. He acted as if his memory were a total blank, and, joined by a few of his comrades, he was soon once again many rods from his burrow, digging and clawing at a patch of grass. Vegetation in the midst of a prairie dog colony is at a premium, and this patch would not last long, in spite of recent rain. Most of the dogs thought it more desirable to rebuild their dampened burrows, and were making many trips up and down. Each time one emerged he mud tucked under the fold of his neck.

Picket was a glutton, therefore fatter and larger than the others. Thoughts of home came to him only after he had devoured all available food. His burrow was sadly in need of repair, but he preferred to bask in the sunshine. Small rivulets had made deep gashes throughout the village, and had undermined the galleries, caps and tunnels of all the homes. Rain had abated for a time, but new clouds were forming. Still Picket

did not take warning.

On all sides the other dogs were working like masons. The soft mud brought to the surface was carefully spread with their paws about the weakened entrances. Then the tops of their heads were used as trowels to make an even, smooth surface. Even this atmosphere of tense, hurried industry was not heeded by Picket, and when the sun set over Pike's Peak in a halo of glorious beauty,—purple-rimmed clouds shot through and through with shafts of silver,—and darkness had settled down, it was too late for him to make amends for his idleness.

From afar could be heard a steady rumbling, gradually approaching nearer, like a flock of sheep crossing a rickety wooden bridge. A blinding flash of light ripped through the blackness of the heavens, a clap of thunder followed, then there burst upon the prairie a deluge of hail. Sharp gusts of cold wind entered the burrows, stones of ice as large as walnuts rolled into the entrances, and banked themselves on and around the mounds. The dogs below dug deeper into their nests as they heard the roar and commotion above them. Thundering across the colony came a herd of bleeding terrified horses, leaving behind them a barbed-wire fence, torn down in their mad stampede. As quickly as the storm came, it was over, but it had left back of it a wide belt of destruction.

The warm ground soon melted the thousands of frozen bullets, and down into Picket's hole—now almost completely demolished—there trickled a slow stream. His home was already damp from previous rain, and instead of soaking harmlessly into the earth near the entrance, the water kept going on, till at a depth of ten feet it came to a pocket. From there the tunnel rose. Five minutes later this pocket filled, and onto the bed of straw where Picket was dozing, poured a small but steady flow.

Picket, awake at the first touch of water, immediately tried to locate its source, and when knee deep in puddles waded to the submerged part of the tunnel, and found he was blocked at that end. He hastily retreated and tried one of the emergency exits, a passage-way which joined his home with those of the rest of the community. His nearest neighbor, a female with new-born pups, was aroused by his approach, and in her surprise barked the call meaning "Enemy!" It resounded through the long, dark corridors. Picket was forced up and out into the cold world.

That night his life was a living nightmare. From entrance to entrance he wandered, but always he was refused admittance. To make his home on their labors was temporarily forbidden. The storm had frightened them and made them unduly nervous. To the other males he was a rival. To the females with pups he was an unwelcome intruder.

Along toward morning, cold, bedraggled, muddy and soaked, he was still shivering his way from mound to mound like a weary tramp, when suddenly at his back he again heard the swish of wings. A great horned owl, this time, wet and hungry, was in search of a meal. In dry weather his wings would have been noiseless, but now the velvet-edged quills were matted, and cut the air like a whip-lash.

Picket heard the sound in time,

and attempted to dive down the nearest burrow, which happened to be his own. The rain had collapsed the weakened, unrepaired walls. He could no longer jump into the entrance and let gravitation roll him to safety. He found, instead of a well-moulded tunnel, just a hole in the ground. To enter it he was forced to stop, turn, and then scramble downward, barely escaping the clutching talons above him. He was now in a serious predicament,—'twixt the devil and the deep sea. Outside the hungry owl still hovered, while below he was cut off from his fellows in the other tunnels by a deep pool.

Several hours later the rising sun touched the almost-dead body of the exhausted Picket. Only his head and shoulders received the comforting, life-giving rays. His claws clutched with a death-like grip the muddy walls of his home. As he became warmer, his eyes twitched and opened. Wearily he crept to the surface and surveyed the surrounding colony, on the lookout for the owl, but the bird had left at dawn. He gazed covetously at the mounds around him. The labor put on them the day before had made them staunch enough to withstand the beating of the hail, but his home was practically a wreck. In the sunshine he sat and preened and licked his fur, very tired, aching in all his bones, and longing for the sight of his inhospitable neighbors. He knew full well, however, that he would see none of them until heat reached the depths of their burrows.

An early coyote had seen Picket from afar, and stealthily made an approach, cleverly keeping an uprooted tumbleweed between him and his intended victim. The prairie dog, now immaculate from his thorough grooming, once more had to dive for safety into his muddy, slimy, water-soaked tunnel. Above him he could feel the hot breath of the hungry coyote, and at his tail the warning touch of icy waters.

Only a miracle could save him now. He had but one chance in a thousand and that chance—or miracle—was directly caused by the storm, to which also his present plight was due. The paws of the coyote were throwing the mud backwards. Slobbering jowls were close to Picket's face. Twice the prairie dog tried to submerge and traverse the treacherous tunnel, but being a mammal of a usually dry, dusty country, his lungs shrank from the ordeal. His kind go for months between drinks, and water is only a necessity for building purposes. He was forced to come to the surface of the pool to breathe.

A shot rang out above. Yelps of pain were uttered by the coyote, and a little tuft of fur flew from his flank. He jerked backwards, and streaked off across the plains. His attacker was a cowpuncher, following the almost obliterated tracks of the stamping his real duty, delighting in the peded horses. Temporarily dismiss-excitement of a chase, he galloped after the coyote, riata in readiness.

The day was a busy one for Picket. Hour after hour he toiled with the sticky mud, and as the water in his burrow receeded his trips became longer. Eventually he reached what was once a soft, warm nest,—now a water-logged bunch of straw. Tired as he was, there was even more work ahead of him. All that damp and muddy straw had to be cleared out, and laid in the sun to "cure." Pick-

et would take several wisps at a time butt end foremost, and drag them up the steep tunnel. This work finished, he began to repair the cap on his mound with the richest of the underground clays. Gradually it was built to a height of about six inches. It would take many hours of patient toil to bring it up to the standard size of the other mounds in the village, and many hours of hot sunshine to bake it hard and firm.

Early one morning before the sun had risen, there was a frantic barking from one of the mounds on the outskirts of the colony. A moment later a prairie dog emerged hurriedly, closely followed by a merciless, black-footed ferret. The dog made for another burrow, but found no protection there, for his enemy went below also. A fight ensued—of short duration.

The prairie dog's rodent teeth were no match for the flesh-tearing ones of his pursuer. He was gripped by the throat, ruthlessly torn open, and a half hour later the ferret was dozing beside the mutilated carcass, gorged to stupor by the warm blood of his prey.

Picket's tunnel was directly connected with the victim's home. He had heard the commotion, and realizing what was happening, at once proceeded to construct a barreir. Working quietly but quickly, he pushed a heap of dirt and debris into the passageway, and then went to the surface. Here he foraged around until he found what he needed, a soft, pliant tumbleweed, the very one which had partially hidden the approach of the coyote some time before. Gnawing off the branches, he gathered all that his small mouth could hold, and once more went underground. The tumbleweed twigs were also placed in the passage. Mud and dirt were packed tightly around them, making an impassable blockade for any but the most expert of diggers.

For many hours the ferret slept. The terror-stricken colony of dogs waited for his next move, remembering other visits when he had taken heavy toll of their numbers.

On waking, the intruder explored the tunnel, hoping to find his way to other nests, but after going through many blind alleys (for not only Picket had been at work), he started to the surface. Near the top he stopped and listened. A panting breath came down the tunnel, and also the sound of scraping claws. It was a smell and a sound which the ferret knew and feared. A badger, in quest of prairie-dog pups had him cornered. The badger had sniffed in many burrows, not wanting to make the effort to dig, if it could be avoided. In this passage, however, was the scent of prairie dog blood, very fresh. It acted upon him as catnip does upon a feline. The ferret retreated to Picket's blockade, then crouched and waited.

During the following hour he made frantic attempts to scratch through the barrier, but his paws were not made for this purpose. He dwelt in the burrows of others, and fed on their owners, while the badger—the fastest-digging animal of the prairie—had long, sharp claws on his forefeet, and steadily forged ahead. Finally he came upon his trapped victim, not the one he had planned to

get,—but food nevertheless. The ferret put up a good battle. No more courageous animal lives on the plains, but what chance did we have against an enemy many times his own weight, whose open mouth completely blocked the tunnel?

The ferret drew blood—yes, but only from the lips, nose, tongue and feet of the badger. The under jaw of the latter kept the smaller animal from reaching the one vulnerable spot which would make him victorious,—the tender throat. Soon the ferret was crushed. Only a few bones remained to tell the tale, and the badger, satisfied, left the scene of his triumph, and was up and away.

Quarters were getting too warm for Picket, and he decided to move. A prairie dog home, however, is not to be dug in an hour, and it would take weeks of patient daylight toil to make a new den habitable. First he must find a place for nightly lodging. In a tunnel beneath a deserted mound on the edge of the colony dwelt a burrowing owl family. Their sharp talons made them difficult to force out, hence they were tolerated, though unwelcome. The common belief that owls, rattlesnakes and prairie dogs live in the same burrow in perfect harmony is a myth. A rattler enters a burrow in quest of young prairie dogs, or baby owls. A mature owl is likewise in search of pups for food, or she may dive into an inhabited prairie dog burrow to escape a hawk. All three may be found in the same colony, but they are never on friendly, social terms.

Picket had this hole in mind when he left his own burrow. On arrival, he found the female owl sitting on top of the mound, tearing at the decapitated body of a small mouse. All about the nest were the pink legs of grasshoppers, remnants of past meals. She met Picket with snapping bill and wide-spread wings, but soon seeing that this was no idle dog merely wandering about, she changed her tactics. She beat him with her wings, and cut at him savagely with her sharp claws, always, however, keeping clear of his gnashing teeth. Slowly Picket won in the struggle, and disappeared within the mound, leaving the owl shrieking and terrified.

Two feet from the surface, the prairie dog found a loosely-plugged opening, and straight ahead—horizontally—ran an unblocked tunnel. This he started to explore, but when he had progressed a little way, he paused in alarm. Ahead of him something quivered, swayed back and forth. Gleaming eyes looked into his, and there issued from the owner of the eyes a vibrating noise. To him it sounded like that made by the stealthiest and most deadly of his enemies, the sly prairie rattlesnake.

He backed out until a slight widening of the chamber permitted him to turn. Then he rushed for he surface and made for his own burrow. The mother owl, now joined by her mate, saw him depart, and together they hurried him along with sharp digs before returning to their nestlings. The young owls, hearing the descent of their parents, again mimicked the rattlesnake. Realizing in a moment their mistake, they fluttered close to the adult owls in expectation of tasty morsels.

Picket, thus discouraged in his

plans for another home, decided to remain in his old burrow, and leaving the inner blockade intact, continued repairs daily. As weeks passed, his hide became glossy and thick, and half an inch of fat lay under his coat. He and the rest of the colony were changing their garb, getting ready for the chill winds and deep snows of winter. The air grew colder, and their visits to the top became fewer. They were to be seen only a few hours in the warmest part of the day. From about ten to four they were usually abroad, but this length of time was steadily cut down. They appeared only briefly. They were about ready to start their winter's sleep. Food hunting was practically at an end, but they would live for several months on the extra fat stored on their bodies during the bountiful summer days.

Before hibernation, however, one last job had to be finished. The first snow came, than a brief thaw. Again they emerged, and the wettest mud they could find was taken to the entrances of their burrows. Here it was packed firmly, and evenly leveled.

That night there was hail, and more snow. Coyotes howled mournfully in the distance, but the dormant prairie dogs were safe from most of their enemies, due to their last forethought. The mud they had piled around their doors was frozen almost as hard as iron. Claws could scratch it, but not remove it. The prairie dogs—Picket among them—slept in peace below.

DON'T WAIT

When I quit this mortal shore
  And mosey 'round the earth no more,
Don't weep, don't sigh, don't sob,
  I may have struck a better job;
Don't go and buy a large bouquet
  For which you'll find it hard to pay,
Don't mope around and feel all blue,
  I may be better off than you.

Don't tell the folks I was a saint,
  Or any old thing that I ain't;
If you have jam like that to spread,
  Please hand it out before I'm dead;
If you have roses, bless your soul,
  Just pin one in my buttonhole
While I'm alive and well—today,
  Don't wait until I've gone away.

—Selected.

ONLY A DOG

By Alice Bacon

It was a case of love at first sight. I met him one Sunday afternoon, while I was strolling about the fields; and from that moment I vowed I would make him mine, if by any wile or guile that result could be brought about.

He was a beautiful shepherd dog, of no breed that I have ever encountered either before or since. His color was buff, shading to white underneath, and set off by two long pointed collars of dark-gray hair upon his shoulders. His tail was long, and as he waved it over his back it reminded me of the white plume of King Henry of Navarre.

But the crowning glory of the dog was his face. The color of his face was the lightest and most esthetic shade of "old gold," and was set off by a black nose-tip, two little black eyebrows, a pair of sensitive and inquisitive yellow ears, and the most human, intelligent, loving brown eyes that it has ever been my lot to meet.

His face, when I first met him, was lighted up with a smile of joy at seeing a party of friendly people approaching him; and when I called him he came bounding across the field, with his plumy tail waving, his brown eyes shining, and such an expression of good-will to men, that then and there the conquest was made, and I became his abject slave and adorer.

That was all I saw of him for about a month, though during that time I was negotiating with his master to see on what terms he would give up all claim to the dog. What those negotiations were, I will not tell here; but at the end of the month, after I had reurned to my home in the city, my blandishments prevailed, and the dog was sent down by express.

I received a telegram saying that the dog Brant had started, and soon afterward an express wagon drove up to the door; and there, sitting on the seat beside the driver, and beaming as if he owned the whole town and were returning to his possessions after long absence, was the dog Brant. He came in, sure that he was among friends; and from the moment of his arrival he never expressed a desire for any other home than the one to which he had come.

That he was my exclusive property, he fully understood before a week had passed; and, though he accepted the rest of the family as near and dear relations, he never for one moment doubted in his loyal little heart to whom he owed the most devoted love and allegiance. He followed me from room to room about the house, accompanied me in my walks, slept in my room at night, and was never for one moment separated from me by any act of his own will. His whole being was swallowed up in devotion for me. I do not think there was an expression of my face, or a movement of my hand, that he did not notice and comprehend by that subtle sense with which love for a human being endows a dog.

A dog with no supreme object for his affections is a contemptible, miserable animal. A dog who knows and loves a master is of all animals

the most happy and intelligent.

His obedience was perhaps the most noticeable of his virtues; for that was remarkable, and rather unusual, in a dog that is simply a pet. He seldom had to be told a thing more than once. The night of his arrival among us, when the doors between the dining-room and sitting-room were thrown open, and the family went in to tea, Brant showed a wish to accompany them.

He was told that he must not; and from that time, though he would lie in the next room, and look wistfully toward the dining-table, nothing but the warmest invitation from some person whom he considered in authority, would induce him to pass the threshold; and then, as soon as he saw that the business for which he was called in was accomplished, he would retire to his original place in the sitting-room.

So it was in regard to any thing he was told to do. If he understood the order, he did as he was told. If he did not understand the order, he did every thing he could think of until he found out what was right.

Another of his virtues was his politeness. He never willingly hurt any one's feelings. He always shook hands when he was introduced to a a stranger; not because he was told to, but from a natural sense of the fitness of things. If any caller was obliged to wait a few moments in the parlor, Brant always felt it his duty to go in and make himself agreeable until some one relieved him. If he had been particularly affectionate or caressing toward any one member of the family, he would often go around and shake hands with every one else in the room, so as to show that he didn't mean to slight any one.

There was something almost pathetic in Brant's desire to do the very best that he knew how, under all circumstances. He not only did what he was told; but he thought out what was the right thing to do, and did it. As an illustration: when he first came, Brant was shut up in the front vestibule at the time of family prayers, but he had proved so good and obedient in every way that it was decided to let him stay in the room. So he was told that he might stay if he would be very quiet. He crawled under a chair, and lay there until the service was over; and from hour we had only to tell him that we were going to have prayers, and in he would go under that chair.

Once only did he leave his place, and then he was seized with a sudden and strong desire to exterminate a flea. He got up as quietly as he could, and walked into the next room, and, after a battle with the wicked flea, lay still until the family rose. When I went to speak to him, he lay with his head down, and no motion of his tail except the slight deprecatory wag with which he was wont to receive reproof.

He knew that he had done something out of the way, and he was afraid that it was wrong. When I spoke to him kindly he was all smiles in a moment. The head was raised, the tail began to wag violently, and he showed by every means of expression that a dog has, that his mind was relieved of a dreadful doubt.

For more than a year Brant was the pet and pride of the household. Every one loved him almost as they

would have loved a child. He was so bright and playful, with such a keen sense of the ludicrous, and yet withal so loving, so obedient and sympathetic, that all, from the aged father whose silver hairs were indeed "a crown of glory," to the youngest grandchild who visited the parental home, regarded him as a true and faithful friend and a beloved companion.

He was a constant source of pleasure to us all; and I am afraid, if any outsider had known the amount of time we spent in playing with and talking to and about that dog, he would have considered that we were all laboring under aberration of the intellect.

It was a picture worthy of a Landseer to see the venerable patriarch of eighty years, whose life had been spent in labors for the good of his country and of the world, talking to the dog; and the dog's quick appreciation of the honor conferred upon him by such notice, and his ready response to all efforts for his entertainment.

Every day we congratulated ourselves upon our wonderful good luck in obtaining such a treasure, and wondered how the dog's former master could have made up his mind to part with such a friend.

And now we come to the part of our tale which illustrates, more than anything else, the little fellow's singular beauty of character. As the autumn drew on, the beloved father, whose strength had been failing for a number of months, grew more and more subject to attacks of a painful and terrible disease; and Brant, as if he appreciated the situation, seemed to grow more and more loving and considerate of his aged master.

When in the early morning one of those terrible attacks would come on, and we stood about the bed of the sufferer and administered whatever restoratives we hoped might bring ease and comfort, Brant would steal quietly in, and wait anxiously and pertinaciously until he knew that all was well again.

Nothing would induce him to leave my father's room during one of those attacks; nor, indeed, would he stir until the patient was able to rise and dress himself. If my father was obliged to lie on the sofa during the day, Brant was at once full of sympathy, and would sit beside him, and whine, and want to shake hands; and when my father rose, and again took his usual seat, Brant would express his joy by every means in his power.

So it went, and we all grew more attached to the little fellow because of his almost human sympathy with suffering. But at last came a time when Bran't chraacter was to be even more tried, that it might show forth its beauty in a clearer light. An insidious disease attacked first his beautiful eyes, and dimmed their glory forever, and then his whole system.

Every thing that veterinary science could suggest was done for his relief and comfort; but all efforts were in vain, and after a painful illness of nearly five weeks the end came, and the little sympathizing, loving heart ceased to beat. During all those painful weeks, his patience, cheerfulness, and good temper preached a sermon to us all.

Well do I remember one afternoon, when I was sitting beside him and

talking to him, and he showed more life and spirit than for some days. My father heard me from the other end of the hall, and came down to shake hands with the little patient, and to speak a word of sympathy to him. Brant looked up at him with love shining from his dimmed eyes, and gave his little feeble paw, and wagged his bushy tail with unusual vigor. It was their last meeting. That night the aged man, who all his his life long, like Enoch, "walked with God," passed gently and quietly "through the gates into the city;" "and he was not, for God took him."

From that time the little dog who had done so much to brighten the last days of my father's life grew rapidly worse; and two days after that day, when amid the grief of the whole city, and the tolling bells, and weeping heavens, we committed to earth all that was earthly of one of God's saints, Brant died. And may we not hope that there is a place somewhere in God's universe where that faithful little soul may be rewarded for the good that he was able to accomplish during his short life?

We like to see people smile, and hear them laugh, but not when we are chasing our best hat down the street.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The ensilage cutter has been put in place at the dairy barn preparatory to beginning the work of filling our two silos.

—o—

Our bakery was closed last Monday and Tuesday, and during that time Messrs. Liske and Scarboro, together with a group of boys, overhauled the ovens. Worn out parts were replaced and the ovens are now working as well as ever.

—o—

After several years of hard service the huge disc harrow belonging to the School became very badly worn. Last week it was taken to Salisbury where the Carolina Tractor Company made necessary repairs and replacements. This implement was recently brought back to the school practically new and is in daily use.

—o—

Roy Fuqua, one of our old boys, called on us the other day. Roy came to the School from Reidsville, and was paroled in 1924. He now lives in Philadelphia, where he has been employed as lineman by the Pennsylvania Railroad for the past three years. Roy informed us that he is married and has two sons. He is en-

joying a vacation with relatives in Reidsville and other sections of North Carolina. We were glad that we found time to stop at the School and to learn that he has been doing so well since leaving us.

—o—

Our vineyard was recently looked over for a possible supply of grapes, but none were found. This fruit crop, like our apples and peaches, was annihilated by the hail storm last March. Almost every day something comes up to remind us of the great loss sustained in the severe storm that visited this section last Spring.

—o—

We received a very attractive announcement this week from the publishers of the American Boy Magazine stating that Circle No. 2, of the First Baptist Church, Reidsville, was donating a subscription to that magazine for the use of the boys at the Training School. This is a splendid publication, and we feel sure the boys will derive a great deal of pleasure from reading it. We wish to take this opportunity to thank these good ladies of Reidsville for their kindly interest in the boys of this instituton, and assure them their contribution of good reading matter is greatly appreciated.

—o—

We recently received word that Robert Reinhardt, formerly of Cottage No. 12 and Oley Gilbert, formerly of Cottage No. 5, are now in the United States Army, stationed at Honolulu. Robert was paroled from the School January 11, 1930. He obtained employment in the Manville-Jenks Mill, Gastonia, where he worked until the mill closed about eight months ago. Oley was paroled August 7, 1931. Both boys joined the army about seven months ago, and were soon sent to Schofield Barracks, Honolulu, Hawaii.

This information was given us by Robert's brother who stated that both boys wrote home often, saying they liked army life very much and were getting along nicely.

—o—

Since last reported in these columns, April 6, 1935, eighty boys, having made good records during their stay at the School, have been allowed to return to their homes or other placements made. Some of these lads immediately entered schools in their respective communities, while others obtained employment. The list follows:

APRIL

Robert Ashe, Murphy; Larkin Romanger, Forsyth County; Arthur Ed Fisher, Aberdeen; William Bowles, Charlotte; Avery Eason, Martinsville, Va.; Edgar Anderson and Kester Sutphin, Duplin County; Otis Therrell, Marshville; Carliss Evans, Elon College.

MAY

Robert Benfield, Pisgah Forest; Lee Watkins, Ashveille; John and Richard Early, Bostic; Robert Conk-

lin, Durham; Joseph Stockton, Archdale.

JUNE

Henry Chester, Dayton, Ohio; Robert Radford, CCC camp; James Cooper, Winston-Salem; Oscar Vereen, Gastonia.

JULY

Eugene Tyndle, Burlington; Brevard Hall, Charlotte; Julian Gregory, Wadesboro; Charles Hefner, Hickory; James Yarborough, High Point; Douglas Carter, Midland; Thomas Goodman, East Spencer; Jesse Freeman, Queen; Boyd Freeman, Candor; Clarence Haney and Vernon Lamb, Lumberton; Sam Pegram, Greensboro; William McCormick, Fayetteville; Carl Everett, High Point; John Walsh, Lenoir; Jack Baity, Kannapolis; Ed Lee White, Mooresville; Harding Kluttz, Albermarle; Jack Comer and Howard Cook, Winston-Salem; Homer Bunn, Chesterfield, S. C.; Trojan Aiken, Concord; William McDade, Raleigh; James Lockamy, Hillsboro; Ted Pitman, Spruce Pine; John Wilson, Thomasville; Joel Moore, John Auton and Paul Eason, Smithfield; Lloyd Pettus, Charlotte; Robert Poole, Rougemont; Wallace Pendergraft, Ancil Byrd, Bernis Kirby, Braxton Grady and Fleming Collins, Durham; Randolph Foy, New Bern.

AUGUST

David O. White, Lenoir County; Charles Wagoner, Mt. Airy; William Ballew, Drexel; Henry Tucker, Duplin County; Gray Wright, Greensboro; Steve Talbert, Mooresville; Vernon Sheaff, Virgil Sheaff and James Singleton, Marion; Norman Owens, Statesville; Hassell Shropshire and Harry Smith, Greensboro; Jack Barlow, Summerfield; Denver Beshears, Winston-Salem; Clarence Boren and Maynard Hicks, Asheville; Woodrow Spruill, Elizabeth City; Ivan Morrozoff, Fayetteville; Thomas Brown, Coolemee; Herman Lamm, Durham; Urbane Hill, Kannapolis; Edwin Greer, Hendersonville; John McCoy, Hamlet; Paul Shipes, Charlotte.

—o—

The regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday was conducted by Dr. W. E. Davis, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Concord.

For the Scripture Lesson Dr. Davis read I Cor. 9: 13-27, and the subject of his talk to the boys was, "Success in the Christian Race."

Speaking of the apostle Paul, Dr. Davis called attention to the fact that this great Chrisian leader spent some time at Ephesus, and saw many of the great contests waged in the large stadium there. The contestants came from far distant places and engaged in wrestling, boxing, foot races, and other sports popular at the time.

Paul enjoyed these games, said the speaker, and in several of his epistles he alludes to things that took place while the games were going on. Just as men wrestled for supremacy in these contests, Paul pictured the people of the church wrestling against the evil ways of men.

The Christian race, continued the speaker, is very much like any other kind of race—to be successful, one must have a definite goal. At the end of the race is the great prize for those who successfully pass the

barriers along the way. Paul must have had this in mind when he told the Christians to "Run ye, that ye may obtain the prize.

Dr. Davis then stated that in order to be successful in any kind of race, one must be temperate. Temperance, he said, is usually thought of in reference to strong drink, but it also means for us to be temperate in our eating, speech, time, and all the habits of life. According to the Greeks, the word, "temperance" means self-control over our appetites, faculties, speech, and actions. We are sure to be successful if we remember that self-control comes first. Unless a man learns to control himself, he cannot control or master anything else. Quoting from Proverbs, he said, "He that is without control is like a city that is defenseless"—a prey to every enemy that comes along.

Dr. Davis further stated that if we are to be successful we must be decided. The race of life cannot be won if we run in an uncertain manner. Like a runner who turns and looks back, if we lose sight of the goal, we will slacken our pace and others will pass us. Uncertainty will lead people in the wrong direction.

The speaker then urged the boys to have some ideal in life—some definite goal. He then said that Jesus was the perfect model to follow, and if people would never lose sight of Him, they need have no fear as to the outcome of the race of life.

Paul's success was due to the fact that he never lost sight of what God wanted him to do. He knew where he was going and became the world's greatest man since the coming of Jesus. Paul was a fighter; he said, "So fight I, not uncertainly, but I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection."

In the Christian race, said the speaker, a man must be in earnest. He is not fighting imaginary things, but real, menacing evils. But his greatest struggle is against himself. He must control his whole nature if he is to be successful. If our evil desires get the upper hand, our lives are ruined. Then if we are to win, we must be fair. Unless we play the game lawfully, clean and fair, we cannot hope to win.

Dr. Davis continued by saying that in this game of life we must help the fellow who is weaker than we. It is impossible for us to win by causing someone else to suffer. We cannot win by pushing others down. It is our Christian duty to help those who are weak. In all things we must be fair, upright and honest.

In conclusion, the speaker said that as Paul watched the games in the arena, he said these men do these things to receive a corruptible crown —in many instances a small wreath, which soon faded and was gone. While we who strive in the Christian race, if successful, win a crown that cannot be destroyed—a crown of righteousness. Therefore we should never lose sight of this crown—the reward which comes to the man who is temperate; he who is decided; he who strives lawfully. At the end of such a race, we can say with Paul, "I have fought a good fight—I have kept the faith."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since July 7, 1935.

Week Ending August 11, 1935

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Roscoe Ashburn
(6) Jesse Cleveland 6
George Chambers 3
Bert Ferguson
Vernon Hubbard
Alden Jones
James Patterson
(6) Earl Rogers 6
(6) Ashley Thompson 6
Jerome Warren 4
Vermont Whitley 5

COTTAGE No. 1

(4) Sam Batts 4
(6) Clifford Bowers 6
(6) William Goodson 6
(3) Ray Hutchins 3
Joseph Johnson
(4) Herman Lamm 5
(6) Claude McLaughlin 6
(6) Millard Owenby 6
James White 2
(3) Eugene Whitt 5
(3) Everett Williamson 4
(6) Harvard Winn 6
Junius Yarborough
(2) Preston Yarborough 5

COTTAGE No. 2

William Adkins 2
(2) Lewis Janey 2
(2) Clyde Kivett 3
Charles Lewis
(2) Lemuel Murphy 2
(2) Fred Seibert 5
(3) Newland Wilson 3

COTTAGE No. 3

William Barber 2
Frank Hutchins 3
Raymond Irvin
F. E. Mickle 2
(3) William McRary 4
Thomas Reavis
(6) Porter Willhite 6

COTTAGE No. 4

Shelton Anderson
Vernon Bass 3
Lindsay Chavis 4
(5) Clyde Dixon 5
(2) Wayne Fowler 2
(4) William Hill 4
(4) Woodrow Jenkins 4
(5) Ralph Johnson 5
(2) William Justice 3
(5) Irwin Luther 5
Robert Orrell
Robert Penland 2
(6) Wheeler Sturdivant 6
(3) Melvin Walters 3
Hubert Williams 3

COTTAGE No. 5

Ernest Beach
William Cassell 2
(5) Max Cecil 5
Connie Dickens
(4) Paul Johnson 4
Monroe Keith
(4) Louis Tarkington 4
Robert Worthington 4

COTTAGE No. 6

John Drum
Leo Forrester 3
Columbus Hamilton 3
Thomas Hamilton 4
(2) Luther Landrum 2

COTTAGE No. 7

(2) John Elliott 2
Charles Griffin
(4) William Green 4
(6) Caleb Hill 6
Joseph Long 2
Theodore Nines 3
Lewis Parker 3
Cling Shelton 2
(3) Floyd Watkins 4
(3) Douglas Wilkes 4

COTTAGE No. 8

Sam Belk 2
(6) Harry Flowe 6
Morris Hicks 4
(3) Thomas Hudson 5
(2) Wilfred Land 2
(4) John Maxwell 4
(5) Ernest Owens 5
(4) John Penninger 5

COTTAGE No. 9

(6) Lee Dickens 6
Randolph Davis 4
Pearlie Funderburk 5
Woodfin Fowler 5
(5) Frank Hall 5
Thomas McCarter 3
(2) Ben Overby 5
Bryan Williams 3
(2) Richard Wrenn 2

COTTAGE No. 10

(3) Harold Brown 3
(2) Jack Carver 2
(3) Norwood Cockerham 3
Lake Cooper
David Kirksey
(4) J. T. Lovett 4
Marvin Miller 2
(2) Charles Pollard 4
(5) Leaman Rose 5
Maurice Staley
(3) Fred Ward 5

COTTAGE No. 11

(3) Everett Bell 3
(6) Lewis Crawford 6
(4) Dewey Freeman 4
(6) Bennie Holland 6
(3) Warren Holleman 4
(2) Dallas Hodge 4
(5) David Hodge 5
(6) William Kirk 6
(6) James Montford 6
(6) William Martin 6
(6) Charles Smith 6
(5) Eldridge Ward 5
(4) Cecil Webb 5

COTTAGE No. 12

(3) Earl Atwood 5
(6) Walter Beaver 6
Joseph Cox 3
(5) James Douglas 5
(5) Frank Dickens 5
(3) Horace Faulkner 5
(5) Basil Johnson 5
(5) Edward Lockamy 5
(5) Glenn O'Quinn 5
(4) Arbie Phillips 5
(2) Eli Philemon 5
(4) Leonard Potter 5
(2) Homer Quick 5
(3) James Reavis 4
(6) Thomas Welch 6
Leonard Watson 2
(2) Olive Weaver 4

COTTAGE No. 13

Joseph Brown 2
Charles Lloyd
Jennings Norris 4
(2) Claude Pickett 3
(5) Eugene Smith 5
(4) Porter Stack 4
(6) Howard Wilson 6

COTTAGE No. 14

Clarence Ashburn
(4) Elzie Carpenter 5
Lemon Finch 3
(2) Homer Jones 5
(2) J. C. Mobley 3
James Singleton 3

COTTAGE No. 15

(4) Robert Alexander 4
John Caddell 2
(5) Earl Chambers 5
(3) Earl Hill 4
(2) Wilson Medlin 3
(5) William Moose 5
(4) George McManus 4
Harley Pennell 3
(3) Marshall Scoggins 4
(2) Robert Teeter 4
(3) Winfred Whitlock 3
(2) Frank Wakefield 4

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U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 24, 1935 No. 34

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IT IS WORTH REMEMBERING—

—That you cannot whitewash yourself by blackening others.

—That success comes in cans—failure in can'ts.

—That a day of worry is more exhausting than a week of work.

—That cheerfulness is what greases the axles of the world.

—That luck needs a P in front of it to make it worthwhile.

—The Mountain Presbyterian.

——PUBLISHED BY——
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

HIS COMPANION

A man was moving with slouching feet,
Midday and the sun was riding high,
But he saw no beauty in earth or sky.
Beside him an unseen spirit walked,
And often and softly to him it talked:
"We've travelled together a long, long way,"
It said, "but I leave you, my friend, today.
I have followed you morning and noon and night,
I have whispered warnings to guide you right;
I have taken your hand and urged you on
To seize the chances that now are gone;
I have coaxed and driven and pulled in vain,
And thundered cautions again and again.
To what avail? Ah, behold you now—
The sunken eye and the lifeless brow.
I leave you, my friend, for there is no school,
For the man determined to be a fool."
"And who are you?" sneered the man with a grin;
Said the spirit, "The man that you might have been."

—Frank X. Piatti.

GIVE THE CHILDREN A PLACE TO PLAY

The sudden snuffing out of life last week of the two small Patterson boys, age 9 and 10 years, on East Depot street, Concord, by the unexpected approach of an automobile, is a sickening thought, as well as a sad one. The terrible accident was not due to any carelessness upon the part of the driver of the car, but the chance the children took in all of their innocence for sake of the thrill of a joy ride.

It is not necessary to ask why did it happen, because hundreds of conservative pedestrians who pass too and fro on the streets of Concord are often appalled to see the number of children not only aimlessly roaming the streets, but converting the streets and side walks into play grounds. In either instance there is danger, because at every intersection of the streets automobiles are passing and there lurks danger for the adult much less the child with no other thought than a good time.

This is the age of youth pregnant with the thought of "self-expression," but when such terrible accidents occur, taking the lives of innocent youths, it is only timely that there be discipline and much restriction as to children playing on the streets and especially on corners where motor vehicles are constantly passing.

It would indeed be fine to have vacant lots in the different wards of the city converted into parks, or play grounds, where children could assemble and give expression to some of the pent up energy of childhood. This is a suggestion for the Women's Club,—(a noble work for the benefit of the child) to appear before the city officials and ask for their co-operation in giving to our own young people a place to play instead of on the streets.

When we invest in such an undertaking it is an investment for the benefit of the young people of Concord. Such an undertaking would be for all children and surely safeguard many an innocent child who has no other place to play but the streets.

Concord has lovely homes, handsome churches, a court house of imposing proportions, adequate school building with all modern equipments, but not a play ground for our children,—the future citizens of the community. This oversight could be averted with very little expense—the only thing needed is leadership and there can be adequate play grounds in every ward of the city by converting vacant lots now covered with weeds into beauty spots that would be a joy to childhood.

* * * * * * *

THERE IS GOLD IN STANLY

The information that there has been a find of a two-pound piece of gold and several lesser nuggets in the Parker mine, Stanly coun-

ty, supposedly valued at $1,200, will renew interest in this particular mine as well as other mines in North Carolina.

The nugget found was the size of a man's fist imbedded in flint rock, giving a greater interest to experts in mining. The speculation has always been that the hills of North Carolina are rich in mineral ore, therefore, such occasional finds of large nuggets of gold give hope of greater possibilities that may be revealed at the most unexpected moment.

* * * * * * *

OBSERVATIONS REGARDING SMILES

As I journey forth to the marts of trade, the seats of the money-changers and the sanctums of the wise, I meet many and varied personages: the gruff and the gentle; the frigid and the genial; the dour and the cheerful. Among them all, there is no one I meet with more pleasure or with greater helpfulness than one whom I have designated, "The Lady of the Smiles."

Deep sorrow has been her portion in more than one experience; the trials, exactions and petty vexations of business duties rest heavily upon her, sickness has laid her aside on a number of occasions; but, ever as I meet her, there is always the same quiet, cheery, brave, inspiring smile to greet one.

Once when I ventured to remark that I always found a smile on her face, no matter what the day or what her experience, she kindly replied, "You always bring a smile with you; so I smile too." As I wondered if unconsciously this might have been true, and her words seemed spoken in all seriousness, I recalled a half-forgotten rhyme:—

> "Smile and, as you smile, another smiles,
> And soon there's miles and miles of smiles,
> Because you smile."

and the words of another, who said:—

> "For life is a mirror for king and slave,
> It is what you are and do;
> Then give to the world the best you have,
> And the best will come back to you."

Also the word of an ancient writer who stated that "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," and so I was led to thus covenant with myself:

If deed or word of mine,
To any who repine,
Can bring a bit of cheer
Or brightness on life's way,
How gladly would I serve;
For hearts are aching here,
Feet often go astray,
And fears of ill unnerve;
So lest from right they swerve,
I will do all I may
To brighten some one's day.

—Drapehs, the Scribe.

* * * * * * *

HABITUALLY HONEST

The story of Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, has the distinctive honor of having a people in whom the virtue of honesty is as inherent as their blonde hair and blue eyes. The thousands of visitors in the city marvel at the many evidences they see of trust that the Danes place in one another.

Think of it, newsdealers of the city leave their sidewalk stands any time they want to and a customer will pick up a paper, drop the money in a hat or box and pass on; householders make it a custom to leave money for the milkman on the outside with the least fear of some one taking it; on the street cars no one is ever put off because of the lack of funds, the conductor passes the passenger a slip showing car fare is due and the whole story in a nut-shell is that ninety-nine percent of these bills are paid within twenty-four hours. No one ever thinks of stealing an automobile, or bicycle or any thing left standing on the street. There are no worries about having things stolen when left in the open. There are no locks and keys to the homes, so there are no apprehensions at night of being molested after retiring.

This city where honesty is a habit, is one of the most prosperous in the world. The same story applies to other cities of

Norway and Sweden. An American would say "it cannot be done." It would take years of heritage with training to develop a people with such characteristics—truth and virtue of honesty.

* * * * * * *

NOISELESS OCTOBER

Thanks to the New York Mayor, La Guardia, who has decreed quiet at night during the month of October. This means a surcease of all horns of motor vehicles, and other unnecessary noises, that not only arouse people from their peaceful slumbers after a day's labor, but most frequently the loud blast gives a startle that is an unpleasant awakening.

This is a move in the right direction, with the hope that the soothing effect of one month of quiet nights in New York City will put the people in the right frame of mind to make the demand for continued quiet at night. And as a sequence other cities will follow suit.

There is absolutely no sense in this use of "cut-outs" honking of horns, either day or night, just an epidemic of unnecessary noises, that positively would not be tolerated in the European countries. If you observe motorists are equipping their cars with what were formerly known as "bus" horns, and, not content to use them instead of brakes to clear the way, blast them at every intersection instead of observing the safety regulations.

Since New York City has taken the lead in barring the blowing of horns, if for only one month other cities will follow suit and capitalize quiet as an inducement to homeseekers if for nothing more.

ADMINISTRATOR OUTLINES W. P. A. PROGRAM TO COUNTY COMMISSIONERS

GEORGE W. COAN, JR.
STATE ADMINISTRATOR W. P. A.

In an address before the North Carolina County Commissioners Association at Wrightsville Beach, State Administrator, George W. Coan, Jr., outlined in simple language, the plans and purposes of the Works Progress Administration, that his message might be carried back to the citizens of the counties throughout North Carolina, that they have a complete understanding of the gigantic program to transfer works from relief rolls to the security of a job for the next twelve months.

Every effort is being made, stated Administrator Coan, to speed the program and begin work as early as possible. Organization of State and District offices has been completed, and over $9,000,000 in projects has been dispatched to Washington for final review and approval. The approval of these projects will immediately place thousands of North Carolina workers on Works Progress Administration pay rolls.

District offices for the State have been located in Elizabeth City, New Bern, Raleigh, Fayetteville, Greensboro, Winston-Salem, Charlotte and

Asheville, with a District Director and Administrative Staff familiar with problems confronting their respective communities.

On an approved W. P. A. project, the Federal Government will pay the total labor cost and other than labor costs, including materials, rental of equipment etc., up to twenty per cent of labor costs. All projects must have the sponsorship of a local governmental agency, such as Board of Commissioners, Aldermen etc., with careful consideration being given to the type of project that it may be of useful and permanent benefit to the community, and at the same time, be of a nature that the community can furnish adequate labor of a type suitable for the completion of the project. All projects under W. P. A. supervision will be completed with funds allocated at the time of approval.

Especially desirable projects to submit for W. P. A. consideration are sanitation and drainage, farm to market roadways, rural recreational playgrounds, airports, school buildings and also gymnasiums where the total cost does not exceed $25,000, stated Administrator Coan.

Ninety per cent of workers on W. P. A. projects will be selected from relief rolls, and only one member of a family may be employed simultaneously on work projects. To be eligible for work on W. P. A. projects, it is necessary that registration be made with the U. S. Re-employment Service, offices which are located through the State, as all workers will be drawn from the U. S. Re-employment rolls. W. P. A. workers in North Carolina will receive the Security Wage, ranging from $19.00 per month of 140 hours for unskilled labor, to $39.00 per month for professional and technical workers on W. P. A. projects.

While work projects are given first consideration, adequate provision is made to assist other members of the family, with C. C. Camps to care for youths, and an educational program to assist needy students.

It is the desire of Works Progress Administrator Coan, that North Carolina obtain its full share of the Federal grant, and that the money thus obtained be used in a way that will be of permanent benefit to the State and assist the recovery of business to a point where every W. P. A. worker will be able to obtain permanent work in private industry.

Mr. Coan requested individuals, local civic groups, municipalities and state organizatons to make a complete investigation of W. P. A. possibilities and offered the services of his State and District staff to assist those interested in obtaining full information regarding the W. P. A. program.

If the town gossip peddled the good things that individuals do as industriously as the bad things are peddled, he would be entitled to a gold star as the town's champion booster.

—Selected.

KNOW THE BOY ON YOUR STREET

By Emma Younglove

In the course of a practical sermon on friendliness, our pastor exclaimed, "Know the boy on your street!"

The admonition lingered accusingly in my ears for months.

My neighbors' son, who lived only two or three doors away, was a most engaging lad. Watching him at his play with his dog or his boy friends was one of my chief diversions. When I said, "Good morning," he made the conventional reply with entire propriety; but I had the feeling that in the world where he really lived, such phrases were unmeaning, if not positively distasteful. So I was reminded that, while I was on friendly terms with his parents, and was kindly disposed toward the boy, I did not *know* the Boy.

But how should we become acquainted? The little girls of the neighborhood were easily won to friendliness.

But I was not sure that my resources included anything that would appeal to the youthful devotee of football. And so I hesitated.

One day the boy's mother remarked that her son was greatly interested in postage stamps and was a collector. And suddenly there was revealed a bond of union between us. Not that I knew much about postage stamps or had any personal fondness for them, except for their value in forwarding my letters or my friends' letters to me. But for many years I had made a practice of preserving unusual stamps, when they came my way, and giving them to any boy who was interested.

I recalled the time when a boy to whom I had given stamps brought his collection to show me, and I was attracted to one in his book. It was from British India, and, becaused issued in her reign, it showed the picture of Queen Victoria. The name of the province "India" was there, and, of course, the denomination of the stamp. The striking feautre, however, was the printing in deep black letters upon the light green stamp of H "On S" M. The boy explained that this printing marked the stamp as usable only "On Her Majesty's Service," and that a heavy penalty was placed on the use of a surcharged stamp for other purpose than official business.

The boy was a good student then, and he has developed in scholarly ways. He is now a professor in a great university, does original research work in sociology, and has some books to his credit. He won a place in "Who's Who in America" while yet in his thirties. My friendship with him, which is an honor, was not bult upon postage stamps, but they contributed.

Another boy to whom I had sometimes gave stamps, was an unhappy lad. His father was drunken, and his mother was so unwise that she failed to develop common interests with her children. When they were high-school young people, she re-

marked to me, "We do not talk at our house. Fred and Dorothy are not interested in the same things I am, and when Mr. Graham comes home at night he picks up the local evening paper—and you know how long it takes to read that—and then he goes to bed." As a boy, Fred found lessons difficult and did not succeed with his school work. But he was interested in postage stamps, and, though he was too shy to come for them, I sent him some, and the memory brings a degree of satisfaction.

There have been other boys whose smiles have responded to similar gifts.

So now, I have looked up my accumulated stamps, and I have been surprised at their number. There is one from the Philippine Islands and one from the Canal Zone. Some are from China and others from Japan.

Last evening I took them all over to my neighbors' house, and the boy was as much interested as I could have wished. He rapidly selected many and, one by one, he put them into his mother's hand, saying, again and again, "I never saw one like this." Of a Sesquicentennial, he said, "I had eight of those, and I sent one to a man who sent me back a whole lot of stamps, and one of them was worth ever so much money." The knowledge that an intelligent boy of eight has about stamps is surprising, if he is collecting them.

I invited the boy to bring his stamp book over to show me some time, and was assured it would be done. So perhaps the diligent use of canceled postage stamps will enable me to know the boy on my street.

A BABY

"The bachelor's horror, the mother's treasure, the despotic tyrant of the democratic household, the morning caller, the noonday crawler, the midnight bawler, the magnetic spell by which a house is transferred into a home; the latest edition of humanity of which every couple thinks they possess the finest copy; a native of all countries who speaks the language of none."

This definition is sufficiently picturesque and comprehensive enough to satisfy the most exacting. It would be gratifying to know the name of the author, but such knowledge would add little to its value. Most parents can verify its accuracy.

Seven cities claimed the honor of being the first home of a baby named Homer. Nazareth was a by-word till the baby Jesus dwelt there. Now pilgrims from every nation of earth find their way to Nazareth. This is a strange sort of world, isn't it?—N. C. Christian Advocate.

YOUTH BEARS THE GIFT

By Mrs. Frank Holladay, in the Suffolk, (Va.) News-Herald

The King summoned Youth one day and said, "Youth, I have a very precious gift which I would have you carry to the peoples of the world. Beginning at home, take it to all nations, to the ends of the earth."

"Will you trust youth, O, King? The world today says Youth is not worthy—and would you trust a valuable gift to Youth. Surely the world cannot say Youth is unworthy—why, the world calls upon Youth to fight battles, to sail the deep waters, to fly starry heighths. Not worthy!

"When wars are no more and peace reigns 'twill be because Youth has borne my precious gift to the uttermost parts of the earth.

"The world says Youth today is frivolous, not to be depended upon, with no aim in life save a good time. What is the difference, O King, in the Youth of today and yesterday? Are we less honest, less fair—do we not share?

"Has there ever been a time when Youth was more willing to give, even life itself, to further science and invention? Youth prepares, but jobs are lacking. Youth wishes to build home—but wherefore?

"There seems only one answer—plunge and take the consequences. It is not irresponsibility, but a blind courage."

"My child, you must know that Age resents Youth, and finds a saving amount of satisfaction in saying Youth is all wrong. I say Youth will meet what life brings with a high courage.

"Youth is filled with hope, is fearless and happy, dancing along the way, eyes sparkle, feet swift to run the race, hands held out.

"A happy person only can bear my gift, because you know one can't be happy alone. Happiness must be shared, and so must my precious gift. You can keep it only if you give it away."

"You say, O, King, the gift is valuable, and now one must give it away as soon as 'tis received? I do not understand."

"Most precious, my child, but it can neither be bought nor sold nor weighed nor measured. But once it is possessed, one would not part with it for any price. It is just as valuable to age as to the young. There are none to poor to own this gift, and none so rich but that they need it."

"But, O, King, the times have changed—your gift, once valuable, may be worthless in this marvelous age, not needed, not wanted."

"Yes, Youth, 'tis true times have changed, and right it is. The world moves on. Customs cannot last always and old ideas must be discarded as we throw away a garment when 'tis worn and useless.

"Today we clothe our bodies in new, comfortable garments—so must we shape our thoughts to meet a changing world, a wider outlook with a broader vision of truth.

"But remember, underneath it all is the same heart, the same searching soul, and Youth is the same yesterday, today, and forever. Ah, Youth

you are so beautiful. You are the joy of the world! If I should banish Youth from my kingdom the whole world would stop.

"The hope of the world rests on the shoulders of Youth, and you must fit your shoulders to bear the load. And now, are you ready to bear my gift to all the world?

"The birds are singing, a butterfly beckons, winds are calling, the sea is blue and calm—but skies grow dark, birds and butterflies sleep, winds howl. The sea is angry. Still you will have to go on—you will go far afield.

"You will be tired, and sometimes you will not understand. You will climb the heights and be carried to the depths, go to palaces and to hovels, to those who work and those who play, to those who weep and to those who laugh."

"O King, however will I find my way?"

"I will give you two things, my child. A lantern of kindness, this will always light the path you are to follow. This other gift is a magic cloak. I call it the cloak of put-yourself-in-his-place. Wear this always, as you journey.

"My messengers shall be pure in mind and body, remembering your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost, keep them white and stainless. No evil thoughts shall enter your thoughts. No evil words pass your lips.

"And above all must my messengers know that the gift goes to every one alike, for we are members of one great family."

"Is the gift heavy and hard to carry, O, King?"

"Yes, and no. It would not be an adventure if it were too easy. First of all must you forget self, and never, never fail to put on the cloak of put-yourself-in-his-place."

"How can I forget myself, O King?"

"Learn to trust me, my child. You carry the gift, leave the rest to me. Every day before you go on your journey, on your knees listen to my silent voice."

"I am ready, O King. What is the precious gift?"

" 'Tis Peace, my child, through Friendship—one hand clasped in mine, the other reaching out to humanity."

SELF-POSSESSION

The supreme test in many a situation is that of self-possession. An overturned boat, a cramp when swimming, an accident that threatens life or limb—at such times the steady nerve, the unruffled poise, the ability to think quickly, accurately in a crisis is of most importance. In times of emergency, self-possession is of greater importance, for it may be the only means through which a most dire result my be thwarted.

—Young Folks.

A GREAT LOVE REMEMBERED

By Beulah Glover

"The old rusty mill is still, Maggie," sang George W. Johnson to his first and only love more than a century ago. Although the mill is falling into decay as it hangs over the edge of the creek, the writer of the song, "When You and I Were Young Maggie" has endowed it with romance and immortalized it with the tender words recited to that old sweetheart of his.

The song, which has always been a favorite, becomes a very intimate and personal thing as one climbs the rickety steps leading to the mill and looks on the water below which turned the old mill-wheels when George and Maggie were young. On the floor of the mill is a large stone, said to be a part of that original mill, which inspired the song.

Stopping at Cleveland, Tennessee, only for a hurried lunch on the last lap of a vacation trip, we were reminded that just about thirty-five miles away was the little place called Benton and a short drive from that point were the remains of "Maggie's Mill." The call was irresistible. Leaving the paved roads we turned our faces toward the mill and our thoughts went wandering ahead to the story of an old romance, repeated in song from the lips of our grandmothers, our mothers, and the lovers of today. Romance followed us all the way as we went into the country where once the Cherokee Indians roamed, free-footed. Hills surrounded us and almost within reach of our hands were cliffs of slate, miles upon miles of natural material for road beds. Once we passed a cave in the side of a rock, extending fifty feet back and were told that this was the refrigerator of the folk who lived across the road, Nature's contribution to the welfare of the sturdy mountaineers. An ideal place for their milk and butter.

All miles are long in the mountains as one travels in circles, beautiful circles that give glorious glimpses of the valley below. Distance as told by miles conveys nothing. To the unhurried mountaineer it means one thing, to the hurried traveler it means another. Our guide, the genial postmaster of Benton and the local historian who made the trip eventful by his historical contributions, told us by his daughter lived four miles up one of the mountains. "How long does it take to reach her place by automobile?" we inquired, as time rushed on and we seemed no nearer our journey's end. "Not long," he responded, "I can make it easily in twenty minutes." A mile in five minutes, to those accustomed to a mile a minute! But which is the happier?

High up on a mountain peak he showed us the observation tower where men from the Forestry Department watched for the red glow that meant fire on the mountains. Blackened sections along the face of the mountains told the familiar story of past fights with flames. Still stiff from some of our mountain climbs we did obeisance to the boys who

could fight fire on the sides of those steep mountains.

A few more corners to turn and then we reach our destination; we see the mill. We aproach it with a feeling akin to reverence and our minds review that romantic story of young George Johnson who started out in his quest of gold. Swinging his canoe around a curve he sees a beautiful maiden standing in the door of the mill. And his quest is ended. The love of this maiden is more than all the gold hidden away in the Tennessee hills. The romance of Maggie Harris and the would-be prospector was as enduring as the metal he sought in the Unaka mountains.

Years after, the story goes, when their steps had grown much slower and the silver was in the hair of his beloved, the two lovers returned to the scene of their romance. There was no creaking of the mill to be heard. No sparkling waters gushed over huge wheels, and in that silence memory slipped back to the days of their youth and from those memories came haunting words, tender words, destined to live long years after the mill had stoped its grinding. With the eyes of youth once more he beheld the girl of his dreams and he visioned her as fair as the days when first he saw her standing in the door of the old mill. The words which came from his lips were for Maggie and not for the world but the world came into possession of them and became a better world thereby. Years later J. A. Butterfield chanced upon the verses and set them to music and thus was a great love made immortal.

In 1930, one hundred and ten years after, the Oconee Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Tennessee, marked the spot, using as a symbol a huge millstone on which they recorded the story. When this was done other claims were set up to the site of Maggie's mill but historians claim this spot and it was marked without thorough investigation.

From the stillnes of the mill and the mute testimony of an enduring love, we turned our faces back to the city, enriched for having been in contact with a great experience—the love of a man for a woman, which has endured for more than a season; just a miller's daughter, just a young man in search of adventure, but remembered for more than a century for the love which they bore one another.

Professor Einstein's secretary was so burdened with inquiries as to the meaning of "relativity" that the professor decided to help her out. He told her to answer these inquiries as follows: "When you sit with a nice girl for two hours you think it's only a minute, but when you sit on a hot stove for a minute you think it's two hours. That's relativity."

—Selected.

THE VILLAGE ON STILTS

By H. Donald Spatz

In northern Cambodia, near the ruins of the famous lost civilization of Angkor, there stands one of the most curious towns in all the world. Composed of well over a hundred buildings of all sizes and types, the entire village stands about five feet above the ground!

The town exists largely because of the constant stream of tourists who flock to the region to view the remains of the place known as Angkor and which now rests beneath the tropical jungle . . . a silent tribute to a forgotten race. Consequently, many of the crude native buildings serve as hotels to accommodate the visitors, and because the territory is infested with wild animals and treacherous reptiles, extra precautions must be taken to protect the natives and tourists. Hence the peculiar "elevated" houses.

During the day the people can walk about the streets of this quaint little town in safety, for the wild beasts remain under cover of the nearby jungle. But when night falls—and it falls with alarming suddenness—everyone turns his steps homeward. And then takes place one of the most amusing of sights! After having ascended to their little porches, the natives reach down and pull their steps up after them!

Many times during the night one will awaken to hear the stealthy tread of some wild animal as he stalks back and forth beneath the floor of one's room. When this happens, you shudder slightly and are thankful for the five feet of stilts that separate you from the ground! For most of the prowlers cannot climb.

Then, too, these curious stilts serve another purpose. The Mekong River, like most tropical rivers, has the annoying habit of overflowing its banks every now and then, and when this happens, the natives' homes remain high and dry. Then, instead of walking to and for in the town, they take to boats and travel the muddy waters in dry safety.

All in all, these stilts are extremely useful in spite of their novelty. Whether they serve to keep the muddy waters of the Mekong from entering the houses, or whether they serve to make it less easy for a hungry tiger to snatch an unwary native and make off with him for lunch, they certainly are indispensable. In this case, stilts, instead of being dangerous playthings for children, are actually household necessities!

There was once a man who always wanted to do something big. He scorned doing the little things. He spent most of his life doing nothing and the big things never came along.

—Selected.

TELEPHONES AROUND THE WORLD

By Walter Ed Taylor

If Alexander Grham Bell could only come back to earth for a day to see the wonders that have been wrought with the telephone which he perfected back in 1876! The source of a huge modern industry, it has twined its wires around the world, linking nations and continents. With it new wonders are being performed each day. Many American cities and most European cities now have the automatic telephone exchange system by which parties are connected simply by dialing the number being called. In many cases the telephone is doing service in ways other than simply connecting two parties on the line for conversation.

In Austria, telephones are equipped with dials which act as "private secretaries" when subscribers are not at home. When the subscriber leaves, he sets the dial for the hour when he intends to return. The telephone automatically tells anyone who may phone while he is away when he will be back.

The telephone exchange in Berlin has a service whereby a subscriber may make arrangements to be reminded by telephone of important dates which he thinks he may forget. Also, for a small sum, the telephone company will see that a subscriber is wakened at a certain hour each morning. The London telephone company offers similar services and also gives weather reports.

American telephone companies don't try to give as many little personal services as those of Europe, but in Wisconsin there is a rural telephone company which has its own private news broadcast. At a set hour each afternoon, all subscribers lift up the receivers of their telephones and listen in. The operator then gives the correct time and gives any local news of special interest. She also gives advertisements for anything or advertise in any other patrons wishing to exchange or sell way. If farmer Green is threshing wheat and wants to hire men, she tells telephone listeners about it, and if Mr. Brown is giving a barn dance and wants the whole countryside to come, she tells about that, too!

The telephone has penetrated most of the countries of the world but it has had some unusual troubles in doing it. In Arabia, for instance, the telephone was barred for a time because the king believed it to be a work of the devil. In southern Mexico the telephone company experienced difficulty in maintaing its lines through a certain jungle district. The native Indians had the habit of cutting down pieces of the wire which was fashioned into jewelry and telephone wire jewelry was quite the "go" among Indian belles for some time.

In south Africa the telephone experienced what is probably its most unusual wire trouble to date. Giraffes tore down the wires with their long necks.!

MY PHILOSOPHY

I'm not much on philosophy,
  I don't know all the creeds;
I don't know what's inside the books
  My next door neighbor reads.
I haven't studied ancient tongue,
  My English isn't good;
I know I've said a lot of things
  That a scholar never would.
But this is my experience,
  And so I'll pass it on:
The time to be a friend to man,
  Is when he's needing one.

I don't discuss religion,
  I wouldn't if I could;
I know I couldn't draw the line,
  Between what's bad and good.
I've had to plod along through life,
  And learn from other men;
And so I've done a lot of things,
  I'll never do again.
But this time I found along the way,
  The time to be a friend,
Is when a fellow's needing
  All the help that you can lend.

You needn't fret about the rich,
  They'll get along all right;
The bills they owe don't trouble them,
  Or kill their sleep at night.
The man that's drifting down the stream,
  'Neath the summer's sky of blue,
Has got his battle won no doubt,
  And needs no help from you.
But up against the current,
  Fighting hard to reach the land,
Is a brother who'd be grateful
  If you'd lend a helping hand.

I'm not much on philosophy,
  The books I never read;
I've had to get the things I know,
  From life that's hard indeed.
I've never seen a winter through,
  But I've had to stand alone,
Or seen some man without money,
  Who was forced to take a loan.
So if you have a cheer to give,
  Or extra strength to spend,
Go out and help the man along
  Who really needs a friend.

—Selected.

THE CHAMPION

By L. L. Wightman

"Rather a hopeless undertaking, I'd say."

Roger Hamlin paused in the act of lacing a tennis shoe to glance up at the speaker.

"So you think Burt Devlin can't be beaten?"

Ted Doyle shifted his feet nervously. "Well," he defended himself, "somebody will beat him sometime, but I don't think it will be this year."

Roger nodded. "Easy to follow your reasoning, Ted. Burt Devlin will represent Holton again this year, and I'll represent Weston. Inasmuch as Burt has defeated me two years running, I'll enter the match as the under dog. My inferiority-complex will give Burt a sure victory."

Roger's mind reverted to the tennis match the previous year. Fighting with the hope of desperation, he endeavored to turn back the tide of defeat. Again he saw those terrific volleys, those exact placements, and marvelous returns, only to find that Burt Devlin was meeting him at every point—was going him one better by outplaying him. Weston followers had cheered him on, thrilled by his courage which refused to admit defeat. But the slight margin between the champions spelled defeat for Roger after a bitter struggle.

But that was last year. Another year—fresh opportunity—

"I'm not so sure I'll represent Weston this year," Roger continued.

"Not represent Weston?" Ted stood aghast. "You're quitting?"

"Not so anybody would notice it. I'm wondering if I can beat Pete Banker."

"What? Beat that beanpole?" Ted laughed. "Quit the joke, old chap."

"Better watch him before you pass judgment," Roger cautioned Ted. "That boy can play tennis. He has everything a tennis player needs in potential qualities. I'm looking for him to make the potential actual."

Again Ted laughed. "Say, Rog, if that fellow ever makes a tennis player, I'll eat three tennis balls for breakfast."

A few minutes later Ted with other students had opportunity to compare Roger and Pete on the court as they played a set. Perhaps Roger saw something of a player in Pete, but Ted was unable to fathom it. There was only one player at Weston—the great Roger Hamlin.

"What do you think of them, boys?"

The group turned to the newcomer, recognizing one of the school trustees, James Barrett.

"Easy for Roger," Ted asserted, to which the others assented.

As soon as the set was over, won by Roger 6-3, the group dispersed. Next morning a notice of general interest appeared on the bulletin board. What a thrill went through the student body as that notice was read.

To the Student Body of Weston:

If Weston wins the tennis championship in the match with Holton, I will donate two thousand dollars to the school, to be used in such manner as shall be decided by the student body. The winner will receive as re-

ward a college course with all expenses paid. But the standard of sportmanship now in vogue at the school must not be lowered in any respect, otherwise this offer is void.

(Signed) James Barrett.

The students remembered that James Barrett had in previous years fought his way to the top ranks of amateur tennis player until an accident left him with a stiff knee, thus ending his tennis playing. But he never lost his love for athletics, and it was due principally to his efforts that the Weston standard rated high. What he couldn't do, he helped others do, and enjoyed seeing them do it.

This offer threw new responsibility on Roger, so he was informed by his fellow-students. He must win this year, for think what it would mean not only to the school but individually. It would settle his college problem.

The offer created a new spirit among tennis aspirants. Everyone possessing an iota of hope he might be the successful one utilized every spare minute on the courts. Tennis balls flew from morning until night. None put forth greater effort than did Pete Banker.

"Do you think I'll ever play as well as you?" he asked Roger one day.

Roger looked at him with a peculiar smile about his lips. "The future holds the answer, Pete. There are possibilities."

James Barret, overhearing the conversation, approached Pete with the question, "What do you think about it?"

Pete shook his head. "I'm not good enough," he confessed.

The following morning Pete received a brief note without signature. It contained constructive criticism regarding his playing.

Dear Friend:

Your net game is weak. Play closer, which you can safely do with your long reach. This is private.

Now who could have written that note? Pete considered various sources, finally reaching his conclusion. James Barrett! The trustee knew Pete's hope and was trying to aid him. Pete's enthusiasm rose. Surely there must be a chance for him to realize his hope if this wonderful tennis player found it worth while to coach him. But why do it secretly?

"He's probably coaching others the same way," Pete concluded. "But I dare not mention it."

But he did follow the advice. To his intense gratification he found his play greatly improved. With his height and long reach he found his closer net work gave him stronger defense and a more powerful offense. And then came the second note.

Dear Friend:

I'm convinced you're a coming champion. You have improved rapidly. Practice your drives to the opponent's left court until you control your placements. Roger Hamlin has a weakness there which he doesn't seem able to overcome. He lost the championship last year because of that weakness.

Pete studied that epistle. So that was why Roger lost? James Barrett

knew and had worked with Roger to correct it, but the weakness remained. Pete's confidence mounted. The chance of a lifetime lay before him. He would make good on it!

Pete's progress could not be hidden. That "beanpole" as Ted called him drew the attention of others. Various comments were made as they watched him closer.

"Better play the elimination matches now," Ted told Roger one day after watching Pete play a superb game, "or you'll find yourself up against it. You sure were a prophet in your predictions about him. I thought he was no good."

"I knew he could play tennis if he once let loose," Roger commented.

"But I don't understand how he suddenly came to life." Ted was puzzled. "Here he acts like most of us on the court and then all of a sudden he becomes a whirlwind. Roger, that fellow acts to me just likes he thinks he's good enough to trim you."

Roger laughed. "Perhaps that's what he thinks, but I can change his mind. He'll do better than now if his hope is ever realized."

"You're right he will." Ted had a vision of Roger facing Burt Devlin for the championship again. "I'm pulling for you, Rog. If you only take Devlin's measure! Whoope! Two thousand for the school and a college course to boot!"

That evening Pete Banker had a visitor. "Come in," he called in response to the knock on his door. And Roger Hamlin walked in!

"Well, howdy, Champion," Pete greeted him warmly. "Glad to have you call. Flop yourself in the easy chair."

"Thanks, Pete. Thought I'd drop in and congratulate you on the improvement of your game."

"Thanks, Rog." Pete revealed his great pleasure. "Understand you told some of the boys I was a tennis player. To tell you the truth I've dreamed of being a champion, but it's only a dream. But I'm doing my best, hoping that next year, after your graduation, I might become the champion of Weston. Do you think I can do it?" eagerly.

Roger shook his head. "Not the way you figure," he said, then added quickly as he saw the look of dismay cloud Pete's face. "Nothing is gained by postponing a hope for a year. Your chances will increase if you make up your mind to become champion this year."

"Defeat you?" Pete was amazed.

"Aim for the top, even though you fail. But if you defeat me, you'll play tennis. I can assure you that much."

For an hour the young men visited. At times Pete was tempted to tell Roger about the secret notes, but his honor forbade the violation.

Four weeks later the elimination contests were arranged at Weston. The result was foreseen by those interested. Roger and Pete would meet in the finals. True to prediction these two players sent their oponents down to defeat.

The night before the deciding match, Pete received his final note, the tenth in number.

Dear Friend:

Tomorrow you face the champion. He knows your strong and weak points, and will play them according-

ly. You hold the same in relation to his game. You're as good as he. Enter the game with unshakable confidence, use your ability with keen judgment, and Weston may have a new champion. I hope your hope will be realized.

Not in years had a tennis match filled the stands, but today was the exception. Looking for a keen battle, the majority of students anticipated the outcome. The champion would turn back this new threat. But there were those who hoped Pete might get the breaks of the game to win.

Whatever others thought, Roger Hamlin was not deceived. He knew he faced the test of his life. If he were winner today, it would be because he had ability to conquer a determined youth. A new spirit possessed Pete Banker. He had hopes—big hopes—

What a set! Furious from the first serve, it kept the crowd thrilled. Bullet-like service, accurate placements, fast footwork. Both players sought advantage of known weaknesses while waiting for the breaks. To those who anticipated an easy victory for Roger, Pete's playing provided an upset. When he finally went down to defeat 7-5, Roger's friends breathed easier. But when Pete came back to take the next set 6-3 the crowd was in an uproar.

"Rog rested that set," Ted Doyle assured a friend. "He let Pete extend himself. You watch Rog this set."

His prophecy seemed correct, for Roger took the first game on Pete's service, and followed it by winning his own service game. Pete was weakening under the strain of the furious match. But Roger knew it wasn't a physical weakness, for Pete was in superb condition. A mental change had come over him, or a weakening of his spirit kept him from doing his best. Roger discerned the trouble at once. Pete lacked a fighter's heart! Without it he couldn't survive.

Roger's eyes flashed with disdain as he met Pete at the net to recover a net ball.

"Quitter, eh?" His statement burned with sarcasm. "Yellow the length of your backbone!"

"What do you mean?" snapped Pete, angered by Roger's words and attitude.

"And you would be champion!" Contempt flashed from Roger's eyes. "Champions don't fold up. Can't take it, eh? You're yellow. You're a quitter!"

Yellow! Quitter! Pete burned with rage. Roger dared tell him that after the way he had played those two sets? A hot retort sprang to his lips, but he checked the utterance. Was Roger voicing the sentiment of the crowd? Did they, too, think he was a quitter, that he was folding up? He'd show them!

His rage gave place to a cold deliberate resentment. If the first set was furious, it was difficult to name the remainder of the third. With the score 2-0 against him Pete Banker opened up with a display of tennis which brought the crowd to its feet. Suddenly they were shouting for him.

Against this furious comeback Roger responded with his best. No longer were friendly rivals playing, for

determined opponents gave everything they had to win. 6-6. 7-6. 7-7. 7-8. Pete led in the set which at the outset seemed lost. One game and the set would be his! And with the set he would be champion! Moreover, it was his service.

Roger faced the issue with all the skill he possessed. Back and forth the contestants raced after the white pellet. The game went to deuce—then 'vantage in. The cheers of the crowd faded into a hush which was oppressive. And then came that accurate placement in the left hand corner. Roger lunged for it, caught it with a neat backhand stroke—netted it! Pete Banker was champion!

Stunned momentarily by the startling upset, the crowd sat hushed until Roger leaped the net and extended his hand to the new champion. Then a roar swept from the stands.

"Pete, you were marvelous today," Roger declared, a smile parting his lips. "Congratulation! And you'll beat Devlin if you play that game against him. Best wishes to you."

As Pete came from the dressing room after changing his clothes, Jas. Barret met him, congratulating him warmly.

"Thanks, Mr. Barrett," Pete responded, "but I couldn't have done it without your help. Those secret notes proved a great help."

James Barrett looked puzzled. "My help? Notes?" Then, quickly, "Can I have them back, now that you no longer need them?"

"Certainly. I'll get them at once."

James Barret glanced casually at the notes and thrust them into his pocket. "I'll see you later," he said, turning away from Pete.

One hour later Roger Hamlin responded to a call from the dean's office. There he met James Barrett.

"Well, Roger, you lost a great match today," the trustee said, "but you—" The door opened and Pete Banker entered. "Welcome to you, our new champion," James Barrett greeted him. "Draw those chairs up here, young men. I need your assistance on a matter of vital importance."

He layed a typed paper on the desk, then drew the typed note from his pocket. "Here's the situatoin," he began. "In looking over various papers I find certain mechanical defects of a typewriter. This paper and these notes correspond in that aspect." He handed the notes and paper to Pete Banker. "You can return those notes to the right person by looking at the name on that essay."

Pee's eyes opened wide with surprise.' 'You—you sent—those notes?" he stammered, facing Roger.

"He sent them," James Barret confirmed the fact.

"But why—why—"

"Shucks!" Roger exploded in disgust, now the secret was out. "I didn't intend anybody should know. You ask why I did it? Because I've reached my limit, and I knew Pete hadn't. My tennis isn't good enough to beat Burt Devlin. Pete can beat him. But I had a hard time making a champion of him."

Yellow! Quitter! Roger's stinging words came back to Pete. And Roger had told the truth. He was quitting! But a quitter had been changed to a champion.

"You're dismissed, gentlemen."

James Barrett opened the door for them. "You're both going to college at my expense. Further than that, I'll make no statement now. But I will address the school at assembly tomorrow morning."

James Barret paced the floor when left alone, stirred to the depth of his soul. "And they tell me this is an age in which idealism is forgotten, that all the young folks have gone to the dogs, that the heart of youth is a stranger to honor. Huh!" He grunted in disgust. "This story certainly should open the eyes of some critics."

He slapped his hands together. "Yes, sir, I'll send them both to college, and I'll make that gift to the school regardless of the outcome of the Weston-Holton match. I'm still convinced that investment in young lives is greater than stocks and bonds. And I'll always believe it," he declared triumphantly.

A LIST OF FRIENDS

I made a list of friends,
  Of friends to hold.
One stole my happiness,
  And one my gold,
One went away, nor came
  To say goodbye,
One told a secret, and
  One told a lie.

I made a list of friends,
  My friends to be.
One grew too famous to
  Remember me,
And, when I faltered and
  Must pay the price,
One gave me censure, and
  One gave me advice.

But someone came and put
  His arms around,
Yes, in my hours of grief
  A friend I found,
One gave me strength when I
  Began to fall,
A friend who was not on
  My list at all.

—Douglas Malloch.

STAND BY THE CHURCH

(The Masonic Beacon)

The greatest influence in existence which is keeping up steady and true in these days is the church. Even as individuals experience strenuous days, so is the church having a tremendous struggle to weather the financial storm.

If ever a time existed when the church should not be forced to opperate with reduced income or personnel, that time is now. The world and its people need every ounce of power and influence that the church can exert.

The church is, indeed, the Rock of Ages. It stands, through the centuries, as steadfast and firm as the Spirit of God with which it is endowed. The church never wavers, nor must it be allowed to waver. We must support it, no matter what betide.

Every man should be affiliated with the church of his choice and should attend divine services as often as possible. Inspiration and solace are to be found in the house of worship. The companionship of those who know Christ is always to be sought, and the church offers such companionship.

The man who knows not the church is indeed not living a well rounded life. He is cheating himself. He is blind to the good the church can do him and the members of his family. He is indeed a traitor of the deepest dye if he stands between his children and the church, and does not use his influence in urging them to attend church and enter into the activities there.

The power of example is such that every father should feel duty bound to lead the way to church each Sunday. The children will never forget the example.

If you have not been attending church for some time, go to church Sunday. You will find there a hearty welcome. You will hear songs that your mother and father sang. You will be inspired by the music of the church. And you will hear a sermon that will do you heart good.

The finest men we know are men who are regular attendants at church and who take an active part in the work of the church.

BREEDING

The difference between a cordial man and a grouch is good breeding. It takes but little intelligence and no breeding to be a grouch. It takes intelligence, good breeding and eternal vigilance to be considerate and cordial. In depression the grouch is left in the gutter; the cordial man is taken by the hand and pulled back to security. It pays to be well-bred.

—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. J. C. Shrewsbury, a member of our staff, was called to his home in Kentucky last Sunday on account of the serious illness of his mother.

—o—

The first real feed of butter beans was served to the boys last Wednesday. These beans are of excellent quality and togther with corn, peas and carrots, all products of our gardens, will occupy prominent places on cur daily menus for quite some time.

—o—

Some of our boys whose skin had a very unhealthy color, were recently examined, and it was found that some of them were infected with hook worm, and proper treatment was given immediately. The result of this treatment will not be definitely known for several weeks.

—o—

Mr. Thomas Lawrence, of Chapel Hill, son of Rev. A. S. Lawrence, a former rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, came to the School last Thursday to assume the duties of athletic and physical director. This is a new feature in the work of the institution, one that we feel sure wlli be of great value to the boys. Many fine points in character building as well as in physical development may be brought out by teaching the boys the advantages of clean sportsmanship—always playing to win, but to do so without resorting to unclean or unfair tactics.

—o—

Mr. J. A. Torbert, of Charlotte, has been engaged as a teacher to replace Mr. J. T. Boysworth, who recently resigned to take a position with the Aluminum Company, Badin. Mr. Torbert is a graduate of the University of North Carolina; has an "A" grade certificate, and has had one year of teaching experience.

—o—

Cleatus Daugherty, of Cottage No. 2, whose eye was injured several weeks ago, was taken to the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hosptial, Charlotte, last Thursday for examination. If the slight covering over the pupil of the eye does not clear up, Cleatus is to return to the hospital in sixty days for further examination.

—o—

The Training School boys enjoyed the first watermelon feast of the season last Saturday afternoon. These feasts are always enjoyable affairs and we are very sorry to report that, according to information received from our farm manager, there will be fewer of these happy occasions than in many years. This is due to the fact that the long period of extremely dry weather early in the Summer, had a damaging effect on the growth of the young vines.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. England, and son, of Meriden, Conn., visited the School last Friday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. England are members of the staff of the Connecticut State School for Boys, where they have charge of the laundry. After going through the several departments here, they were very enthusiastic in their praise of the work of this institution. These visitors from the North were very pleasant and we are sorry their stay with us was so brief.

—o—

Messrs. L. M. Safrit, F. L. Smith and J. A. Thomas, of Townships Nos. 6, 10 and 11, respectively, members of the Cabarrus Grand Jury, now in session at the August term of Court in Concord, visited the School last Wednesday afternoon. They were escorted through the various departments and over the farm by Superintendent Boger, and seemed to be very much interested in the work being carried on here. We were glad to have these gentlemen with us and hope they will always feel they are welcome visitors.

—o—

The mother of one of the boys recently paroled writes as follows:

"My boy is doing well. He is now in Fort Payne, Ala., staying with his father's folks.

"I will place him in public school when it opens in the Fall, and I know sending him to the Training School has done him lots of good, and I thank you people for what you have done for him.

"When he gets back home I will see that he writes you at least once a month."

—o—

Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Luke 19: 1-10, and in his talk to the boys he told the story of Zaccheus.

According to Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer, this man, Zaccheus, was the chief among the publicans and was a rich man. But above all these blessings he needed the love of Christ in his heart.

When he heard that Jesus was coming he was very anxious to see Him. Being a man of small stature and because the crowd was so great, he could not get a good view, so he climbed into a tree.

As Jesus approached the tree, He looked up and said, "Zaccheus, come down," and further said that He wished to go home with him.

The speaker stated that there seemed to have been a mutual attraction between these two immediately. Jesus saw in this little publican a man who could be useful in His ministry. Zaccheus felt his life changed after seeing and knowing Jesus. In this same manner many great men have been changed when they really saw Jesus and learned to know Him in their hearts.

After Zaccheus saw Jesus, said Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer, he was more

able to face the problems and temptations in life, and he made good.

Even Peter, after denying Christ three times, felt that he must prove himself worthy of Jesus' love. He too, made good, becoming one of the strongest and most useful of Christ's disciples.

All of us, continued the speaker, can make good if we take Jesus as our friend, for He stays with us always. The reason church people make the world better is because they stay close to Jesus and do His bidding.

Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer concluded by telling the boys that among their friends there are boys who are looking to them each day, and that they, after first accepting Christ themselves, should show Him to these friends. After we once know the joy and peace of having Christ in our hearts, we should recommend Jesus and His teachings to others, that they too, may enjoy life more freely.

GROWTH

Grow in stature if you can;
Inches do not make the man;
But if you would grow, indeed,
You must follow ere you lead;
First obedience, lesson grand,
Then the talent to command.

Grow in beauty if you may;
Features are but common clay;
But, if you would have a face
Full of love's exceeding grace,
See the heart that beats within
Pities poverty and sin.

Grow in knowledge; therein lies
That which yet may make you wise;
Wise to see that heaven can be
Opened but with wisdom's key,
Whilst mere knowledge, naught beside
Turns to arrogrance and pride.

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since July 7, 1935.

Week Ending August 18, 1935

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Erwin Martin 4
(7) Earl Rogers 7
Richard Sullivan 6
(7) Ashley Thompson 7
(2) Jerome Warren 5
(2) Vermont Whitley 6

COTTAGE No. 1

J. D. Ashe
Robert Cashwell 6
(7) William Goodson 7
(4) Ray Hutchins 4
(2) Joseph Johhnson 2
John Kellam 2
(7) Millard Owenby 7
Charles Pepper
(4) Everett Williamson 5
(7) Harvard Winn 7
(3) Preston Yarborough 6

COTTAGE No. 2

Robert Harrison 3
Thomas Horton 2
(3) Lewis Janey 3
(3) Clyde Kivett 4
Vasco Robinson 5
Y. V. Spates 4
Lawrence Tew

COTTAGE No. 3

Emerson Barnhill 2
Robert Batson
(2) William Barber 3
Elbert Bryant 3
Barney Caviness
James Cooper
Charles Furchess 2
Marcellus Gurganus 5
Percy Gurganus 3
Claude Hicks 2
(2) Frank Hutchins 4
(4) William McRary 5
(2) Thomas Reavis 2
Charles Vanhoy
D. C. Winston
Harvey Watson
(7) Porter Willhite 7

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Shelton Anderson 2
(2) Vernon Bass 4
Carlton Calloway 2
(5) William Hill 5
(5) Woodrow Jenkins 5
(6) Ralph Johnson 6
(3) William Justice 4
(6) Irwin Luther 6
Jack McRary 5
Percy Newsome 3
(2) Robert Orrell 2
Elmo Parrish
Richard Sprinkle
(7) Wheeler Sturdivant 7
(4) Melvin Walters 4
(2) Hubert Williams 4

COTTAGE No. 5

William Ange 3
(6) Max Cecil 6
(2) Monroe Keith 2
George Kye 6
Randolph Miller 4
Edgar Merritt 3
(5) Louis Tarkington 5
(2) Robert Worthington 5

COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Columbus Hamilton 4
(2) Thomas Hamilton 5
Leonard Melton
James Stepp 3
John Uptegrove 3
Joseph Wheeler

COTTAGE No. 7

William Beach 2
Emerson Frazier 3
(7) Caleb Hill 7
Perry Harvell
Houston Howard
(2) Theodore Nines 4

(2) Lewis Parker 4
(4) Floyd Watkins 5
(4) Douglas Wilkes 5

COTTAGE No. 8

Charles Banks 5
(2) Sam Belk 3
J. R. Davis 3
(7) Harry Flowe 7
(2) Morris Hicks 5
Lonnie Holleman 2
(4) Thomas Hudson 6
Howard Key
(3) Wilfred Land 3
(5) John Maxwell 5
(6) Ernest Owens 6
Luther Pierce 4
Ernest Rinehardt
Nate Shelton 2
Charles Webb 2

COTTAGE No. 9

William Craven
Esker Childress 2
Chester Duncan
(2) Randolph Davis 5
(6) Frank Hall 6
Levi Merritt 2
Thomas McCausley 4
Homer Smith 4
(2) Bryan Williams 4
(3) Richard Wrenn 3

COTTAGE No. 10

Lake Cooper 2
James Patterson
(3) Charles Pollard 5

COTTAGE No. 11

(4) Everett Bell 4
Charles Bowman
(7) Lewis Crawford 7
(3) Dallas Hodge 5
(6) David Hodge 6
Bennie Moore
Norman McGee 3

COTTAGE No. 12

(4) Earl Atwood 6
(7) Walter Beaver 7
(6) James Douglas 6
Alfred Holleman 5
(6) Basil Johnson 6
(6) Edward Lockamy 6
(6) Glenn O'Quinn 6
(5) Arbie Phillips 6
(3) Eli Philemon 6
(3) Homer Quick 6
William Stevens 2
Lonnie Sloan 2
(3) Olive Weaver 5
(7) Thomas Welch 7

COTTAGE No. 13

(2) Joseph Brown 3
(2) Charles Lloyd 2
(2) Jennings Norris 5
(3) Claude Pickett 4
Linwood Potter 2
Hilliard Ruff
(5) Porter Stack 5
(7) Howard Wilson 7

COTTAGE No. 14

(No Honor Roll reported.)

COTTAGE No. 15

(5) Robert Alexander 5
(2) John Caddell 3
Floyd Causey 4
(6) Earl Chambers 6
George Gibson 3
Claibourne McKee 4
S. T. McGinnis 3
(5) George McManus 5
Edward Martin 5
Walter Mitchell
(2) Harley Pennell 4
Richard Tysinger 4
(4) Winfred Whitlock 4
Roy Wyrick 3

TRUE GREATNESS

Were I so tall to reach the pole
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul;
The mind's the standard of the man.

—Isaac Watts.

Travel anywhere..any day *on the* SOUTHERN *for* 1½¢ PER MILE

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* 2½¢ PER MILE — ROUND TRIP TICKETS—Return Limit 6 Months .....for Each Mile Traveled

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U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 31, 1935 No. 35

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'Tis better to hope, though clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still uplifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are lifted!
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

—Selected.

——PUBLISHED BY——
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

GREAT WORDS

The greatest word is God
The deepest word is soul.
The longest word is eternity.
The swiftest word is time.
The nearest word is now.
The darkest word is sin.
The meanest word is hypocrisy.
The broadest word is truth.
The strongest word is right.
The tenderest word is home.
The most solemn word is conscience.
The sweetest word is Jesus.
The cleanest word is purity.
The most glorious word is life.
The friendliest word is neighbor.
The deadliest word is hate.
The blackest word is traitor.
The harshest word is hell.
The grandest word is love.
The gladdest word is joy.
The surest word is faith.
The foulest word is filth.
The kindest word is mercy.
The brightest word is death.
The most useful word is work.
The most restful word is peace.
The dearest word is mother.
The happiest word is heaven.

—Selected.

THE MEANING OF A SWIMMING POOL

Knowing the joy a swimming pool affords youth in this issue is an article from the Orphans' Friend, showing the superintendent's estimate of the value of such recreation. Through the columns of The Uplift we wish to emphasize the thought, that the pool not only furnishes recreation and pleasure but is used for constructive and beneficial purposes. Such recreation for our 500 boys would eliminate the sordid humdrum of a monotonous life, besides it would stimulate the boys to feel some one really has their interest at heart.

Superintendent Boger will be glad to contact any one wishing to

contribute to the moral and physical development of the delinquents.

It is our hope some fine fellow who has fond recollections of the "old swimming hole" will read understandingly the following. Remember a small amount of money invested for the boy will be the wisest economy to practice:

When the Sudan and Oasis Temples of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine of North Carolina presented the Oxford Orphanage with the beautiful swimming pool several years ago, doubtless, the main objective was that of a pleasurable delight of the children of the Oxfor Orphanage. Throughout all these years the pool has been the center of summer time recreation and each day during the summer each child has been given the privilege of swimming. It has brought an unlimited amount of pleasure and recreation, but some years ago it was discovered that the pool could be used to a far more constructive and beneficial purpose. It was discovered that through the general program of the American Red Cross the swimming pool at the Oxford Orphanage could be used to train pupils not only in all the arts of swimming and diving, but likewise to become life savers and acquire a knowledge of first aid and helpful service on a water front.

Years ago licensed Red Cross trainers and examiners were provided from outside, and classes were conducted and several of our children received certificates. It was later found that from our own staff of workers it was possible to secure those who could train pupils and become licensed examiners. This spring two of our staff were sent by the local Red Cross chapter and the Orphanage to the National Aquatic School at Camp Carolina near Brevard, N. C. This school was conducted by the National Red Cross for all the states in the South Eastern section of America. Our workers returned with full certificates and again promoted a training school for life savers in both junior and senior classes. As a result 40 of our pupils received certificates and in a few nights a beautiful water pageant, as a high type of community entertainment with the use of a swimming pool, will be held.

The following figures have been compiled in regard to the Orphanage High School, which may be of interest:

	Boys	Girls	Total
High School Enrollment	35	58	93
High School Pupils Holding Life Saving Certificates	8	17	25
Percentage of High School Pupils Holding Life Saving Certificates	22.09	29.3	26.9

In addition to the pupils considered above, there are fourteen puipls in the Grammar-Grade department who hold life-saving certificates.

In addition to all these above facts every single pupil in the High School can swim and every pupil in the Orphanage who has been here as much as one full year and is above eight years of age can also swim and dive. We feel that thi sis an unusual record and we are anxious for our leaders to know something about it. We continue to be grateful to our friends of the Shrine for this wonderful opportunity.

* * * * * * *

APPOMATTOX PARK

The deserted village, Appomattox Court House, since the bill has been signed by the president for an appropriation of $100,000 to restore this spot, to its primitive state, will become the Mecca for tourists from all over the country.

Despite the bickering of individuals and organizations from both sides of the conflict of the "Sixties", Appomattox with its picturesque old homes, suggestive of the traditional South will be rehabiiated and landscaped, suggestive of a reunited nation with good will towards all and ill will towards none.

The McLean House where the terms of surrender were signed, and the historic tavern, the scene of activities at this particular era, will be restored. In fact the entire area within a radius of a mile and a half of the old Court House site, will be rebuilt as near as possible to its appearance in the day of the surrender, April 10, 1865. The last act of the drama enacted by the Army of Northern Virginia has made Appomattox Court House a shrine, the memorable spot where Lee and Grant stood when the curtain was run down on the Confederacy. The restoration of Appomattox houses

to their original form, commemorating history that is of interest to every American, is timely and commendable. It will be the means of reviving interest in the history of the Southland, and bring pilgrims from all over the world, a fine way, through contact, to know people of other states and countries.

* * * * * * *

AN ACHIEVEMENT OF ROOSEVELT ADMINISTRATION

We too have thought along the same lines of the Smithfield Herald, speculating that when the President's Security measure becomes effective it will eliminate the county homes, making it possible for all inmates to pay for their keep out of the pensions received from the government. It may lead to converting the county homes into county hospitals.

The old age pension will be a boon to many, taking away the fear of being dependents when incapacitated by old age for service. The soldiers who fight in the battles of wars of every period of history receive remuneration for service, but the old men or women who have fought the battles of life to make belt and buckle meet in rearing a large family, in many instances most valuable assets to any community, are bunked, or words to that effect, and made to feel their utter uselessness.

It takes a far-visioned man to see that there are more battles than those of war, and the man or woman who has made the fight should be sheltered and tenderly cared for in old age.

To participate in federal funds the states have to match the appropriations for old age assistance on a certain basis. All in all, the Social Security measure is far-reaching and will bring joy to the benighted and hopeless old persons.

* * * * * * *

THE TWO THE EMBODIMENT OF NOBLENESS

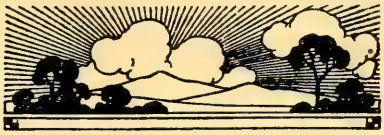
We are safe in saying that the tragic ending of Will Rogers, the humorist, and Wiley Post, the courageous flier, the first to circumnavigate the globe by air, touched the hearts of more people throughout the country than the death of man previously in

high or low estate. The personality of each, kindred spirits, but different in their scope of activities, one knowing the breadth and depth of emotions of mankind and the other with a passion to explore the immeasurable air space, made the world better and happier by having lived.

Will Rogers never once faltered about his Cherokee blood that coursed through his veins. It is known that he made no apologies for his ancestors. In a humorous way acknowledged that he could not find his way back to the Mayflower, but that his forbears doubtless were members of the receiving committee on that memorable occasion.

We love to think of this man of the western frontier, so wonderfuly human in all he said and did, having no desire to copy the foibles and frills of humanity, but inveigled his way into the hearts of mankind by his simple faith cemented with the spirit of love for every body.

News of the shocking passing of these two international figures brought sadness to the hearts of millions throughout the world, a tribute that distinctively belongs to those who love and serve for the uplift of humanity.



THE HAPPY VALLEY, WHERE THE YADKIN RIVER FLOWS

By Old Hurrygraph

Legerwood, N. C.,—If God ever made a more beautiful elongated spot than the Yadkin valley—more generally known as the Happy Valley—in Caldwell country, North Carolina, (through the center of which flows the Yadkin river, purling its way to the wide waters of the Atlantic ocean) I do not know where it is located.

This Happy Valley is emerald-framed on the South by the Green mountain range, and on the North by the Ripshine range of mountains. These mountains on either side slope down to a level terrene, in breadth from one mile to two miles, with a valley vista for miles and miles, carpeted with a soft, rich velvet of eye-refreshing green; mosaiced with bautiful rural homes, and tesselated with the most luxuriant crops, like agricultural armies marching on to victorious harvests. Contented cattle browsing in verdant meadows, the voices of chanticleers, near and far, and the cackle of hens, proclaiming their part in the order of Happy Valley progress and achievements; even the crows have caws for rejoicing in this beautiful land; the ripening fruits and the blooming flowers all proclaim the rich gifts of Providence, and form a natural picture of rare beauty and charm. Churches dot the Valley like signal lights along the pathway of life. In this happy environment is also located an educational institution of great import—the Patterson School—an agricultural school for boys, now in its 26th year.

This peaceful and restful valley was created by the same Divine hand that spreads exquisite tints upon the lily and rose that decks the autumn forests with their gorgeous draperies of a thousand dyes; that mingles the deep blue of the empyrean vault in the placid streams; that spangles the azure mantle of the universe with the golden stars, and implants their wonderous correscating fires in the opal's and diamond's hearts; that teaches the sun's artistic fingers to paint the evening skies with all the liquid hues of a million shattered prisms; that bestows his changeful coat on the chamelon, and casts the roseate flush of early morning on the mountain tops, and glossy-like encircles the frowning brow of heaven with the glittering rainbow coronet, and hangs the wondrously-blazing aurora-borealis lamps upon the northern pole.

The good Lord is gracoius to Happy Valley, and smiles upon it.

The value of the dollar can never fall as low as the means some people adopt to get it.—Selected.

NATURE IS OKEY

(The Orphans' Friend and Masonic Journal)

Not so long ago we read an article, an excellent one, by the way, in which the writer set forth the philosophy that there are certain displeasing experiences that each person must confront. This thought was presented logically and vigorously. One of ordinary intelligence could not read it without catching the point. But the writer himself had a slant on things that proclaimed aloud between the lines that he had not thought back far enough, for he referred to each unpleasant aspect of life to be faced, as a "hard fact of life". The storms and stresses of life, the illnesses and the disappointments, the strange and adverse workings of what seems to be fate, would appear to be enough to deserve the description "hard facts of life". To the person who takes life casually and never subjects himself and the circumstances by which he is affected, to intelligent analysis, the business of living and meeting the daily contingencies may seem too prolific with the set-backs, hardships and disappointments he encounters from time to time. With no key other than self-interest or commonplace tradition, he is not likely to open his consciousness to life's real purposes.

The immediate conclusion that a man rebuffed by hard experiences comes to is, that nature is cruel and relentless. He feels that her beneficent aspects are sadly non-existent when he comes round. But all who strive and think, who do their best to unravel the mysteries and enter harmonius relations with evolution's purposes, sooner or later get a vision and come to know that nature is never cruel, never less so than when she seems most cruel,—and that every trial and tribulation is provided for the purpose of making each man ultimately something grander; finer and more powerful than he could possibly be if left to his own devices to painlessly and aimlessly shoot the currents of life. Every man who meets adverse circumstances grapples with them and comes through the struggle even but partially successful, has built in his mental, spiritual and physical organism the strength, courage and endurance fitting him to meet the same experience on better terms next time; and to be the better fit for undergoing any other experience that may come his way. These daily little things that annoy and upset, in the course of time, total into tremendously big things. It takes but a few minutes for a man to shave, but a few moments to comb his hair. But all his shaving and all his hair attention in a life-time amount to days and weeks. If, as the Mason is admonished to do in the division of his time, he sleeps eight hours each day, we have only to do a little figuring to see that a man of sixty years sleeps abed twenty of them.

So nature gives us broken doses of all sorts of experiences. We are prone to forget those grand times she gives us, those high spots (except when there is enough of sensation in them to present an opportunity for regaling them to others to show our

importance). But the stomach aches, the "dirty deals", the disappointments and all the things sinister, we give preferred place in our recollections and pity ourselves about them; sometimes reaching the condition of actually enjoying being miserable because it presents such fine opportunities to play the martyr and exercise grouches.

We should be reversing the process. The untoward facts of life should be remembered and considered long enough to correct the causes bringing them about, and to make us more sympathetic to people who need and merit consolation or help; and then they should be pulled up by the roots and entirely thrown out of mind—not just sidetracked so as to flare up and fester later, but really thrown out. It is the pleasant and the profitable, the positive thoughts, those making for accomplishment and harmony, that should be permitted to linger in the mind.

The person who gets as "mad as hops" with another and spends hours and hours from week to week playing with the thought of revenge, harms himself tremendously, and not a fraction of that wasted mental and psychic exercise does any good. But let the same person think constructively, applying all his faculties to the purpose of producing harmony and happiness and promoting the purposes of evolution, fostering the good and leaving no place for evil to flourish—isn't the point clear?

We too are obsessed with the idea that the world is run on money and bossing, the stock market and the whims of the powers that be, while the sum total of all the erroneous thinking is immeasurably greater than all the evils of these alibis we rig up like men of straw in explanation of our own deficiencies.

It is not the hard facts of life that hurt. In the main these hard facts are merely reflections that cause and consequence send back to us who originate the causes. Every day, every minute, every second of our lives, nature is trying to make something great of us, something noble—and nature knows her business.

Let us be grateful for the day. Let us rejoice in the sunlight—and when it is hidden from us, let us remember that in the upper air, above our clouded sphere, it still fills the heavens. Many good things continue to come to us. Nature is continually providing us with bounties—while we wake, while we sleep. So let us go to our appointed tasks with cheerful obedience and joyful expectation. If trial and trouble await us, or if, in the heat of the day, the burden seems too great, we may still be comforted in the thought that above all, there is a Supreme Being in whom the world from the beginning, and today, places its trust.—George Batchelor.

HOW RICH?

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

A quick-witted North Carolinian once remarked. "The struggle of the race is to get away from fried meat." This is tersely put, but it sums up a big total of present day activity. The crowd is ready to do honor to the pioneer who seized this country and made it a land of delight for luxury seekers; but few want to live the life of the pioneers in simsple tastes and primitive ways.

An early volume of colonial times gives a recipe for Brunswick stew as it was originally made in Brunswick county, Virginia. It begins thus: "First, catch your rabbit." Then, having your rabbit, full instructions are given for the additional ingredients.

But the present generation is trying to avoid catching the rabbit. It wants to go to market to buy the rabbit. Therefore it needs cash. To get away from fried meat is to get away from primitive living to an advanced stage of civilization when luxuries abound—where the pinch of hunger doesn't drive to the day's work nor the daily necessities require honest labor. The cash is the solution. It will buy freedom from toil, luxurious homes, fine cars, expensive tours to all lands. The cash will do all this. Then we better get the cash to get away from the fried meat, to make the escape from the hoi polloi, be set apart as a distinct class, to have, to hold, to enjoy.

Yet such a group soon becomes surfeited with continuous feasting. Then weariness comes and loneliness follows, because fellowship with the race of men is lost.

"The house by the side of the road" is a house where the races of men go by, a house where the races of men feel at home.

Jane Addams had bequeathed to her unusual educational training, opportunities for travel and study abroad and independent means to gratify personal taste and ambitions, but she exchanged these for the privilege of building Hull House, where thousands of all sorts and conditions of men might find a friend and a neighbor, for, said she: "That person is most cultivated who is able to put himself in the place of the greatest number of persons."

The cash in hand will buy a luxurious life. But are only those rich who have a luxurious life? Your eyes convey to you the wonders of earth and sky, a thousand tints on the colorful landscape, and the wisdom of the learned; how much of the hard cash would buy them- Or how much of it would outweigh the fragrance of the rose or the purple violet wet with dew?

And the choice strains of music, the voices of nature and of intimate friends, would you silence them for the hard cash?

Your wealth lies in what you are using and enjoying, and it increases as it is multiplied or as it is shared with the greatest number.

TRAINING THE MEMORY

(Selected)

"The face is familiar, but I can't quite remember the name."

So goes one of the most over-worked phrases in the English language. Yet in spite of the fact that most of us find it easier to forget than to remember, the history of the human race is packed with instances of men who have been capable of performing the most astounding feats of memory.

Among the many persons, dead and living, who have been notable in this regard must be numbered Justus Lipsius, a gallant Roman who learned by heart every word written by the historian Tacitus. So sure was he of his ability to retain what he had learned that he agreed to recite publicly any passage asked for, his only provision being that a sword be run through his heart if he made a single mistake.

Not only did he actually go through the ordeal, but he survived to tell the tale.

Somewhat similar was the feat accomplished by the great English essayist, Lord Macaulay, who memorized and recited every syllable of those two lengthy literary classics, "The Pilgrim's Progress" and "Paradise Lost."

Psychologists are still baffled by the famous case of Jedediah Boxton, an uneducated British day laborer, wholly ignorant of both Latin and Greek, who could repeat without an error as many as 10 pages from Homer or Virgil after only hearing the passages read through once.

Another such memorizing genius was William Lyon, a wandering Scotch actor of the early 19th century, who is said to have repeated "without the least hesitation or mistake" the entire newspaper, advertisements and all, after studying the sheet for half an hour.

Only a few years ago Dr. William T. Harris, eminent psychologist, testified to the truth of the report that Stanley Duncan, clerk in a Philadelphia store, was able to remember the day of the week of any given date since his ninth birthday, a period extending over 42 years.

Dr. Roscoe Pound, dean of the Harvard university law school, is a present-day figure who is possessed of a prodigious memory.

He can quote page after page from the Latin classics, repeat the entire page of a book word for word after only one hearing and recall the names and faces of almost every student who has ever been in one of his classes.

The extraordinary Pound memory, far from being a natural gift, was developed after long years of practice.

As a young man, Dr. Pound was warned that he was in danger of losing his eyesight, and in order to rest his eyes as much as possible, he began to trust more and more to his memory, a habit which became greater and greater during the passing years.

There are, of course, many types of memory: A memory for faces, A memory for words, A memory for

scenes and a memory for music.

The professional musician, particularly the opera star or the concert artist, must be able to pack millions of notes, all integrated into the proper place, away into his or her mind.

Grace Moore, Lily Pons and other Metropolitan Opera stars are required to carry the words and music of as many as five or six difficult and complicated operatic roles simultaneously in their minds, a feat which becomes all the more astounding when it is remembered that these roles are often in different languages.

Great pianists must have a repertoire of two or three hundred selections, each taking from 10 minutes to an hour to perform. Paderewski is said to have once estimated that he could play the piano uninterruptedly for eight and a half days without ever consulting a piece of music or repeating the same selection twice.

Hans von Bulow, celebrated pianist and composer of the last century, had such a superb musical memory that he could perform feats that no other pianist has ever been able to equal.

No matter how lengthy or difficult the piece of music, he could study it through two or three times, put it aside and play it perfectly.

History records that Henry Clay could be introduced to a hundred or more persons at a social gathering and meeting any one of them a year later, could at once address them by their proper names.

Napoleon, although his memory was faulty in some respects, was able to recall the names and faces of thousands of veterans who fought in his various campaigns.

Students of the subject say that memory is simply the product of careful training and discipline. But some of the feats recorded above would indicate that possibly there is a little more to it than that.

UNBEATEN

You haven't got me down, World,
You haven't knocked me out—
I may have lost a round, but
Let's have another bout!

I'm not demanding favors,
Or whining either, see?
You think I'll run from punches?
You'll get no yelp from me!

Come on with all you've got then,
Put up your gloves! all set?
You havent' got me down, World
You haven't licked me yet!

—Selected.

HAMPTON ROADS: NAVAL CENTER

By Georgia Dickinson Wardlaw

If America ever again becomes embroiled in a "Great War" keep your eye on Hampton Roads!

The very name carries one back almost 20 years—to 1917—when, with this country at last drawn into the bloody maelstrom of the World War, the United States Government not only used Hampton Roads as a port of embarkation for thousands of American troops bound for service overseas, but for other services as well, commandeering virtually the entire port, and expending vast sums of money on the building of numerous docks and warehouses there.

Then, as never before or since, did this magnificent harbor resound to the tunes of "Over There" and "Keep the Home-Fires Burning" as giant transports, packed with tens of thousands of gallant and expectant American youths, moved out into the broad waters of this world-famous Virginia harbor.

Looking out upon the placid waters of Hampton Roads today—at the majestic panorama outstretched before one's gaze—a panorama that embraces the cities of Portsmouth, Norfolk, Hampton and Newport News—with the Naval Operating Base, Fortress Monroe and Langley Field, conspicuous in the picture—one asks himself, "Will history ever repeat itself at this stragetic point? Or will something far greater, from the standpoint of historic importance, one day take place within this same area?"

The name of Hampton Roads was given to the body of water forming the connecting link between the merged waters of the James, Nansemond and Elizabeth Rivers, and of Chesapeake Bay. The four Virginia cities previously alluded to—Portsmouth, Norfolk, Hampton and Newport News when referred to collectively, are frequently called the Port of Hampton Roads. On the southeastern side lie Portsmouth and Norfolk —on the opposite shore Hampton and Newport News.

For years this port has done a business far out of proportion to the population of its surrounding cities, shipping foods, raw materials, and manufactured articles from all over the Eastern and Middle Western sections of the United States to various ports of the world.

From Hampton Roads today there is exported 59 per cent of all the coal shipped out of this country; it leads all other ports in the exportation of tobacco, and the statistics of grain and cotton shipments are staggering.

As a commercial center, Norfolk is the leading tobacco port of the America's; the world's greatest coal port, and one of the great fuel oil ports of the world. The Norfolk-Portsmouth water-front has a total of 165 piers, nearly half of which are owned by the eight railroads which enter the three cities of Hampton Roads, bringing export cargoes for the steamship lines out of Norfolk, and receiving imports for various sections of the United States.

As a Military and Naval nucleus —the Norfolk-Portsmouth-Hampton

Roads section is nationally and internationally famous. Here, as at few other places in this country in so concentrated an area, the visitor has an opportunity to study at first hand, the defensive methods of the United States.

For located at Norfolk on the same reservation are the Hampton Roads Naval Operating Base—the base of Operations and Supply for the Atlantic Fleet; the Hampton Roads Naval Training Station where more than 50 per cent of all naval recruits are given their first training; the Hampton Roads Naval Air Station, and the Hampton Roads Submarine Base.

At Portsmouth, just oppocite Norfolk on the left bank of the Elizabeth River and often called Norfolk's sister city, is located the Norfolk Navy Yard, second largest in the country and one of the finest in the world. Here, likewise is the United States Naval Hospital, one of the most important naval health centers in the country, devoted exclusively to the treatment of sick and wounded sailors and marines.

With Newport News, where the great Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydocks Company is located—largest shipbuilding plant in the world; Old Point Comfort—the site of Fortress Monroe commanding the entrance to the Hampton Roads and Chesapeake Bay—and in Norfolk and Portsmouth especially, where the United States Government has invested millions of dollars for naval training and defense—there is small wonder that in the event of a war involving this country,, Hampton Roads would be well marked on the enemy's map for early capture or complete destruction—while it would be one of the most zealously guarded of all our harbors.

No patriotic American should be in or near Norfolk for any length of time, and not avail himself of the opportunity of visiting the Naval Base, located within the city limits, for it is an experience never to be forgotten, and many who find it possible to do so, make repeated visits, each time coming upon some new discovery of interest, and finding the harbor more beautiful than before.

Located at the end of Hampton Boulevard (a thoroughfare that takes one into the loveliest residential sections of Norfolk) one finally reaches the entrance to the base—a bit breathless and expectant to say the least—. Here he halts his car before a neatly groomed Marine who stands guard at the entrance; inquires the object of the visit, and satisfies himself that no guns or cameras are being carried inside the reservation.

Satisfied on this score, the guard places a visitors card in the front left-hand corner of your car, and bids you proceed. This card is a constant reminder that there must be no smoking while in the base, and that the speed limit is 20 miles an hour. You feel somehow that the number on your car license plates has been jotted down and that you are not to loiter—unnecessarily.

With the guard and guardhouse behind, you now find yourself within one of the greatest Naval Bases in the world. Symmetrical plots of green grass—flowers bordered and

trees-edged lie before you with splendid walks and drives on either side. Straight ahead a few hundred paces is a historic marker which readily attracts the visitor's eye, and which tells an interesting story—an historic preface to one's visit to this base of peacetime Naval Operations, and potential wartime training. For it reads—

BATTLE OF SEAWELL'S POINT

"Confederate batteries at Seawell's Point were located near here. These batteries mounting 20 32-pounders, three 42-pounder carronades, and six 9-inch rifles, successfully repulsed an attack by the Federal Fleet, May 19, 1861. This was the first engagement fought in Virginia in the War Between the States. These batteries, under fire many times, were never silenced or captured. Thy were abandoned when Norfolk was evacuated May 10, 1862."

Farther on, one comes upon huge tanks and enormous brick warehouses that give to the immdeiate surroundings the appearance of a city. Some of these huge warehouses occupy a full length city block, and house valuable naval supplies. Other buildings loom up along the way—for there is no crowding or congestion there. One has a sense of air and space and light everywhere he drives within this great Government Base. And the buildings are splendidly marked—Detention Prison and Receiving Station; Motion Picture Sub-Exchange; Enlisted Men's Club; Mess Hall; Barber Shop; Photographer's Shop, etc. Farther on, or perhaps on another drive one comes upon the great hangers of steel-frame construction used for planes; buildings that house the giant searchlights; the Ships Service Garage; Printer's Shop, and the enormous central heating plant that serves the Officer's residences and base buildings alike.

A block or so from all this and one is transported as if by magic to what might be a quiet, peaceful village of trim white cottages with a little white-steepled church set in their midst, and the greenest of shade trees all about. These cottages house the petty-officers, and are homey if somewhat tiny as to size. Here bloom flowers in profusion—summer zinnias in their riot of reds and burnt-orange; great clumps of hydrangeas—a chromatic scale of exquisite blues, and marigolds and cannas in all of their stately beauty.

On past these inviting cottages, one comes upon broad tennis courts, parade grounds, and still other buildings of interest. The huge Drill Hall is one of these; another the Administration Building—perhaps the most imposing building on the base, in which is located the United States Post Office; Commandan't Office, and other departments of importance. Another impressive building is marked Service Schools, which includes the Recruiter's School; Aviation Ordinance School; Naval Academy Preparatory Class, and the Naval Base School for Children.

The visitor who chances to turn in "Admiral's Row" towards the very last of his tour inspection of the base, carries away with him truly grand

memories of this imposing and beautiful residential section, for it is here that one sees the handsome homes of certain of the Navy's rear-admiral's and captains. Dillingham Boulevard it is called—this lovely drive of Naval mansions—stately examples of Georgian or pure Colonial architecture, in all white or red brick with high columns and gracous porticos.

Here one passes the residence (so marked) of the Captain of the Mississippi; of the Commandant whose ship is the Virginia; of the Rear-Admiral of the Maryland; of the Captain of the Connecticut, and many others. These beautiful places all face on Hampton Roads harbor, but immediately on a small golf course, situated on the west side and the Officer's Bathing Beach and Flying Field to the east. But beyond—ever beyond and about it all—in clear and exquisite view—are the wide waters of Hampton Roads, with Newport News, Langley Field and Old Point Comfort "just across the way."

If time permits, a fitting finale to one's visit to the Naval Base is a visit to the Norfolk Navy Yard, located on the Portsmouth side. Portsmouth, named for the old English seaport, was laid off in 1752, and since 1800 has been a Naval Base. The present Navy Yard covers 213 acres, and is the second largest in this country, and one of the largest and finest in the world. For a number of years past it has handled more Navy construction and repair work than any other in this country. It can dock a giant ship the size of the Leviathan, and the S. S. George Washington has been docked at the yard for repairs on several occasions.

Suffice it to say, this great Navy Yard is always a source of delight and interest to visitors who have visited it by the thousands.

Out of the mouth proceedeth the thoughts of the heart. Having trained the mind to think good thoughts, you are standing, as it were, at the bottom rung of the ladder of thought-gifts, to which there is but one end, provided you continue to climb. The ability to think good clean thoughts is the thing that distinguishes man from the animal. If you would grow in the grace of the Lord and in favor with man—if you would be ambitious, four-square with your fellow-man—you must think, act and talk the part, and not be forever carping and mouthing about something. Remember, it is much easier to criticize than to create.

The bee seeks for honey and finds it. The serpent seeks for poison and distills it. The critic may look for errors so persistently that he will be unable to recognize the truth when he meets it.—The Yellow Jacket.

SPLIT EAR OF THE DESERT

By Lewis Wayne Walker and A. Spotswood Young

Midnight on the desert of Arizona, with a blasting hot wind blowing, and the thermometer at 120. The water trough had a steady procession of visitors. Quail with drooping crest fluttered to its brim, bats skimmed its surface, a roadrunner stalked out from under a cholla cactus. His tail did not twitch. Such display of vanity used up too much energy on a night like this. A burro lay down, only to rise again restlessly. The convey of quail, the roadrunner, and a rabbit suddenly slunk to one side. Through the night air could be heard a subdued panting, and to the water trough strode a large coyote. His hide was gray-tipped. He was old, a survivor of many fights, both against four-legged adversaries and against man. One ear was slit through the center, a searing mark on his otherwise perfect body. The burro laid back his long ears at the intrusion. The coyote looked around, then drank his fill, and faded into the darkness.

A long sandy road ran in front of a homesteader's shack, not far from the trough. Five miles farther on it stopped at a corral. From its end, branching out in all directions, were small paths made by wandering, hit-or-miss desert prospectors.

Echoing on the cabin walls harsh invectives could be heard, hurled at an animal. A horse, a cow, or even a mule, would have dropped dead from shame, but a burro—no! A moment later, the large, awkward front gate slammed, and the burro's owner knocked at the door. Obeying the unwritten law of the desert, food was placed before him. There was talk of the ever-hunted minerals in the hills, the terrible hot spell, the heat-relieving sandstorm, and finally the midnight call of Split Ear. The prospector absorbed it all. He chewed on his pipe, stroked his rough, unkempt face, and then he "reckoned" that Split Ear, the coyote, was the same animal he had shot about five years back. He had been riding along, so he drawlingly remarked, with a pack mule ahead, heavily loaded. Tin dishes were rattling, and the noise "skeered up" a coyote.

The animal ran for about fifty feet, then stopped and listened, not realizing that following the pack mule there was a man, and that the man was armed. The prospector fired, and two things happened. The coyote dropped, the pack mule bolted, and went tearing off across the desert. This last turn of events saved the coyote's life. The prospector glanced at the "wolf," as he called him, before giving chase to the mule. He had made a clean hit. One ear was ripped open, and the stunned animal lay as if dead. A trail of flour, sugar, coffee and rice marked the path of the fleeing pack mule. Under a tall saguaro cactus lay part of a Dutch oven,—a discouraging sight. When the man returned in a white heat of rage, with about a quarter of his original belongings, he saw the coyote run off in the distance. A blood-stained spot in the sand marked the place where the animal had fall-

en. His description of the wounded coyote and that of the nocturnal visitor dovetailed.

After Split Ear's midnight drink at the trough, the temperature continued to rise till it reached 125 degrees. There it hovered,—cruel, devastating. The coyote's nose was hot and dry. It had failed to tell him of the human spectators that had watched his every move with sympathetic interest. His feet were swollen and blistered. Each step caused pain like that of a deep-driven cholla thorn. The roadrunner darted to one side, but the weary Split Ear was not looking for fresh meat. He was searching for a place to rest, a soft spot, where he could lie down and lick his swollen pads. Several thousand feet from the trough was a wide ravine. Its edges were cluttered with black and gray stones of volcanic origin. They were all pockmarked, and very light for their size. In and out among them the limping coyote wandered, finally deciding on a small crevice as a hiding place. Here he dozed fitfully for hours on this night of horror for all the creatures of the desert.

Early the next morning the pitiless sun rose in a clear, brassy sky. A burning breeze waved the parched grasses. One large, brown, round "stone" was not pockmarked. Its surface shimmered in the dry wind,—the tell-tale fur of an animal.

Split Ear rose soon after the sun. He stretched, sniffed the air, and smelled or sensed disaster from the elements. His lacadaisical air vanished, his paining paws were forgotten. Hurrying toward the water trough, he paused cautiously on the windward side. Rest had refreshed his nose. The hated scent of man was wafted to him. A door slammed and Split Ear crouched on the ground. He heard a whistling riata and the frenzied trampling of many hoofs from within the ocotilla-fenced corral. A moment later a sorrel horse was led forth and a saddle placed on its back. The owner started to mount, the horse pranced and goat-hopped, but was soon subdued. Intelligent man has lost, due to civilization, the use of many precious endownments. The rider did not realize that the pony was trying in vain to issue a weather warning, which, if heeded, would keep them both at home.

Split Ear again drank furtively. He was nervous. The breeze had ominously stopped, the air had become depressingly and menacingly still. He headed back to the ravine, where he had had his night's rest, and once more searched among the boulders. An hour later he was hidden from sight and from the elements.

In the southwest agitated clouds began to form. A peculiar, writhing arm reached earthward, leaving destruction wherever it touched. A deathly calm, foreboding stillness pervaded everything, as if the very desert held its breath. Not a leaf stirred. Only the whine of the oncoming sandstorm broke the silence. The ears of all the desert folks were laid back as they sought shelter. Like a blast from the lower regions, the storm hit with all its fury. Bits of cactus, pumice stone, and sand choked the air. Horses and cattle went as the wind directed, with their heads held low. Barbed-wire fences

were now no barrier to the tortured, terrified beasts, as they plunged ahead. Nothing but serious injury, death, or an easing of the elements would make them stop. A washtub near the water trough was lifted into the air. Careening crazily, it disappeared in the yellowish, sandy fog.

Gusts of hot wind blew down into the crevice in which Split Ear was hiding. The whine of the storm reached his ears, and powdery sand filtered down on his fur. He shut his eyes, put his nose under his paws, and curled up tightly, his tail over all. His breathing was forced in this position, but any sand that would have been drawn into his nostrils was now hair-strained.

Above the noise of the havoc around him he was suddenly startled by a nearby crash. He jumped in fright, raised his nose, but was soon back in the same position. The sand had tmeporarily destroyed his sense of smell. His eyes burned and smarted intolerably. The storm was furious while it lasted, but luckily it did not last long. Within fifteen minutes it had spent itself in this locality, and moved on to the northeast, to new territory. Now came a desert miracle. The atmosphere through which the sand had passed was clear, cool, and refreshing, as if a heavy rain had fallen, but not many of the desert dwellers were in a condition to enjoy it. Those that were not still in hiding were searching for water to ease their parched throats. Those that had remained secreted were rubbing their eyes, wondering if it was yet safe to venture forth. A few of the more unfortunate would try to emerge, only to find their way blocked. Their end would come with suffocation.

Half buried in sand, Split Ear tried to rise. Little by little he moved out from the encasing mould of debris. He glanced about and was startled to see a strange, round, shining object a few rods from him. Stealthily, and with ludicrous fear, he crept toward it, only to find a dented and battered tin washtub. Its fall against the rocks had given him his sudden recent fright. In itself it was harmless, but it reeked with the smell of man. Weeks and months had formerly gone by with neither sight nor scent of this hated enemy. His puppyhood had been compartively safe, wild and free, but even during his lifetime things had changed. Ranches had sprung up like mushrooms. Man was conquering the country overwhelmingly. In the distant past there were fleet-footed antelope. Now, to take their place there were clumsy cattle. Where red men once stalked animals for food, white men now killed for sport. Man dominated the lives of the smaller folk. This domination could be used to advantage.

That afternoon Split Ear had good hunting. The desert was teeming with small rodent life. Kangaroo rats that were usually out during nocturnal hours, were running and jmping across the sands, looking for places of concealment. Their large, brown, trusting eyes were blinded by the white glare. They had been forced from their holes by a lack of air. The soft, loose, shifting sand had plugged the entrances. Thye had to veritably dig new homes. It would

be many days before the ground again set,—before the small creatures could make passageways which would remain intact as a haven of refuge in case of danger. Split Ear reaped a harvest. Chipmunks, ground squirrels, gophers, cottontails and *juancitos* fell as his prey.

As if to atone somewhat for the havoc wrought by the morning storm, nature gave the desert her loveliest in the evening. The tall saguaro shadows lengthened. Gray clouds flecked the western sky. Volcanic mountains in the distance loomed up black and rugged. The sun—a ball of fire as it sunk toward the horizon—turned the banked clouds saffron, crimson,—flaming, beauteous. High-flying particles of dust lifted into the atmosphere by the tornado reflected startling colors. Everything took on a rosy tinge. Slowly the clouds changed from brilliant hues to deep purple—brown—finally black. Night had fallen on the desert.

A score of miles to the west, on the border of Split Ear's domain, ran a long, muddy irrigation ditch, used as a watering place by the various desert animals. Only occasionally did Split Ear dare to return and drink from the trough by the cabin.

On one of his trips to the man-made oasis the scent of a rabbit came to him from behind a clump of waxen-leafed greasewood. He paused in his lope and raised one paw like a setter. The wind was blowing from his quarry. Split Ear dropped on his stomach and crawled along. From out the mass of bushes there rose two long ears. A jack bounded into the open, hesitated, saw the enemy, and started to run over the hot sand. When the rabbit was several hundred feet away he jumped high in the air, clearing the surrounding bushes, looked backward to see if he was pursued, and then ran on. Sometimes the rabbit was white, sometimes he changed to brown, as he raised and lowered the white-based hairs on his back and sides. Split Ear watched him run. He judged the distance. The gap was too great for successful pursuit.

An ominous buz-z-z-z sounded at the coyote's feet. He sprang into the air and landed a yard to one side. Snarlingly lifting his upper lip, he disclosed gleaming teeth. One paw was raised as if to slap the offending reptile, but after a slight hesitation it was slowly lowered. This death-dealing enemy had hidden magic. The rattler slithered into the very heart of a torturous-looking prickly-pear cactus that was spread out over the ground.

The lone coyote progressed another mile, then came to a road. The sound of a slow-moving car made him crouch behind a bush. Two men were in the front seat. One of them was throwing out pieces of meat several hundred yards. When they had disappeared in the distance Split Ear rose and sniffed the planted food, scattered solely for his race's "benefit." He remembered a former lesson. Eating this would cause him days of torture. He was wise to the ways of poisoners. Skirting the roadside, he found more "bait" that would have been devoured by one less wary. There were many innocent victims. A turkey buzzard, still in the throes of

agony, raised a small cloud of dust as it flapped about. Behind a fence pole was a spotted skunk, stretched out lifeless. Farther on, in the center of a sandy area, lay a burrowing owl, its wings stiff and tense,—and not far away a mocking bird, its melodicus song hushed forever. He left the roadside—the animal cemetery of the desert—and headed again for the irrigation ditch.

From afar he sighted wagons, mules, tractors, and many laborers. In a straight line, running for miles there was freshly-moved dirt. New dams and locks were piled at the side of the embankment. Small, poorly-built dwellings had been erected almost overnight. The bringing of water to the region had also brought a "boom' to the arid desert. In a few years this locality would be a thriving agricultural center. Split Ear turned away. The scene was not a new one to him. During his life he had traveled far and wide. Wherever man settled he was considered an outlaw.

In the days that followed, Split Ear was a rare visitor to the desert he knew so well. He had taken as his headquarters the high, green mountains to the north. Here he roamed a wilderness inhabited by mavericks, deer and bear. Only occasionally did a cowpuncher come into the territory in search of lost stock.

Jacks in the mountains were scarce, and jack rabbits are the natural food of a coyote. Split Ear had new lessons to learn. In the rock ledges he found many small animals,—the haymakers, or coneys. Experience soon taught him that they could not be caught by a rush, but his animal strategy devised a scheme. He would locate one of these busy little workers as it was carrying wisps of grass in its mouth. He would sit on his haunches, jaws watering, and watch the animal spread out the fodder to be sun-cured. He saw how they stored it away before sundown to keep it from becoming damp, and subject to mildew. When he became thoroughly acquainted with the paths most frequently used, he crept away. From a distance he allowed himself to be seen. Immediately there would be excited calls. The panic-stricken animals hurriedly scattered for safety. Split Ear would turn, and with belly close to the ground, crawl to the network of trails. There is usually, in a coney village, one special point affords a good lookout, a place from which to sight danger. Behind this rock, or log, or whatever it happened to be, the coyote crouched. The first coney to emerge would look in the direction where Split Ear was last seen. Failing to spot his enemy at first glance, he immediately ran to the vantage point, where he fell a prey to the fast-moving paw of the hidden coyote.

As the cold winter months passed he became proficient in mountain lore. The snow in the high valleys commenced to melt. With the change in the season there was also in a change in Split Ear. He no longer desired to be a hermit. He wanted a mate, a companion. The days grew longer, the nights shorter, and his nocturnal serenade echoed from hill to hill. His staccato barks rang back in his ears when he paused for breath. To the

uninitiated in animal ways it would seem that dozens of coyotes were abroad, but in reality only the voice of Split Ear called unceasingly throughout the early evening. Twenty miles to the south, long freights were hauling desert produce to the eastern markets. To Split Ear's delicate senses the whistles were a challenge. The "iron horse" in the distance drew forth an answering howl, and usually the coyote went toward the mysterious sound. From a cleft in the hills he watched the man-made changes disfigure what was his former domain. At nightfall, far-away lights twinkled merrily. A year before there had been very few. Now there were many.

On one of his trips to the mountain cleft, he was about to bark an answer to a train, whistling and winding its way through the foothills like a luminous snake, when a call from the desert made him pause. To the human ear it was only a coyote bark, but to the lonely male animal in the mountain pass it was at last a message from one of his own kind. It sounded lonely also.

Split Ear trotted toward the call, mutilated ear flapping, the other up, and his tail raised. He had progressed about a quarter of a mile when the ground carried to him the vibrations of rapid foot-falls. He crouched. A jack came bounding through the underbush. Several hundred feet behind the rabbit, the strange coyote gave an excited yelp. Split Ear took up the chase. He gave but one bark. Translated, it meant, "Wait!" The jack was only a few feet ahead of him, and was tired. Gradually Split Ear edged to its right. Both hunted and hunter circled to the left. In less than a minute the jack was again at the spot where Split Ear had joined the chase. The silent night was broken by another sharp bark. Split Ear slowed down and trotted leisurely to the left. There was a scuffle ahead, a few grains of flying sand hit the base of an armored cactus. The male coyote strode into a small clearing, surrounded by yellow-blossomed palo verde and scarlet cacti flowers. A meal—and a mate—awaited him.

During the next few weeks they relayed many rabbits, and traveled from the desert to the mountains together. They looked into the future months and both seemed to realize that food for a family would be needed, instead of food for just a pair. In the mountains safety was assured, but prey was hard to catch. In the desert that had turned to farming there was plenty for the larder, but great danger. A compromise was made as a home location. In the foothills they discovered a grassy plateau, dotted with yucca, or soap-weed. It was too high for the typical desert flora, too low for the mountain pines, *Alamos*, or cottonwoods, grew in profusion along a sandy stream bed. The roots occasionally came to the surface, and near these roots the mate of Split Ear dug her den.

It was not a showy home. In fact, it was not supposed to be. The utmost secrecy was preserved. While one coyote worked, the other would sit on a hillock, a hundred yards away, eyes alert for danger. They dug the tunnel to a depth of about

four feet, then straightened it out. For six feet the digging progressed horizontally. Then there was a slight rise. At the end of the tunnel a chamber about two feet across was excavated. This was the living room, the dining room, the kitchen—and the nursery—all in one.

A week went by while both roamed the plateau. Then there came a time when Split Ear only was abroad. His mate was busy housekeeping. He made many trips to the desert country in quest of the fast-increasing jack rabbits. They could be scared from almost every bush. Many green trees were girdled and dying as a result of their forages. He had trouble in getting through the recently erected "rabbit fences." The crop-destroying rabbits were becoming very plentiful. There were far more than he had ever seen before. The pups and mate of Split Ear were well fed.

Several months passed before the happy family of seven started desertward. Split Ear led, five pups followed, then came the mother. Their lessons on life and self-protection had up to this time been meager. As hunters, all the pups could claim as prey were several pack-rats apiece. Now, however, they were out for bigger game. For days they had absorbed instruction from their parents. They were ready.

They came to the first of the saguaros, or giant cactus. Farther down hill were the chollas, with their silvery balls of barbed needles, then the prickly-pears. As in the past, both Split Ear and his mate saw many rabbits, but they were for the most part old and wary. They were not ideal subjects for training purposes. The pups discovered numerous "rabbit forms," little indentations under cacti or bushes, where rabbits spend the hot hours of the day. These brought forth baby snarls as the cubs sniffed about excitedly. Split Ear left the family group, and his absence seemed to pass unnoticed. The pups were absorbed in affairs of their own. Suddenly, however, there came a short, excited bark. The mother coyote cautioned the young to silence, and they imitated her as she squatted on the sand. Rapid vibrations were radioed through the ground. A moment later there burst into the family group a long-eared rabbit running for life. Split Ear was his pursuer. The sight of game so close was too much of a temptation for the youngsters. Five little mouths uttered short whines of eagerness as they took to the chase. In a few rods they were outdistanced by the quarry and their mother. This time Split Ear stayed with his pups.

A minute passed. Again there was a short bark. Now the young did not need cautioning to be quiet. They were on their toes, ready for the chase, but motionless. The rabbit entered the clearing. His mouth was open. Almost winded, he gasped for breath. His ears were down, and his steps were dragging. The father of the family shot before him, perfectly timed. The jack doubled in his tracks and the pups pulled him down. It was their first earned meal. A turkey buzzard circled low, only to fly away disgruntled. Scraps from this feed would not supply even ants.

The buzzard circled higher. A mile or so to the north was a cloud of dust. Cowboys were driving cattle. Split Ear raised his head in anxiety as he led his family procession toward the south, away from the advancing, bawling herd. The cattle were wild. Some of them were the mavericks of the mountains. All had had at least a year of freedom, and they did not understand control. Now and then an unruly steer or cow would burst from the ranks and run madly across the desert, a cowpuncher in pursuit. The wise turkey buzzard returned, and circled downward to finish the interrupted meal of the coyotes. A puncher pulled his horse to a halt. Against a "rabbit fence" he had seen some furtive brown forms. The calf he was chasing could wait. The killing of coyotes seemed more important.

Six shots rang out. The vulture flapped skyward in haste. An hour later it had again settled to the ground. This time there was plenty of food set before the big bird,—four small bodies and one large, all skinned and fresh. Split Ear had escaped the bullets, and was dragging a bleeding youngster toward the distant mountains, but his task was hopeless. The fifth cub succumbed on the trip. He alone of the once happy, useful family survived. That afternoon two cowboys strode noisily across the board floor of the county clerk's office, collecting bounties on the slaughtered coyotes. At the next window a boy was counting the ears of jack rabbits that were being turned in for similar "blood money"!

Split Ear never again visited the desert country, although instinct and common sense told him that food in the shape of long-eared pests was plentiful. Two years later the bearded man that had marked him for life saw him again from the darkness of a prospect hole. He reached for the rifle that was standing at the entrance of the tunnel, then paused, laid it down, and lifted his pick instead. As he chipped at the rock, he mused to himself,—

"It's funny about there 'ere animal. Since the coyotes have been killed the farmers have been complainin' a heck of lot about rabbits. Maybe them cabin folks was right! They claim that rabbits eat over one-tenth of the crops. Now—I just wonder whether the coyotes have anything to do with that? I'm kinda glad I let that critter live. I didn't aim to kill him nohow when I first seen him,—jest wanted to kinda ear-mark him,—brand him my own!"

Enjoy the blessings of the day, for this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday and we are not yet born to the morrow. But if we look abroad and bring into one day's thoughts the evil of many, certain and uncertain, what will be and what will never be, our load will be as intolerable as it is uncertain.

—Jeremy Taylor.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Messrs. J. C. Fisher and J. L. Carriker made a trip to Jacksonville and Whiteville last Wednesday for the purpose of returning a couple of boys who escaped from this institution several months ago.

—o—

About half a car-load of fertilizer, consisting of potash and soda, was unloaded at our siding last Tuesday. This will be used in speeding the growth of the Fall planting in our garden and farm crops.

—o—

Mrs. J. P. Cook, associate editor of The Uplift, was called to Suffolk, Va., last week on account of the serious illness of her sister, Dr. and Mrs. R. M. King, of Concord, making the trip with her. Mrs. Cook returned last Sunday and reported improvement in her sister's condition.

—o—

Dan Monroe, one of our old boys, visited the School last week. Dan is now living in Rockingham, where he is employed in a cotton mill. He was admitted to the Training School in 1930 and was paroled January 2, 1932. Dan informed us that he is married and has a daughter six months old.

—o—

The matter of school books at the Training School is quite an item of expense. In public schools, where this expense is distributed among all the families represented, the burden is not so apparent, but when the purchase of books is necessary for five hundred boys, ranging from the first to the eighth grades, the amount of money involved runs into hundreds of dollars.

Last week new books were purchased for the entire School. This was made necessary by reason of the fact that during the lean years of depression, very few books were added, and the entire supply was well worn.

—o—

The boys of the Training School are very fortunate in having quite a number of interested friends in Cabarrus County who are always on the alert for an opportunity to do something that will add to their pleasure while at the institution. Last week a large quantity of popular magazines were left here for their use by Mrs. Horace Robertson, of Kannapolis; a group of ladies of the First Presbyterian Church, Concord; and Mr. Hood, manager of McClellan's Store, also of Concord. This reading matter was issued to the various cottages, and we wish to take this opportunity to assure these good friends that the officials of the institution are deeply grateful for their kindly interest in our boys.

—o—

Dr. Paul Caldwell, pharmacist in charge of the laboratory and dispensary at Sailors' Snug Harbor, Staten Island, N. Y., visited the School last Friday. Dr. Paul is a native of Cabarrus County but has been living in New York for the past thirty-eight years. He is very much interested in the work of this institution and keeps in touch with its progress through the columns of The Uplift, having been a regular subscriber for

many years. We were very glad to have had the genial Doctor visit us, our only regret being that his stay in our midst was so short. Aftre spending a few more days with relatives in Concord he will return to Staten Island.

—o—

For several years the members of the Kannapolis Band have been very considerate of us, having made the trip from the "Towel City" on several occasions to render delightful programs for the diversion, entertainment and education of the Training School boys. The leader of this splendid organization, Mr. R. G. McGuirt, has always been more than willing to provide this amusement and he tells us that the members of the band show the same willingness, for every time the announcement is made that a program at the School is scheduled, he is assured of nearly one hundred per cent attendance.

The School officials, desiring to show their apperciation in a small way, had been promising the members of the band a watermelon feast. Last Monday night about thirty-five band "boys" and a pile of watermelons got together on the campus. More than three hundred melons were cut, providing plenty for both our large family of nearly five hundred boys and their guests.

The band being somewhat late in arriving, the boys were served first. The visitors looking on were able to see the real enjoyment our boys derive from these feasts. An additional cutting of melons was made after the boys had retired, to serve the visitors.

We were delighted to have had Mr. McGuirt and his musicians with us, and everyone present seemed to enjoy the melons and the good fellowship of the occasion.

—o—

In the absence of Mr. A. C. Sheldon, boys' work secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., who is enjoying a vacation in Canada, Mr. John McCachern, assistant physical director of the organization, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon.

Following the Scripture recitation and opening prayer, Mr. McCachern addressed the boys briefly. He then presented Miss Mauguerite Atwell, a member of the Westminster Presbyterian Church choir, who render a solo in a most pleasing manner.

Mr. McCachern then presented Rev. Herman P. Wyrick, pastor of St. Luke's Lutheran Church, Charlotte, who read part of the story of the boy Jesus in the temple as found in Luke 2:41-52. Rev. Mr. Wyrick then addressed the boys on "The Presence of Jesus in the Temple, and What it Means to Us."

At the beginning of his remarks the speaker stated that the Jewish people were very devout in the matter of keeping feasts, most of which were observed in the temple at Jerusalem.

Among the Jewish people, said Rev. Mr. Wyrick, when a child reached the age of twelve years, he was known as a child of the law, and attendance at these feasts was compulsory. Before reaching that age, his attendance at the temple was discretionary.

The Jewish boy of that day, continued the speaker, was compelled to study the Ten Commandments and learn many Psalms, this education being recieved in the home, but any boy had the privilege of hearing the Scriptures read in the temple, and to study with the learned doctors there.

The speaker then told how Mary and Joseph went up to Jerusalem to take part in the celebration of the feast of the Passover, and how, upon their homeward journey they missed the boy Jesus. Returning to the temple they found him conversing with the learned teachers. These teachers were amazed at the brightness of one so young.

Rev. Mr. Wyrick then spoke of the development of the individual life, both with Christ and with us. We are told, said he, that Christ increased in stature. He grew to the normal heighth of a Jewish man. This normal growth was caused by exercise, work, good food and clean habits. Jesus, in early life, worked in a carpenter shop. We too, should apply ourselves to daily tasks, and everything that tends to make us physically fit.

Jesus increased in wisdom. At the age of thirty he began his ministry. In his teaching he showed that he possessed the greatest mind in history. Rev. Mr. Wyrick stated that a boy should seek to improve his mind. It is perfectly natural for a very young boy to ask questions, and when he stops doing so, he stops growing mentally.

The speaker called attention to the fact that Jesus increased in favor with God and man. He grew up socially. In the carpenter shop he did work for his friends and neighbors. He mingled with the common people. They liked Him and he liked them. We too, should strive to gain the favor of men of nobility and character. If a boy follows the instructions of his parents, provided they are the right kind of parents, he will increase in their favor.

Rev. Mr. Wyrick concluded by saying that we can increase in favor with God by following what is right. By following the teachings of Jesus, God, his father, becomes our father—he adopts us as his children.

MEN

The world today is looking for men who are not for sale; men who are honest; sound from circumference, true to the heart's core; men with conscience as steady as the needle to the pole—men who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and the earth reels.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since July 7, 1935.

Week Ending August 25, 1935

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Arthur Boyette 2
Jesse Cleveland 7
William Dillon
(8) Earl Rogers 8
(2) Richard Sullivan 7
(8) Ashley Thompson 8
(3) Jerome Warren 6
(3) Vermont Whitley 7

COTTAGE No. 1

Sam Batts 5
Robert Blevins
(2) Robert Cashwell 7
(8) William Goodson 8
(5) Ray Hutchins 5
(3) Joseph Johnson 3
(2) John Kellam 3
Claude McLaughlin 7
(8) Millard Owenby 8
Latha Warren
James White 3
Eugene Whitt 6
(5) Everett Williamson 6
Wiley Willoughby 3
(8) Harvard Winn 8
Junius Yarborough 2
(4) Preston Yarborough 7

COTTAGE No. 2

William Adkins 3
James Boyce 6

COTTAGE No. 3

(2) Robert Batson 2
(3) William Barber 4
(2) Emerson Barnhill 3
(2) Barney Caviness 2
James Dalton
(2) Percy Gurganus 4
Jesse Holleman 2
(3) Frank Hutchins 5
Raymond Irwin 2
(5) William McRary 6
(3) Thomas Reavis 3
(2) D. C. Winston 2
Thomas Wilson
(2) Harvey Watson 2

COTTAGE No. 4

(3) Shelton Anderson 3
(6) Woodrow Jenkins 6
(7) Ralph Johnson 7
Thomas Little 4
(7) Irwin Luther 7
Thomas Maness
(2) Richard Sprinkle 2
(8) Wheeler Sturdivant 8
(5) Melvin Walters 5

COTTAGE No. 5

Marvin Adams 2
Connie Dickens 2
William Hare
(2) Randolph Miller 5
Burl Rash
Perry Russ 3
(6) Louis Tarkington 6

COTTAGE No. 6

Earl Barnes 4
Earl Bass
(3) Thomas Hamilton 6
Charlton Henry 3
(2) Leonard Melton 2
William Suite
Jack Turner

COTTAGE No. 7

James Corn 4
William Corn 2
Fred Dysen 3
(2) Emerson Frazier 4
(8) Caleb Hill 8
A. Ray Hudson 3
Joseph Long 3
Kenneth Messick 2
R. B. Norton 2
(3) Theodore Nines 5
(3) Lewis Parker 5
Thurman Robertson 2
Paul Saunders 3

(5) Floyd Watkins 6
(5) Douglas Wilkes 6

COTTAGE No. 8

(3) Sam Belk 4
Clyde Bolton 2
Haynes Hewitt 2
(2) Lonnie Holleman 3
(4) Wilfred Land 4
(6) John Maxwell 6
(7) Ernest Owens 7
Norman Pike
(2) Ernest Rinehardt 2
(2) Charles Webb 3

COTTAGE No. 9

(3) Randolph Davis 6
Pearlie Funderburk 6
(7) Frank Hall 7
Hoyett Hudson 4
Ben Overby 6
(2) Homer Smith 5
(3) Bryan Williams 5
(4) Richard Wrenn 4

COTTAGE No. 10

Harold Brown 4
Norwood Cockerham 4
James Hodge
J. T. Lovett 5
(2) James Patterson 2
(4) Charles Pollard 6
Leaman Rose 6
Edwin Shuler 3
Fred Ward 6

COTTAGE No. 11

(5) Everett Bell 5
(2) Charles Bowman 2
Dewey Freeman 5
Bennie Holland 7
(4) Dallas Hodge 6
(7) David Hodge 7
James Montford 7

COTTAGE No. 12

(8) Walter Beaver 8
(7) James Douglas 7
S. E. Jones
Frank Lewis
(2) Lonnie Sloan 3

COTTAGE No. 13

(3) Jennings Norris 6
(4) Claude Pickett 5
(2) Hilliard Ruff 2
(6) Porter Stack 6
(8) Howard Wilson 8

COTTAGE No. 14

Clarence Ashburn 2
Hubert Hooks 4
Homer Jones 6
Hobart Johnson 2
James Singleton 4

COTTAGE No. 15

(6) Robert Alexander 6
(3) John Caddell 4
(2) Floyd Causey 5
(7) Earl Chambers 7
George Hill 3
(2) S. T. McGinnis 4
Wilson Medlin 4
Marvin Malcom
(3) Harley Pennell 5
Glenn Stewart 4
Robert Teeter 5
(2) Richard Tysinger 5
(5) Winfred Whitlock 5
(2) Roy Wyrick 4

The beauty of an educated person as opposed to an uneducated person is that the educated person can enjoy the company of anyone who disagrees with him, whereas the uneducated person always gets angry with the person who does not think as he does. It is a good way of testing, as you go along the way, whether you are really educated. If association with a person who disagrees with you, annoys you, you ought to take another course in culture.—Selected.

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CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 7, 1935 No. 36

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LYRIC OF ACTION

" 'Tis the part of a coward to brood
O'er the past that is withered and dead:
What though the heart's roses are ashes and
dead?
What though the heart's music be fled?
Still shine the grand heaven's o'erhead,
Whence the voice of an angel thrills clear on
the soul,
'Gird then, about thee thy armor, press on to
the goal'."

—Selected.

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

LABOR DAY

Labor Day is a state and national holiday. It is set aside as such in honor of the working men of the nation, the men who grow the world's food, make its tools and machinery, build its bridges and highways, erect its buildings.

In North Carolina wc do not observe Labor Day generally but we should.

Few realize the importance of the working man, he is the country's backbone, the foundation of our boasted civilization, the hope of the future. He fights our battles in peace and war. He supports our churches and our schools. His children go forth to carry on his work, to fill pulpits, to teach, to hold public office, to direct industry. If you doubt this make inquiry of those now in high position and note how many came from the family of the working man.

Therefore, we should observe Labor Day as we observe Independence Day or Memorial Day. The workers are entitled to our love and appreciation and our country should be happy to do them honor.—Selected.

HISTORY OF LABOR DAY

Labor Day, 1935, is the forty-second anuual celebration of Labor Day as a legal national holiday and the fifty-fourth anniversary of the first local Labor Day celebration.

The history of Labor Day as a legal holiday is evidence of the methods and progress of Labor.

Labor Day was not given to Labor as a present from kindly disposed employers, social welfare workers, or legislators. Its recognition was won by the strength of Labor itself.

The united efforts of the workers themselves established Labor Day as a national holiday years before any state legislature or the Congress of the United States enacted the custom into law.

Nevertheless, the history of Labor Day statute laws themselvess is important because it illustrates the increasing influence of La-

bor's economic organizations over the action of government bodies.

P. J. McGuire, the founder of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners and for many years a member of the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor, originated the Labor Day idea.

At a meeting of the New York City Central Labor Union held on May 8, 1882, McGuire stressed the propriety of setting aside one day in the year as a general holiday for the working people. He suggested that it be called Labor Day.

The Central Labor Union adopted the idea and organized a Labor Day parade and festival on the first Monday in September, 1882.

The 1884 convention of the American Federation of Labor endorsed the proposal for a nation Labor Day holiday by unanimously adopting the following resolution introduced by A. C. Cameron, a delgate from the Chicago Trades and Labor Alliance:

"Resolved that the first Monday in September of each year be set apart as a laborers' nation holiday, and that we recommend its observance by all wage workers, irrespective of sex, calling, or nationality."

Organized labor carried on its demand for Labor Day so effectively that soon many municipal councils and state legislatures made it a legal holiday.

Oregon was the first state to make Labor Day a state holiday; the Oregon Labor Day law was signed by the governor on February 21, 1887. During 1887 the legislatures of Colorado, Massachusetts, New Jersey and New York also made Labor Day a state holiday. In 1889, Connecticut and Pennslyvania enacted Labor Day laws; in 1890, Iowa and Ohio; in 1891, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Maine, Montana, New Hampshire, South Carolina, Tennessee and Washington; in 1892, Alabama, Louisiana, Utah and Virginia; in 1893, California, Delaware, Florida, Minnesota, Rhode Island, Texas and Wisconsin.

In the meantime the officials of the American Federation of Labor endeavored to have the Congress of the United States make Labor Day a national holiday.

Shortly after the Fifty-Third Congress convened in 1893, Senator James H. Kyle of South Dakota, Representative Amos J. Cum-

mings of New York, and Representative Robert E. DeForest of Connecticut introduced bills making Labor Day a legal holiday.

The Cummings bill was reported favorably by the House Committee on Labor, of which Lawrence E. McGann of Illinois was chairman. The committe did not report the DeForrest bill.

The Kyle bill was reported favorably by the Senate Committe on Education and Labor, of which Senator Kyle was chairman. Following is the text of the Kyle bill:

"A BILL MAKING LABOR DAY A LEGAL HOLIDAY

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the first Monday in September in each year, being the day celebrated and known as labor's holiday, is hereby made a legal public holiday, in the same manner as Christmas, the 1st day of January, the 22nd day of February, the 30th day of May, and the 4th day of July are now by law public holidays."

The Senate passed the Kyle bill on June 24, 1894, the House passed it on June 26, in place of the Cummings bil, and President Cleveland signed it on June 28.

In his annual report to the 1894 convention of the American Federation of Labor, Samuel Gompers, president of the Federation, announced Labor's victory with the following brief statement:

"National Labor Day.—It affords me pleasure to be able to report that the demand made by the American Federation of Labor for making the first Monday in September of each year a legal holiday passed Congress and was made a law on June 28, 1894."

—Selected.

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GALLI-CURCI HAS COURAGE

Galli-Curci is a marvel when thinking of the courage displayed when under local anesthetics for removal of a goitre. Having at heart the quality of her voice, a lyric soprano of limpid loveliness, she sung so the surgeons could observe the releasing effect of the operation on her vocal cords as it progressed. To further emphasize the indomitable spirit of the artist on another occasion a

throat specialist advised against her fulfilling an engagement that evening because of the general congestion of her throat.

However, she sang as she never did before. When the throat specialist read that Galli-Curci sang "like an angel", the whole story seemed incredible, so the specialist phoned the reporter and asked if he were sure he heard Galli-Curci sing.

Therefore, if she sang amazingly with an infected throat the story of her singing while the surgeon was progressing with the operation for goitre will be accepted. The moral to the story is that battles are won by will power. It takes it regardless of conditions or profession if success is achieved.

* * * * * * *

ONE HUNDRED FORTY-EIGHT YEARS OLD

On September 17, the Constitution of the United States that has of late been so much discussed is only 148 years old. This anniversary should be celebrated by a program that will make the old and the young know that the purpose of the Constitution is "to form a perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for common defence, promote general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and property."

This is the bedrock of the "venerable document" framed by the Constitutional Convention which met in Philadelphia May 25, 1787, and adjourned September 17, 1787, going into effect March 4, 1789, having been ratified by eleven of the thirteen states. The last states to ratify were North Carolina and Rhode Island.

* * * * * * *

ONLY MARKING TIME

Huey Long, the Kingfish of Louisiana, is known as the outstanding filibusterer, simply meaning the waste of time, so as to defeat some specific purpose that does not meet with his approval. "Long" is not the only man who has marked time. There are many such characters holding public positions of trust doing likewise. But they filibuster because of the lack of vision, inertia or possibly the job is too big, or words to that effect.

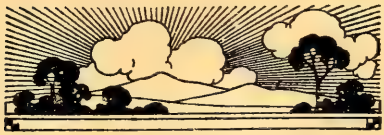
In either case the person who makes no progress in any activity, but just vegetates, can be compared to a switch engine, just moving back and forth and getting nowhere. Alas! after much dissipation of funds and time conditions are detected and the whole project is pronounced to be without results.

* * * * * * *

ICH DIEN

The above caption is the old German for "I Serve", and it has continued to be the motto of the Prince of Wales, heir to the British throne with a quarter of the world in area and population, who has less freedom than the humblest of a half billion who will be his subjects.

When a boy, he once said, "what's the good of my being a Prince if I can't do as I like?" With this thought in mind, he, on his bicycle, dashed across his father's geranium-bed. For a few hours he did not feel like sitting on his bicycle-seat. This instance happened when he was seven, and he was taught that if he ruled he should first know how to obey, besides have a regard for the rights of the other fellow. A lesson that every child should learn.



LABOR DAY

(Selected)

The first Monday in September has been set apart as a holiday in recognition of the dignity and rights of labor. The very name indicates that there was danger of forgetting what is owed to labor, and of enjoying the results of labor without appreciating dependence on labor. Whether or not having a special day makes people any more mindful of labor is much to be doubted. Whether or not labor is exalted at all by the day is not a tangible matter. Like all other holidays in America, Labor Day has become a pleasure day, a vacation day, a day for selfish indulgences of one kind and another by the most of us. A few years ago in a city in Canada, we wondered why stores were closed, and business was inactive. Our inquiry to a policeman brought the reply: "Well, we call it Dominion Day. It has something to do with our getting together sometime ago. Now it just means that nobody works and everybody goes to the ball game." It was an apt description of the majority of the people of the United States toward the Fourth of July. So in this minor respect the boundary line does not indicate any difference of respect or use for great national holidays. It would be only guessing, but probably would not be far wrong, to say that Labor Day serves the same purpose as far as practical significance of the day is concerned.

One thing has always been a bit hard to understand and that is that when we talk about labor we think mostly about manual work. People who labor with their hands are spoken of as laborers. But whatever a person does, is his form of labor. Distinction is made between productive and non-productive labor, meaning by the former such work as makes things or moves things, while by the latter is meant the kind of so-called work that merely involvs tehinkig or planning, or handling funds, or even directing laborers. Not often is this distinction made nowadays with any sarcastic reference to white collars and soft jobs. As a people we are learning that there is just as vital and just as valuable work done by head as by hand. And people are regarded as having the right to earn a living by eiter or both means. Whether they receive wages or salary, they are classed as doing a worthwhile work. Probably there is no selfish cornering of the meaning of Labor Day now, as though it belonged solely to a certain class of labor.

But we are not passing by the opportunity of mentioning one of several other classes of labor for which there is very little recognition and for which neither wages nor salary is provided. For example, there is the church school in which a vast host of people are at work. It is real work, hard work, constructive work that they are doing. They put into it their time, strength, skill, heart and soul, and very few of them are on anybody's payroll. The majority of them would not want to be; they would scorn the idea of being paid for this work. Whether they should

be pair or not, is not the question, but that they are worthy of being classed among the laborers of the land is not to be doubted. Probably the results of their work, if these could be measured on a financial scale, would get a very high rating, but most of these laborers in our church schools are accepted as a matter of course, and rarely do they receive as much as a word of appreciation or thanks. Maybe church school teachers, too, have a little corner in the broad meaning of Labor Day.

THE UNWHIPPED

We are the ones to watch some day,
  When the showdown comes at last;
We who have known the harder way
  That led through a rougher past;
We who have trained upon defeat,
  Battered and beaten back,
As long as the heart is there to meet
  The call for a new attack.

We've battled the head winds, fight by fight,
  In an endless jam with Fate
We've floundered on through the pit of night
  Where the black gales howled their hate;
We've taken our beating standing up,
  And now with the calling drums
We lift our heads, with another cup
  To the next hard scrap that comes.

Raw luck has lashed our softer roles
  To a new red-heart romance;
It has burned the fat from around our souls
  And given red blood its chance;
And when at last the tide has turned,
  With blood-stained flags unfurled
We'll cut our way to the place we've earned
  Where the unwhipped rule the world.

—Grantland Rice.

SITE CHOSEN FOR NEW SANATORIUM

(Sanatorium Sun)

With a site selected and assurances from officials of the Federal Government in Washington that the hoped-for grant of PWA funds will be made available to supplement State funds for construction of the Western North Carolina Sanatorium, plans are being rushed for the new institution.

Senator Lee Gravely, chairman of the joint Board of Directors of the two institutions, informed Dr. McCain, after making a trip to Washington, that he had been assured by PWA officials in the capital city that the grant which had been asked for would be made. It is hoped to obtain $204,000 of Federal funds, which, with the $250,000 voted by the 1935 North Carolina Legislature, will make a total of $454,000 available for the new institution.

It is hoped, also, to obtain a Federal grant of funds, on a similar proportionate basis, for the desired additions to the present Sanatorium.

Announcement of the selection of a site two miles from Black Mountain in Buncombe County for the new Sanatorium was made by Mr. Kemp Battle, chairman of the site committee, and Senator Gravely, chairman of the Board of Directors, on August 3. The announcement was greeted with approval in various parts of the State.

The site which has been selected is known as "the Old Buckner Place" and contains 176 acres on both sides of Highway 10, which is widely known as "North Carolina's Main Street."

In making the announcement of the selection of this site, the chairmen of the site committee and of the Board of Directors announced that the site's cost was $18,200, but added that deduction of contributions made toward the purchase was expected to reduce the net cost to the State to $12,861.

Although some question has been raised as to the validity as State obligations of the bonds authorized by the 1935 Legislature for construction of the Western Sanatorium, Senator Gravely and others have expressed confidence that the funds will be available.

The report of the site committee, consisting of Senators E. V. Webb of Kinston and Dr. W. W. Sawyer of Elizabeth City, in addition to Senator Gravely, stated that, in the opinion of the members, the site selected was "admirably suited for the requirements of the sanatorium, being protected from the north winds by a mountain ridge, but having open views toward the east, west, and south."

Do you know what is more hard to bear than the reverses of fortune? It is the baseness, the hideous ingratitude of man.—Napoleon Bonaparte.

NEW INDUSTRIAL DOOR OPENS FOR DIXIE

By Wheeler Johnson

Visit Savannah, Georgia, engage any citizen in conversation about the developments of that city, and your talk will not be a minute old before the name of Dr. Charles H. Herty creeps into it. But should you try to find the laboratory where he has labored with a small and mostly voluntary corps of assistants for two and a half years on a problem which is bound to change the history of newsprint making, you might run into trouble unless you take your citizen along as a gide.

I did, on my first visit there as a newspaper reporter. I had drwan an assignment to see Dr. Herty about the first sample of rayon made from Georgia pine in his own laboratory. I had been in the city about two weeks, so I was given explicit instructions about where to go along the river front to locate Dr. Hery and his laboratory.

I passed the laboratory three times before I finally decided through the process of elimination that this squat, corrugated iron building, little more pretentious than a good-sized shed, must be the place. I walked in unchallenged and in a bare little office, sans outer guard of secretaries, was Dr. Herty, and I found him just as patient and gracious as every one else has found him who has business at his little plant.

The fame of this plant and Dr. Herty's work has spread over the world—to North Europe, South Africa, Australia—but the visitor will never know it from outside appearances. There is no sign to tell in glaring letters that this is the laboratory which has demonstrated that common pines can be made into newsprint and higher grade papers at practically half the cost of manufacture from the rapidly disappearing spruce, and the building itself certainly will not inspire the visitor to wonder.

Yet this little building has been a magnet which has drawn those interested in the most remarkable development in paper making in a hundred years from over the world to see the results for themselves. The simplicity of the structure is marked with a purpose.

"Our whole determination was to use the new funds we could get our hands on to buy experimental machinery and not waste a penny of it on ornate office furniture. Nearly every one who visits us asks with a trace of disappointment: 'Is this the place?' But our building is admirably adapted to our use," Dr. Herty explains with a smile.

The bolt to the rear door is a rusty nail bent and thrust through a double staple, but remarkably efficient, Dr. Herty points out.

But it is a different story when one comes to the paper-making machinery. That is the best and most modern one can find, although it is on a small scale. There is not a single novelty

embodied in the machinery. It is all standard and is identical with that used in every paper mill in the country. Dr. Herty planned it so, for he wanted pine paper to be manufactured under the same conditions that obtain in any paper factory.

Now let us see what has come out of this modest little laboratory since Dr. Herty started in on his problem January 1, 1932, with a staff of six including the janitor.

He has clearly demonstrated that newsprint paper up to every commercial standard—and bette rthan most —can be made from any type of Southern pine at practically half the cost of that manufactured from spruce.

He has clearly demonstrated that this small pine will produce a quality if alpha cellulose, and more of it, that will turn out a grade of rayon equally as fine as any made from spruce, at half the cost.

He has shown that Southern pine can be made into rotogravure paper, book paper, fine bond writing paper at the same rate of saving to the purchasers of these products.

One does not have to take Dr. Herty's word on these matters for they are facts. They can be proved by the testimony of Dr. Royal S. Kellogg, secretary of the Newsprint Code Authority before the NRA board.

This expert testified in 1933 that newsprint paper delivered in New the cost of spruce manufactured New York, without interest or profit of any kind, was $47.24 a ton. These figures were based on an average taken from all paper mills in the United States. The cost to Canadian mills for the first six months of 1933, based on a survey of the twelve most typical mills in Canada, was $43.53.

Against this Dr. Herty, using all items contained in Dr. Kellogg's testimony, has demonstrated that Southern pine newsprint can be delivered in New York for $27.54 a ton. Average freight rates from American mills to New York are $5.89 a ton, and for the Canadian mills, $7.66 a ton. Steamer lines touching Savannah have offered to haul newsprint manufactured in the South to New York, Baltimore and Philadelphia for $3 a ton.

Dr. Herty has submitte his figures on costs to leaders of the industry, and they have yet to point out an error in them.

The question of obtaining funds to continue the experiments of the laboratory has always been a knotty problem. At present there is money enough to continue until the end of 1936. But Dr. Herty feels that his two main problems, conversion of pine into newsprint and rayon, have been licked. Of course, there are refinements that can be worked out, for, as he says, there will always be problems to be studied in the making of paper, but his main aim has been accomplished.

When he told me that there were only funds left to run for another year and a half, I asked bluntly: "Do you feel that the newsprint problem has been completely solved?"

"What is there left to do?" Dr. Herty countered. "We have demonstrated that newsprint up to every commercial standard and better than most, can be made from pine and

much cheaper than we have any record of its being made elsewhere. We have put pine paper through every test in comparison with newsprint used by leading newspapers over the nation, and it shows greater tensile strength, greater tearing strength, is stronger under burtsing tests, and is strictly comparable in thickness and stiffness.

"It has been run through the presses of every leading daily in Georgia, and prints as well or better than any of the commercial papers now on the market. There is nothing ieft to prove as to its feasibility," he declared.

And that seems to be a pretty complete answer. Dr. Herty feels just as strongly that he has proved availability of Southern pine for the manufacture of rayon. The alphat cellulose produced in his laboratory has been manufactured into rayon not only there, but in commercial plants, and experts who have examined it declare it to be the equal in quality and stronger than that produced from Northern spruce.

The most significant thing about Dr. Herty's work, beyond the fact he has shown the availibality of pine for paper, is that this demonstration opens an inexhaustible supply of raw material for pulp manufacturers.

Here, again one only hass to accept Government figures in suport of this statement. In 1931 the Government started a woods survey of the Southern States with headquaters in New Orleans. The survey is being made in 16 sections. Only four of these units have reported, but these are enough.

The survey of the first South Carolina, Georgia and Florida units demonstrate that from Charleston to Jacksonville, in an area extending 100 miles inland from the coast, there is enough pulpwood standing, with acreage increment of growth, to supply the world's need of paper! That is the answer, Dr. Herty says, to the fast dwindling supply of spruce.

He points out that it takes 50 years to grow a spruce tree to pulp size. Southern pines reach a suitable size in seven years if allowed to grow normally. If cultivated, trees large enough for pulp manufacture can be grown in five years.

"Don't forget," Dr. Herty adjures, "that this statement on world paper supply is based on the report of just four units of the Government survey. There are still 12 units to report. So you can see that this development is just as important to South Carolina, Tennesse, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas as it is to Georgia.

That means we have enough wood in the South for an enormous paper industry, enough timber for lumber and enough trees for a great naval stores industry in perpetuity," he declared.

"Why was this enormous supply overlooked when the paper industry first started in the United States?" Dr. Herty continued.

"When wood was first used for paper manufacture between 1860 and 1870, the North was an industrial center while the South was an agricultural area. In the North, where the factories would normally locate, spruce was found near the centers of

population, close to the consuming markets, and its woods was beautifully adapted for paper manufacture.

"No attempt was made on a scientific basis to convert pine into paper because of two radical misconceptions about it," he declared.

"The only people who could aid in such a development were the paper manufactures of the North, and they had seen pine lumber shipped North —all of heart pine—and said it was too yellow to paper.

"Or they had driven through the South and had seen pine trees cupped for turpentine and covered with a resinous mass, and nothing is dreaded about a paper mill like pitch."

Mr. Herty early in his experiments discovered that sapwood of pine—that is, those pines under 25 years of age—was not yellow at all but light colored, and that it bleached more easily than spruce, and made a lighter colored ground wood.

Then after some study, he discaveredthat pine wood contained only 1 1-4 per cent of resin-no more than spruce. He points out that the tree does not contain rsien in large quanities until after it is faced for turpentine. The turpentine is manufactured by the tree to heal the wound.

"The use of pine for wood pulp came no sooner because the people who could have developed it simply were not interested. They had, formerly, a supply of wood close to their mills and they were not disposed to branch out.

"Those who did not try." Dr. Herty said, "never made any attempt at systenmatic research, and did not take pains to plough through the necessary preliminary research needed for success."

MY SYMPHONY

To live content with small means;
To seek elegance rather than luxury;
And refinement rather than fashion;
To be worthy, not respectable;
And wealthy, not rich;
To study hard, think quietly,
Talk gently, act frankly;
To listen to stars and birds,
To babes and sages with open heart;
To hear all cheerfully, do all bravely;
Await occasion, hurry never;
In a word, to let the spiritual,
Unbidden and unconscious,
Grow up thrugh the common—
This is to be my symphony.

—William Ellery Channing.

MARK TWAIN AND DEBTS

(Watchman-Examiner)

Mark Twain is known to most people as a great humorist. All intelligent people know him as a congenial companion who can with his sallies of wit make them forget their troubles. We ought to be grateful for such humorists as Mark Twain, and for such comedians as Will Rogers.

But in this brief article we want to draw a practical lesson from the life of Mark Twain which is well worth while. About 1894 Charles L. Webster and Company, publishers, failed, owing about $200,000. It was found that Mark Twain was the responsible financial man behind the firm. Though financially ruined, he undertook to earn money enough by his books and his lectures to pay off this $200,000 indebtedness in full. It was a gigantic undertaking to raise such a sum in those days.

In 1895 he started on a world lecture tour. He went forth to cheer others with this mighty load resting on him. Just before he sailed from Vancouver, British Columbia, in August, 1895, he wrote: "From my reception thus far on my lecturing tour, I am confident that if I live I can pay off the last debt within four years, after which, at the age of sixty-four, I can make a fresh and unencumbered start in life. I am going to Australia, India, and South Africa, and next year I hope to make a tour of the great cities of the United States. I meant when I began to give my creditors all the benefit of this; but I am beginning to feel that I am gaining something from it, too, and that my dividends, if not available for banking purposes, may be even more satisfactory than theirs."

This author and lecturer greatly prolonged his world tour. He did not return finally to the United States until the autumn of 1900. Then it was that the New York Times announced that he had come back "not only with debts paid, not only with the sublime consciousness that he has requited a self imposed moral obligation, but with the contentment, and it may be the pride, that such are the present unencumbered royalties from his books that if he were never to put pen to paper again, or never again stand upon the lecture platform, he could pass the rest of his life far removed from the strain of affairs and the martyrdom of financial distress."

Well did the Times say: "It is a prodigious achievement. All honor to Mark Twain!" He was a man who felt that a debt is a debt until it is paid. Through a bankrupt law a man can be saved from prosecution for debts and given a chance for rehabilitation, but a bankrupt law does not make debts morally less binding or less obligatory. An honest man who takes the benefit of bankrupt law will pay his debts when he gets on his feet. Such examples as were set by Sir Walter Scott and Mark Twain are oustanding and their heroic work and great achievements should not be forgotten. Of course thousands of other men have done the same thing. It is a great honor to a man who

counts all the future mortgaged to pay the honest debts of the past. It is our observaion that people are less careful about meeting small obligations than large ones. If you lend him fifty cents he will probably forget it, but if you lend him $10 he will pay you back if he is an honest man.

We should be honest because honesty is right, but honesty brings with it peace and a consciousness of duty well done. Mark Twain started out to give his creditors all the benefit of those trying lecture courses in many lands and then he said: "I am beginning to feel that I am gaining something from it too, and that my dividends, if not available for banking purposes, may be even more satisfactory than theirs." Evidently a sense of self-respect possessed his soul. He was conscious that he had done right and that conciousness was worth more than the $200,000. In writing for Christian people we hesitate even to mention the well established fact that "honesty is the best policy," for if a man is honest only for policy's sake, he is scarcely honest at all. Still as a matter of fact the tradesmen who give thirty-six inches to the yard and sixteen ounces to the pound, in the long run are respected for their honesty and trade inevitably flows their way. Then we are old-fashioned enough to believe that God has his eye on the individuals of this old world. Those who cut corners, give short weight and short measure, and refuse to pay their honest debts are looked upon by our God with disapprobation. Just how far God's approbation counts for worldly success and just how far God's disapprobation makes against worldly success, we are not able to say. This much we can say—worldly success is no yardstick by which to measure the approval of our God.

YOUR MENTAL ATTITUDE

When some men are having a season of hard luck, they just naturally get set against the thought of ever having any good luck, and in that mental attitude they are seldom disappointed.

They get the habit of mentally hanging on to their past "hard luck" and of course cannot handle any "good luck" when it happens to come their way.

They seem to have the necessary courage to combat ill luck, but they have lost the common sense to look in the direction of better luck.

Your mental attitude indicates about what you have reason to expect.

If you are thinking of nothing but disappointment, and defeat, you will always be in a drowning frame of mind—sinking before you try to swim.—Prison Mirror.

A TRIP IN A TRADING STEAMER

By Mary B. Huber

Last fall our little coastal trading steamer, with a cargo chiefly of flour below deck and gasoline in tin barrels above, carried us down the mighty St. Lawrence to the sea for a voyage lasting almost two weeks. The first port of call was the village of Ste. Anne des Monts, where a long wharf leads up to a cluster of houses dominated by a large twin-spired church. Little boys drove their dogs hitched to small wooden carts down the wharf to meet our boat, and offered to sell us shells and flowers. A huge dog, part St. Bernard, part Newfoundland, offered a heavy paw to anyone who would take it. He even climbed up the gangplank into the boat, to the consternation of the stewards, who promptly chased him off again.

That evening our ship stopped quite a distance out from shore, and a small rowboat came out from the bay to meet it. The sailors lowered a ladder over the ship's side to the rowboat, and a woman and two small children were helped off. The children seemed to be quite unafraid, although, to us onlookers the descent into the little tossing craft in the bleak dark dangerous, so that we clapped our hands joyfully when it was performed in safety.

Next morning fishing boats came close to the ship's side and the steward bought fresh fish for dinner; big cod and haddock just out of the sea for fifty cents a dozen. The hardy fishermen, as much at home in their little boats as we are on land, smiled up at us as we leaned over the railing, and joked in French with the sailors.

Our next port of call was Anticosto Island, where a small train, consisting of a caboose, engine and flatcar, came rattling down the mile-long wharf to meet the boat. A number of us got aboard and were given a free ride to the island. The most imposing building is the chateau, some distance from the village, which was built by Menier, the French chocolate king, who once owned the entire island. Anticosti is now owned by a pulp and paper company, and the chateau is used as a hunting lodge. Deer, bear and wild foxes are plentiful in the woods, and there are several fox farms.

Next evening we entered Gaspe harbor just in time for the Jacques Cartier celebration. All around us were fishing boats gaily decorated with flags, banners and Japanese lanterns, ready to welcome the *Champlain,* a French boat, which was bringing notable guests to the fete.

Four centuries ago Jacques Cartier erected a cross at Gaspe, and he and his men knelt around it, while Indians looked on and wondered at the strange ceremony. An important part of the celebration of 1934 was the unveiling of a great stone cross, quarried from the granite of St. Malo, Cartier's home port, and brought across the sea to stand on the Gaspe hillside in memory of that first cross which the explorer placed there four hundred years ago.

Crowds of people gathered on the hillside, along the bridge, and on the shore. Young women in Gaspesian costumes, priests of various orders, scarlet-coated Mounties, soldiers, sailors, and Indians in full regalia mingled with the ordinary sightseers. A fleet of two hundred fishing boats went out to meet the *Champlain*, from which visitors embarked in small boats to be escorted by the gaily-decorated fishing boats into the harbor, while the three great bells destined for the new basilica pealed a sonorous welcome.

That night colored fires flared up before the principal buildings of the town, while the cross, which, as evening fell, had been picked out of the shadowy hillside by the lone white beam of a searchlight, was then left in darkness. The fires changed from green to red, and from red to white, pouring off colored clouds, and, over the harbor, rockets burst into showers of brilliant stars and golden serpents. But down in the engine-room of our ship skilled hands were making everything ship-shape, and at midnight we left Gaspe.

During the voyage we saw whales spouting, purpoises plunging, and the black fins of a sword fish cutting the waves. We passed "Moaning Molly," a buoy which makes a melancholy sound when the waves heave it, then the brick-colored shores of Prince Edward Island came in sight, the red cliffs topped with evergreens, above which a white church stood out against a blue sky, making a delightful color study.

Back at Fox River we had unloaded the tin barrels of gasoline which had covered our deck, and now at Pictou, Nova Scotia, the busy crane hauled from the hold a great variety of merchandise: bags of flour and shorts; bedsteads; shingles; ginger ale; ceraels; auto tires, etc.

On the return trip we passed Bonaventure Island and Perce Rock, but it was too dark for us to see the gannets. Still, even in the semi-darkness, Perce Rock is an amazing sight, huge and high, with one end sliced off and set apart, and with an opening through the main rock through which we catch a glimpse of lights on the shore.

All next day and night we lay at anchor in a small harbor, while the rain beat upon us and the wind raged. A few passengers borrowed oilskins and fished hopefully, though not successfully, from the back of the boat. But the clouds blew away, and the following day we came again to Fox River, where we took on great truckloads of dried cod in new barrels, destined for Naples. Here we were glad to leave the boat and tramp along a muddy road past small white houses. We saw the racks on which the codfish are spread out to dry, and beside the road was an outdoor bake oven of clay, protected by a peaked roof of boards. Along the shore the outgoing tide had left the rocks bare except for shells and seaweed.

At other points along the coast we anchored off-shore, having given notice of our approach by loud whistles, and small boats came out to us with one or two barrels to be shipped. Even in the dark they came, sometimes bringing a passenger for Quebec or Montreal.

At Ste. Anne des Monts, a horse, which had been in the hold for several days, was brought up in its wooden box by the huge crane and swung onto the wharf, where it was led away by a man in a gig.

As we sailed up the gulf we saw lines and wedges of wild geese flying agains the dark background of the mountains. We passed freighters trailing long plumes of smoke; an incoming liner passed us, and we met two more liners outward bound. At last appeared the rocky height of old Quebec, and then the domes and spires of Montreal, and so we came home, greatly fortified by our trip along the east coast, where men let down their nets into the sea.

BOASTERS

We have been reading and thinking about the record of Joseph while he was still at his father's home. How unpopular he came to be with his brethren! But it was his own fault. He was among them as a boaster.

The trouble with Joseph was that he talked too much. His tongue precipitated him into trouble. His evil reports to his father about his brethren and his account of his dreams would have been better untold. Tattling and boasting were the bad pair that unpopularized Joseph. His brethren could not stand his running to their father with stories about them. Whether they deserved evil reports or not did not change their feeling toward Joseph. The tendency to brag, and enjoy doing it, can not be missed as one reads of Joseph's dreams. Even his father chided him for his presumption.

Here are two tendencies common to most of us. How we enjoy tattling! When we tattle, it adds flavor to our tales to have them suggestive of suspicion either of supposed or of actual faults against others. Some of us are hero-boosters—ourselves the hero. How often we listen to "great talkers" who about wear out "I" and "me" and "mine"—to say nothing of the strain on the patience of their auditors! News-carriers are fine, if the news is true and worth telling. But boasters—the fewer of them the better!—Young Folks.

GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR

By Florence Kerigan

The Warren home was sadly in need of paint. And the roof which sagged slightly, bore evidences of having been put on by an amateur. Viewed from the top of the hill, it was not so bad, however, for the weather-beaten wood of the old house gave it a rustic appearance which harmonized with the hillside orchard behind it and the rambler roses that clambered over the door. There was an old-fashioned garden before it, too, and a well with a picturesque sweep. Hardly a summer went by that some artist or amateur photographer did not stop and make a picture of it.

That wasn't so bad. Deborah Warren was just enough of an artist herself to appreciate the simplicity of it. But inside—

When Deborah Marsh married Dan Warren forty years before, they had come to that old house to live. It was the homestead of the Warren family, and Dan had inherited it and the farm and the furniture. "One of these days," he had said, half apologetically, and half proudly, "One of these days we'll have a new house and some new furniture."

One of these days! The old furniture was still there, worn and shabby. First there had been the babies. and then the expenses connectd with feeding and clothing and sending them to school and paying doctors' bills for mumps and measles and chicken-pox, and after they married and left home there were other things—a practical car to replace old Nellie the faithful mare, increased taxes, a hired man to help Dan in busy times. But still Mrs. Warren said, "One of these days," every time her daughters—and especially her daughters-in-law—came to visit her.

One of these days they would paint the house a dull russet, and roof it in moss green. And then—and *then!*—they would clear out the old furniture and get new! Before the old-fashioned fireplace they would have an overstuffed davenport and overstuffed easy chairs on either side of it. They would have low bookcases all around the room. They would have plenty of deep, comfortable chairs, and low tables here and there, and little tricky things like those advertised in the mail order catalogs!

It happened to be a hot, sticky day in mid-July. Mrs. Warren was feeling the heat, and the humidity was reminding her of her rheumatism, and she was feeling as she called it "cantankerous!" although none of her family every remembered her being what they would call cantankerous!

She was dusting the living-room when she "boiled over." She flung her duster down with a gesture of finality. "I'm through!" she said to the empty room. "I'm sick and tired of dusting this old hand-me-down furniture! Now I know how Junior used to feel when he had to wear Pop's pants cut down to fit! I won't have it around any longer! I hate it! I hate it! I hate it!" And Mrs. Warren brushed away a tear with a

corner of the duster and went on dusting.

When she came to Grandfather's chair she paused. It was a terrible thing. It stood in one corner of the living-room, but it didn't fit that corner—nor would it have fitted any corner in any room. It was upholstered in some heavy material which looked like a section of miasmic jungle from some particularly vicious nightmare. In fact, ever since Deborah had first seen it, her very worst nightmares had been set against that poisonous green and purple and orange background. It was not even comfortable. It was lumpy and not as soft as the hardest of those luxurious overstuffed chairs she had sat in at the furniture store in town. No one sat in it. Even Dan could just dimly remember his father, so there was no halo of sentimentality about it. But there it stood, day after day, year afer year.

She surveyed it critically. "You look just like an elephant in a tea party," she told it, "and you're as much use as a man at a Ladies' Aid Meeting when it's making dresses for the orphans.—Not as much use, for my Dan can pull bastings out!"

And right then an idea hit her. If the clumsy old thing were recovered she would at least not have to look at that jungle horror all her days. It ought to be fairly easy to cover a chair. Even the rest of the furniture might be helped with a little varnish and bright chintz. Several times through the years she had thought of that, but each time she had set her feet down on the idea grimly, knowing that if she carried it out she never would get new furniture. She had never gotten a new rug after making a rag one as a make-shift. But now there was something hopeless in her dreams of new furnishings.

She finished her dusting as quickly as she could, and then donned a fresh dress and a wide-brimmed hat, and went to the store in all the heat. There was a Five Ten-Cent Store in the village at the foot of the hill, and there she found everything she needed—varnish, brightly-flowered chintz enough for chair coverings and curtain drapes, even tiny upholsterers' tacks. A bus brought her up the hill again, and she started right in on the old monstrosity in the corner.

She pulled away one corner of the old covering, and immediately fled to the garret for an old sheet which she spread under the chair. Then she sat down on the floor and ripped and pulled, with time out now and then to sneeze or to rub an itching nose with a dusty hand. The upholstery was even older than she had thought, for it came away almost at a touch, and great wads of dusty cotton fell out to the sheet.

"Why, I don't believe this was an upholstered chair at all!" she exclaimed, as the foundation gradually emerged. "I believe Grandfather or Great-grandfather stuffed it himself, and that's why it always looked so lumpy and was so hard and uncomfortable! Why, it has no springs in it at all!"

She stripped away the last shred of upholstery and dropped the last wad of cotton and then stood up and looked at it. It was an entirely dif-

ferent chair now. It had grace and beauty of line, and the long hidden polish of the surface would respond to a vigorous application of furniture oil.

A clock striking roused her from her contemplation of the miracle, and reminded her that Dan would soon be coming in from the fields, tired and warm and hungry, and he always liked a good hot luncheon—winter or summer. Dan would like that chair now, she smiled to herself. She no longer felt cantankerous. She even sang an old camp meeting hymn to herself as she bustled about the kitchen.

Perhaps the tones of her voice carried to the road and added an extra lure to the charm of the old house and garden and well-sweep. Anyway a large touring car stopped at the gate, and Deborah noted that the occupants were making unmistakable preparations to alight. Tourists were at once the delight and the bane of Deborah's existence. One never knew whether they were going to be lovely people who would fill her memmemories for days to come, or whether they would be ungracious and drink up all her buttermilk and then pick her roses on the way out! These people looked rather nice. They walked up the flag-stoned path between the nodding hollyhocks to the door instead of helping themselves at the well. They were a middle-aged pair, and as they took their unhurried way up the path, Deborah suddenly saw them walking down life's later years gently, unruffled, serene.

She opened the door to them. They had smelt a delicious odor of frying chicken, the man said, and he wondered if it would be too much to ask to buy their luncheon there, rather than take a chance on a possible tea room in some remote town. It happened quite often just that way, Deborah told them, and she was glad to have them stay.

She ushered them into the living-room before she remembred the litter on the floor. She and the man saw it at the same time, and she turned swiftly to make a laughing explanation, but he spoke first.

"That chair!" he gasped. "Do you see it, Ella? What a beautiful, beautiful thing! And it's authentic! You're not—of course," with a little laugh, "it's none of my affair—but you're not going to cover that, are you?"

Perhaps because his blue eyes shone so interestedly, she told him about the chair and he and his wife exchanged glances.

"You say it was your husband's great-grandfather's?"

"Yes. That is, of course, in Great-grandfather's later years."

"Hm. Er—wouldn't care to sell it, would you? I'll give you a hundred dollars for it. And there are some other interesting pieces here, too."

"Abner," said his wife, reprovingly. Then to Deborah, "He's just like a child. He wants to buy all the antique furniture he sees, and forgets to be polite!"

"Well, sometimes," he defended himself, albeit a trifle shamefacedly, "people like to sell little things."

There would be enough, Deborah told herself with a little thrill, to buy

new furniture to replace what she sold, and to paint the house and put on a new roof besides. Her hands were moist, and her throat was dry. "I'll—I'll let you know," she said. "I —I want to talk it over with my husband."

All through luncheon her eyes shone, and bright pink spots glowed in her ivory cheeks. Dan, watching her, thought with a thrill of pride that you couldn't beat his Debbie. She could hold her own even with folks that drove around the country in limousines. And she did get such a kick out of entertaining tourists—not like Lem Black's wife that was so snippy to them!

She wanted to talk it over with Dan, but she knew what she would tell him. Even before the dust of the road had settled behind their departing wheels, she was planning what she would buy. He had left a list of prices he would be willing to pay for different items. For the grandfather's chair, one hundred dollars. For that little rocker, fifty. For that table, ten. A toal of about two hundred dollars could be raised without selling all he had enumerated!

She got out her mail order catalog and turned again the well-thumbed pages. That davenport set, with the fern stand thrown in—or that one with the smoking stand! And that deep chair which had a doo-hickey that extended in front would be just fine for Dan to stretch out in. And that wicker chair with a place for magazines on the arm, and that bookcase, and—a cabinet radio—and a comfortable rocker!

After all, she thought she would rather get Dan to take her into town when work slacked up a little. She could visit with Junior's wife for a day or two and go to the furniture stores and see what she was buying. That would be better than just ordering from the catalog.

She spread the figures out before her. Let's see. Fifty for that little rocker. Hm. That rocker was just the right size for her to sit in when she did the mending. When she had it drawn up to the table, the light fell just right from the shaded lamp. Fifteen for the easy chair—it could hardly be possible! It was old and worn into a hollow, even the back curved to the outline of Dan's head. He loved that chair. It was the chair they had both sat in to make up after their first quarrel. Silly to let a thing like that influence her but still —Then there was the bookcase. She looked at it thoughtfully. It still held Junior's books, battered with much reading, and next to those Emmy's, and under them some well-used farm books and musty encyclopedias. They could be put into another bookcase of course, but they would be out of place. Her fingers trembled suddenly. On the bottom shelf where chubby hands could reach them, were Evelyn's linen books. All of Evelyn's things were there in the closet under the shelves, for Evelyn had never grown up. She pattered through Deborah's dreams, a light-footed, golden-haired baby, the only one of the three who had not grown away from her.

There was the battered stool she used to sit on, with her curly head

against Deborah's knee, while Deborah told her a story in the long summer twilights. There was the table they sat around on winter nights. She or Father always read aloud from a good book after the lessons were done. She could almost see them there now in the glow of the shaded lamp. And sometimes they used it for state occasions as a dining table —as when Emily's Bill took supper with them for the first time and when Junior brought his girl home and insisted upon having the best china and silver brought out (as if Deborah wouldn't have done it anyway!) and the birthday parties the children had had, and the Christmas presents which had been wrapped up on it.

Why, there wasn't anything in that room which didn't remind her in some way of her children or of Dan. They seemed almost to be haunted, with sweet, intimate memories. If she sold them she would be selling those memories!

She thrust the paper away from her. She couldn't sell those dear things for a set of store-made brand-new chairs and tables! Things that had never known the smear of childish hands, nor held forms racked with grief, nor been a pirate ship for a host of small boys, nor witnessed the ecstasy of young love!

Granfather's chair stood in the corner, and seemed to lend an air of dignity to the room. "I didn't mean to call you an elephant," she said, whimsically, "and of course I would not dream of selling you! I'll have to talk it over with Dan." And again she knew what she would say to Dan.

Dan relaxed in the big old chair, with his head in the hollow in the back, and his arms in the hollows on the stuffed arms of the chair, and surveyed the Grandfather's chair, lazily, while Deborah told him how she had stripped the covering from it.

"It looks lots better," he admitted. "Sort of aristocratic—don't it, now? Why, what's the matter?" For there were sudden tears in Deborah's larkspur eyes—queer tears like raindrops with the sunlight shining through them. He gathered her into his arms there in the big old chair. "What's the matter?" he crooned into her hair.

"Nothing, only—I've been offered the moon—" she laughed a little shakily, and hid her wet eyes on his shoulder, "I—I don't *want* it!"

In charity the law's fulfilled,
It is not meet that I should hate;
When men to injure me are willed,
Rememb'ring Thee, I'll forgive not late.

—Selected.

"SUCH AS I HAVE"

The little maid sat in the high-backed pew,
  And raised to the pulpit her eyes of blue;
And the prayers were long, and the sermons grand,
  And, oh, it was hard to understand.
But the beautiful text sank deep in her heart,
  Which the preacher made of his sermon a part;
"Silver and gold have I none," read he;
  "But such as I have I give to thee."
And the good old pastor looked down and smiled
  At the earnest gaze of the little child.

The dear little maid carried home the word,
  Determined to use it as chance might afford.
She saw her mother unceasingly
  Toil for the needs of the family.
So she cheerily helped, the long day through,
  And did with her might what her hands found to do.
" 'Silver and gold have I none'," said she,
  " 'But such as I have I give to thee'."
And the joyful mother tenderly smiled,
  As she bent to kiss her little child.

On her way to school at early morn
  She plucked the blooms by the wayside born;
"My teacher is often tired, I know,
  For we're sometimes naughty, and sometimes slow;
Perhaps these may help to lighten her task,"
  And she laid the flowers on the teacher's desk,
" 'Silver and gold have I none'," said she,
  " 'But such as I have I give to thee'."
And the weary teacher looked up and smiled
  As she took the gift from the little child.

As she played with her sisters on the grass,
  She saw a dusty traveler pass.
"Poor man," she said, "he is tired, I think,
  I'll go and get him a nice, cool drink."
And she hastened to fetch her little cup,
  And dip the sparkling nectar up.
" 'Silver and gold have I none'," said she,
  " 'But such as I have I give to thee'."
And the thirsty, dusty traveler smiled
  As he took the cup from the little child.

Sweet and innocent, clad in white,
  She knelt by her little bed at night.
With a childish trust she longed to bring
  Some gift to her Savior and her King.
"So much from Thee every day I receive;
  But my heart is all that I have to give,
" 'Silver and gold have I none'," said she,
  " 'But such as I have I give to thee'."
And our Father looked down and tenderly smiled
  As he took the gift of the little child.

—Elizabeth Rosser.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our farm manager reports that the School has ten acres of crimson clover which is looking very good since the recent rains.

—o—

Among the visitors at the School last Wednesday was Doughty Everhardt, of Raleigh, formerly of Cottage No. 10 and a member of the shoe shop force. Doughty was visiting his wife's brother who is now an inmate of the institution.

—o—

The hay-making work on our farm has been interrupted by bad weather. Quite a few acres of lespedeza was harvested in excellent condition, but some eight or ten acres have been cut recently and the hay is taking the rain. While this hay will not be gathered in such good condition as that stored away in the early part of the week, it is not expected that it will be a total loss.

—o—

Last Sunday, Superintendent C. E. Boger attended the services at St. Martin's Lutheran Church, situated in the lower part of Cabarrus County. All day services were held. Rev. W. J. Boger. of Newton, a brother of our superintendent, preached the morning sermon, and the Rev. Mr. Walker, regular pastor of St. Martin's, officiated at the afternoon service. A goodly number of former members of this old church was in attendance at both services.

—o—

Superintendent Boger and Mr. J. Lee White, farm manager, made a trip to Chapel Hill last Tuesday in response to a call sent out by Dr. Baity, acting state engineer of the Federal Emergency Association of Public Works. Several hundred representatives who had made applications for various projects were present on this occasion. A committee consisting of Governor Ehringhaus, Dr. Baity and Hon. R. A. Doughton was appointed to visit Washington and to find out the exact status of applications made through the Chapel Hill office.

—o—

Mr. Charles Thompson, of New York, who spent several days last week with the Reid Motor Company, Concord, contacting their salesmen, was brought out to the School last Wednesday afternoon by Mr. Troy Wallace. Mr. Thompson's duties take him all over the United States, and he has become very much interested in schools of this character, visiting them at every available opportunity. After going through the several departments here, Mr. Thompson expressed himself as being favorably impressed with the work being carried on at the institution.

Rev. Walter J. Miller, pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read the 15th Psalm, and the subject of his talk to the boys was "Labor Day," choosing for his text Proverbs 24: 30-31, "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down."

Rev. Mr. Miller began his remarks by stating that the first Monday in September is known as Labor Day, the purpose of which is to give dignity and place to work.

He then told the following story: A traveler once walked down a beautiful winding road and came to a lovely garden which was well kept and a delight to the eye. Going on a short distance further he came upon another garden which was all rundown and overgrown with weeds and briers.

Following a narrow path he was stuck with thorns and briers. At the end of the path he came to a tumbled down house, in the door of which was a lazy old man. He stretched and yawned as the traveler spoke and lazily replied to his greeting.

This old fellow saw no possibility of beauty around him. He felt that he just had hard luck and had stopped trying.

Why, asked the speaker, had this man failed? Not because he did not have a garden. He had failed because he was too lazy to take advantage of the opportunities to make his garden beautiful.

Rev. Mr. Miller then told of an old Indian who, having become a Christian, applied for a license to preach. He was asked what was the original sin, and he replied, "Laziness."

Each of us, continued the speaker, has a garden, consisting of undeveloped talents, to tend. If, in our material gardens we hope to grow flowers, fruits, vegetables, etc., we have to bend our backs to work it. We pay for whatever we get with labor. So it is in our garden of undeveloped talents—if we hope to attain success we must do it by laboring fairly and honestly. No respectable person wants to or can take without giving in return.

Rev. Mr. Miller then told of a veteran of the World War who had a broken neck which was kept in place with a cast or frame-work. This ex-soldier wasn't willing to give up in life, to sit and whine about his misfortune, but made a good livelihood by raising chickens.

He then said the path to success is a path of toil, and called attention to the way Thomas A. Edison toiled for years in order to bring about inventions which the world is enjoying today.

We must work continually, said the speaker, on character and other qualities of worth, in order to develop the right kind of gardens in our lives. Jesus, being a carpenter, was familiar with work and spoke often of various kinds of work in his sermons.

Rev. Mr. Miller said there are untold possibilities in the life of each

of us. We must cultivate our own gardens. Something is going to grow there—either weeds or flowers—and the only way to overcome the weeds is to put something beautiful there.

The walls of a garden, said the speaker, are for protection. If they are broken down, anything can enter. In the garden of our life we should keep our walls and fences up, that sin may not enter and overpower the good qualities.

Rev. Mr. Miller told of a missionary who was found dead, and had these words in his pocket: "Oh, God, let me die working." He concluded by reading a part of Kipling's "L'Envoi."

"When earth's last picture is painted,
And the tubes are twisted and dried;
When the oldest colors have faded,
And the youngest critic has died.
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—
Lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of all good workmen
Shall set us to work anew."

GRATITUDE

For starry night and dawn of day,
For winds that in the willows play,
For every gift that comes my way,
I'm grateful.

For sunshine bright and silvery rain,
For harvest time and ripening grain,
For joy that ever follows pain,
I'm grateful.

For steeple bells that gaily ring,
For homing birds upon the wing,
And love that only worth can bring,
I'm grateful.

For furrowed fields and upturned sod,
For paths that I alone have trod,
For faith that lifts my soul to God—
I'm grateful.

—Alice Whitson-Norton.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since July 7, 1935.

Week Ending September 1, 1935

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(2) Arthur Boyette 3
George Chambers 4
(2) Jesse Cleveland 8
(2) William Dillon 2
Alden Jones 2
(9) Earl Rogers 9
(3) Richard Sullivan 8
(9) Ashley Thompson 9
(4) Vermont Whitley 8

COTTAGE No. 1

(3) Robert Cashwell 8
(9) William Goodson 9
(4) Joseph Johnson 4
(3) John Kellam 4
William Pitts
(2) Eugene Whitt 7
(6) Everett Williamson 7
(9) Harvard Winn 9
(5) Preston Yarborough 7

COTTAGE No. 2

Robert Harrison 4
Thomas Horton 3
Lewis Janey 4
Vasco Robinson 6
Y. V. Spates 5
Lawrence Tew 2

COTTAGE No. 3

Emerson Barnhill 4
(4) William Barber 5
(3) Barney Caviness 3
Charles Furchess 3
Marcellus Garganus 6
(3) Percy Gurganus 5
Claude Hicks 3
(4) Frank Hutchins 6
(6) William McRary 7
(4) Thomas Reavis 4
(3) D. C. Winston 3
(2) Thomas Wilson 2
(3) Harvey Watson 3
Porter Willhite 8

COTTAGE No. 4

Vernon Bass 5
William Hill 6
(7) Woodrow Jenkins 7
(8) Ralph Johnson 8
(2) Thomas Little 5
(8) Irwin Luther 8
Jack McRary 6
Robert Orrell 3
(3) Richard Sprinkle 3
(9) Wheeler Sturdivant 9
(6) Melvin Walters 6
Hubert Williams 5

COTTAGE No. 5

William Ange 4
Wiley Crawford 3
William Cassell 3
Jack Freeman 2
George Kye 7
(2) Perry Russ 4
(7) Louis Tarkington 7

COTTAGE No. 6

(2) Earl Bass 3
Leo Forrester 4
Columbus Hamilton 5
(4) Thomas Hamilton 7
James Harvell
Robert Keith 2
Jordan McIver
Joseph Sanford

COTTAGE No. 7

(2) James Corn 5
(2) Fred Dysen 4
John Elliott 3
(9) Caleb Hill 9
Houston Howard 2
(2) Kenneth Messick 3
(4) Theodore Nines 6
(4) Lewis Parker 6
(6) Douglas Wilkes 7

COTTAGE No. 8

Charles Banks 6
Thomas Hudson 7
(3) Charles Webb 4

COTTAGE No. 9

Alvis Browning
Joseph Brooks
Charles Crotts 3
(2) Pearly Funderburk 7
C. D. Grooms 4
James C. Hoyle 4
(8) Frank Hall 8
Thomas McCarter 4
(2) Ben Overby 7
(5) Richard Wrenn 5

COTTAGE No. 10

(2) Harold Brown 5
(2) Norwood Cockerham 5
David Kirksey 2
Marvin Miller 3
(3) James Patterson 3
(5) Charles Pollard 7
Maurice Staley 2
(2) Fred Ward 7

COTTAGE No. 11

(6) Everett Bell 6
(3) Charles Bowman 3
Louis Crawford 8
(2) Dewey Freeman 6
(2) Bennie Holland 8
(5) Dallas Hodge 7
(8) David Hodge 8
William Kirk 7
(2) James Montford 8
Eldridge Ward 6

COTTAGE No. 12

(9) Walter Beaver 9
Horace Faulkner 6
Arbie Phillips 7
Thomas Welch 8

COTTAGE No. 13

Clarence Anderson
Leon Burkhead 5
(4) Jennings Norris 7
(5) Claude Pickett 6
Linwood Potter 3
(7) Porter Stack 7
(9) Howard Wilson 9

COTTAGE No. 14

(2) Clarence Ashburn 3
(2) Homer Jones 7
James Land
Robert McKee
Troy Powell 3
Wilburn Suite

COTTAGE No. 15

(7) Robert Alexander 7
(4) John Caddell 5
William Moose 6
Walter Mitchell
(2) Glenn Stewart 5
(2) Robert Teeter 6
(6) Winfred Whitlock 6
(3) Roy Wyrick 5

FOR MY SON

If I knew I were going to die tonight
I wouldn't scold because you track mud on the porch;
I wouldn't tell you to hush when you whistled so shrilly;
I wouldn't be irritated because you forgot to hang up your cap and coat;
I'd be so glad to be able to do one more thing for you.
I'd be so happy that you were happy enough to want to whistle.
I'd realize that mud on a porch is more easily removed than memory of a cross word.
And I'd want to leave you with last memories of a pleasant father, if I knew I were going to die tonight
And, after all, how do I know I'm not.

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U.N.C. CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 14, 1935 No. 37

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TRUE!

"Refuse to open your purse, and soon you cannot open your sympathy. Refuse to give, and soon you will cease to enjoy that which you have. Refuse to love, and you lose the power to love and be loved. Withhold your affections and you become a moral paralytic. But the moment you open wider the door of your life, and like the rose, send out without stint your fragrance and beauty, you let the sunshine of your life into your own soul."

—The Tither.

——PUBLISHED BY——
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAI

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

HOEING YOUR ROW

How are you hoeing your row, my boy?
Say, how are you hoeing your row?
Do you hoe it fair?
Do you hoe it square?
Do you hoe it the best that you know?

Do you cut out the weeds as you ought to do?
Do you plant what is beautiful there?
For the harvest you know,
Will be just what you sow;
Are you working it on the square?

For the world will look as you hoe your row,
And will judge you by what you do,
So, try for first prize,
Though your courage it tries,
For the harvest depends on you.

—Selected.

THE TRAINED NURSE AND PHYSICAL DIRECTOR

The Stonewall Jackson Training School is most fortunate in having added to its personnel two much needed and efficient co-workers, Miss Myrtle Thomas, the trained nurse for the institution, and Mr. Thomas Lawrence, the athletic director, who will supervise the sports during recreation hours.

Miss Thomas and Mr. Lawrence are tempermentally fitted and

physically and mentally qualified to meet any emergency that may come up in their line of work.

Through these two sources, the services of a trained nurse to watch the health of the youths in the school, exercising preventive instead of curative measures along with the work of Mr. Lawrence, the physical director, will not only give color through the joy of clean sportsmanship, but will raise the school to a higher standard of morale.

We are thoroughly conversant with the old adage "all work and no play makes a dull boy." Therefore, realizing our boys come here without knowing the value of clean and wholesome recreation, they can learn many lessons of finest citizenship in sports under the guiding hand of a physical director.

Superintendent Boger is to be congratulated in securing for the school such officials of two-fold values,—saving the boys from many physical defects and ills that would demand hospitalization that is always expensive.

Miss Thomas who received her training in Central Carolina Hospital, Sanford, is a woman of splendid personality and wide experience, and Mr. Lawrence, the son of Rev. A. S. Lawrence, now rector of Chapel of the Cross, Chapel Hill, having a fine background of inherited service, is an alumnus of the University of North Carolina. We bespeak for this young man much success in managing the boys, and developing them in spirit, body and mind in the right channels of correct living. These two co-workers, Miss Thomas and Mr. Lawrence, are valuable acquisitions to the Jackson Training School.

Watch us grow! When this institution secures a gymnasium, so the boys will not have to be herded in the basements of the repective cottages on rainy days, and an infirmary, heated and with equipment to minister to the sick, the Jackson Training School, with its substantial and beautiful buildings, having a background of unsurpassed scenery, will become the show-place of the country for beauty and valuable service to the state. Also, it will have reached the ideal that inspired the establishment of a home for boys who never had half a chance.

SCHOOLS CHEAPER THAN JAILS

Tax payers have a right to take their choice between paying $300 a year to keep a boy in jail or $90 to keep him in school.

It's peculiar that with these statistics of comparison flashing themselves into the faces of people, they still insist, some of them, that they are being bled to death to support public education, but never a chirp comes from them as to the cost they are being made to bear because of crime among these young people.

And it is the young people, unhappily, among whom crime is the more prevalent.

The United States department of justice reports that two-thirds of all arrests in this country involve persons between the ages of 15 and 24. The age of greatest peril seems to be 19 years.

The schools that are properly supported and efficiently conducted are the best antidotes to crime that have been secularly created and far cheaper to support than to keep the jails running to catch the delinquents.—Charlotte Observer.

* * * * * * *

OBSERVATIONS

An official of a State Prison Camp states that after three years experience in this work he has observed that of the hundreds of young men and boys who come under his supervision the majority of them has never passed the fourth grade of our public school system. Therefore, the most natural conclusion is that ignorance is filling our jails, chain-gangs and penitentiaries.

In neither the jail, chain-gang nor penitentiary is there a hope of reformation, but on the other hand the youthful offenders come out most frequently as hardened criminals. What is the cure for this evil? We have fine schools all over the state, offering splendid opportunities but many of the future citizens of the country have found their way to the jails and other such places instead of the schools. Why is it? Surely, we all know that a young boy can be kept in school for much less money that it takes to keep him in prison with the most damaging results. Possibly our schools are not attractive, too stereotyped, a more diversified interest such as

vocational training would meet the demands of the varied taste and talent of the masses and allay much of this restlessness seen in the younger generation of today. This is a question for serious consideration.

* * * * * * *

PERSONALITY COUNTS

To succeed in the game of life a strong personality is necessary. It does not take a facial and physical beauty to climb the heights, but a kindly, fôlksy interested person is the one who meets conditions and usually makes the grade.

Frequently very comely people who have fine coloring and splendid mentality have utterly fizzled because of despicable dispositions, and whey they fail that is the ultimatum,—they are no longer in demand.

This story is related of Theodore Roosevelt prior to his presidential candicacy in 1912 that admirably illustrates the difference between him and Taft. The incident goes that a rousing reception was staged in honor of Roosevelt in some place in Wyoming. In the natural procedure of the affairs of any big function a long line of admirers passed to shake hands with the honor guest. A newspaper man standing close by whispered that a certain admirer of his was approaching. "Who is he", asked the colonel, with much interest.

The explanation was that the man referred to had lunched with the president at the White House. "Oh, yes, I know, give me his name, how many children has he, is his wife living?" were the questions that came in rapid fire. "He has five children, no six—another was born just a month ago" was the answer. Roosevelt played the game, and neither was it hypocrisy, it was good psychology as well as good politics. He made the guest feel very comfortable and happy.

When the gentleman reached Roosevelt, the greeting was most cordial, he recalled they lunched together, inquired as to the five children, and made it clear he knew of the new baby.

Believe it or not Roosevelt realized the support of this man.

A similar incident occurred once in the life of Taft, having the same official reporter and introducer. But Taft vaguely said, when reminded of the presence of a certain guest, "I don't seem to recognize him." When the time came for the distinguished person to shake hands with Taft, he shook his hand in a very friendly way, but said, "They tell me I ought to remember you, but bless my soul I cannot recall you at all."

Right there Taft spilled his beans. He lost the support of this man and Roosevelt won not only his support but his eternal friendshpi. But the last named is a Roosevelt with the spirit of friendliness.

* * * * * * *

The philosopher Plato is said to have derived his name from the fact he was broad-shouldered—platus. He was not only the possessor of broad shoulders, but his mind was broad enough to know human nature and the laws under which it works.

One of his terse and wise sayings, "to a good man nothing that happens is evil", incorporates a whale of a lot of thinking. This thought shows clearly that evil must have a lodging place or it cannot exist. A bright, sunny spirit kills evil the same as the sunshine destroys the most virulent germs that prey on men and beasts. It is the sun of righteousness in good people that eliminates the germs of evil from getting a foothold on the people of the universe.

We profit much by occasionally turning to the writings of such philosophers as Plato and read. It is easy to visualize the conditions and influences brought to bear in shaping the life work of people of any period of history if we read with an open mind and understanding heart.

LOOKING FORWARD IN ORPHANAGE WORK

By I. G. Greer, in Charity and Children

Somewhere in Ancient History I read of a general whose character and deeds are full of inspiration. Standing on a mountain peak, surrounded by his faithful followers, he said: "Soldiers, we are standing upon the Acropolis of Italy. Behind us are a thousand military victories and defeats. Younder lies Rome. Let's march!"

The year 1935 brings the Baptists of North Carolina to the close of a fifty years experience in Orphanage work. These years have been crowed with temporary defeat and with victory. As a result of wise leaders and consecrated followers four thousand children have found a refuge and a chance to make good.

It is a temptation to look back over the checkered history of the years and linger with those who have made it possible for us to come to this hour. It is an even greater temptation to sit down and enjoy things as they are, but yonder is a broken home, a woman and children, victims of circumstances over which they have no conrtol. Shall we respond to their call? Yes! Every impulse within me says, "Let's march!"

Some doubting Thomas raises the question, "Where are we going?" My answer is, "Straight to the child who has been swept from his mooring, and robbed of his birthright." Another asks "How shall we profit by the mistakes and successes of the past. In many cases we cannot improve on these methods, but when new situations require changes that will be in keeping with progress we shall not hesitate to change. If political customs, church creeds, social and economic standards conflict with the rights of the child, we shall abandon the system and give the child a chance.

Some of the best minds of the country differ as to the place of the orphanage in the future development of child welfare. While some believe that the orphanage is no longer justified, others claim that the demand for such a home will increase. My personal opinion is that until we find some way to abolish the causes of poverty and crime we will need all the day nuseries, foster homes, boarding homes, mothers aid and orphanages that the Federal government, state, church and fraternal organizations can support. Each of these organizations should find its particular field and proceed to develop along well defined lines to the highest point of efficiency. In spite of the splendid co-operation that has always existed between these various agencies, there has necessarily been a great deal of duplication.

Wherever Mothers aid has been attempted it has been demonstrated that this form of child welfare work is one of the most effective means of saving the home and caring for the children. This demonstration, however, has necessarily been limited.

Just here there is an opportunity for the Federal government and the states to co-operate in a great mothers aid and child welfare program that would excell in merit their educational and road building activities. Such a policy would make it possible for orphanages to do a more effective type of training than they have ever done in the past.

The Baptist Orphangae must feed, clothe, house and give medical attention to its children. In addition to administering to these physical needs, it must furnish the children an opportunity for emotional satisfaction by creating for them a home atmosphere that will give them a sense of security. It must also give to each child an education and training suited to his individual needs. When we find that one of our boys or girls does not fit into our course of study, we will have more respect for the child than we have for the curriculum. The purpose of the school is to prepare our children to make a living for themselves and those depending upon them. In order that this training may be complete and well-rounded we attempt to give each child a social, a moral and a spiritual impulse that will make it easy for him to become a leader in the social, business, civic and religious life of the community where he is to live as a citizen.

That the Orphanage may accomplish these aims ,and render its best service, it should not be subjected to certain abuses with which the authorities are frequently confronted. The population should not be too large. Overcrowded conditions always create undesirable situations. The home should not be used as a dumping ground for mental defectives and incorrigibles. These types of children are no less appealing than the normal dependent child, but it is not the policy of society to send adult criminals to college, or to impose the feeble-minded upon institutions established for the purpose of developing intellectual and moral leadership. The State has made limited provisions for extreme cases of feeble-minded and delinquent children, but border line children are perhaps the greatest tragedies of society. Like Edward Everett Hale's "Man Without a Country," this child is a "Child Without a Home." All forward looking orphanage authorities are agreed that orphanages are not equipped to take care of this type.

In the midst of our present social chaos we will try to keep in mind the fact that "The Sabbath was made for man—not man for the Sabbath." The institution exists for the child, not the child for the institution. Every person connected wth an orphanage should be inspired by love and guided by knowledge. The fact that one mreely loves the children is no guarantee that she will be successful as an orphanage worker. On the other hand she may have technical training and still be unqualified to render the highest type of service in this field.

One of our greatest needs just now is a school where men and women who are to do orphanage work may receive special training for their definite tasks, that would compare favorably with the training now given in the fields of medicine, law and

teaching. Surely there is no field that is more inviting, no service that is more challenging, for as G. Stanley Hall has well said, "To know, love and serve childhood is the most satisfying and soul filling of all human activities. It rests on the oldest and strongest and sanest of all instincts. It gives our lives a rounded out completeness found in no other service. No other object is so worthy of service and sacrifice, and the fullness of the measure in which this is rendered is the very best test of a nation, of a race, or of a civilization." Profiting by the wisest thought in child welfare, we shall continue to move on, and out of orphanage boys and girls who come our way, make men and women fit for the Kingdom of God. It was such a spirit as this that prompted Henry Van Dyke to write:

"March swiftly on. Yet err not from the way
Where all the noblest wise of old have trod,—
The path of faith, made by the sons of God.

"Follow the marks they have set beside
The narrow cloud-swept track, to be thy guide;
Follow, and honor what the past has gained,
And forward still, that more may be attained.

"Something to learn, and something to forget;
Hold fast the good, and seek the better yet;
Press on, and prove the pilgrim —hope of youth."

SO IT GOES

Give one man a sand bank and he will convert it into a flower garden; give another man a garden and in a little while he will convert it into a desert. This is also the way with preachers. Send one to "Nubbin Ridge" circuit and he will convert it into a land of promise, to which the chosen of the Lord are glad to migrate. Send another preacher to the "best circuit in the conference" and he will in a few years be calling on the bishop and the presiding elder to get him another pastoral charge because this is such an unappreciative people.

Presiding elders know two kinds of pastors, those that everybody would be glad to get and those that nobody wants. In an effort to get rid of the latter class is the source of the old saying that elders handle the truth carelessly at times. The old time horse trader got the same reputation by trying to trade a spavin or wind broken horse.

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

A TROPICAL CANDY

By Cora P. Emerson

In the hot lands of this earth, boys and girls are often seen sucking on one end of a long green and purple stick. This stick is about as large around as a man's thumb. This strange looking candy is sugar cane.

More than two thousand years before America was discovered by Europeans, the people of India and China enjoyed chewing bits of wild grass that grew in their lands, as much as Americans of the present day enjoy chewing gum.

There are records dating back to 325 B. C., that tell about the "honey bearing reeds" of India. Later when China was the seat of learning in the old world, the Emperor sent Chinese students to India, that they might learn how to make syrup from the sweet reeds.

From India, the sugar cane was introduced into Persia and Arabia. Under the Arabs the growth of sugar cane spread all through the lands around the Tigris and Euphrates, and finally into Spain and Cicily. It was the Arabs who named this grass, for the word "sugar" is Arabic.

Sugar, as we know it for sweetening food, is a fairly new product. The ancient Greeks and Romans had no sugar, for we read how they used honey to sweeten their foods. It was not until the time of the Crusades that this sweet product became known in Europe. This sugar was in the form of a soft paste.

The earliest record of sugar to be found in England is at the beginning of the fourteenth century. At this time sugar was very expensive. It was used only as a medicine or a luxury for the very rich. A pound cost as much as a carpenter could earn in five days. Two pounds would pay for a pig.

A little more than seven hundred years ago, an Italian nobleman died leaving his wealth to relatives. Among other things, he left six pounds of sugar. His will caused much comment for people contended that no one family should be allowed to have so much sugar in its possession at one time. Today even the poorest people have more sugar than did this nobleman.

At the time that Columbus was trying to find a new route to the East, one of the things greatly desired was sugar. Europeans had been buying this white powder from the traders of India and called it, "Indian salt." It was kept to flavor certain dishes served at feasts and banquets.

Sugar is the chief export of the West Indies. Cuba, which is about the size of Louisiana, is the greatest sugar island in the world. Sugar cane was not known in Cuba until Diego Valesquez established the first European colony there in 1511. This colony was at Barocoa on the eastern end of the island. Porto Rico, Hawaiian Islands, and the Philippines are known as the sugar islands.

The little island of Puerto Rico which is about one-half as large as Massachusetts exports sugar in large amounts. It sends to the United

States every day in the year enough sugar to fill seventy freight cars. A ship can carry several tons of sugar to a load. This coarse brown sugar is known as raw sugar. It is taken to New York and other large cities where there are sugar refineries.

The island of Java in the Pacific is under the rule of Holland. The people who live on these islands are Malays. It is very interesting to see a load of sugar from this small island. For cases they use baskets tightly woven from palm leaves. Each basket contains at least six hundred pounds of sugar.

You will remember that the Spanish soldiers took possession of Maderia, four years after it was discovered by the Portuguese in 1420. The Spaniards made a settlement and planted sugar cane that came from Asia. We are told that the emperor Charles V, of Spain, was able to build his magnificent palaces at both Madrid and Toledo with the money collected as taxes from the sugar trade.

In 1751, the first sugar cane was raised in the United States. In New Orleans, some Jesuit priests owned a plantation and swamp that faced what is now Canal Street. A brother in San Domingo sent them cane to plant. At the same time he sent skilled negroes to teach the French colonists how to raise this valuable grass, for these people had tried to raise cane in an old cornfield once before. This cane was known as "Creole grass." They did not make it into sugar but used it as a fruit.

Etienne De Bore is spoken of as the "Saviour of Louisianna." For it was De Bore, who in 1759 found a way to granulate the juice of the cane. Ever since that time, sugar has been one of the leading products of the Mississippi delta. Men have invented many machines that have simplified the making of sugar.

Sugar cane is one of the giant grasses. It grows from seven to ten feet tall. The stalk has many joints like bamboo. One leaf grows from each joint. These light green leaves are from one foot to one yard in length. As the cane grows taller the lower leaves fall off. A few are left at the top of the slender stem which bears the flowers. The leaves and top contain very little sugar, so they are cut off for fodder and fed to the cattle, before the cane is harvested for sugar.

Sugar cane grows where the soil is rich, the rainfall bountiful, and the season long, from seven to nine months is needed. The soil is plowed and made ready in the early fall. Pieces of cane are laid lengthwise in the furrows and lightly covered. Sugar cane will live for several years and grow many crops from one planting. When the plants are young the weeds have to be kept out, but when the cane gets to be five feet tall, it will smother out the weeds.

As soon as the cane is cut it is taken to mills where it is passed between heavy rollers. These rollers are about the size of barrels, but much longer. They are made of steel. The mangled cane left after the juice has been squeezd out is called bagasse. Some of the bagasse is used for fuel to run the engines in the sugar mills. The ashes from this

burnt bagasse make a very good fertilizer.

The bagasse that is left is put through a machine which tears it to small bits. This pulp is made into a kind of soft board, which is sold in lumber yards under the name of celotex.

Sugar is valuable in our diet because it can produce heat so quickly. It is an energy builder. For this reason candy is often given to athletes just before games or races. Doctors tell us, that if eaten in the proper amounts sugar is good for us. They advise eating candy after meals. If eaten between meals it takes away the appetite for other foods.

One-fifth of all the sugar used in the world is consumed in the United States. This means that each man, woman, and child in our country eats on an average one-fourth of a pound of sugar every day. Our sugar costs us two-thirds as much as our bread. At the present time we are eating more than three times as much of this tropical candy as our parents did when they were children.

INVENTORY

I took an inventory of my life.
From all the deep recesses of my heart
I hauled the half-forgotten pains and fears,
The memories of dark and brighter years;
Passed in review the faces of old friends,
The smiles, the tears, the scenes both drear and gay,
A score or more of unrelated things
To which my recollection fondly clings.

I dusted all the corners out with care.
The disappointments and the sadder scars
That living brought and then failed to erase
I banished from my consciousness as dross;
And then I sought a lesson, if I might!
And lo, when I had counted all the laughter,
The joyous thoughts and happiness stored away,
They far outweighed the sorrow and the tears.
My inventory was a proving ground
That showed life sweet.

—By D. Russell Colvin.

NOT CRUELTY BUT PROTECTION

(Young Folks)

He was just a little fellow, a baby porcupine. But he was killed on sight. He seemed too harmless, too cute, to be thus cruelly sent out of the earth; so was the first reaction of the onlooker, uninformed as to the devastating habits of these odd denizens of the forests.

The viewpoint changed when the facts were learned. Porcupines have a special fondness for any wood that human hands have touched. Their food is wood pulp, which they make by chewing wood with their sharp teeth. Their ability to destroy is almost incalculable. The woodsman's axe handles, the boatsman's oars, the parts of houses which people have touched, in short, anything that has value to people is their choicest morsel of food. In a brief period they can destroy structures that have cost time, labor, and money. They are the bane of men who make their living by working in the forests, and of persons who live there the year round, or sojourn there during the summer. Men who shudder at the thought of killing any other creature of the woods deliberately go out of their way to kill a porcupine.

So what at first seemed a ruthless act of cruelty was really a means of protection. It was a look into the future, for the baby porcupine would be grown up, a menace to valuable property, by another year. Besides, there is no known way of changing this destructive habit; it is inherent in his nature, a characteristic of his ancestry, from which he canot depart. So we have learned not to judge what people do until we know why they did it. Often motives of which we are not aware justify deeds that at the time are shocking to us.

Why should we not begin each day with a song in our hearts —a song as rich and full and free as the birds sing in the earliest dawning of the sun's light—a song so attuned with infinite life and hope and love that it must be sung? After all, no matter how poor we may feel, in reality we have a plenty and to spare—and that is all the richest of us can use. So let us mount our souls unto the highest reaches of living thoughts and generous deeds, that we may give to others of the good that has come to us. Unfettered by unholy greed, we can feel the unity of universal brotherhood, and we can be just and true, honest and helpful in all our dealings with men.

—Henrietta G. Moore.

A SPEED EPIDEMIC

(Pennsylvania Industrial School Record)

Several months ago an epidemic of infantile paralysis broke out in Virginia. In a very short time it had spread into three states. Five hundred cases have been reported since the outbreak; scores of victims have died and as many are doomed to live as cripples.

As usual in situations of this nature, the public has become frightened. It has demanded a more rigid quarantine. In some sections of the stricken area public meetings are prohibited. Thousands of vacationists have altered their plans in order to avoid the disease. A summer resort some two hundred odd miles from the scene of the epidemic has lost much of its trade simply because it is located in the same state.

Are these fears and precautions soundly based? Very well, then consider another case.

Before, and since this epidemic started, a greater, and far worse scourge has devastated our country.

While paralysis was killing one person the other curse was killing hundreds. And for each one crippled by the one, the other crippled thousands. That is not a rhetorical exaggeration, but is a literal statement of fact.

But this epidemic, although worse, has caused verly little alarm. No one alters their vacation plans to avoid it. No Government employees have changed their routine of work to combat it. Some people even go so far as to joke about it.

Why the difference?

If the slaughter by automobiles had started all of a sudden, and developed in a month or a year, a panic stricken public would implore that something be done about ti. There would be all sorts of demonstrations demanding that the Government protect its people. But the automobile, in its early stage was a slow vehicle. The accidents which it caused were few for the simple reason that the horseless buggies were scarce. As the years went on, the prices went down and the cars were made faster; today we have machines that are capable of making ninety miles an hour, and at the same time reasonable enough for the middle class to own. With this gradual increase in the speed of cars, the increase in death and injuries was also gradual; we got used to them by degress and cannot now fully realize the horror of it.

Some say this is a fast age, demanding ever increasing speed, but only a plain fool can believe that the annual sacrifice of 36,000 lives is necessary to our progress or welfare.

If a new disease or plague should visit our country and take the toll of death the automobile has, we would spend millions to combat it, and the scientist who discovered a cure would be acclaimed a world hero. So why doesn't our Government do something to decrease or prevent this legal slaughter?

WEEPING WOODS

By Verona Armbruster

The rubber tree has long been called the "wood that weeps." Columbus who first discovered it (not counting the Indians, of course) thought very little of it. At least in his voyages he took none of it home in his souvenirs and for two hundred forty years after him Brazil was welcome to keep her rubber exclusively to herself.

Then, two centuries ago, the French Academy of Science sent Charles de la Condamine to South America and he collected the tears of this wood, hardened them in layers, native fashion, over a fire and brought back the rubber mass to Europe. He gave it the name, from the Indian, "Caoutchouc" which, however, didn't stay with it long.

At first it was used, but not too enthusiastically, for surgical apparatus in France, for pencil erasers in England. In the early eighteen hundreds Thomas Hancock, in England, began slicing lumps of rubber into sheets and making from these, gloves, braces, shoe sides and soles. He was able to salvage the waste by a primitive machine of his own design, the forerunner of the modern mills and masticators.

Mr. Macintosh of Glasgow, a contemporary, hit upon naptha as a rubber solvent and set about manufacturing waterproof coats. Shortly he and Mr. Hancock went into partnership for the manufacturing of waterproof clothing.

The latter gentleman in 1843 made a most important discovery—the method of vulcanization. Raw rubber was treated with heat and sulphur and became a stable substance capable of manufacture into rubber tires for the multitude. Goodyear in America made the same discovery independently in the same year. The English planted 70,000 seeds of the rubber tree in India, Ceylon and Malay which now produce 800,000 tons of rubber annually.

Fifty years ago the first pneumatic tires were adjusted to the rear wheels of a boy's tricycle. They met with sufficient approval to warrant commercial manufacture. About the same time—just to show the strength of rubber—a large terminus station in London was equipped with a rubber platform. It is still in good condition.

The latest important discovery in the field of rubber manufacturing is the method whereby rubber "milk" or latex may be shipped in its original state to maufacturing centers without turning sour. It is sent sealed in drums.

The tears of the wood that weeps are being used for a great variety of things, to preserve eggs and fruit, to cover metal objects and make them silent. It is combined with materials to increase their wearing qualities; it is used to upholster furniture and cover floors and walls. It is manufactured into gloves as thin as your skin. It is the vital ingredient of two-way stretch cloth, artificial silk

and uncrackable, more durable paint. It adds innumerable improvements in the modern automobile. Latex promises a thousand other uses before scientists and manufacturers have exhausted its possibilities.

CLEAN SPORTSMANSHIP

I want that boy of mine to be
  Square to the last and final letter;
From taint or cunning wholly free
  I want him to love honor better
Than victory and silver things
  Which contest in a struggle brings.

"Clean as a hound's tooth:" that's the phrase
  Once by our leader Roosevelt spoken,
Who loved the sportsman's manly ways,
  And valued truth beyond a token;
Better to lose with conscience clean
  Than win by methods false and mean.

I want him to observe the rules,
  Be fair in desperate circumstances;
To know that cunning's used by fools
  Who fear to take the harder chances:
That with the victory of deceit
  The victor quits the field a cheat.

I want him to play hard to win,
  But not make victory his master;
Whatever games he enters in,
  He must gain triumph or meet disaster.
I want him coming home a man
  As clean as when the game began.

Oh boy of mine, let sportsmanship
  Never for any gain desert you;
If on yourself you keep your grip
  There is no failure that can hurt you;
You shall have more than prizes mean,
  If you have kept your record clean.

—Edgar A. Guest.

FOUR INTERESTING LETTERS

By William West

Not long ago, in the Historical Museum in Moscow, Russia, an American research worker was examining a collection of old manuscripts and other literary treasures when he came upon four interesting old letters—letters of especial interest to people of the English-speaking world. The letters, folded in a dusty envelope, were tucked away in a remote corner of the museum. The envelope was not thought to contain papers of more than ordinary interest but the American opened it and withdrew a packet of aged and yellowed papers. Upon examination they proved to be a wonderful find, four letters written by four famous men of American and English history and letters.

The first of these letters was one inscribed in perfect Spanish. When translated it proved to be a message written by the Duke of Wellington, conqueror of Napoleon. Just why the Duke, an Englishman, wrote his letter in Spanish has not been explained. Another of the letters was written by Percy Bysshe Shelley, the great English poet. The letter, addressed to his publisher, was dated shortly before the ill-fated bard was drowned in Italy. The third letter in the packet was also the letter of an Englishman, Edmond Burke, orator, statesman, and writer. This missive was written shortly after the outbreak of the French revolution.

The fourth, and by far the most interesting letter in the envelope was one written by George Washington. It was dated from Mount Vernon, June 21, 1785. In the communication our first president described proudly, the western movement of the pioneers who, even in those early years, had begun the migration from the Atlantic seaboard into the great Mississippi valley.

How came these four letters to the Moscow Historical Museum? One wonders by what devious routes they reached their present destination. Through what hands and adventures have they passed since their illustrious authors first wrote and posted them nearly a century-and-a-half ago?

Let us give a thought to our country. Nowhere is life so pleasant, nowhere is labor so well rewarded. Europe has thousands on the waiting list who want to enter. Asia has millions who would come here. Chinamen spend days and weeks in boxes to be smuggled in. We forget our blessings. God searched Europe to find people good enough to start our country. They builded well. Let us be thankful for them. A glorious inheritance is ours.—Inland Press.

WHO KNOWS

By Frances Hensley

"We haven't a chance."

"That's true. We're simply not wanted."

"I don't agree with you," said Carl Braden. "We may have have to carve out a niche for ourselves; have to go to work—"

"Work? That's the trouble," and "Where'll we find work?" and "A chance to work is all I ask."

It was as though that little word of four letters was an emotional spring that needed only to be spoken and the pent-up anxiety, restlessness and fears of the young people on the Court House lawn were released in a wordy and discontented torrent. They had met to discuss plans for some youth exhibits at the coming county fair, but they had gotten off on a tangent. They were discussing the problems of their own immediate and personal futures.

"One at a time," shouted Carl, his eyes flashing. "I say, that if we can't find jobs we'll have to make them. Our forefathers—"

"Yeah! We've studied history. But we can't go west—pioneer. There are no frontiers left."

"That's getting stale; and it's not true. There'll always be frontiers for those—"

"Whoa now, Carl. Easy, my boy. Fellows, don't you know better than to arouse the sleeping demon of Carl's temper? Better lose the argument than risk such a conflagration, I say."

There was a general laugh in which Carl joined sheepishly. But the desired effect had been achieved.

"Guess I get over-excited," admitted Carl, "but some things make me see red. Why—this old world used to be really hard boiled. The last generation or so has had things too easy. As a result the race is getting soft and flabby. Everybody—old and young—is too ready to cry 'can't'."

"I'm not soft," spoke up a young farmer. "I'm not afraid of hardship, but I feel tied—tied hand and foot. I've always—"

"I intended to study law," spoke up another. "I'm through high school —ready and anxious for the next step, but—" he spread his hands in a gesture of utter hopelessness.

"I'm up against it, too," retorted Carl; "but I'm not going to quit. If I can't make big money I'll make little money. When I can't make any money I'll try to keep myself fit for whatever comes. 'Come on, Life; show me your worst and I'll try to match it,' is my motto."

"Sounds fine, anyway," someone muttered.

"Is the whole bunch against me?" grinned Carl. "Girls, can't you put in a word for my side?"

"I think you're right," said Marion Thurman. "I doubt if our problems are any worse than those faced by other generations—they're merely different. If at times we feel that we don't know what to do—well—a problem ceases to be a problem as soon as the answer is found—always."

"I thank you," Carl bowed elaborately. "With such fair champion-

ship who wouldn't be content? Now —let's attend to the lesser, but more immediate, problems that we're supposed to settle."

The business of the committee concluded, the girls walked away together.

"Isn't it splendid—the attitude Carl takes toward things?" remarked Marion. "And it's just as he says; he's as hard hit as anybody."

"His ideas are all right," agreed the other. Then she laughed ruefully. "For my part, I'm afraid to say 'Come on, Life.' I'm afraid of what life has in store fore me."

"But life is coming on, anyway."

"Yes—it's coming," admitted the other. Then after a pause; "We girls are the ones who are getting the really tough break. We're not like our mothers. To us a job, a career is as natural and normal as it is for our brothers. But—this is still a man's world. What jobs there are go to the boys, first."

"You haven't fund a school yet?"

"Not a faint promise, even. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to college—a librarian's course."

"Librarian?"

"Yes. Books have been my chief joy and interest ever since I can remember. A librarian's course seems the logical thing for me."

"Lucky you," sighed the other; "to be able to go ahead with your plans."

But Marion was not to be among the lucky ones. Professor Thurman's life was suddenly and dramatically snuffed out in an automobile accident, leaving his family to readjust their lives without him—and without his salary which had been their sole support.

He left very little property—chief item of his estate being a house which they had never seen. It had been rented through an agent, but was then empty. Considering a roof over their heads was something, and any anchor preferable to none, they decided to go there and live.

Easton proved to be a pretty village and their house "not at all bad." But its location was not very desirable, standing as it did next to a great, ugly warehouse. However, Marion thought better of this, even, when she was offered a combination secretary-bookkeeping job in this same warehouse. The pay was small but the hours were short.

When Edward, Marion's older brother, secured work that at least provided for the actual needs of the family they felt the things were better than they had dared hope. They learned to joke over their petty economies—for the most part, that is. It was Marion who showed the first restlessness.

"If I could have a new book—or magazine; something to read," was her lament over and over.

They were accustomed to libraries —school and public; now books were one of the things they couldn't afford—nor many magazines. But it was not until school closed and the younger brother and sister were released with unlimited time at their disposal that the reading problem became really acute.

"Mother," wailed Marion. "Here's Ted with an armload of books that he's borrowed from a family I've nev-

er even heard of."

"What's the difference?" demanded Ted. "They're dandy books."

And tiny Mabel was no more fastidious than her brother. The children argued their willingness to lend their books; and how else would they get books? There was no library in Easton.

Where would they get books? And what would they do without books? Under the circumstances Mrs. Thurman hesitated to speak too decidedly against promiscuous borrowing.

Then they began to notice the books borrowed.

"Mother! See what Mabel has been reading!" Marion cried one day. Horror and amusement mingled in her tones as she read a few excerpts; wild, utterly impossible situations with even more improbable outcomes.

"The language is poor, too," sighed Mrs. Thurman.

"Poor? Mother, how mildly you put things! It's terrible—not even grammatical!"

"But," laughed Mrs. Thurman, "if promiscuous borrowing is unseemly, what shall we say of censored borrowing? Still—we don't want the children reading this type of book."

It remained for Ted to give them the real shock. Mrs. Thurman found the book in his room. It bore the intriguing title, "Jimmy Stands Alone." The first chapter recited the hero's trials at the hands of his stupid parents and unimaginative teachers who continually lectured him on outworn virtues which, at their best, appeared to Jimmy merely as inaction and, at their worst, as cowardice. Jimmy realized that his parents loved him—they didn't understand, that was all. But the time came when boyish endurance could endure no longer. One dark, stormy night Jimmy slipped away; out into the world to stand or fall—alone.

Then life began for Jimmy—glorious, adventurous life. He prospered at every turn. Then a broken leg which landed him in the hospital was the means of bringing Jimmy and his parents together, again. Did they take him back to the old slavery? Ah! Jimmy's absence had taught them many things; they promised never again to interfere with his activities since he had proved that he was, indeed, able to stand alone.

Mrs. Thurman was terrified. Ted had been rather irrtable of late. If Ted should get such ideas in his head—

"I wouldn't worry, Mother," consoled Edward. "Ted's all right."

But to Marion it brought the old grievance sharply to mind.

"This place needs a library. Why doesn't someone get busy so we can have one?"

"Get busy, yourself," teased Edward. Providing Easton with a library will be an interesting little job to take up some of your leisure."

Marion's eyes lighted.

"Why not?" she demanded. "A library is just books."

"And such trifles as a place to keep them, and someone to look after them."

"I'd be willing to look after them. I have the time. And I know there are books in Easton."

"Look here, sister, if you have any idea of getting up a library by asking folks to donate books—forget it.

People donate books that they no longer want; usually books nobody wants."

"The idea isn't clear in my own mind yet," said Marion slowly. "But there are books in Easton, and the people have shown themselves to be generous with their books. I'm going to think this over."

Thinking only increased her enthusiasm. She decided to work for a children's library as that would be easier and seemed to be most needed. Soon she was telling her next door neighbor of her plan."

"I have some books in my attic," said the neighbor. "They belong to my children, but they're all grown, now. Even if you don't get your library started your own little brother and sister might enjoy them."

Strangely, this first success brought the first misgivings. Marion felt, as she surveyed the row of pretty books, that she was "in for it." All kinds of problems arose in her mind. If Easton was to have a library an organization of some kind should be back of it, not only to divide responsibility but to give impetus to the movement. But what organzation?

When the Missionary Society met with Mrs. Thurman, the leader, who had heard of the plan, graciously invited Maroin to tell the society about it.

For the most part they liked the idea. A few promised books. But in this meeting Marion encountered her first opposition. One woman declared positively that she saw no use in libraries—that children found enough ways to waste their time as it was. Another woman said little, but her words carried chill to Marion's heart.

"Well—I have some books, but I wouldn't think of putting them in a library for just any dirty child to muss over."

"However," suggested the president, "I think it would be better to take this plan up with some organization having a more representative membership—say, the Garden Club."

"But I don't belong."

"Then I here and now invite you to become a member."

At the Garden Club meeting Marion came face to face with her first opponent. The woman stared icily, and hardly deigned to return Marion's greeting.

The objector sat down near the door. Three others joined her. Marion watched the quartette uneasily as they engaged in low toned conversation.

But when called upon to present her plan Marion arose with a feeling of assurance, for the chairman's introductry speech had been complimentary and encouraging. Yet as she proceeded she again felt the hostility of the four women by the door.

"It looks feasible. And our children need a library."

"We all need a library, for that matter."

One after another spoke in enthusiastic agreement until the motion that the Garden Club back the new venture was made. That was the signal for the trouble makers.

"Really, I don't see why the Garden Club should take up this work," was the prim beginning.

"But is there any reason why we

shouldn't?"

"A library is a bigger undertaking than an ice cream social—or flower show."

For the next half hour she of the tight lips and her followers poured forth increasingly bitter objections to the plan ending with angry vehemence.

"Well, I have this to say, and then I'm through. If the Garden Club undertakes this idiotic plan—just cross my name off the book." And with head held high she flounced out of the room.

Marion scarcely heard the president's voice as she put the motion, but was vaguely aware that it carried. A library committee was appointed and Marion named as chairman.

"Are you ready to suggest time and place of meeting, Miss Thurman?" asked the president. Marion raised her head miserably. "Thursday afternoon at my home," she managed to say.

Mrs. Lee walked home with Marion.

"It's a wonderful plan," she said, "and so simple I'm surprised we did not think of it sooner."

"But if it's going to stir up bitterness—" began Marion.

"Forget Maidie Blacketer," laughed Mrs. Lee. "She probably will drop out of the Garden Club for a while. That's her way. We get along with Maidie the best we can."

But Thursday proved to be one of the few days when Marion's presence was needed in the office in the afternoon.

"Howevre," said Mr. Hargrove, "you can have your meeting here in the office. It's only necessary for you to be here to hand out these printed instructions to the men when they call, and to answer phone calls."

When the other members of the committee arrived each was carrying an armload of books.

"Getting books will be the easiest part of our work," they declared. "Easton has books, and we borrow and lend quite a bit, so why not do it in a systematic way?"

A number of details were disposed of without too much trouble. The delicate question of censorship—of how to reject a book without offending the well intentioned donor—was solved by the plan to accept only such books as were acceptable to the large and well equipped library in their neighboring city. Marion was asked to take charge of the library and she agreed—"Until someone better fitted could be found."

Then came the question of place. There didn't seem to be any place that didn't fairly bristle with objections. The more they discussed the matter the more hopeless it appeared. They were about to adjourn with the matter unsettled when Mr. Hargrove entered.

"Why so forlorn, ladies?" he asked cheerfully.

Marion assumed a ludicrously doleful expression.

"We can't find a home for our infant library," she moaned. "We have some of the books already and more promised—but no place to house them."

There followed kindly, interested questions on Mr. Hargrove's part, and weary, discouraged explanations on theirs. Mr. Hargrove twisted and

frowned. As Marion said afterwards, he actled like a little boy who felt that he ought to do something—but didn't know how. Finally he crossed ed the room to an unused door.

"Don't faint when you see this room," he said. "It has possibilities if you can see past the dirt and rubbish. And it's rent and heat free."

It was a fair sized room. Two large windows were so covered with a heavy curtain of blackened cobwebs as almost to exclude the light. Boxes, barrels, broken furniture and other rubbish were piled and stacked in disheartening disarray.

"This room has become our place for everything—everything we don't want," he grinned sheepishly. "But it can be cleaned. Tom can help." Tom was colored man-of-all-work. We can burn part of this stuff, put part in the basement—maybe you can use part of it."

There followed busy days for the committee. The work was disagreeable, dirty, back-breaking at times. But it was kept from being discouraging by what Marion called "the discoveries."

"It's like digging for buried treasure," she reported. "This morning we set aside several chairs that needed mending. Just before noon we uncovered all the pieces of a table. In the afternoon Mrs. Smith reported that she had found someone who would mend and and paint them."

They found a set of shelves built in against one wall. Last of all they came upon a box so heavy that they decided to investigate. It was filled with books, and when Mr. Hargrove's attention was called to them he promptly presented them to the library.

"Mother!" chortled Marion; "There is Tom Sawyer, all the Alcott books, The Bird's Christmas Carol—oh—it's a library in itself."

The time came when, in weary satisfaction, they viewed the result of their labors. It was a clean, sunshiny room equipped with all the necessary furniture. There was an outside door so that future patrons needed not go through the office.

The books had begun to collect themselves, as it were, but there still remained the formal canvassing of the town. This was another interesting and often surprising adventure.

"See what I found stored in a garage!" exclaimed one. "They're filthy dirty—on the outside. But they're children's classics; and look at these pictures!"

"And these had been stored in a cellar," said another. "Same story; Little Boy Blue had grown up and marched away."

"Missus, kin cullohed chillun git books heah?"

The questioner was so small, so black, so solemn-eyed that for a moment Marion could only stare.

"Why—yes—I suppose so."

It was just one more of the many questions that kept bobbing up as the work progressed and interest grew; questions of library hours and days, of rules and penalties. And the books needed to be catalogued—simply needed it before the library numbered five hundred. As soon as the library actually began to function the rest of the committee heaved a sigh of content and considered themselves dismissed.

"Whatever you think I'm sure will be best."

More and more this came to be the way in which her attempts at consultation were met. And Marion came to see reason for it. The venture was new to them all. There was more to it than they had aniticpated. Then, the work had a way of enlarging; it didn't long remain a children's library. And she, alone, was close to it.

"It isn't enough to know good books," she remarked one evening. "There's a lot in knowing whom they are good for. What constitutes a good 'teen-age' books? The high school teacher recommended some books very highly. I got those books, but nobody reads them. Is a book that stays on the shelf a good book? Or can I bring about appreciation of such books?

"Oh, dear! I've always wanted to be a librarian; and I used to wonder why I'd need special training for the job. I'm beginning to understand."

Marion's efforts began to attract attention—more than she knew. The library was scarcely a year old when she received a letter from the old home.

"It's from Carl," she said. "I wonder—"

"Just read the article in L— H—. Congratulation! You've proved that you don't have to abandon your career just because you had to give up school. You're already a librarian.

"It just proves that the world has not changed much since the history we studied in school was made. It's still a hard nut, *but it can be cracked.*"

"What does he mean?" gasped Marion.

"Why—a copy of that paper came about a week ago," said Mrs. Thurman. "I—thought it was a sample copy."

A search revealed the paper where it had dropped behind the divan. A marked article proved to be an account of "an interesting experiment in a small town" illustrated by photographs.

"Mrs. Farmer took that picture!" exclamied Marion. "And her sister, Mrs. Thomas took this one. When Mr. Edwards was visiting them they showed him the library. He asked me to pose for this picture—why look!" pointing to the author's name, "He wrote this article."

Again Marian read the article with its complimentary references to "the youthful librarian."

"Mother!" she cried. "Is it true? Am I a librarian—now?"

"Of course—in a small way."

"And without pay," teased Edward.

"Has it been without pay?" mused Marion. "I've been learning things about my future work that I couldn't have learned in school, perhaps. I've enjoyed it, too. It has paid in ways hard to put into words. When I think how happy these books have made boys and girls in homes that couldn't afford them—yes, and of men and women who have told me of the pleasure they got out of the library—well—I want to learn to be a much better librarian.

"Then—the town has had a taste of what a library means. Who knows what may come of that?"

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR AUGUST

(Figure following name indicates number of times boy has been on Honor Roll since January 1, 1935.)

NOTE—Rooms No. 5 and No. 6 are not reported, due to a teacher being absent on vacation and a change in personnel.

ROOM No. 1

—A—

Stacey Long 2
Robert Penland
Wheeler Sturdivant 2
Harvard Winn
Vernon Bass 3
John Davis
Vermont Whitley 2

—B—

Robert Alexander 3
James Enloe
Ed Lockamy 3
Walter Beaver 3
Warren Holleman 3

ROOM No. 2

—A—

Arthur Greer 3

—B—

William Goodson
Marcellus Gurganus
Melvin Walters 3

ROOM No. 3

—A—

Y. V. Spates 2
Ben Overby 2
Charles Van Hoy 2
Clyde Bolton 4
Olive Weaver
Edwin Newell 2
Pearly Funderburk
Eli Philemon 4
Clyde Dixon

—B—

Harold Brown 2
William Moose
Earl Chambers
Nate Shelton 4

ROOM No. 4

—A—

Spurgeon Dowless 5
Ralph Johnson
Ashley Thompson 5

—B—

James Young 5
James Montford 3
Anderson Payne 2

ROOM No. 7

—A—

James Corn 6
David Oldham 3
Troy Powell 2
Theodore Rector 3
Cling Shelton 3
Robert Stephens 4

—B—

Alphus Bowman 2
Dewey Freeman
Martin Hicks 3
James Stepp 2
James Rector 2

Remember that life's length is not measured by its hours and days, but by that which we have done therein for our country and kind. A useless life is short, if it lasts a century* * * We may do much in a few years, and we may do nothing in a lifetime.—Albert Pike.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Clarence Mayton, of Cottage No. 6, was taken to Charlotte last Wednesday, where he was fitted with an artificial eye, making a great improvement in his appearance.

—o—

John Green, of Cottage No. 5, was taken to the Concord Hospital last Monday where he underwent an operation for appendictis. Latest report from that institution is that Johnnie is getting along very nicely.

—o—

J. B. Burrow, of Cottage No. 8, had the misfortune to facture his wrist last Wednesday. He was taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, for treatment. The injured member was placed in a cast and J. B. returned to the School the same day.

—o—

Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the 12th chapter of Matthew, and his talk to the boys was "Being on the Lord's Side."

Rev. Mr. Hughes first spoke of a group of learned men who were discussing the manner in which great men of the past would be received, should it be possible for them to appear in their midst. One said he wondered what would happen if Shakespeare should appear. They all agreed that out of respect to this great man, all would rise. This same procedure would follow if the governor, bishop, or other great men should come among us. This mark of respect would not be for the man but for what he stands for.

The speaker then told of being at the White House. A great throng was present. Suddenly an officer carrying a wand opened a lane through the crowd through which the President passed. As the ruler of this great nation appeared, the crowd arose and every head was bare.

In the group mentioned above someone asked what would happen if Jesus should suddenly make His appearance. One man said, "We would not stand as men did in the presence of great men of the world, but we would all reverently kneel," showing that the lowly Nazarene is due far greater homage than any person the world has ever known.

Rev. Mr. Hughes then told how Moses went up on a mountain where God was going to talk to him about laws to govern the people of Israel. A great cloud hid both God and Moses from view.

While Moses was gone the people were told by certain leaders, that the religion God handed down to them through Moses, was not the right kind of religion. These false leaders persuaded the people to mold a golden calf to be worshipped. When Moses returned and saw the people kneeling down and worshipping this golden image, he became angry and broke the tablets of stone. He then issued the challenge: "Who is on the Lord's side?"

The greatest question confronting the people today, said the speaker, is

who is on the Lord's side or who is on the evil side?

Rev. Mr. Hughes then told how, many years ago, a Scottish chief had a cross made. This cross was burned until it was black, then a sheep was slain and the blood poured on this black cross. It was called the "fiery cross," and was carried from place to place. Everywhere the cross went the people had to decide who was on this crief's side or who was against him.

In another instance, in England, was the war between the Houses of York and Lancaster, one being represented by a white rose and the other by a red rose. This war is called the "War of Roses." The people of England had to make a definite decision between two earthly kings.

There is only one king for us to follow, said the speaker, and that king is Jesus Christ. We must follow Him because He teaches us how to live in order to attain all the joys of eternal life.

The speaker then stated there are two things that make the greatest appeal to every red-blooded person—generosity and courage.

Generosity makes a great appeal, as we can easily see every day, for in our contact with folks from day to day we can see that selfish people are very unpopular.

Jesus came to show us how to live a generous life. He loved poor people and those who were sick or in trouble. He loved sinners because He knew there was a better life for them and wanted to show them the difference between a good and bad life. Therefore, we want to be on Jesus' side because we want to try to do the things He did. Such a life makes us want to help others.

Jesus' death on the cross to save people was the most generous thing that he has ever been done for the people of the world.

Rev. Mr. Hughes then told of a man of great courage. In the time when all sorts of brutal conflicts were held in the arena in Rome just for the amusement of the crowd, this young man dared to leap over the parapet and denounce this practice. While this act cost him his life, it put an end to the wicked combats.

The speaker then told the boys that right here at the School they must make a decision as to what side they will be on. Some leader among the boys will criticize the rules or the teachers. It is then they must decide whether they will be on the side of the teachers who want to do the best for their development, or on the side of a bragging bully who will eventually lead them into trouble.

The best sort of courage, said the speaker, is that of a small person against a large one. Even though in the minority he urged the boys to stand for what is right regardless of what people say or do.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Hughes stated that it required the very best kind of courage to be on the Lord's side—to stay on the side that builds up rather than tears down. We must remember that if we profess to be Christians, there is only one king who stands for everything pure and courageous—that king is Christ.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since July 7, 1935.

Week Ending September 8, 1935

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(3) Arthur Boyette 4
(3) William Dillon 3
(2) Alden Jones 3
(10) Earl Rogers 10
(4) Richard Sullivan 9
(10) Ashley Thompson 10
(5) Vermont Whitley 9

COTTAGE No. 1

Robert Blevins 2
Sam Batts 6
(10) William Goodson 10
Ray Hutchins 6
(5) Joseph Johnson 5
(4) John Kellam 5
Claude McLaughlin 8
Millard Owenby 9
Anderson Payne
(3) Eugene Whitt 8
Wiley Willoughby 4
(10) Harvard Winn 10
Junius Yarborough 3
(6) Preston Yarborough 8

COTTAGE No. 2

William Adkins 4
James Boyce 7
(2) Thomas Horton 4
(2) Lewis Janey 5
Charles Lewis 2
Clyde Kivett 5

COTTAGE No. 3

(5) William Barber 6
(2) Marcellus Gurganus 7
(4) Percy Gurganus 6
(5) Frank Hutchins 7
(7) William McRary 8
(2) Porter Willhite 9

COTTAGE No. 4

James Bartlett 2
(9) Ralph Johnson 9
William Justice 5
(9) Irwin Luther 9
Joseph McPherson
(2) Jack McRary 7
Robert Penland 3
Clyde Reece
(10) Wheeler Sturdivant 10

COTTAGE No. 5

Max Cecil 7
(2) Jack Freeman 3
Bert Ferguson 2
(2) George Kye 8
Paul Johnson 5
McCree Mabe
Burl Rash 2
(3) Perry Russ 5
(8) Louis Tarkington 8
Robert Worthington 6

COTTAGE No. 6

(3) Earl Bass 4
(3) Jesse Cleveland 9
William Corn 3
Thomas Doby 3
John Drum 2
(2) Leo Forrester 5
Clinton Keen
(2) Jordan McIver 2
(2) Joseph Sanford 2
Joseph Wheeler 2

COTTAGE No. 7

Boyd Barringer 2
(3) James Corn 6
(3) Fred Dysen 5
Emerson Frazier 5
Charles Griffin 2
(10) Caleb Hill 10
A. Ray Hudson 4
(3) Kenneth Messick 4
(5) Theodore Nines 7
(5) Lewis Parker 7
Thurman Robertson 3
Paul Saunders 4
Floyd Watkins 7
(7) Douglas Wilkes 8

COTTAGE No. 8

(2) Charles Banks 7
Sam Belk 5
(2) George Chambers 5

Wilfred Land 5
Ernest Owens 8
Ernest Rivenbark

COTTAGE No. 9

Randolph Davis 7
Woodfin Fowler 6
(3) Pearlie Funderburk 8
(9) Frank Hall 9
Hoyett Hudson 5
(2) Thomas McCarter 5
(3) Ben Overby 8
Homer Smith 6
(6) Richard Wrenn 6

COTTAGE No. 10

James Bell 3
(3) Harold Brown 6
Ralph Carver
(3) Norwood Cockerham 6
(2) David Kirksey 3
William Knight
J. T. Lovett 6
(2) Marvin Miller 4
(4) James Patterson 4
(6) Charles Pollard 8
Troy Reynolds
Edwin Shuler 4

COTTAGE No. 11

(7) Everett Bell 7
(4) Charles Bowman 4
(2) Lewis Crawford 9
James Enloe 5
Robert Farmer 4
Warren Holleman 5
(9) David Hodge 9
(3) Bennie Holland 9
(3) James Montford 9
Bennie Moore 2
Norman McGee 4
James Rector 2
William Tobar 3
(2) Eldridge Ward 7

COTTAGE No. 12

Earl Atwood 7
(10) Walter Beaver 10
James Douglas 8
(2) Horace Faulkner 7
Alfred Holleman 6
Edward Lockamy 7
Glenn O'Quinn 7
(2) Arbie Phillips 8
Eli Philemon 7
Andrew Powell 4
James Reavis 5
William Stevens 3
Lonnie Sloan 4
(2) Thomas Welch 9

COTTAGE No. 13

(2) Leon Burkhead 6
(5) Jennings Norris 8
(6) Claude Pickett 7
(2) Linwood Potter 4
(8) Porter Stack 8
(10) Howard Wilson 10

COTTAGE No. 14

(3) Clarence Ashburn 4
Richard Baumgarner
Bernice Baker
Fred Clark
Allen Davis
Spurgeon Dowless
(2) James Land 2
Stacy Long

COTTAGE No. 15

Wilson Medlin 5
(2) Walter Mitchell 2
George McManus 6
Marvin Malcom 2
Harley Pennell 6
(3) Glenn Stewart 6
Richard Tysinger 6
(7) Winfred Whitlock 7
Richard Wilder
Frank Wakefield 5

BURY YOUR WRONGS

In the very depths of yourself dig a grave. Let it be like some forgotten spot to which no path leads; and there, in the eternal silence, bury the wrongs that you have suffered. Your heart will feel as if a weight had fallen from it, and a divine peace comes to abide with you.—Charles Wagner.

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CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 21, 1935 No. 38

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PLAY FAIR

I waste no thought on my neighbor's birth,
  Or the way he makes his prayer.
I grant him a white man's room on earth,
  If his game is only square.
While he plays it straight I'll call him mate;
  If he cheats I'll drop him flat.
Old class and rank are a worn out lie,
  For all clean men are as good as I,
    And a king is only that.

—Selected.

——PUBLISHED BY——
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAI

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Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

FRIENDSHIP

What is friendship? Is it transient worth,
Made to profit but a little day,
Then discard, and its values thrown away
To mingle as refuse in sordid earth?
Is Friendship a concept of pleasure mirth,
To be enjoyed as clownish spirits gay,
Whose mission is as some foolish play,
And bring to the soul a spirit-dearth?

Or, is Friendship a life necessity,
A strong bond of affinity to grip
The souls of men, and firmly hold
Confiding spirits with true certainty,
In grasp so firm, slander can never rip
Apart the union human spirits mould?

—Selected.

THE JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL LIBRARY

The librarian, Mr. W. M. Crooks, gives evidence of great satisfaction and pleasure when speaking of the new quarters he is to have for the library, made possible by the King's Daughters under the splendid leadership of Mrs. E. E. Peele, Charlotte.

Librarian Crooks is to have a large airy and well ventilated room on the north side of the school building, with enough shelves to hold all of the books, and furnishings of comfortable seats and large tables where the boys can sit and read when not engaged in some activity. The library is a valuable asset to this institution

giving the boys the privileges the equal of any standardized school in the state.

The King's Daughters of Charlotte have within the past few weeks spent $150 for fiction, biography and other books suitable for the boys of the elementary grades. The Jackson Training School has more boys between the ages of seven and twelve years than formerly, therefore, knowing that little can be expected of a youth this age on the farm there is nothing left to do but give them the rudiments of an education in connection with some light work suitable to size and strength.

Due to the fact that all of the King's Daughters of the Queen City are mothers of small boys they have an understanding heart as to their needs, so have for their goal, literature that will appeal to the child of the elementary grades.

During the entire life of the Jackson Training School no gift has been a greater factor for joy, besides contributed to a higher morale among the student body than the library. The establishment of a library by the good women of Charlotte was a most happy thought and its value in every sense of the word is far-reaching and cannot be measured.

* * * * * * *

THE MISSION OF SCHOOLS

The return of the Fall season marks the return of a myriad of young people to institutions of learning, public schools and colleges, the strongest points of fortification provided the opportunities are used for developing stronger and better characters and not intellectual giants.

It is easy to forget lessons learned from books, but the practical lessons of life, such as are absorbed by contact with pupils and teachers take lodgment and continue to bear fruit, for weal or woe, through each successive generation.

We salute the many young people of the country, who are marching to schools of varied denominations and grades, some with a hope of reaching the peak of success and others with not other ambition than to be in the class with the supposedly elite.

The goal of every school, college or university, should be to conspire to the end of devloping true manhood and womanhood along with the best in mental attainments in those who have the capacities. This should be the unique mission of every school, even if not emphasized, in this strange and confused period of history.

Schools with teachers of strong parts play an important role in building character. Realizing that the world is marching forward on the feet of the young people is an occasion for serious thought, therefore, the best in the way of teachers, who teach by precept and example, should be secured.

* * * * * * *

EDITOR WADE HAMPTON HARRIS

When life ended for Col. Wade Hampton Harris last week, editor of the Charlotte Observer, having a newspaper career over a period of sixty years, the state lost not only an editor, but an institution within himself, who with his facile pen touched the life of the community at many points, and wherever he touched there was an influence for greater and better developments.

People throughout North Carolina and in other states sorrow at his passing. He had a masterful mind, a wonderful store of information learned by contact and observation, with a unique adaptability to conditions in this confused period of history.

His life story offers both a challenge and inspiration to those who are left to help "carry on". Editor Harris was a friend of the Jackson Training School, therefore, we, the officials of the Jackson Training School, offer this tribute in our feeble way and bow our heads in sorrow with his legion of admirers.

* * * * * * *

FREE RENTAL—TEXTBOOKS GOOD

The textbook rental system, going into effect with the opening of schools this Fall, bids fair to be of economic worth to school patrons. The rental of books will be about just one-third of the cost of new books. That means a great saving to parents especially if there are several children in school from the same family. The

high school books are most expensive with the grammar grade books costing little less. The rental system will also eliminate many repeaters among the indigent class who cannot make the grade because of the lack of funds. In many cases the patrons of the schools cannot get adequate clothing and other essentials for their children, so the amount saved on the purchase of school books will help this class financially besides eliminate the embarrassment of not having books.

* * * * * * *

WHAT IS A BOY WORTH?

In this issue of The Uplift will be found a most interesting article with the above title. Interested readers, and especially those who have given the boy problems much thought, are directed to read the same.

It reveals the fact that Horace Mann, an educator, noted for his reforms in the Massachusetts school system, in an address when a $250,000 reform institution for juveniles was being dedicated placed a high premium upon the boy, saying "that if this institutoin saves only the boy, it will be worth all it cost."

This is especially true if that boy should happen to be yours, besides it is possible that the boy saved could be the one to evangelize the world, or proclaim peace instead of having wars or rumors of wars at all times.

* * * * * * *

ALARMING INFORMATION

Homer L. Chaillaux, director of National American Committee of American Legion, makes the statement that there are four Communistic camps in North Carolina and three in Virginia for the training of children, but no information is given to their location, if so, it seems imperative to the every day layman that some steps be taken to dislodge the same, knowing that such institutions mean breaking the backbone of American citizenship and wiping out all suggestions of Christian religion. Coincident with the establishment of communistic camps for children the report is

that there are three hundred newspapers in America spreading propoganda designed specifically to broadcast diabolic doctrine of Communism.

Never in the history of the country has such a challenge been thrown before the churches, and every organization for good to maintain the dignity of our government and preserve the history of our country by mobilizing to defeat individuals or groups of people from overthrowing the political, spiritual or social order of the United States or its possessions.

* * * * * * *

On September 24, one hundred and twenty-one years have passed since the writing of Star-Spangled Banner by Francis Scott Key. And the prayer, to martial music, "long may it wave" has been realized and continues to be the hope of the 130,000,000 Americans.

* * * * * * *

In August 1835, the first train was run from Baltimore to Washington. This event, a great progress in the mode of travel, doubtless created as much interest among the people of the day as the first airships in their wonderful flights of the present century.

Every body knows how to express a complaint, but few can utter a graceful compliment. It is accomplished by practice only. It comes easier with some than others. Try it out for a week saying nice things about people. If you cannot say a nice thing then silence is golden. You will feel better, and before you know it you will have a charitable feeling even towards your enemies. The experience is worth the time.

WHAT IS A BOY WORTH?

By Bishop Warren A. Candler, in The Christian Advocate

A few weeks ago the newspapers reported the kidnapping of a young son of a millionaire in Washington State, and they reported that the wealthy father paid a ransom of $200,000 to secure the return of his child.

A few years ago Mr. Cudahy, the wealthy pork packer, paid $25,000 for the ransom of his son who had been kidnapped. These large sums paid for the restoration of kidnapped sons suggests the question, what is a boy worth?

Obviously money paid to ransom kidnapped sons does not measure the value of the boy. The sons of the wealthy men who have been mentioned may turn out to be worse than worthless; but for all that, the sums paid for their ransom were gladly given by their fathers in order to secure their rescue from kidnappers.

The sums paid measure the love of the parents rather than the worth of the children. All that a parent has he will give for is child—at least for the body of his child.

But for the higher things of mind and soul the parents are quite different. If they know it, those elements outrank mere bodies. The body devoid of mind and heart cannot be appraised very highly. Nevertheless, the body is very necessary both to the intellectual and spiritual things; and to save it from disease and death, parents will expend any sum which is necessary and which they possess.

Whatever others may think about a son, a father holds him as most valuable. It is said that the great Horace Mann, at the dedication of an institution for juvenile reform, the erection of which cost $250,000, declared: "If this institution saves no more than one boy, it will be worth all it cost." After the address a calculating auditor of the discouse said: "Mr. Mann, did you not overstate the value of this institution when you said if it saved only one boy it would be worth all it cost?" To this the great educator replied, "Not if that boy happened to be my boy."

Children are the most precious possessions of parents and God and nature have made parents to appraise the value of children, not according to the real worth of their offspring, but according to the greatness of parental love.

This appraisement by the calculation of love is really the proper method for the valuation of sons and daughters. More than all things, children should be ranked as the most valuable possession. Very sad indeed is the case of the childless couple in their old age. They hear of no little feet in their home and no little voices around them. When they have passed away, their names pass with them, their memory is soon perished also.

The state should measure children and youth by the standard set in parental love. The children of the state are its most valuable assets and these assets should be improved at all cost.

Speculators on vices are utterly unfit for any public service. If the body of a boy is worth a large sum for its

ransom from kidnappers, the minds, and souls of boys are far too valuable for demagogues to destroy in order to obtain political office. The crime of kidnapping should be punished by death, and in like manner the crime of selling the minds and souls of the young for license fees should be punished by the poltical death of the demagogues who thereby seek the destruction of higher values in life. These misleaders of the people seek to buy votes of the people by selling their children in the markets of vices.

One of the fundamental truths of Christianity, which our Lord emphasized, is that of the essential and eternal value of human beings. Exhorting the people to cast aside needless care and wasteful anxiety, he said: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father seeing. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows." (Matt. 10: 29-31).

In one of the most solemn discourses he said: "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? (Matt. 16:26.)

We have much legislation to save crops and birds and cattle and swine, but are not our children and children's children of far greater value than all these?

THE MASTER PASSETH BY

I love to think of that highwayside
'Neath the indigo blue of the sky;
And I thrill again for the eyes that knew
That royal passing-by;
I am wondering now
If a bird on the bough
Broke forth into rapturous song;
And wondering, too,
If the scarlet and blue
Sprang up where He passed along;
For what can stay
All hidden away;
And where is the tear or sigh;
And whose are the eyes that will not see
When the Master passeth by!
Ah, where are the eyes that cannot see
When Love is passing by!

—Kathrine Hymas Williams.

MARTIN VAN BUREN

By R. C. McDaniel

Even the most casual student of American history is conscious of the fact that all our Presidents have not been men of equal brilliance and distinction. One could, perhaps, go further and say that it is quite generally known that something happened at the time of the election of Andrew Jackson, that after his "reign" there was a distinct change in the character of our Chief Executives. Mr. Alexander's contribution to general knowledge lies in his demonstration of the fact that Martin Van Buren was not only the first of a new order of Presidents but was the founder of the new order, in fact a "founding father," not of a nation but of national politics.

The key to "Matty Van's" character is adroitness. No one could be more noncommittal. The story is told of him that when someone asked him if the sun rose in the East, he replied that he understood that was the popular belief but that since he did not arise before the sun he could not say with any certainty.

"As a political strategist he never had an equal in America. He was a politician, almost pure and far from simple." As a rewriter of the moral code of politics his influence and power was so great that "it has finally been judged downright impossible for a person to be ordinarily decent and still a successful politician." Mr. Alexander points out that it has only been since the time of the Little Magician that it has been necessary to prove that a politician is "frank, honest, courageous."

If success in his chosen field makes a man great, Martin Van Buren should rank with our greatest Presidents for he ran the gamut of poltical offices in his native State of New York and in the nation. To the close of his presidential term he had never known defeat or failure except on the one occasion when he failed to get an appointment to the Supreme Court for which he had a momentary and passing desire.

His defeat for re-election in 1840 marked the end of his political career but not the end of "that invincible urge which sets men, otherwise sensible, to dabbling in and then dying for politics." Only in the last few years, as an old man approaching 80, did he get relief from the "urge" and give up hope of a successful come-back. He flirted with the Free Soilers when the Democrats would have nothing more to do with him and went down in defeat in 1848 bearing the Free Soil banner with, of all people, Charles Francis Adams, the son of John Quincy.

Seldom, if ever, did Little Van rise above poltical expediency. As a definite proof that this biography is not a debunking one (and Mr. Alexander suggests that it is impossible to debunk Van Buren) the author contends that a fair summation of Van Buren's administration shows a real degree of statesmanship. The President refused to stand for inflation, refused to solve the panic of 1837 by doing the "easiest and most popular

thing a President can do," that is, "reach into the public vaults and dole out Government and credit." Martin Van Buren had few convictions and fewer still that could not be changed when occasion seemed to demand but he consistently believed "that Government was meant to be supported by the country, not country by the Government."

This book is anything but dry as dust history; there is not a dull moment in its 419 pages, not counting the contemporary cartoons and illustrations, and yet it is good history. Some few typographical errors have been noticed and may be excused, but it is unfortunate that Hampden-Sydney College has to appear under the disguise of "Hampton-Sidney" and that Professor Commager of New York University, who read the proof, appears as "Dr. Henry Steele Commanger."

EXPERIENCE

I learn, as the years roll onward and leave the past behind,
That much I have counted sorrow but proves that the world is kind;
That many a flower I longed for had a hidden thorn of pain,
And many a rugged bypath led to fields of ripened grain.

The clouds but cover the sunshine, they cannot banish the sun,
And the earth shines out the brighter when the weary rain is done.
We stand in the deepest sorrow to see the clearest light,
And often from wrong's own darkness comes the very strength of right.

So, the heart from the hardest trial gains the purest joys of all,
And from lips that have tasted sadness, the sweetest songs will fall.
For as peace comes after suffering, and love is reward of pain,
So after earth comes heaven, and out of our loss the gain.

—Maurie G. Clay.

SECRETARY HULL SPEAKS PLAINLY

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

Secretary Hull in a statement made last Sunday in regard to the reply of the Soviet Union to a recent note of the U. S. government to the Russian government among other things said:

For sixteen years this government withheld recognition—as did many other governments—mainly for the reason that the Soviet government had failed to respect the right of this nation to manitain its own political and social order without interference by organizations conducting in or from Soviet territory activities directed against our institutions.

In 1933 this government, observing the serious effects upon peace and prosperity of the many partial or dislocated international relationships throughout the world, took up anew the question whether the United States and the Soviet Union, two of the largest nations, could not find a way to establish more natural and normal relations, which would afford a basis for genuine friendship and collaboration to promote peace and improve material conditions both at home and abroad.

After various stipulations in writing had first been carefully drafted and agreed upon by representatives of the two governments, recognition was accorded to the government of the Soviet Union by this government in November, 1933. One of the most important provisions of the agreement thus reached was the pledge of the Soviet government to respect the right of the United States; to refrain from interfering in any manner in the internal affairs of the United States, its territories and possessions.

The essence of this pledge was the obligation assumed by the Soviet government not to permit persons or groups on its territory to engage in efforts or movements directed toward the overthrow of our institutions. The representative of the Soviet government declared in writing that

"Coincident with the establishment of diplomatic relations between our two governments, it will be the fixed policy of the government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics: . . .

"4. Not to permit the formation or residence on its territory of any organization or group—and to prevent the activity on its territory of any organization or group—which has as its aim the overthrow or the preparation for the overthrow of, or the bringing about by force of a change in the political or social order of the whole or any part of the United States or its possessions."

But the pledge to which Secretary Hull refers has proven to be only a scrap of paper repudiated utterly by the Soviet government which leads our Secretary of State to conclude his statement with the following paragraph:

It remains to be seen to what extent the intention indicated by the Soviet government's reply, which is directly contrary to "the fixed policy" declared in its pledge, will be carried into effect. If the Soviet government pursues a policy of permitting activi-

ties on its territory involving interference in the internal affairs of the United States instead of "preventing" such activities as its written pledge provides, the friendly and official relations between the two countries cannot but be seriously impaired. Whether such relations between these two great countries are thus unfortunately to be impaired and cooperative opportunities for vast good to be destroyed will depend upon the attitude and action of the Soviet government.

The foregoing is diplomatic language, but its meaning is clear, and we hope that the American government will be just as firm as this statement indicates. We see no reason why we should officially recognize a government that is so untrustworthy.

Furthermore, we should take steps to clear this country of individuals or groups who seek "to overthrow the political or social order of the United States." They should be classed as traitors, which they are, and treated accordingly. If they are not disposed to migrate to Russia willingly plans should be set on foot to send them to that country where they can reap the fruits of their doctrines without hindrance.

LAWS

At first the laws were stamped on stone,
"Thous shalt not steal" "Thou shalt not kill"
But men, though ages long have flown,
Are killing and are stealing still.

Down through the years have laws been made,
To banish sin and selfish greed;
But temper-torn and passion swayed,
Men still forget the laws to heed.

Though Government, with might and main
Obedience to the laws compel,
Both force and printed books in vain
Attempt the tides of wrongs to quell.

Mere words are laws on pulp and stone
The better order never starts
Until the law finds flesh and bone
And stamps itself upon our hearts.

—Edgar A. Guest.

HISTORIC SHRINE MADE OF COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG, VA.

By Pauline Cobb Griffin, in Morganton News-Herald

"That the future may learn from the past" has been the motto in the restoration of colonial Williamsburg and the man who recognized the possibilities of this undertaking and was willing to spend his millions on the project deserves the thanks and praise of the whole nation. It is said that Dr. William A. R. Goodwin, for years the rector of Bruton Parish Episcopal church, had the vision and upon a visit of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to his Phi Beta Kappa fraternity at William and Mary College at Williamsburg, interested him in it. His magnanimity and patriotism have expressed, in tangible form, a complete cross section of the colonial life of Virginia. Certainly a pilgrimage to Williamsburg would justify a trip across the continent. Mr. Rockefeller, with his many millions, has been able to secure the services of the most educated and skilled men to direct this work. The best of architects, artists, collectors, landscape gardeners and research workers have been employed and today it stands a typical city of America's colonial period and in many respects the most interesting in the country. Its influence upon our nation in its formative period in laying the foundaton of our present civilization and form of government was of utmost importance.

When the work of restoration began in 1926, many of the old colonial buildings were standing. Many homes were bought and restored and the owners given a life-time right to live in them, with Colonial Williamsburg, Incorporated, keeping them repaired. Family traditions in Virginia have an enduring quality and generations back the ancestors of these same families saw the glories of the colonial capitol. We were told that two old ladies there were so reluctant to leave their home for even a short time that they would not move out for a few months to have it repaired.

Upon inquiry, we found that a good starting point for a tour of the most interesting places was the old Court House. It stands in the center of the restored area and contains the information bureau and archaeloical exhibit of the restoration. It is on Duke of Gloucester street, the main street of the town, which is seven-eighths of a mile long with William and Mary College facing one end and the Capitol the other. We next visited the Sir Christopher Wren Building of the college which with its two flanking buildings, the President's House and the Brafferton (once used as an Indian school), comprise the old part of the college. The new buildings are back of these. Sir Christopher Wren who designed this building was also the designer of St. Paul's Cathedral in London which I had seen a little over a year ago. This building was used for several years for sessions of the General Assembly while the capitol of the colony was under construction. King William

and Queen Mary granted a charter for the college in 1693 at the solicitation of Rev. James Blair, commisary of the Bishop of London. He named the college for them and became its first president. It is the second college in America and has numbered among its students three presidents—Thomas Jefferson James Monroe and John Tyler. George Washington was not a student but received his surveyor's certificate there and later served as its chancellor. Patrick Henry and John Marshall were also among its distinguished alumni and it has furnished four signers of the Declaration of Independence, four members of the Supreme Court of the United States, thirty United States Senators, three speakers of the House, seventy members of the House, thirty-one State Governors, eleven cabinet officers and at least one hundred judges. The college of William and Mary played an important part in the life of Colonial Virginia and Williamsburg was a seat of learning as well as a seat of government. During the War Between the States the college sent its faculty and students to fight for the Confederacy, and, as in the Revolutionary War, much of the fighting took place around Williamsburg.

Foundations of the Capitol, Royal Governor's Palace, Court House and Raleigh Tavern were excavated and the research department found old drawings and descriptions which enabled the architects to authentically and accurately draw plans for the restored buildings. In excavating, every bit of dirt was sifted to find bits of plaster, tile, glass, china and wrought iron to aid in the rebuilding. A number of pieces of tile in the palace were found and after much searching over Europe were matched. In one room the tile depicts Biblical scenes and one Delft blue Dutch scenes. These were matched in old houses in Holland. A piece of Wedgewood china was found in excavating the foundation of Raleigh Tavern and has been reproduced in England for china for the restored tavern.

Our next visit was to the Capitol which has been rebulit upon the old foundations. The brick used were made in Williamsburg by the same processes employed by colonial brick makers. From the foundations and a copper plate engraving of the front of building now in possession of the Bodleian Library, Oxford, England, the history of the Capitals compiled from the Journals of the House of Burgesses and Council of Colonial Virginia and other data collected by a staff of research workers the buildisg stands today as the counterpart of the original Capitol as completed in 1705. It is said that the Journals of the House of Burgesses furnished the most information. These sessions were held twice a year, in the spring and fall. The representatives came in from their large plantations to their town houses (which accounts for the small houses) and deliberated in a manner quite different from our present legislative bodies. During the building of the Capitol while the sessions were being held at the college, their resolutions went into minute detail dealing with its construction. These records were of inesti-

mable value to the architects in designing and furnishing the replica. Having written the Journals of both the House and Senate of our North Carolina Legislature, I do not recall that anything of this kind has ever been recorded. We are too busy making new laws, repealing old ones and raising money to record any of our progress. There were also complete records of the interior of the capitol and its furnishings. One Journal contained a resolution concerning the woodwork in the General court which was to be painted like marble and so it was. The exposed plaster is hand trowled and is painted like whitewash, in keeping with colonial methods. Exposed nail heads have been "antiqued" to resemble hand wrought nails. The large brass locks with huge keys are faithful copies. Most of the furniture in the Capitol has been reproduced from authentic pieces which meet the requirements of the specifications and records. The original chair for the Speaker of the House of Burgesses was moved to Richmond and has been returned to the restored Capitol, also a very tall ornate stove which was shipped from England. The chairs are upholstered in green serge and have the same kind of braid and the same number of brass tacks as called for in the original specifications. There are many portraits on the walls of famous people prominent in colonial Virginia and especially fine ones of William, Prince of Orange, afterwards King William III and Queen Mary, also Queen Elizabeth. One splendid life-sized picture of George Washington by Peele seemed to me to have so much more pleasant expression than the Stuart likeness which we are all so familiar with that I remarked about it and was told that it was painted before Washington lost his teeth and had to wear an ill-fitting plate. It is said that Paul Revere worked on Washington's teeth with less success, evidently, than he had with his midnight ride.

The most elaborate and, in some ways the most interesting place in Williamsburg is the Governor's Palace and gardens. It was the center of the social life of Virginia until the outbreak of the Revolution and with its extensive formal gardens was one of the most notable estates in Colonial America. This palace, like the Capitol, was rebuilt on its original foundations, it having been destroyed by fire while being used as a hospital for wounded soldiers of Washington's army at Yorktown. The two buildings flanking the front courtyard survived this fire but the Union army tore them down during the War Between the States.

The original appropriation for the building of the Palace was 3000 pounds (about $15,000) but later a "two shillings revenue" was collected on each hogshead of tobacco to finish it. So great a sum of money was spent that the colonists complained to the King about the "lavishing away" of so much money. It seems as though our recent complains from some quarters against free spending by the government is no new thing. According to old records the palace cost 76,420 pounds or the equivalent of $382,100.00 and these records describe it as a place of grandeur.

During Governor Dinwiddie's regime, a ballroom wing was added and the social life of the Palace was in keeping with its grandeur. An old letter of Governor Botetrout states that fifty-two dined with him and Governor Spotswood entertained four hundred at supper.

When the work of restoration of the palace was started the old foundations had been cemented over but this was dug away and beneath a wealth of evidence found to assist the architects in authentically reproducing the building to its original splendor. A copperplate engraving it was also found in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, England, and a plan drawn by Thomas Jefferson was in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society. There were also extensive inventories of the colonial governors which listed the nature and purposes of the various rooms as well as their furnishings. The restored palace is far from being furnished, as no reproductions are being used and authentic original pieces are being collected slowly. There are a number of secretaries, chairs, tables (piecrust and game), high-boys and low-boys that would delight the eye of any antique lover. In the ball room is a beautiful little piano which came from England which was evidently the forerunner of the baby grand. The ball room and refreshment room next to it, which opens on to the formal gardens at the rear, are papered in the most exquisite old paper which came from the walls of an old place in England. It is hand-painted Chinese paper in pictorial designs and despite its several hundred years of age retains its beauty of design and richness of color. A gorgeous crystal chandelier was found by one of the collectors in China and was taken apart and wrapped piece by piece and broght in handbags to grace the Palace. On one side of the ball room is a powder room where the gentlemen repaired to powder their wigs. Off one of the bedrooms is a small dressing room which contained a small pitcher holding about a quart of water and a bowl about 10 inches in diameter. It is said that there was not much emphasis on bathing in those days even among the elite. The hostess told us that one of the old records stated that perfumes were ordered in great quantity and one was described as being so good that if a pint were used washing could be dispensed with for months and months. One of the bed rooms contains the most beautiful chippendale high-boy I had ever seen with a secret drawer (for jewelry or love-letters), also a low-boy to match. So far a bed has not been found in keeping with these exquisite pieces. The furnishings of the kitchen are more complete than any other part of the house. In keeping with the custom in those days, it is built quite a distance from the house and the food was transferred steaming hot in huge covered platters and tureens. An old black mammy, "Aunt Mary," presides over the kitchen and cooks every day. She usually cooks fried chicken and ham and there are bowls of potatoes, onions, etc., on the tables. Pods of pepper hang on the wall. There is a crane in the large fireplace with all kinds of skillets and

kettles on the hearth. A large collection of pewter and copper, old coffee mills, churns and other utensils used in the old-fashioned kitchen are there. Grouped about the kitchen are the Scullery, the Laundry, the Salt House and the Smoke House.

The beautiful gardens surrounding the Palace on three sides are not yet completed but show promise of rivalling anything in America in a few years. Back of the kitchen is a box garden and next to it are "the falling gardens," a series of terraces, which drop down to the lagoon and fish pond. Back of the box garden is a garden in which 150 Revolutionary soldiers are buried. They died while the Palace was being used as a hospital during the Yorktown campaign. Back of the ball-room wing of the Palace are the North Garden and the Ballroom Garden, the latter based on design as shown on the Bodleian copper plate. East of the ball room is the Holly Garden and it leads to the East or Tree Box Garden. All of these gardens are so beautiful that it is hard to desribe them. They have to be seen to be appreciated. The courtyard in front of the Palace is entered by a massive grilled iron gate on top of which is the British lion and unicorn. In front of the gate is a turn around and stretching out in front of the Palace is the Palace Green. Several buildings have been torn down to give the beautiful vista from the windows of the Palace to the woods on the other side of the town.

Of special interest is the Raleigh Tavern which held a unique place of distinction and contributed so much to the political and social life of colonial Virginia. Its relation to the Capitol was in those days much like our Sir Walter Hotel in Raleigh is to the sessions of the General Assembly. It was here that many questions were discussed around the firesides and in the tap room. George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry and other distinguished patrons helped to make history within its walls. It provided a setting for meetings upon the result of which our present form of government rests. It is said that George Washington frequently slept across the street on account of the noise. The motto of the Tavern is carved in the frieze in gilt letters above the mantle in the Apollo room—"*Hilaritas Sapientiae et Bonae Vitae Proles*"—"Jollity, the offspring of wisdom and good living." The Apollo Room is the most interesting in the Tavern. It is thought to have been named for a room in Devil Tavern, London, where Sir Walter Raleigh, Ben Johnson and their friends frequently gathered. It was in this room that Thomas Jefferson, while a student at William and Mary, danced with Rebecca Burwell and here that the first meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa Society was held.

Adjoining the Apollo Room is the Daphne room appropriately named for the wood nymph pursued by the sun god, Apollo. This room was used by the ladies of the colony and they entered the Tavern by a side door to avoid passing through the tap room. The tap room and bar is most interesting with its display of old bottles, mugs, wine and whiskey glasses.

There is a large mug made of an old leather boot which was large enough at the top for a bottle to be carried. This is where the word "bootlegger", originated. Both antiques and reproductions have been used in furnishing the restored Tavern. The inventory of Anthony Hay, one of the innkeepers, dated 1771, was found in the York county records and lists 289 pieces of furniture. This inventory has been followed faithfully in the furnishings.

When restoration of the Tavern was begun in 1928, two modern store buildings were on the site. When these were torn away, excavations revealed the old foundations, walls and chimneys. Many of the fireplace bricks were found, carefully numbered and set up in their original position. Much of the antique material used was salvaged from 18th century houses in the neighborhood of Williamsburg. If this old material could speak, it could tell many an interesting story.

The Ludwell-Paradise House is one of the finer houses which has been restored and is shown as an example of colonial architecture. It was the town house of Philip Ludwell, 2nd, of Greenspring, who had extensive estates and was influential in politics. After his death his daughter Lucy who had married John Paradise of London, inherited the property, and they divided their time between Williamsburg and London. John Paradise was an intimate friend of Samuel Johnson, and when this property was confiscated during the Revolution, Dr. Johnson referred to it as "Paradise's Loss." However, the family afterwards recovered it through the efforts of Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin and others, and it finally passed to their grandson, Philip Barziza, son of a Venetian nobleman. He married a Williamsburg lady and they had ten children born in this house, the last being christened Decimus Ultimus. It was originally intended to furnish this home in the type of furniture of the period in which it was built, but Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., decided ot use it for exhibiting her collection of American Folk Art. This collection is the most important of its kind and contains 250 examples of folk painting and sculpture collected from all parts of the United States. Some came from North Carolina.

Adding a picturesque note to these colonial buildings and creating fitting atmosphere are the hostesses who are dressed in broad hooped skirts, basques and little caps in the manner of dress during the period of the time when Williamsburg was in its prime. These hostesses must have been chosen for their beauty, personality and intelligence for I have never met more charming ladies. One in particular, Mrs. Beverly Steele, who was hostess in the Raleigh Tavern, captivated us by her graciousness, but all that we met were most pleasant and anxious for us to see and hear the history of these interesting places. These hostesses ride in state in horse drawn victorias with liveried coachmen and footman to preside during the day and in the evening are returned the same way to their homes.

It would take many days to see

Williamsburg. Other interesting places besides the ones I have mentioned are the Bruton Parish church, said to be the oldest Episcopal church in continuous use in America. Its restoration in 1905 sponsored by the pastor, Dr. Goodwin, was the real start toward the program of Mr. Rockefeller.

The Wythe House is beautiful and interesting. It was George Washington's headquarters prior to the seige of Yorktown.

The Public Goal is yet to be restored. Blackbeard's pirates were confined here and later hanged.

The Powder Magazine is now being restored. We saw a wall being built around it, a replica of the original wall. Removal of powder from this magazine precipitated the outbreak of the Revolution in Virginia. It is owned by the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities.

To date, 66 colonal buildings have been restored; 84 have been torn down; 2 business blocks containg 25 shops and stores have been erected in colonial architecture and many old gardens have been restored. Everyone of these deserves to have its story told. My advice to one making a pilgrimage to Williamsburg is to go prepared to stay long enough to really see in a leisurely and appreciative way this transformed colonial village where the unsightly has been torn away and the beautiful has been preserved and restored. You can be made very comfortable at the Williamsburg Inn and have delicious meals at the old Travis House.

Before the work of restoration was begun, Williamsburg had retained much of its colonial heritage and had been a historically interesting place, but now with the work almost complete it will preserve for all time the most memorable period in the history of our great country. The value of Mr. Rockefeller's work cannot be estimated. It is unique in its scope and no similar place con boast of such influence upon and contribution to our social and political structure.

Together with Jamestown, the site of the first permanent English settlement in America, and Yorktown, where the British Cornwallis surrendered to George Washington and our freedom was established, Williamsburg, our first seat of representative government, is situated on a narrow peninsula lying between the York and James rivers which is called the "Cradle of the Republic." The Federal Government is now uniting these three through the National Park Service to preserve the setting in which the spirit of Democracy was developed.

A little said, and truly said,
Can deeper thanks impart,
Than hosts of words that reach the head
But never reach the heart.

—Selected.

SENTINELS OF THE SEA GUIDE TRAVELERS SAFELY

(Selected)

Ever since man first went to sea in ships the problem of lighting his way at night and the continual struggle to keep the beacon burning makes a story as heroic as any in naval or military annals.

The pompous man behind the president's chair of our modern shipping companies guides his ships over the seven seas in a manner quite impressive and authorative. But little thought, however, is given to the real guiding hand, the lighthouse keeper, who spends his life keeping the beacons burning that avert thousands of disasters every year. He is the typical "forgotten man." Year after year he stays at his post, courting death daily to warn storm driven and fog blinded vessels that danger lurks close by. No wonder the ancients bards sung his praises in so many immortal ballads.

As we study the history of the development of these lighthouses we find that death and danger were close companions of those hardy pioneers who erected them.

With a base of about 450 feet, it towered 500 feet above sea level. It cost 800 silver talents which is the equivalent of $850,000 of our modern money. Some ancient authorities claim that its light was visible at a distance of 100 miles out at sea but this is ridiculous as our modern lights cannot be seen more than 20 or 25 miles with all their up-to-date equipment.

Our own country has a record for lighthouse building that is not surpassed by any other nation in the world. The story of the building of Minton's Ledge Light off Boston harbor is a record of heart-breaking work and perseverance. It was built after repeated failures by Captain Alexander, a former engineer officer of the United States army and a notable light house builder. This house now stands a monument to him and his associates who had determination enough to continue in the face of discouragement and untold hardships.

For a long time lighthouses were built of wood and it was not until John Smeaton succeeded in placing a stone tower on the Eddystone Rocks off the English coast that the wood towers were abandoned, thus proving that the best material for a lighthouse was stone which has been used almost entirely since then.

No one can force you to improve your mind. It is your prerogative to remain as uninformed as you like, but do not be envious of the man who puts his leisure hours to good use. Don't ascribe his advancement to "luck."—Exchange.

THE MAKING OF PAPER

By Ira F. Yeagley, in Orphan Home Echoes

The earliest paper maker is the paper making wasp, or hornet. This hornet takes wood fibre and grinds it in his mouth, at the same time mixing the fibre with a secretion from glands in the mouth (which resembles saliva). The ground fibre is then smoothed out, and is later used for the walls of the house. The outside of the paper is coated with an excess of cementing fluids secreted in the hornet's mouth; this makes the paper waterproof. The privacy that the hornet insists upon when he is making paper has made it difficult for even the scientific student to make accurate observations of his methods.

Man, with all his inventions, has not been able to make a finer quality of paper than the hornet, to which nature has given the adaptability of making paper.

There has always been some uncertainty as to which country deserves the credit for the first making of paper. Evidence shows that the Chinese knew how to make paper about 105 A. D. But there is greater evidence that the Egyptians had already made paper before that time. They would take the papyrus weed, from which we get our present word "paper", and beat up the long, soft fibres and then spread out the pulp permitting it to dry. Later the Egyptian method was used in Europe, about the eighth century until between the tenth and twelfth century, it had become one of the accepted forms of craftsmanship in Europe. The more modern practice, borrowed from the Chinese, later displaced the old Egyptian method.

As the making of paper developed into a craft in Europe, the methods first used were very simple. The inner fibrous bark of the mulberry tree was used, also bamboo, hemp and rags were used at this early date. The pulp was put into a tank and mixed with water and an adhesive or sizing of some kind, such as is used today. This was drained through a sieve, and a side to side movement interwove the fibres. The damp fibre was then placed on some smooth, flat surface to dry in the sun. Later the drying was modernized to some extent in that the damp fibres were placed in a large stack, which was called "Post," the stack was put in a crude screw press; a large amount of water was pressed out by turning the screw down on the fibre.

The first paper machine was invented by a Frenchman, Louis Robert, in 1798. The machine involved a screen for letting the water run through, leaving the pulp in an even thickness, and the side to side movement of the screen to weave or felt the fibre. The first paper machine in the United States was set up in Saratoga, New York, in 1827.

The growth of the paper industry was marvelous. In 1900 there were 1232 paper mills in operation in the United States. An issue of the Paper Mill and Wood Pulp News in November 1929, gives the newsprint production for the United States and Canada at 4,415,000 tons of paper.

This is estimating only the last two months of the year 1929. An article in one of the recent Paper Trade Journals estimates that a single Sunday edition alone of the New York World requires the usable pulp wood grown on 100 acres of land. With these figures before us it is no wonder that there is much concern in the United States regarding the question of how long our forests will withstand this and the other commercial needs of our modern civilization.

The two principal materials from which paper is made are wood and cotton. The greatest amount of paper is made from wood fibres. The United States is probably the greatest user of paper in the world, and therefore uses the most pulp. Millions of tons of wood are reduced to pulp in the great pulp mills of America. Shiploads of pulp are sent to the United States from foreign countries, and train loads are constantly coming from Canada. The second greatest source of material for making paper is rags, most of them are gathered by rag pickers. Ravelings and cuttings from textile mills are used in the more expensive rag paper. Experiments have shown that many kinds of vegetable fibre can be used in making the cheaper paper. In this manner a great portion of the farmers waste crops can be turned into profits.

The rags which are used in making paper are mainly cotton garments which have been discarded and worn out. These rags are thoroughly disinfected and then graded according to quality, color and cleanliness. After the rags are sorted, they are put through a cooking process to loosen the dyes and dirt. Then they are washed and bleached before they are made into paper.

The wood which is used for making paper is cut into four-foot lengths. The wood is then put in a chipping machine that cuts it to blocks one-half of an inch in length and one-eighth of an inch in thickness. These chipping machines cut approximately 15 cords of wood per hour. Wood consists largely of two materials, the one which will not change by the chemical action used in cooking, is called cellulose, the other which will respond to the action is called lignin. The action of the chemicals, therefore is to dissolve the non-cellulose fibres in the form of pulp. This shows that approximately 50 per cent of the wood is used in the making of wood pulp.

The cooking of the wood is carried out in large steel digesters, which produce nearly 20 tons of pulp at one cooking. The chips flow from a bin above into the digester and are mixed with 2000 gallons of sulphite acid per ton of pulp. After the digester is securely closed, live steam is forced in from the bottom. The temperature gradually rises to about 325 degree fahrenheit and the pressure to about 75 pounds. After 8 hours of cooking, the pulp is subjected to a washing process which removes all traces of acid and leaves a clean, white pulp. The pulp is then screened to remove knots or uncooked portions of the wood as well as to separate the fibres into different grades of pulp. The pulp is then laid out on specially designed machines in the

form of laps of thick sheets ready to be made into paper.

The pulp is now put into machines called beaters, necessary for the making of various kinds of paper. Newsprint papers are made principally of sulphite pulp, a chemical wood pulp. As the pulp travels through the beaters, it is mixed with water and then passes under heavy rollers which beat the fibres thoroughly. During this operation, the coloring is added, such as, when a pure white sheet is required, a small quantity of blue dye is put into the beaters just as blueing is added to makes clothes whiter. While the pulp is in the beaters, a filler and sizing is also added. The sizing consists of resin, called aluminum sulphite. While the fillers commonly used are China clay, talc or gypsum. These beaters are simply a modernization of the same hand beating principles first used in paper making.

After the pulp comes from the beaters, it is passed through pipes into machines which are known as jordons. These machines are equipped with knives which refine the fibre as it passes through the jordon. The action of the jordon machine is to soften the fibres and to more thoroughly separate them. This refining process makes the fibres interlace more smoothly, when they are in the final condition for the paper.

It is necessary to keep the pulp flowing constantly with the water, if good, clean paper is wanted. Therefore deep wells are dug to get clear water, and many millions of gallons of water are used daily. The water, as it flows from the wells, is clear and clean and ready for use, whereas, due to the effects of modern civilization, river water must be carefully filtered and chlorinated. This is done by adding small quantities of alum to the water to assist the dirt to settle to the bottom of the settling basin as the water passes through. The water is finally filtered through fine sea sand, chlorinated, and stored in the clear well until needed.

The first operation on the paper machine is to flow the water and pulp, which is 99 per cent water and 1 per cent pulp fibre, through an opening onto a moving wire screen, which travels the same as an endless belt. This screen is 75 feet long and 165 inches wide. It is kept level by running over a series of even sized rollers that are perfectly mounted and very close together. As the water and pulp travel on this screen, most of the water runs through while the pulp or fibres stay on top, forming the thin sheet of paper.

After the pulp is formed into a sheet it contains a high percentage of water (about 80 per cent). In order to remove the rest of this water, the paper must travel over wet presses and then along series of steam heated cylinders. It is conveyed through the drying section and held in contact with the cylinders by a heavy cotton felt. The paper reaches the dry end of the machine containing from 4 to 6 per cent moisture.

The paper finally comes to the last machine. This machine is called the smoothing or calendering machine, it is simply a process which does for paper about what ironing does for clothes; it smooths and evens up the

surface, so that it is better prepared for fine printing. The paper is then cut into convenient sizes and is ready for shipment from the mills to users all over the world.

LOVE

Love is a light, like clearest skies,
That helps each one to look through eyes
More kind upon each living thing,
And picture it with joy of Spring.

Love wipes away the burning tears
And brings a faith to drown the fears;
Love puts once more on lips sweet smiles
And lets us roam enchanted miles.

Love heals the wounds that sorrow leaves
And brings blue skies and autumn-sheaves;
It holds the magic joy and song
That keeps each one more brave and strong.

Love is a door that opens wide
To let the sunshine flood inside
Each darkened room of mind and heart
To warm away each fear and smart.

Love is the key that lifts the bar
One door behind which treasures are;
If it we have within our grasp,
The world's best joys we can then clasp.

Love is the fall where harvests reign
To fill our winter-days with gain;
Love is the spring where sun-wooed flower
Makes beautiful each coming hour.

Love is a star whose gleaming light
Guides us to day beyond the night;
Love is a sun which warms our heart
Till Someone wills that we must part.

—William D. Vrooman

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our school principal reports that 140 boys were promoted the first week in September.

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The playing of soft ball games and boxing are now furnishing a great deal of amusement for our boys at the athletic field.

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Johnnie Green, of Cottage No. 5, who underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Concord Hospital a week ago last Monday, returned to the School last Tuesday.

—o—

Marvin Thomas, who came to the School from Salisbury and was paroled about six years ago, called on us the other day. Marvin reports that he is now employed as a statistical clerk in the Department of Labor, Washington, D. C.

—o—

Johnnie Holmes, aged 24 years, formerly of Cottage No. 7, who was paroled in 1929, called on friends at the School last Wednesday. He has developed into a young man more than six feet tall and has a very pleasing manner. Johnnie has been in New York city for several years, and states that for the past two years he has had the soda fountain concession in a large drug store in that city. He reports that business has been very good lately and that he has been getting along well.

We learned from a visitor the other day that Dave Julian, a former member of our printing class, also outfielder on the School's baseball team, is now located in Washington, D. C. According to the information received, Dave is now assistant manager of a group of stores in a chain candy system in the capital city, and is getting along fine.

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Mr. and Mrs. George A. Stillwell and. and Mrs. Burl Brann, of Montgomery County, Indiana, who were spending some time with relatives in Concord, visited the School one day last week. They expressed themselves as having been favorably impressed with the manner in which the work is being carried on here, and they also commented on the promptness and courtesy with which a number of the boys replied to questions. Our Indiana visitors were accompanied by Mrs. C. H. Barrier, of Concord.

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Superintendent C. E. Boger, accompanied by Miss Virginia Smoot, secretary, and a group of five boys, attended the regular weekly luncheon of the Concord Rotary Club at the Hotel Concord last Wednesday.

Following the luncheon Mr. Boger introduced the group from the School and the boys then rendered a short program consisting of songs and readings, Miss Smoot accompanying at the piano.

At the conclusion of the program Mr. Boger spoke briefly on the work the Training School is trying to accomplish.

Following the meeting at the hotel the boys attended the Paramount Theatre where they enjoyed seeing Will Rogers in "Steamboat 'Round the Bend."

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In addition to the regular outside forces the boys from several school rooms were pressed into service during the past week for the purpose of gathering and canning string beans. The smoke and steam has been constantly pouring out of the canning shed in which more than 1,500 gallon cans have been packed, sealed, cooked and made ready for Winter use.

This gathering of beans is the first picking from one of our late plantings. The School officials were happy to realize that this crop had a favorable season, as acres upon acres of all kinds of vegetables had been destroyed by the extremely dry weather earlier in the season. The output of our cannery up to this date was the smallest in many years.

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Last Monday Mr. W. F. Robinson, the Davie County Superintendent of Public Welfare came to the School with a new boy, and while here volunteered the following information concerning a boy who was paroled to Davie County in July 1923:

"This boy has made a fine record since leaving the Training School. He is treasurer of his neighborhood church, and at the present time holds a position with the Federal Government, being rehabilitation officer for the county, with several helpers working under him.

"This young man, who is now twenty-seven years old, seems headed toward a successful career."

Mr. Robinson further stated that several other boys paroled from the School and located in Davie County were making excellent records.

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Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read St. John 8: 31-36, and he talked to the boys on "Freedom."

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner called attention to Jesus' words to the Jews who believed on Him—"If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

The way to true freedom, said the speaker, consists in choosing and in doing that which is acceptable to God; not what we want to do, but the pleasure in doing what we should do. Man is prone to do the wrong things in life, and we should always be on our guard lest we fall in evil ways.

The Scriptures show us two ways in which to gain the true freedom of life, continued the speaker. They are: (1) The continuous study of God's word; (2) the deliverance by the Son of God.

The first step toward freedom is the acknowledgement that Jesus is

the Christ, and that He is the Savior of the world. To really have this true freedom there must first be growth. Jesus had severe rebuke for those calling upon God and yet unwilling to do what He wants them to do. We grow only by doing.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner pointed out that in verses 31-32 of the chapter read, Christ showed His followers how they could be continuous threefold: (1) "Ye shall be my disciples; (2) ye shall know the truth; (3) the truth shall make you free."

The Jews, said the speaker, believed they were free; that they were no longer in bondage. They did not know the true meaning of freedom nor understand the kind of freedom Jesus was speaking of. They were in bondage. They were slaves to sin.

In what way is Jesus able to make us free? The Gospels and other writings of the apostles show us very clearly that Jesus bears the sins of the world, and that through Him only are we able to obtain freedom.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner then stated that freedom will come to us only when we make Jesus our own; when He means more to us than all else in the world. He closed with the following little verse which expresses the true Christian desire:

"Thine let me live,
Thine let me die."

In addition to making a very helpful and interesting talk to the boys, Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, who possesses a fine baritone voice, rendered two selections in a most pleasing manner. Following the opening hymn by the boys he sang "I Come To Thee" and right after the sermon his selection was "Lead Thou Me On."

MONOTONY

Same old work, same old places,
Same old people, same old faces,
Same old things to eat and drink,
Same old things to do and think,
Same old world, same old manners,
Same old shibboleths and banners,
Same old sky at same old distance—
What a treadmill is existence!

Ah, but something deep within me
Makes these things intrigue and win me.
Life takes on such hues as strike it.
Nothing's prosy, if you like it.
Work time brings a brand new inning.
And each day a new beginning.
How can any one feel ennui?
Life's as interesting as can be.

—Clarence Edwin Flynn.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since July 7, 1935.

Week Ending September 15, 1935

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(4) Arthur Boyette 5
Floyd Combs
(4) William Dillon 4
(3) Alden Jones 4
(11) Earl Rogers 11
(5) Richard Sullivan 10
(11) Ashley Thompson 11
(6) Vermont Whitley 10

COTTAGE No. 1

William Anders
(2) Sam Batts 7
(11) William Goodson 11
(2) Millard Owenby 10
(2) Anderson Payne 2
(4) Eugene Whitt 9
Everett Williamson 8
(11) Harvard Winn 11
(7) Preston Yarborough 9

COTTAGE No. 2

(2) William Adkins 5
(2) James Boyce 8
Robert Harrison 5
(3) Lewis Janey 6
Fred Seibert 6
Y. V. Spates 6
Barney Watson
Myron Whitman 4

COTTAGE No. 3

Robert Batson 3
(6) William Barber 7
Barney Caviness 4
Charles Furchess 4
(3) Marcellus Gurganus 8
(5) Percy Gurganus 7
Claude Hicks 4
(6) Frank Hutchins 8
Harvey Watson 4
Thomas Wilson 3
D. C. Winston 4

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) James Bartlett 3
Clyde Dixon 6
Woodrow Jenkins 8
(2) William Justice 6
Thomas Little 6
(10) Irwin Luther 10
(2) Joseph McPherson 2
(3) Jack McRary 8
(2) Robert Perland 4
Richard Sprinkle 4

COTTAGE No. 5

William Cassell 4
(2) Max Cecil 8
Wiley Crawford 4
(2) Bert Ferguson 3
(2) Paul Johnson 6
(3) George Kye 9
(4) Perry Russ 6
(9) Louis Tarkington 9

COTTAGE No. 6

(4) Earl Bass 5
Earl Barnes 5
Vernon Hubbard 2
(2) Clinton Keen 2
Leonard Melton 3
(3) Joseph Sanford 3
James Stepp 4

COTTAGE No. 7

John Elliott 4
(11) Caleb Hill 11
Houston Howard 3
(2) A. Ray Hudson 5
R. B. Norton 3
(6) Theodore Nines 8
Cling Shelton 3
(8) Douglas Wilkes 9

COTTAGE No. 8

(3) Charles Banks 8
James Ferrell
Haynes Hewitt 3
Thomas Hudson 8
(2) Ernest Rivenbark 2
Charles Webb 5

COTTAGE No. 9

Joseph Brooks 2
William Craven 2
Charles Crotts 4

(2) Woodfin Fowler 7
C. D. Grooms 5
(10) Frank Hall 10
(2) Hoyett Hudson 6
Levi Merritt 3
(4) Ben Overby 9
(2) Homer Smith 7
(7) Richard Wrenn 7

COTTAGE No. 10

Jack Carver 3
(4) Norwood Cockerham 7
J. B. Grooms
James Hodge 2
John House
(2) J. T. Lovett 7
Walter Merritt
(3) Marvin Miller 5
(5) James Patterson 5
(7) Charles Pollard 9
(2) Edwin Shuler 5

COTTAGE No. 11

(8) Everett Bell 8
(5) Charles Bowman 5
Charles Bryant
(3) Lewis Crawford 10
Edward Carpenter 5
Ira Grogan 2
(10) David Hodge 10
(4) Bennie Holland 10
(4) James Montford 10
Grady Shields
(3) Eldridge Ward 8
Cecil Webb 6
Charles Womble 4

COTTAGE No. 12

(2) Earl Atwood 7
(2) James Douglas 9
(3) Horace Faulkner 8
Bernard Griffin 2
(2) Alfred Holleman 7
Basil Johnson 7
(2) Edward Lockamy 8
(2) Glenn O'Quinn 8
(3) Arbie Phillips 9
(2) Eli Philemon 8
(2) Andrew Powell 5
Homer Quick 7
(2) James Reavis 6
(2) William Stevens 4
(2) Lonnie Sloan 5
Olive Weaver 6
(3) Thomas Welch 10

COTTAGE No. 13

Boyd Baker
Charles Lloyd 3
Warren Medlin 2
(6) Jennings Norris 9
(7) Claude Pickett 8
(3) Linwood Potter 5
Hilliard Ruff 3
(9) Porter Stack 9
(11) Howard Wilson 11

COTTAGE No. 14

(4) Clarence Ashburn 5
Lemon Finch 4
(2) Stacy Long 2
(3) James Land 3
James Singleton 5

COTTAGE No. 15

Robert Alexander 8
Floyd Causey 6
John Caddell 6
George Gibson 4
(2) Marvin Malcom 3
(4) Glenn Stewart 7
(2) Richard Tysinger 7
(8) Winfred Whitlock 8
Roy Wyrick 6

If a man has reached the age of twenty-one, and he cannot think, no amount of advice, example, or experience will avail anything. If at some period between twelve and sixteen he can be interested in some subject, and become enthusiastic, he will advance and become a high type of man. If not, he will be a mental dead one.—Thomas A. Edison.

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CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 28, 1935 No. 39

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RECOMPENSE

The gifts that to our breast we fold
Are brightened by our losses;
The sweetest joys a heart can hold
Grow up between its crosses.
And on life's pathway many a mile
Is made more glad and cheery,
Because, for just a little while,
The way seemed dark and dreary.

—Selected.

——PUBLISHED BY——
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAI

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

I BELIEVE IN TOMORROW

I believe in Tomorrow.

I believe in it because it has not yet come. And I am young and youth always believes that tomorrow will be better than today. I believe that I will do tomorrow what I failed to do today and be then what I have not yet been. I trust the future. Youth is always glorious because it trusts the future. Youth will attempt the impossible, scale the mountain that is supposed to be inaccessible, and dare the thing that age will fear. "We specialize in the wholly impossible, doing the thing that no one else could do."

I believe in tomorrow because it is unspoiled. I have not, nor has anyone, yet written on it with the grimy finger of folly or selfishess or sin. No wars have been fought in Tomorrow. No child has been whipped in Tomorrow. No lie has been told or dishonest deed done in Tomorrow. No man has treacherously failed a friend in Tomorrow. No workman has been underpaid by his employer, no has any laborer shirked his task in Tomorrow. No children have been slowly executed in body and spirit by the awful guillotine of the slums in Tomorrow. It is one clean and beautiful day, the day on which dreams come true, on which the impossibe things will yet be done, on which I shall have the nerve and the will to be and to do that which was too much for me in the grim battle of Today.

I believe in Tomorrow.—P. R. Hayward.

THE TELEPHONE

The inventor of this instrument for transmitting voices was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, March 3, 1874, coming to America in 1872, to become a professor of vocal physiology in the Boston University. He first exhibited his apparatus for the transmission of sound by electricity, the telephone, in 1876.

Just suppose Alexander Graham Bell could come back to earth for a day to see the wonders that have been wrought with the telephone perfected in 1876. Read:

"It is the source of a huge modern industry, it has twined its wires around the world, linking nations and continents. With it new wonders are being performed each day. Many American cities and most European cities now have the automatic telephone exchange system by which parties are connected by dialing the number being called. In many cases the telephone is doing service in ways other than simply connecting two parties on the line for conversation.

"In Austria, telephones are equipped with dials which act as "private secretaries" when subscribers are not at home. When the subscriber leaves, he sets the dial for the hour when he intends to return. The telephone automatically tells anyone who may phone while he is away when he will be back.

"American telephone companies don't try to give as many little personal services as those of Europe, but in Wisconsin there is a rural telephone company which has its own private news broadcast. At a set hour each afternoon, all subscribers lift up the receivers of their telephones and listen in. The operator then gives the correct time and gives any local news of special interest. She also gives advertisements for anything patrons wish to exchange or sell. If farmer Greene is threshing wheat and wants to hire men, she tells telephone listeners about it, and if Mr. Brown is giving a barn dance and wants the whole countryside to come, she tells about that, too!"

* * * * * * *

SUEZ CANAL IN SPOTLIGHT

Because of the Italo-Ethiopian dispute the spotlight is on the Suez Canal. It is ninety-seven miles in length and was completed in 1869. This waterway, which at the narrowest point is one hundred and ninety-six feet wide, connects the Mediterranean and Red seas and on to the Indian ocean upon the shores of which lie Italy's meagre territorial possessions in Africa. All the troop ships and supplies which Italy sends to this narrow strip of land must pass through the canal.

Rumors are heard to the effect that Great Britian plans to close the waterway to Italian troop and munitions ships. But since

that country owns only forty-six per cent of the capital stock of the company England cannot take that step unless she can get control of more stock which is probably possible.

But even if other stockholding nations joined with the British in an effort to close the canal to Italy such action would be in violation of a pledge in the incorporation papers to the effect that the canal must remain open in all times, peace or war. This arrangement remains in force until 1968, marking a century of the canal's operations. Although virtually a British waterway, balance of power in its control rests in other hands.—Selected.

* * * * * * *

BURYING THE HATCHET

Burying the hatchet is an old expression, often used, but the origin is not known. It is an Indian custom when the hatchet was the implement mostly used by the red man in warfare.

The Indian believed that evil spirits who flew about the air caused people to quarrel and put hatred in their heart. Therefore, whenever a dispute was settled between the parties involved, they feared the evil spirit might continue the mysterious work of inspiring hatred so the hatchet was placed where it could have no further power.

Because of this belief a hole was dug in the earth, and the stronger the hatred the deeper the hole. At the burying of the hatchet those who were engaged in the quarrel would stand over the hole and talk out their grievances, pacifying their souls that they buried their grievances with the hatchet. This is superstition, but the Indians firmly believed it ended all troubles.

It is better to settle a dispute by some superstitious methods than to nurse them through life.

* * * * * * *

PRACTICE SPEAKING KINDLY

There is a man named Smith near Vincennes, Indiana, who after experimenting for thirty years with bees has finally succeeded in propagating the stingless bee. It would be a sight more interesting to know that a stingless colony of human beings had been de-

veloped. One can evade the bee, because it is easily detected but a stinging tongue traverses the country disguished in many forms and fancies, rolling bits of slander and caustic remarks under the palate with the same relish as one enjoys the delicacies of a feast.

Purposely repeating idle speculation with the risk of spreading false reports, or indulging in the practice of sarcasm that cuts to the core of the human soul, that could be replaced with kindly expressions if so desired. To say unkind things becomes a habit, and could be stopped if one would think seriously and apply the golden rule.

To be considerate of another's feelings is one of the finest graces of life, adding one hundred per cent of charm to any personality. We inherit certain physical characteristics that cannot be changed, but recalling that "there is some good in the worst of us and some bad in the best of us", good can prevail if we make a pracitice of tempering our thoughts with tender mercy.

* * * * * * *

A HAPPY MEDIUM

A distinguished divine made the statement to this effect during his Sunday morning discourse "that a self-righteous person was neither a personal credit nor an asset to any community, and finally such structures of human nature collapse, because of the lack of a firm foundation to build upon."

It is right to think of self if our thoughts are directed in the right channels. For instance the Pharasaical way, "I thank God I'm not as other men", is suicidal, but great hope of progress is reflected in the person who exhibits the humility of the publican. A satisfied individual is likened to a stagnant pool of water. It takes a constant stream of fresh water to purify a pool, and it takes contact with new people, new books and a change of scenes to develop an attractive and real worthwhile personality.

We are, in this day of progressive science, very critical as to our physical condition, therefore, we should be as equally careful of our mental poise and spiritual refreshment.

There is a happy medium in life. One can be humble without

developing an inferiority-complex, and one can be ambitious without developing the self-righteous attitude, or the air of superiority-complex.

* * * * * * *

POLICE SCIENCE

With the exception of fingerprints the camera has caused more grief to the criminals than any other means of indentfiication of the culprit. The operators of the Department of Justice make a complete study of the pictures of criminals, scrutinizing closely every feature of the face, the angle of the jaws, the slant of the forehead, the set of the ears, the lines of the neck and the shape of the head. The pictorial man hunt has become a science and frequently photograph of criminals placed in public places are a great help, due to the fact detectives are keen-eyed, seeing features separate and then every feature as a composite likeness.

* * * * * * *

Honor to whom honor is due, therefore, it gives genuine pleasure to know that the late Dr. M. L. Kesler, when in life was general manager of the Thomasville Orphanage, gave the idea of the "Mother's Aid", realizing that the basic principle of social case work is to keep the family intact. He felt that home with the parents is the place to rear the child. The whole plan gives every evidence that the much beloved Dr. Kesler had a welfare mind, and worked out a plan that has been the means of keeping homes intact that otherwise would have been broken up and children and parents separated.

MOTHER'S AID

By Hattie Reynolds, in News and Observer

Mother's Aid was made possible by the efforts of our late general manager, M. L. Kesler. As far back as 1912 the idea of aiding mothers in their own homes was at work in his mind. He realized that the basic principle of social case work is to keep the family intact and to rear the child in its own home with its parents wherever possible. In 1920 this thought brought fruition and our board appropriated $5000 for this work. He had worked out this plan whereby needy orphan children could be cared for in their own homes with their mothers. The first mothers received aid in 1920.

The amount was gradually increased each year until in 1927 we were aiding 84 mothers and 365 children, but in 1933, when funds were not available this was reduced to $10,000, and we were aiding 36 mothers and 145 children. We have not yet come back to our own in caring for dependent children in their homes. We are now aiding 38 mothers and 148 children. We have aided from the beginning 228 mothers and 1,007 children.

In 1923, three years after we had adopted our plan of Mother's Aid, the State Legislature of North Carolina made an appropriation for Mother's Aid. Mr. Kesler, the pioneer of Mother's Aid in North Carolina played an important part in putting this over. Since this time more dependent children have had better opportunities and a chance to grow into better citizens.

The State department with an appropriation this year of $35,000 and this matched with the counties, is doing a marvelous piece of work. Children are being kept with their mothers who would otherwise have to be cared for in institutions or deprived of the real necessities of life and of an education. We have had splendid co-operation from this department in adjusting many of the families that have come to us. Where funds are available they relieve us of the care of these families. We, in turn, are co-operating with them in handling children for them who need institutional care.

There is a wonderful field in this type of child care. It seems strange that through the years we have been admonished to visit the widows and the fatherless in afflictions and to minister to them and that the response has been to take the children immediately and put them into an institution, if space could be found. Mother's Aid is helping to overcome this and whenever possible the home is being kept intact. The time should come when no home would be broken up for poverty alone.

The following stories illustrate what is being done by helping mothers who rear their children in their own homes. Many others could be given to show that Mother's Aid is worth while.

A mother and her seven children, the oldest 15 and the youngest five, living in one of our small eastern

towns, were left destitute by the death of the father. He was a tenant farmer who provided for his large family with a struggle. After his death they remained where they had been living and rented a few acres of land to try to help support themselves. The mother was industrious and ambitious for her children. The 15-year-old boy, then in the eighth grade, wanted to finish high school.

Mother's Aid came to their rescue and the following December they received their first check. The children had not yet entered school because they were without proper clothing and books. This check enabled them to enter. They had access to a good farm life school and took advantage of the opportunities given them. They made their grades each year and prided themselves that they were there every day on time. The oldest boy finished his high school course, winning a medal in the agriculture department for the best all-round student. The following year, the next oldest, a girl, finished, winning a medal in the home economics department for the best all-round student. The next oldest, a boy, 16 years of age, in the ninth grade, represented his school in an oratorical contest and at the close of school won the declaimer's medal.

Each year during the summer months they all worked and saved in order to enter school again in the fall. The two older boys worked away from home, and the mother and other children did what they could at home, looking after the cow, pigs, chickens, the garden and truck patches around the house.

After finishing high school, the oldest boy took a civil service examination. He was given a position in the postoffice in his home town, first as a clerk, later as assistant postmaster, at a good salary. When he secured the position he wrote us that he could then care for his mother, brothers and sisters, so we dropped them from our list.

A visit to the family later found them getting along nicely. The oldest boy had a good position in a postoffice in a nearby city. The oldest girl was working in the drug store in her town. The next oldest boy had a good position as a traveling salesman. These had all finished high school. The four younger children were coming along winning honors as the others had done.

Thus, for what it would take one year to keep in an institution, all seven, along with the mother, were cared for four and a half years. The children were given an opportunity to help care for themselves, became self-supporting and took their places along in the community in the usual way. If they had been placed in the institution, the period of care would have been much longer and it would challenge the institution to have done a better job than did this mother with her children.

Another story from a remote section of one of our mountain counties where there lived a widowed mother and her four promising children, James, who had just finished high school, ambitious to go to college, had

disease that needed hospital treatment, and two younger sisters, Emily, eight, and Beatrice 10 years of age.

The father had died of pneumonia a short while before, leaving them without any means of support, except a few acres of land about two miles up the mountain from where they lived, and very inaccessible, but where they made a garden and corn patches that fed the cow, pigs and chickens.

The small three-roomed house in which they lived was so tucked in the mountainside that there was not room for the small stream, an outlet for the spring above the house, to flow except under the house. This was the only available house in or near the little village, but here they lived in order to be near school and church.

Mother's Aid was granted this family and James, the oldest, then 18 years of age, went away to college, helping to make his own way; Franklin, with the help of the county welfare department, went to the Orthopedic Hospital in Gastonia, where he received treatment, and Emily and Beatrice entereed school there in the village.

After one year in school James returned and found work in a nearby town and soon began making plans for his mother and the other children. They later moved into town and all lived together. Emily and Beatrice continued in school, also Franklin, who was now well and able to go again.

James was promoted to a better position and the mother secured work in the school. Mother's Aid was no longer needed. They had been helped until they were able to help themselves.

A recent check-up on this family found the mother still at work in the school, Franklin with a good position, Emily teaching and Beatrice still in college. James, when he was no longer needed to help care for the family, still ambitious for more education entered college. We learn that he graduated recently. He was president of the senior class and was elected the best all-round student in the college from which he graduated.

Our most recent Mother's Aid family is a mother and four children, the oldest nine, the youngest one. The father died, leaving them entirely dependent. Her only means of support was from a relief agency and in order to receive help here she had to laeve her children in the care of a negro woman and go go work The most that she could earn was $6 per week, many weeks she did not earn this. Two dollars and fifty cents of this she paid to a negro woman and with the rest she had to buy groceries, clothing, pay rent and buy milk for the baby. This, of course, she could not do, so we have come to her rescue and put her at home with her children and are providing necessities for them. Should this mother continue to work away from home her children would soon be disciplinary problems, for a mother cannot properly supervise her home and children and be away from them.

Many mothers like these are knocking at our door for help. We are looking forward to the time when State and Federal aid will come to

a way open for him to go, if his mother, brothers and sister could be cared for; Franklin, just as ambitious, but who was stricken with a the rescue and better help care for the dependent children around us through Mother's Aid and boarding homes. The childhood of our State has too long been neglected.

QUESTIONS ABOUT THE PRESIDENTS

1. Three Presidents died on the Fourth of July; who were they and in what years did they die?
2. Who was the only President successful in keeping his entire cabinet intact during the full four years of his term?
3. Why is President Roosevelt called the 32nd although we have had but 31 Presidents?
4. Who were the three Presidents assassinated?
5. Which President was impeached? Was he found guilty?
6. Which President was married in the White House during his term of office?
7. Six Presidents died in the city of Washington; who were they?
8. Who was the only child of a President to have been born in the White House?
9. Which President was an illiterate tailor during his early career?
10. Which President had always been a Democrat until the year of his nomination on the Republican ticket?
11. Who was the youngest President?
12. Only two Presidents signed the Declaration of Independence; who were they?
13. What city was the first capitol of the nation?
14. Which President was considered the wealthiest man in the country at the time of his retirement?
15. Is an Indian eligible for the presidency?
16. During what war was the old Capitol destroyed by fire?
17. What is the official salute of the President?
18. Who is Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy?
19. If the Vice-President should die in office does the Constitution provide for the filling of his vacancy?
20. Only eight Presidents served two full terms; who were they?
21. Can the President be arrested?
22. Does the President pay an income tax on his salary?
23. Which presidential candidate was wounded by an assassin's bullet during his campaign?
24. What is the motto of the United States and what does it mean? When was it adoped by Congress?
25. What President had the most children?

(TURN TO PAGE 16 FOR ANSWERS)

TECUMSEH OUTSTANDING INDIAN IN HISTORY

(The Pathfinder)

Of the few historically important chiefs of the American Indian tribes, Tecumseh, Shawnee chieftain, was perhaps one of the most famous; not alone for his ability as a warrior but because of his fiery eloquence and power of organization. These were shared by his brother, Tenskwatawa, the Prophet, and were inherited from their father, Cornstalk, who with another son, was slain while held captive by the garrison at Point Pleasat in 1777 whither they had journeyed to carry a warning of impending war. Chief George "Wildcat" Alford, head of the Shawnee nation today, is a grandson of the mighty Tecumseh.

Tecumseh was born in the Indian village of Piqua on Mad river not far from the present city of Springfield, Ohio, about 1768. Left fatherless at the age of nine he was placed in the care of an older brother who fell in a battle against the whites along the Tennessee frontier before Tecumseh had reached manhood. While still a youth he took part in attacks on white settlers passing down the Ohio river and also served in the wars preceding the Greenville treaty in 1795, including the stand against Wayne in 1794 when still another brother was killed. His exploits in battle had made him well known to the whites and his eloquence among the tribes won him the right to represent the Indians in conferences with the whites as early as 1800.

He and the Prophet resented the advance of the white settlers and on the grounds that the territory in question belonged to all the tribes in common denied the right of the government to make land purchases from any one tribe. On the refusal of the government to recognize any such principle the two brothers set about organizing a federation of the Indian tribes to be ruled jointly by the two. Beginning with a few scattered Shawnee tribes he slowly built up a system in which tribal organizations were represented at regular assemblages at which were decided all questions of interest to the tribes in general.

This plan naturally alarmed the whites. Willaim Henry Harrison, then governor of the Indian territory, sent for the brothers but no agreement could be reached. Not long afterward Harrison took advantage of Tecumseh's absence from the tribe on a recruiting expedition to the South and moved against the Indians. Under the leadership of the Prophet the Indians met the soldiers in the battle of Tippecanoe and suffered a defeat which effectively checked the plans for building up an Indian confederacy.

In the meantime Tecumseh had attempted to enlist the aid of Indian tribes as far South and East as Florida. A story is told how, with fiery and vengeful speeches, he exhorted the Creeks to abandon the ways of the

white man but without result. He then angrily told them that when he returned to Detroit he would stretch his arm, like pale fire, across the sky (having been told by the British that a comet was due to appear) and stamp his foot with such force as to shake down every tepee in the village of Toockabatcha, the Creek capital. Not long afterward the comet of 1812 appeared in the sky and oddly enough an earthquake shock along the Atlantic seaboard caused the village to shake and tremble. This created awe of Tecumseh and shortly the Creeks rose in arms which resulted in the ruin of the Creek tribes in less than two years.

Following the defeat at Tippecanoe Tecumseh still professed to be friendly with the United States but on the outbreak of the War of 1812 he led his forces to the support of the British and was rewarded with a commission as brigadier general. With some 2,000 warriors from the remnants of his allied tribes he participated in many of the battles and skirmishes in the Great Lakes region. After the battle of Put-in-Bay the British began a retreat but Tecumseh bitterly assailed Col. Henry Proctor for cowardice and forced the British officer to join him in a final stand against Harrison along the Thames river, October 5, 1813, in which the British and Indians were completely defeated. It was in this battle that Tecumseh fell, no doubt as he would have wished, at the head of his warriors in an attack on the whites. The Prophet survived the battle and with a small band of Shawnees fled to the region west of the Mississippi.

Tecumseh has been portrayed in many historical novels and plays. A monument to his prowess stands in the grounds of the United States Naval Academy at Annaoplis where he is known as the "god of the 2.5." It is explained that 4.0 is the highest grade a midshipman may receive but 2.5 is the passing grade. Many a future admiral, on his way to a crucial examination, has approached old "Tec," tossed a penny at his feet, given him a lefthanded salute and gone his way confident of making a passing grade.

There is no reason to dispute the verdict of historians that he was the most extraordinary of all Indian characters. Dying at the age of 45 he left but one son whose only claim to distinction was the signing of the Sam Houston treaty in 1836. Although bitterly opposed to white settlement of the West, Tecumseh would not permit the torture of prisoners, either by his own tribe or those over which he held control and persuaded others to abandon the practice. He apparently had a presentiment of his death for he discarded his general's uniform before beginning his final battle and died in his regalia as an Indian chief.

Some minsters seem to fear certain members of their congregation more than they do the Lord.—Selected.

THE BOOKSTALLS OF PARIS

By Antonia J. Stemple

Of all the city of Paris' multitudinous attractions the bookstalls which line the left bank of the River Seine are as characteristic of the city as any of her great monuments. There is nothing in Paris which has been more pictured by brush, pencil and camera than these same bookstalls and there is no more delightful place in which to absorb the atmosphere of one phase of Parisian life. To go to the beautiful French capital without idling among these quaint and simple bookstalls, sauntering along the quays, watching the river traffic from the parapets and browsing among the bins and boxes which are filled with an enticing collection of new books and old books, magazines, pictures, prints, sheet music, old coins and etchings, is unthinkable. There is no "style" in this simple, informal, altogether delightful mart. It is a favorite retreat for book and art lovers and has a rare charm.

You may take all the time you like in browsing among the stalls and none will say you nay. You will be doing only what all other persons there are doing, except the drowsy stall keepers, who sit idly by perched on camp stools set in the shade of the poster-covered kiosks. The things you pick up here for a mere song are not all French. There are also English and German books, American magazines and publications of all sorts, while Godey and Currier and Ives prints and what not hobnob amiably with the brain children of France itself.

A wonderfully picturesque, serene place is this quiet book mart under the plane trees on the river's edge. Bookish old gentlemen with shiny coats, baggy-kneed trousers, very respectable but with depleted pocketbooks, are numerous and spend blissful hours among the treasures, buying carefully as they are able. Paris would hardly be Paris without the bookstalls of the Seine.

PATTERNS

The pattern is plain in a spider web,
  In a poplar's balanced grace;
In the gold and brown of a butterfly's wing,
  And a fern of fragile lace.
The moon must follow an ordained course
  And the rhythmic tides that roll.
Would the Master Designer overlook
  A plan for a human soul?

—Leslie Savage.

THE CARE OF THE EYES

By V. M. Hicks, M. D., in Progressive Farmer

How can we have normal eyes? How can we best care for our eyes?

We must know in the beginning that normal eyes are inherited just as surely as any of the other features of our face, or the color of our hair. There we have our first cue. If fathers, mothers, or grandparents had defective eyes and wore glasses the child is apt to inherit this trouble. How will the defect show itself? Not until the eyes are used with some regularity. Except in extreme cases, such as crossed eyes, it is not noticed until school begins. The vision may be poor. Insist at this period that the child's vision be taken and recorded. Notice if there is unusual evidence of tiredness or nervousness after eye work. Notice if well known words are often called incorrectly. Slow and poor reading is sometimes a sign of poor eyesight.

Other evidences of eyestrain in childhood as well as in adult life are headaches, eyes stinging and burning after use, blurring of vision, lids twitching, frequent sties, granulated lids—any one, or all, may be present. If any of these conditions exist, take the child to a physician who has specialized in eye disease. If the child be poor, direct it to a welfare worker.

If after an examination, glasses are prescribed, be sure to find out how much of the time the glasses are to be worn and when another examination will probably be necessary. Be sure that the frame is well fitted and comfortable and for a child that a strong, durable frame is selected. Have the child taught how to take care of the glasses. If the frame becomes bent have it straightened promptly.

We must always remember that the eyes are closely connected with the rest of the body. Poor health generally means poor eyes. Usually when we are sick we make one big mistake. We expect our eyes to do normal, or even excessive work, when as a matter of fact, they are just as weak as the rest of our body. Commonly speaking, when we are sick and weak enough to be in bed or away from normal work, we should favor our eyes by using them very little.

With school children as well as with all of us, the question of glare affecting the eyes is no small matter. However, the use of insufficient light is perhaps as common an error. Perhaps the best method of determining the proper illuminination is to notice whether in the course of eye work we are conscious of or have our eyes attracted to the source of light, either window or lamp. Modern electric fixtures and the better oil and gasoline lamps with their shades take this into consideration. In any school or workroom there should be sufficient illumination to eliminate shadows.

Pink eye, or acute contagious conjunctivitis, is a common ailment among school children. It is highly contagious. Hence during the attack the child should never attend school and should use separate towels and wash basins no one else uses. The

eyes should be frequently cleansed with a boric acid solution (one teaspoonful of boric acid powder to two glasses of water). A good antiseptic drop is the following prescription: zinc sulphate, one grain; boric acid, ten grains: boiled water, one ounce. One drop of this medicine should be instilled in each eye every hour.

When a foreign body gets into the eye, be sure that you do not infect the eye in the process of removing it. This happens all too frequently. Always thoroughly wash the hands before touching the eye. The foreign body is best wiped out with a piece of sterile cotton wrapped around a match or toothpick. If it does not come away promptly do not continue wiping. Instead wash the eye with boric acid solution and consult a physician.

Do not develop the habit of washing the eyes regularly with anything. Nature provides the best eye wash, namely tears. They take care of ordinary conditions. Sometimes after exposure to dust, smoke, etc., it is well to wash them with boric acid solution.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 11

1. Thomas Jefferson and John Adams died on July 4, 1826, and James Monroe died July 4, 1831.
2. Franklin Pierce.
3. Because Grover Cleveland's terms were not together, one (1st term) was before the term of Benjamin Harrison and one (2nd term) after.
4. Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield, William McKinley.
5. Andrew Johnson. No.
6. Grover Cleveland.
7. William Henry Harrison, John Quincy Adams, Zachary Taylor, Abraham Lincoln, Woodrow Wilson, and William H. Taft.
8. Esther Cleveland, born September 9, 1893.
9. Andrew Johnson.
10. Ulysses S. Grant.
11. Theodore Roosevelt. He was 43 years of age at the time of McKinley's death.
12. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson.
13. New York City until 1790.
14. George Washington.
15. Yes, since June, 1924.
16. War of 1812.
17. Twenty-one guns.
18. The President.
19. No.
20. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Grant, Cleveland, and Wilson.
21. No.
22. No.
23. Theodore Roosevelt in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in the campaign of 1912.
24. E Pluribus Unum. Meaning "Many in One." Adopted by Congress June 20, 1782.
25. John Tyler. He had 14.

'KING OF BEASTS' IN NAME ONLY

(Selected)

The lordly lion is generally conceded the title, "King of Beasts," but the public in general, and zoologists in particular, seem to be under some slight misapprehension as to what animal really is king of beasts.

During the filming of the picture, "King of the Jungle" the script called for a lion to kill a bull water buffalo in a native corral.

All the preparations were made for the shot, a large corral built in orthodox native style with a bull water buffalo placed therein, the cameras were lined up to catch the picture of the lion as he jumped the corral fence and as he killed the bull. The lion went over the fence and into the corral according to the script, and fifteen seconds later he made the return trip, aided and abetted by the supposed victim.

That poor, defenseless bull tossed eight more lions over the fence, one at a time, before he was withdrawn because he was too bloody and clawed to look nice.

A second bull threw five more lions over the fence before the scene was finally abandoned. These lions were not old and toothless, nor were they raised in captivity.

If appearance alone is considered, the lion deserves the title, "King of Beasts," but if other valuable characteristics are taken into consideration, the lion is king, only in name.

In power, both offensive and defensive, many animals rank far above the lion. No lion would ever attack an elephant much less kill one while the rhinoceros can, and does kill them.

When it comes to defensive power, any animals that can run swiftly should be given a high rating. If all cover were removed from a lion's hunting ground, the lion would starve to death. The lion depends on his stalking ability for his food supply. He slips up on his victim through tall grasses, or other cover, until he is within a few yards of it, then leaps for the neck. If he misses the first time he has to start all over again for he cold never catch his usual prey in a straight chase.

If wisdom were considered, the intelligence and memory of the elephant is proverbial. With the life span of some individuals covering a century or more, the elephant has plenty of time to store up knowledge.

If appearance alone is considered, the lion is truly "King of Beasts," but in all other things the lion is King only in name.

Guard well your spare moments. They are like uncut diamonds. Discard them and their value will never be known; improve them and they will become the brightest gems in a useful life.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

NO DIFFERENCE

(Young Folks)

I hace a friend who has spent some time in the hospital. When he learned he had to undergo an operation, he chose to go into a ward in order that he might study conditions there while he was recuperating. He is now home, but he must return for the more serious operation when he has sufficiently regained his strength.

He was giving me an insight into the kind of service offered the patients in that ward. There are all classes of people there to be ministered unto, and a number of nationalities are represented in the long rows of beds.

The thing that impressed him most was the impartiality of the service rendered by surgeons, physicians, and nurses. He confesses he did not expect to find it so. There were those there whose lives, humanly speaking, did not seem to be worth much to anyone, foreigners in some cases; but the treatment was just as skilful, the interest just as deep, as with those who were American born, cutured and not wholly without this world's goods.

In a day when so much distinction is made between races and classes, it cheers the heart to learn that there are places where there is "no distinction." We are not yet ready to believe with the poet that "A man's a man for a' that;" for such a large part of our conversation and of our relationships gives abundant evidence of partiality and prejudice. A certain train of thought takes possession of us as soon as we learn that a person is foreign-born. We find it hard to be fair to him. It is with difficulty that we speak of him appreciatively. The Christian's attitude must be different. He must see the good wherever it may be found.

THE DEACON'S PRAYER

The good deacon was wiser than he knew when he invariably prayed for his pastor that he might "be always learning and never come to a knowledge of the truth." For the man who concludes that he knows it all and that there is no further need to learn, is intellectually dead as a door nail.

The perils of the closed mind is the deadliest of all perils whether it overtakes a man in middle life or in old age. To be ever learning is the one gateway to the fountain of youth. Across that path there is no deadlines. When laziness stops a man from thinking and fear prevents him from exploring new realms of truth, that man is on the way to the museum. His contentment, if he has attained such, is the contentment of the fossil.—N. C. Christian Advocate.

I'LL BE KIND TO THE OLD MAN

(Selected)

Off in the distance I see an old man sitting in a comfortable rocking chair beside an open fireplace. No, this is not a picture of my father or grandfather facing life's sunset. It is myself.

I have decided to be kind to that old man. I will confess that I have not always held this idea uppermost in my mind and so will not weep if some youngster threatens to charge me with "old-foggishness."

From henceforth (I repeat and reiterate) I am determined to be kinder, in several ways, to the old man I someday will be.

I am going to be kinder to the body he will have to use. Yes, I am familiar with the thought that we shift bodies every eleven months. However, I can't help but believe that there is an impress of the old body made on the form of the new one. Sift out the rules which the centenarians lay down for longevity and you will find this as rule ONE in most cases: "After you are fifty cease using the alimentary canal as a garbage dump." They say "Eat to live. Do not simply live to eat." I have a ten year start, that is, in my resolution.

Henceforth I am also going to try to be more kind to the mind the old man will have to use. I will try to keep it agile and train it to like the feel of keeping abreast of the times. I will drill it to be hopeful without being gullible. In any scene in life we can harrass ourselves by singling out the ugly or we can make ourselves feel pleasant and be pleasant by emphasizing the good. I will try to store that mind with facts and truths to munch on when my fellows flock around me less and less.

Furthermore, I have resolved to give the old man some pleasant memories. They say that old folks live in the past. I'm going to give the old man some pleasant scenes to gaze upon. I want him to be able to look back and see deeds of kindness done, cheer brought into lonely hearts, pictures of old folks comforted, youth helped along life's way,—the right way. If possible, I want him to look back upon some outstanding achievement. But if that is not to be then may he see how a host of smaller good influences were set in motion, person to person, a-down the years.

Finally, I want to give the old man a quiet confidence in his future. Always there have been honest doubters and insolent inconoclasts trying to dethrone the God who made them so smart. Also there have always been those whom the Almighty has raised up to be seers and prophets of the invisible. Through the most of my associations I want to be kind enough to the old man so that he will have the spiritual capacity to appreciate the best in those days when the physical takes its proper second place though the urge to live on in some form beats strong within the breast.

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

(Selected)

Volumes have been written on the subject and much that has been said is just pure "bunk." Success, as we all know, often comes from a combination of luck and circumstance. Sometimes it is the result of hard work alone but not always or even often.

We all know men in business and in the professions who are successful as the term goes and are at the same time as lazy as the proverbial sloth. They simply have the faculty of getting ahead without any apparent effort on their part. We know other men who are diligent in business and have brains and energy and yet never get very far.

For anyone to attempt to set down established rules for achieving success is a silly presumption and an insult to average intelligence. In the first place it is essential to know just what constitutes success. If measured only in terms of dollars and cents then we are considering the wealthy man successful and a poor man a failure.

If this were true we should have to count among our failures some of the most outstanding figures of history. Great artists, scholars, scientists and poets whose works have survived the ages would, if measured by this scale, be set down as unsuccessful men. A preacher who set souls on fire with his eloquence, a lawyer who was a towering giant in his profession, a righteous judge of much learning and ability—would these then be counted failures?

We say of a man who possesses worldly good in plenty, fine houses, many servants, motor cars, stocks, and bonds: "There is a successful man."

What of the humble underpaid college professor, toiling day by day in class rooms, moulding the minds of growing youth. What of him? May he not in fact be a far greater success than the man of wealth and power? And the humble toiler in industry or the small shop keeper who each through diligence, thrift and careful planning bring up and educate their children to become good citizens?

Success, then, is merely a comparative term with little real meaning.

"Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord
What struts and stares an' a' that:
Tho hundreds worship at his word
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, an' a' that:
His ribband, star, an' a' that:
The man o' independent mind
He looks an' laughs at a' that."

So, if at times you feel blue and discouraged and think you are not making the success in life that some other fellow is making, recall these lines by the most human poet who ever lived.

Remember, too, that the love and esteem of your family and business associates and friends measure up far greater in the Almighty's scale than any mere material success.

HUMILITY

By Harrie Vernette Rhodes

The most beautiful things in the world are the simple things. The symbol of simplicity in the flower kingdom is the dainty violet with its hues of lavender and purple, symbolical of the highest spiritual development; the violet which brings into material expression the colors most closely resembling upon the earth-plane the greatest healing rays known to science upon the highest planes. See how this humble little flower grows in its own little corner, making no demonstration, often hiding under the leaves and having to be searched for diligently, before it is found; the most wonderful lesson of simple greatness taught by nature.

From this little violet, through all stages of life, up to the great spirit of Abraham Lincoln—the mighteist soul which has dwelt upon our continent—you will be able to trace the same humility; . . Abraham Lincoln, the simple minded, frank brother of mankind; a tower of strength on the spirit side of life; upon the earth an ordinary man, asking to be rightly led; bringing with him the forces of eternal love to humanity, of sonship to God and brotherhood to man.

Thus let thy life be humble, let no thought of selfishness mar thy living. Think not within thyself that thou knowest anything. Think not that thou art great, but remember this, O Soul, there is a vast difference between humility and servility.

Know in thyself that thou art master of thine own soul; that thou art one with all life; that thou art no better than any other, no better than the lowest soul, because thou hast in thy past lives gone through all the various stages in their upward climbing.

Know that thou art no less than others, because thou shalt in future lives reach unto the greatset heights; but be humble, knowing that thou art equal and no more or less than all thy brethren.

If thou wouldst learn the truth of the universe, seek as a little child with simple faith, holding out thy hands to the Father; that His love may guide and help thee forever.

Remember that the greatest way which is open to thee is through service, and let him that is greatest among you be the servant of all.

To those who live in never ending fear,
  Of what may come with every passing year;
I, in blissful ignorance, pause to say,
  "If I can live the life that comes each day,
And bravely face its share of joy and sorrow,
  Then I will be content to wait, and never fear tomorrow."

—Selected.

DEFECTIVE EYES HURT STUDENTS

(Chatham Record)

There are some people in this county who dismiss glasses for the eyes as a fad or a hobby. They say that nearly everybody nowadays needs them but that they remember when very few people used them. They are correct, but they do not realize that when many of us forsook the fields and came indoors to work, using artificial light in our homes and reading much finer print that we began to do things that were not the custom in the old days.

There can be little doubt but that the changing system of living in the present era requires greater strain on the eye than that organ was in the habit of bearing. No wonder many of us have poor eyesight, resulting from strain or defective vision.

It is said that more than 2,000,000 school children suffer in their school work from improper vision. Very often students who fail to make the marks that their parents want them to make do so because of the condition of their eyes, which consciously, or unconsciously, causes the pupil not to like to study.

The point of all this is that somewhere in this county there may be a child, berated for indolence or ignorance, when the fault lies with the parents who have not realized the need of correct vision and have allowed the little girl or boy to go to school improperly equipped. Instead of being blamed the little pupil should be comforted and the parents themselves censured.

Now, if by chance, some parent reads this article, and thinks of a child, and corrects the defective vision of the child then the space here used has not been wasted and we are glad to call attention to the matter.

THE TWO ROADS

In the morning, when you wake,
  Two roads before you lie.
For the day, which will you take,
  Since either you must try?

One's the road of selfishness;
  And those who travel there
Cause others sorrow and distress
  By tears and frowns they wear.

And one's the road of helpfulness;
  And those who pass that way
Have cheery words and smiles to bless
  The ones they meet that day.

—Selected.

NO SHOES

By Anna Bertch

Mildred was sitting on the floor with one shoe in her hand, the other on the floor. Grandma looked up and spied a tear trickle down Mildred's cheek. She spoke:

"Mildred, what's wrong; what's worrying you so much that you shed tears?"

"Why, grandma, I can't go to Sunday school tomorrow."

"Well, why is that! I see no reason why you shouldn't!"

"'Cause," said she, sobbing, "my shoe has an ugly scratch across the toe and I just cannot wear it to Sunday school like that!"

"Why, Mildred! tut, tut, why be so snobbish! when I was a little girl like you I went to Sunday school barefoot. Put your pride in your pocket and forget about a little innocent scratch; your shoe can't help it, neither can you. You are going to Sunday school just the same."

"Now, grandma, did you honest to goodness go to Sunday school barefoot, do you expect me to believe that?"

Mildred jumped up, forgetting about the shoe, for grandma was always chuck full of stories.

"Tell me about it, grandma."

"About what, child?"

Grandma had a knowing smile just the same.

"Why, about your shoes, and why you did not wear shoes."

"Well, the reason's plain: I didn't have any to wear."

"Why grandma! Didn't have any to wear? Why didn't your daddy get you some? My daddy does me!"

"We were pioneers."

"Pioneers! What's that?"

"Don't interrupt me so much. I'll lose my train of thought."

Mildred scowled and went back to her shoes, grumbling.

"Well, grandma! If you can't talk so I can understand—you may just not tell it. I'm not going to Sunday school barefoot. I know that!"

She began fiddling with her shoes again. She rubbed and rubbed at the offending scratch, glancing out of one corner of her eye to see how grandma was taking it. Grandma feigned unconcernedness but inside was shaking with laughter. Mildred spied the convulsions and up she jumped like a cyclone and snapped out, "Grandma, if that story is so funny, I want to hear it!"

Grandma straightened up like there was something very important.

"Well, well; is that so, little Miss Importance? What was I saying?"

"You were talking about a pioneer whatever that is."

"Oh, yes! and shoes. You wanted to know what a pioneer was. Well, my father and family were pioneers."

"Yes, but what did poineers look like, monkeys, or bears, or—"

"Oh, no, no! just people like your daddy and mother; only they were folks that had moved to a new country and were hard up. Sometimes we had shoes and sometimes we didn't. I remember one time I had a good calico dress; and sometimes I had to wash it on Saturdays so I could

go to Sunday school next day. And again, sometimes my dress was all in rags and I couldn't go. My father was a farmer; we didn't live in a city like you do."

"Oh; and did you have dogs and horses, and—and—"

"To be sure we did! And pigs and cows and sheep and lots of things. We had little pet pigs and pet lambs that would follow us everywhere. I called my pet lamb Belle and sister named hers Katy; and when they weree grown to be big fat sheep my father made mutton out of them; we felt so mad we cried."

"Now, what is mutton that it made you cry, something that scared you?"

"Why, child, does not your daddy ever buy sheep meat?"

"He buys leg o' lamb, I know he does, 'cause I went to the barber shop with him when he bought it."

"Oh!" And grandma just roared. "Meat at a barber shop."

"Well, it was some place where he got meat." And Mildred began to cry. "There, there, child, that's all right; you did go to the barber shop with daddy, but the meat market is where you get meat. And mutton is sheep meat—so you see he killed our pets for meat; that's why we cried."

"Oh, for goodness sake—such a daddy. I'd cry too!"

"Yes, I think you would. We had so much fun with our pets and loved them so it was hard to give them up. But you know, dear, he had to have meat. But another hard thing was when mother killed our pet chicken and cooked it. I wouldn't eat any of it I felt so bad. Of course it wouldn't stay out of the house and she wouldn't stand that."

"Didn't you shut the screens?"

"We didn't have any. Didn't know what screens were. That was pioneer days. Well, to go on with my story: Some Sundays when our parents were gone we would—"

"Wait, wait! Grandma, what kind of a car did your daddy drive. A Ford?"

"Car! There was no such animal! We never heard of such a thing. They hadn't ever been made yet. We had to ride in a big lumber wagon that jolted so hard it made your stomach ache."

"No, no! Not my stomach, I wasn't there; it was yours!"

"Yes, very true, but I meant: So to speak."

"But, grandma! How could it jolt on the pavement?"

"Oh, you bother me so much! We didn't have any pavement."

"Well, I guess you didn't have anything, at least what you ought to have."

"I'll tell you, when it rained it was mud, mud, and some hills were clay and almost—yes, they were—as sticky as dough; and sometimes we were stuck on the clay hills and had to have four horses to pull us out."

"Hurrah! I wish I had been there!"

"You'd a wished you wasn't if you had been. But, as I was saying, we roamed the woods all day and had loads of fun; we found May apples, wild plumbs, grapes, crabapples, cherries, all kinds of berries, and made grape-vine swings and hunted birds' nests and took their pretty little eggs—some blue, green, white, and all speckled—so pretty we took them

home and strung them on strings for ornaments."

"Why, grandma, I'm shocked! Did you not belong to the Audubon Society, not to kill birds or take their nests or eggs?"

"You ought to be thankful, Mildred. We hadn't been trained as you have, we didn't know any better. You are living in a wonderful day. We had no societies for good as you have. We had no telephones, no radio, no electric lights, no sewing machines, and oh, so many, many things too numerous to mention. But Mildred, we were happy and enjoyed life as much as you do I reckon—but look here, it's time for a little girl to go to bed so she can go to Sunday school, shoes or no shoes."

"But, grandma, listen; aren't you sorry you took the birds' eggs?"

"Yes, dear, I'm sorry—sorry for so many things done in ignorance. Now off to bed."

And, off she went. As she reached the door of her room, she looked back and called:

"Grandma! I'm going to be a pioneer some day."

A REAL MAN

A real man never talks about
  His worries and his cares,
And what the old world owes him
  In happiness and shares;
A real man is a loyal friend
  And slanders not a name,
But guards that reputation
  And glories in its fame.
A real man you can bank on,
  His simple word is true,
He does more than his promise
  To see you safely through.
A real man minds his business
  And judges not the race;
He brings his sunny greetings
  To every class and place.
A real man's kind and patient,
  And does whate'er he can;
He's hopeful of the future—
  Has faith in every man.
A real man's glad to work and live
  And climb the ladder high;
A real man has a vision
  And is not afraid to die.

—Bessie Price Owens.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Fagan, a member of the staff of the Pennsylvania Training School, Morganza, Pa., visited this institution the other day.

—o—

Mrs. J. R. Hardin, Mrs. M. V. Sapp, Mrs. L. R. Hicks, Mrs. J. M. Culcleasure, all of Charlotte, and Mrs. Elizabeth Moss, of Erwin, Tenn., visited the School one day last week. They were shown through the various departments and seemed to be greatly interested in the work being carried on here.

—o—

Roland Tolson, who was admitted to the Training School in 1926 and was paroled in 1929, called on friends here one day last week. At the time he left us, Roland was in the sixth grade. He is now employed by the Horton Motor Express Co., Charlotte, driving a truck between that city ad Greensboro, passing the School every night. Roland says he likes his present occupation and is getting along well.

—o—

George N. Scott, of Raleigh, who left the School in November 1924, made a short visit with old friends here last week.

For several years following his parole, George was employed in a bakery. He is now driving an oil truck, carrying gasoline and oil from Wilmington to Charlotte.

While at the School George was in Cottage No. 5, where he was a house boy. He was also a member of the School's basketball and baseball teams.

George tells us that he hasn't been in any kind of trouble since leaving the institution. The reason for this, he says, is that he has been doing the thing that keeps boys out of trouble —plenty of hard work.

—o—

Since last reported in these columns August 17, 1935, thirty-one boys have been allowed to leave the School. Most of them returned to their homes, but in some cases other placements were made. Some of these boys will attend school in their respective communities while others will be engaged in some kind of useful occupation. Following is a list of the boys and their location:

AUGUST

Lee Dickens, Jennings; Homer Jones, North Wilkesboro; Elzie Carpenter, Fayetteville; Irwin Coward, Grimesland; Earl Hill and Clifford Bowers, Stanly County; Eugene Smith, Asheville; James Kellam, Harrisburg; Charles Smith, Rutherfordton; William Green, Union Mills; Leonard Potter, Rutherfordton; Irvin Martin, New Bern; George Nelson, Spray; J. B. Murray, Ayden; Chester Duncan, Tabor; J. R. Davis, Charlotte; James Spurling, Charlotte; Joe Devault, Clinton.

SEPTEMBER

Robert Teeter, Jamestown; William Ange, Durham; Estes McGinnis, Sylva; Fred Ward, Spruce Pine; Clifton Beik, Charlotte; Leamon Rose, Wilson; Walter Beaver, Concord; Arbie Phillips, High Point; James Enloe, Swain County; Dallas Hodge, Ela; Joseph Wheeler, Myrtle

Beach, S. C.; Ray Hutchins, Toast; Irwin Luther, Asheboro.

—o—

The following is an excerpt from a letter recently received from one of our old boys:

"Dear Mr. Boger:

"I know you are suprised to hear from me after so long a time, but my failure to write is not an evidence that I have forgotten you and the School. As I go through life there are many occasions which make me feel grateful for all the benefits I derived in being one of the boys of the institution and under your care.

"I imagine there are some who do not manifest any appreciation for what you have done for them, but I can truthfully say that my stay with you from 1917 to 1919 was a blessing to me, and I try to make it a blessing to those with whom I come in contact, especially the boys I meet who have been paroled from J. T. S.

"I might go further than using the term, gratitude, for it is the love I have for you and the school.

"Well, I suppose I shouldn't be so sentimental in my expressions so I'll get down to how I am getting along. I am still employed with the Singer Sewing Machine Company, at New Bern. Have been with them nearly five years and am getting along fine. I have been salesman, assistant manager at Durham and Raleigh, also manager at Roanoke Rapids and here in this city.

"I have a nice large family (four children) and they are doing nicely. One daughter is in high school, another in the fourth grade; the two boys are not quite old enough to attend school. My wife has friends in Concord and we are contemplating a trip up there soon, for I would like for her to visit the school.

"Please remember me to Messrs. Fisher, Johnson, Talbert and Lee White and all the rest, including your family. I am,

"Respectfully yours,
"An Old Boy."

—o—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, boys' work secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., conducted a brief service at the School last Sunday afternoon.

Following the singing of the opening hymn and Scripture recitation and prayer, Mr. Sheldon made a short talk to the boys on the work the institution is attempting to accomplish. He first asked a number of questions and they were answered by the raising of hands, as follows:

(1) How many boys present came from the country? About one-third. (2) How many from the city? Two-thirds. (3) How many attended church and Sunday school for a year before coming to the institution? About one-tenth. (4) How many got into trouble because they did not obey mother? Nearly all present. (5) How many were members of gangs in their respective communities? About two-thirds. (6) How many got into trouble on their own account rather than being urged by others? More than three-fourths. (7) How many felt that they should be at the Jackson Training School, and their stay here would be beneficial to them? About 80 per cent.

Mr. Sheldon then stated that he

was very much pleased with the frankness and straightforward manner in which the boys answered his questions, and said it proved that after being here but a short time most of them realized what the School means to them and are thankful for the opportunities given them here.

He then told how he enjoied reading the institution notes in The Uplift, especially when they told of paroled boys who have gone out and made good. This shows that a boy realizes he was wrong, gets on the right track at the School, and goes out and becomes a credit to his community.

Mr. Sheldon said they must do something to a boy at the Training School that is not done anywhere else, and cited a number of cases where paroled boys returned to Charlotte.

Just as soon as a boy returns to that city, continued the speaker, he almost invariably comes to his office at the Y. M. C. A., and seeks his assistance in getting a job. The advice he receives there is to go to some business man, tell him where he came from, and in most cases he lands a job.

The reason for this, said Mr. Sheldon, is that business men give them preference because they realize those boys have something that the average boy has not. They know they have been through the mill; they have tried the wrong way of doing thigns; by their training at the School they have developed into better boys, and are capable of making good.

Following this short service, Mr. Sheldon presented the "Crazy Cut-ups," well known radio entertainers over radio station W B T, at Charlotte, and for about forty minutes they delighted the boys with humorous songs and hill-billy music.

A DOG AND MASTER

Few stories exceed in sentiment that of the late Alfred I. du Pont and his dog, "Yip." They became friends one day when the wealthy man was sauntering about a golf course and Yip approached. It might seem that the man would have shooed the dog away, for he was unkempt—and a mongrel.

Instead, he stopped, patted the dog and brushed his eyes, and took him to his magnificent home. They were pals from then on. Last month Mr. du Pont died at his estate in Florida. His body has been brought back to Wilmington, Delaware, and now, less than a month later, Yip, broken-hearted, has passed on. The extraordinary friendship between dog and master is being recognized, for Yip, too, is being brought back from Florida to find a grave at the feet of his master. It is a true life story that surpasses many of the kind recounted in fiction.

—Boston Post.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since July 7, 1935.

Week Ending Setpember 22, 1935

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(5) Arthur Boyette 6
(2) Floyd Combs 2
(5) William Dillon 5
(4) Alden Jones 5
(12) Earl Rogers 12
(6) Richard Sullivan 11
(12) Ashley Thompson 12
(7) Vermont Whitley 11

COTTAGE No. 1

Ray Hutchins 7
(3) Millard Owenby 11
(12) Harvard Winn 12
(2) Everett Williamson 9

COTTAGE No. 2

Arthur Craft
Thomas Horton 5
(2) Y. V. Spates 7
(2) Barney Watson 2

COTTAGE No. 3

(7) William Barber 8
(4) Marcellus Gurganus 9
(6) Percy Gurganus 8
(7) Frank Hutchins 9
William McRary 9
Porter Willhite 10
(2) D. C. Winston 5

COTTAGE No. 4

(3) James Bartlett 4
Vernon Bass 6
(2) Clyde Dixon 7
William Hill 7
Ralph Johnson 10
William Justice 7
(2) Thomas Little 7
(3) Joseph McPherson 3
(4) Jack McRary 9
Robert Orrell 4
(3) Robert Penland 5
Clyde Reece
Wheeler Sturdivant 11
Melvin Walters 7

COTTAGE No. 5

Ogburn Cason
(3) Max Cecil 9
Connie Dickens 3
(3) Bert Ferguson 4
William Hare 2
Monroe Keith 3
(4) George Kye 10
Robert Worthington 7

COTTAGE No. 6

(5) Earl Bass 6
William Corn 4
John Drum 3
Thomas Doby 4
(3) Clinton Keen 3
Vernon Hubbard 3
(2) Leonard Melton 4

COTTAGE No. 7

Boyd Barringer 3
James Corn 7
Fred Dysen 6
Emerson Frazier 6
Charles Griffin 3
(12) Caleb Hill 12
(3) A. Ray Hudson 6
(2) R. B. Norton 4
Lewis Parker 8
Jack Pyatt
Thurman Robertson 4
Percy Sanford
Paul Saunders 5
(9) Douglas Wilkes 10

COTTAGE No. 8

(4) Charles Banks 9
George Chambers 6
(2) James Ferrell 2
Harry Flowe 8
(2) Thomas Hudson 9
Guy Lewis 3
John Maxwell 7
Fred May 2
Luther Pierce 5
John Penninger 6
(3) Ernest Rivenbark 3

COTTAGE No. 9

(3) Woodfin Fower 8
Pearie Funderburk 9
(2) C. D. Grooms 6
(3) Hoyett Hudson 7
(11) Frank Hall 11
Thomas McCausley 5
(5) Ben Overby 10
(3) Homer Smith 8
Bryan Williams 6
(8) Richard Wrenn 8

COTTAGE No. 10

Harold Brown 7
(2) Jack Carver 4
(5) Norwood Cockerham 8
(2) J. B. Grooms 2
(2) John House 2
(4) Marvin Miller 6
(6) James Patterson 6
(8) Charles Pollard 10
(3) Edwin Shuler 6

COTTAGE No. 11

(9) Everett Bell 9
(6) Charles Bowman 6
(2) Edward Carpenter 6
(5) Bennie Holland 11
(11) David Hodge 11
(5) James Montford 11
Bennie Moore 3
Norman McGee 5
(4) Eldridge Ward 9

COTTAGE No. 12

(3) Earl Atwood 8
(3) James Douglas 10
Frank Dickens 6
(4) Horace Faulkner 9
(2) Bernard Griffin 3
(3) Edward Lockamy 9
(3) Andrew Powell 6
(2) Homer Quick 8
(3) William Stevens 5
(3) Lonnie Sloan 6
(4) Thomas Welch 11

COTTAGE No. 13

(2) Boyd Baker 2
(4) Linwood Potter 6
(7) Jennings Norris 10
(12) Howard Wilson 12

COTTAGE No. 14

Claude Ashe
Lee Dowless
Spurgeon Dowless 2
Troy Powell 4
Wilburn Suite 2

COTTAGE No. 15

(2) Robert Alexander 9
(2) Floyd Causey 7
(2) John Caddell 7
Earl Chambers 8
Glenn Jenkins
Wilson Medlin 6
George McManus 7
(5) Glenn Stewart 8
(9) Winfred Whitlock 9
Frank Wakefield 6
(2) Roy Wyrick 7

THREE THINGS

Three things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things to cultivate—courage, affection and gentleness.

Three things to commend—thrift, industry and promptness.

Three things to despise—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to wish for—health, friends and contentment.

Three things to work for—security, independence and happiness.

Three things to admire—dignity, gracefulness and honesty.

Three things to give—aid to the needy, comfort to the sad and appreciation to the worthy.—Selected.

Travel anywhere..any day on the SOUTHERN for 1½¢ PER MILE

A fare for every purse...!

1½¢ PER MILE — ONE WAY and ROUND TRIP COACH TICKETS .....for Each Mile Traveled

2¢ PER MILE — ROUND TRIP TICKETS—Return Limit 15 Days .....for Each Mile Traveled

* 2½¢ PER MILE — ROUND TRIP TICKETS—Return Limit 6 Months .....for Each Mile Traveled

* 3¢ PER MILE — ONE WAY TICKETS .....for Each Mile Traveled

*Good in Sleeping and Parlor Cars on payment of proper charges for space occupied. No surcharge.

Economize by leaving your Automobile at home and using the Southern

Excellent Dining Car Service

Be Comfortable in the Safety of Train Travel

R. H. GRAHAM
Division Passenger Agent
Charlotte, N. C.

Southern Railway System

Gp364

CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 5, 1935 No. 40

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

Rudyard Kipling expressed the ideal of thrift in the following words: "Savings represent much more than mere money value. They are the proof that the saver is worth something in himself. Any fool can spend; any fool can waste and meddle; but it takes a man to save, and the more he saves the more of a man he makes of himself. Waste and extravagrance unsettle a man's mind for every crisis; thrift, which means some form of self-restraint settles it."

——PUBLISHED BY——
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAI

PUBLISHED BY

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

WEIGH YOUR WORDS

A peasant with a troubled conscience went to a monk for advice, saying he had circulated a vile story about another, only to find it was not true.

"If you want to make peace with your conscience," said the monk, "you must fill a bag with chicken down, go through every dooryard in the village and drop into each one of them a fluffy feather."

The peasant did as he was told. Then he came back to the monk and announced that he had done penance for his folly.

"Not yet," replied the monk, "you must now return and gather up every feather you have dropped."

"But the wind must have blown them all away," said the peasant. "Yes, my son," said the monk, "and so it is with gossip. Words are easily dropped, but no matter how hard you may try, you can never get them back again."

—Selected.

A REWARD OF HONESTY

Honesty is the best policy we know, but the policy to be honest for the love of reward is not genuine honesty, and he who acts on that principle is not an honest man. To be honest or truthful are portions of the soul of man.

The papers throughout the country have lately carried an appealing human interest story of a young man, twenty-two years of age, who received the small compensation of $3.15 weekly for delivering packages in New York City, and he vaulted to a remunerative position in Wall Street for doing the manly and honest act.

The young fellow, by the dint of good fortune for the loser, picked up a roll of bonds valued at $150,000 and returned them promptly to the owner. The brokers, or owners of the bonds, an-

nounced that the young man, Albert Correri would start immediately in the cashier's department of the brokerage firm.

The brokerage firm stated, "we are glad to have the young man with us, it is a real joy to reward his splendid attitude." Besides, there is a possibility of Correri getting a reward from the insurance company when the investigation of the bond loss is completed.

It is the custom of this magazine to always use instances of this kind so as to impress youth that the fair thing is always the best thing to do.

When a review of the crime statistics is taken it is convincing that high pressure must be brought to bear to inculcate the highest principles in the mind of youth today if the increasing tendency toward crime is checked. One always feels better for doing the fair and honest thing. A comfortable feeling is sufficient reward even if there is not a remunerative consideration "for doing unto others as you would have them do unto you."

* * * * * * *

GRACIOUS LADY

The mother of the President, Mrs. James Roosevelt, passed her 81st birthday quietly at Hyde Park, N. Y. One feature of the occasion was the presentation of a book, the title of which is, "Gracious Lady," a biography of her life, written by a life-long friend, Mrs. Rita Kleeman.

The book records the girlhood of Sallie Delano, giving a pen picture of the time of courtship and marriage to the time of motherhood, and by virtue of the fact as mother of the President she is today a public figure, both loved and admired.

At the age of 81 she is described as "in the pink of health," with all faculties functioning, and showing the keenest interest in all of the affairs of life. Her philosophy is "never to worry," therefore, she continues happy and buoyant.

Doubtless when in the fitful pauses of a busy life, the memory of our President goes back to the days when in the home with mother. The thoughts of any pure and devoted mother, are a tonic in the dullest moments and come like the beautiful perfume from

some wooded spot. Faces, voices and memories of others may become extinct, but the entrancing memory of mother's influence will continue forever.

With such memories there lurks in the soul of the most desolate person, the richest, the poorest, the high and the low, longing to again sit by the side of mother and long for "touch of the vanished hand and hear the voice that is still."

* * * * * * *

WE WELCOME HIM

Our friend, Old Hurrygraph, appears again in this issue of The Uplift, sending one of his interesting articles after sojourning during the heated season in some sequestered and cool spot known as the "Happy Valley" of Western North Carolina.

We welcome old Hurrygraph for we have missed receiving his bright and cheery weekly communications.

As proof that our boys read his column, "Rambling Around," it is not unusual to hear some of them refer to something contained therein.

* * * * * * *

BOOKS

John Milton, the greatest of English poets since Shakespeare, writes "a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

Bulwer-Lytton, one of the greatesst novelists of the Victorian period, filling his books with the characters of high life, just the reverse of Dickens, writes that books are "the past lives put in words, a thousand ages were blank if books had not evinced their ghosts, and kept the pale, unbodied shades to warn us from fleshless lips." From the report given by Mr. Crooks, the librarian, it is evident the boys of our institution are availing themselves of the blessed privilege of reading good books—the gift of the Charlotte King's Daughters. After reading this report if you have a good book you do not especially need, send it to the boys. The book you send may be the means of changing the trend of some boy who

has a tendency to committ a misdemeanor.

This is the report of the books loaned for the year ending August 31, 1935, as recorded by William M. Crooks, librarian:

Reference (Encyclopedias)	30
Magazines (Promiscuous)	384
National Geographics (Bound Volumes)	29
Philosophy	15
Religion	173
Sociology	29
Philology	2
Science	24
Useful Arts	16
Fine Arts	5
Readers (Above the Third)	27
Poetry	27
Children's Literature	1985
Fiction	5962
Geography	46
Biography	65
History	229
Total	9048

* * * * * * *

SOUTHERN FURNITURE MARKET

Few realize that High Point is the Grand Rapids of the South, with the Southern Furniture Exposition Building, that was opened in 1922. The building has 220,000 square feet of exhibition space in which every thing that it takes to make a "house a home", will be shown National Furniture Week from September 30th to 6th of October.

It is not generally known by the consuming public that two southern states, Virginia and North Carolina, supply approximately one-half of bed-room and dining-room furniture used in the country. With the abundant supply of hardwood lumber, the hydro-electric power, skilled labor, and accessibility to consuming markets by means of the Southern Railroad, the South is the logical location for furniture manufacturing and other wood working industries.

Approximately 300 furniture factories located in the southern states are served directly by the Southern Railroad or branch lines of the Southern Railway.

During National Furniture Week, September 30 to October 5, dealers will display new styles and will arrange special showings in an effort to interest home owners in buying much-needed furniture.

* * * * * * *

THE FAME OF CATSKILL—ON-THE-HUDSON

Washington Irving brought to the attention of the American people the Catskill Mountains in his "Sketch Book", having as the hero, Rip Van Winkle, an easy, good natured, ne'er-do-well, who awakened from a sleep of twenty years to find himself a tottering old man.

The Catskill mountains made the picturesque setting for this story written in the early part of the nineteenth century, dramatized and given color and fame by the superb acting of Joseph Jefferson. Again, the Catskill mountains are given publicity through the columnist, Arthur Brisbane, because of its beautiful spring water that flows abundantly all the year round. The springs rise on the mountain-side and flow through pipes obedient to gravitation. And the one attractive thing is at the quarter no one sends a bill for it. There is no meter so far attached, but that measuring device will come later if there is a vision of possibilities in the minds of the great financiers.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

DO YOUR BEST

"Jes' do your best, and praise or blame
That follers this counts jes' the same;
You may have noted great success
Is mixed with trouble, more or less,
And it's the man who does his best
That gits more kicks than all the rest."

—o—

A tire gets tired and expires with an explosion.

—o—

People wearing wrist watches find time hanging on their hands.

—o—

Men and women are both taking up the law these days. It is the woman that lays it down.

—o—

Of the 200 colonists reported to be unhappy in Alaska, all are said to be Republicans, which of course ought to explain it.

—o—

After looking over newspaper pictures of two beautiful girls in Mississippi that the papers say are being "held by officers," dog-gone if I blame the officers.

—o—

Haile Sellassie announces that his soldiers, under no condition, will cross Italian borders, the suspicion being that they can smell all the garlic they can stand from where they are.

—o—

Many a student works his way through college. It wouldn't hurt any if the colleges would work their way through some of the students.

—o—

With the projected one-mill coin in circulation it will be a joy for us ecoomists to watch the country's boasted devaluators try to cut that down.

—o—

I am told that prosperity is turning the corner so rapidly that centrifugal force may throw several eminent politicians off the band wagon.

—o—

This auto driving expert advice to keep both hands at the wheel "constantly" is all right so long as the girl companion will keep her hands off of the driver.

—o—

It is said that the average well educated American has a vocabulary of 60,000 to 70,000 words. Shucks! The average woman with a vocabulary of 600 to 1,000 words can out talk a man any day in the week.

—o—

A Texas paper tells us that we can not all be weather men, but can still have a reasoable idea of what tomorrow's weather will be. By gosh, you can't do it in North Carolina. This year, however, it's been easy. All you had to do was to say rain to be right niety-nine times out of one hundred.

That an Indiana bridegroom fainted twice during the wedding ceremony supplies sufficient grounds for the terrible suspicion that the designing woman landed on the poor devil at the crucial moment when his resistance was at its lowest.

—o—

Overtax wealth—and you kill initiative, employment and industrial development. Overtax industry—and the consumer finds himself faced with rising prices and declining income. I hope America is not going into economic insanity.

—o—

Fire is everybody's business. We all pay for fire waste—we all benefit when it is reduced. The best friend of fire is public apathy, that permits hazards to grow unchecked, and allows the commonest risks to multiply and get out of hand. Fire prevention should not be regarded as somebody else's business. Foresight and caution impose the same resposibility upon us all.

—o—

The laws of chance are immutable—and every motorist who is deliberately careless, can be certain that eventually he will come a cropper. He may get away with reckless acts a thousand times—the thousand and first time he will pay the price. Gambles with death always lose—the dice are loaded before you start the game. One car in twenty will be the cause of someone's death or maiming this year. Are you going to be the 20th driver?

—o—

People are the most curious things on this earth. They are never satisfied with what they have. Not long ago I saw Aunt Diana, a good old colored soul, "roping" her hair—that's what she said she was doing—to get the kinks out of it so it would look pretty and straight. Just the other day I saw an estimable housewife roastig her hair with a hot iron to put kinks in it, so it would look pretty and crooked. You see how ideas differ as to personal appearance.

—o—

The Federal government has attempted to "spend us back to prosperity." In view of the many unbiased commentators we would have gone along way farther towards recovery had spending been held down—in other words, the government's policy, in their belief, has hindered and not helped the nation. Yet more spending is in prospect—and more taxes. The people want tax reduction. Business wants tax reduction. Investors and workers want tax reduction. Unless it is achieved, the nation's economic future is in the balance.

—o—

The examples of European countries which have adopted socialism and similar doctrines point to the danger of listening to those who would change our time-tested governmental philosophy only to adopt alien theories. Under socialism, communism, fascism and the rest the individual is ruthlessly subjugated—he is simply an instrument of the state, and not a free agent. His rights and liberties are ruthlessly stepped upon—all ambition, initiative and spirit are squeezed out of him by the boot-

heel of dictatorship. America, with its inspiring heritage of freedom, certainly does not want that to happen here.

—o—

A few months ago it looked as if there MIGHT be an Italian-Ethiopian war. Now it looks as if there MUST be war. Pressure and argument by the other great powers has not changed Mussolini's determination one whit—and Ethiopia answers that she will fight for her independence until her last man has met death on the battlefield. Italy wants Ethiopia for one simple reason —natural resources. Today, Italy is dependent on foreign suppliss of raw cotton, oil, iron, copper. Lack of these national essentials—which Ethiopia is supposed to possess—is hampering Italy badly. It's the old case of a big nation going after a small one when the latter has something it can use.

WOMEN DRIVERS

For years women have been subjected to gibes because of their supposed inferiority as automobile drivers. But a recent survey by a national board of casualty underwriters reveals that women drivers figure in far less accidents than men, numbers considered.

Estimates from various sources, including government statistics, indicate that women constitute approximately one-fourth of the total numbers of drivers in the country. Yet, while women represent 25 per cent of the number of drivers, last year they were involved in only 7.63 per cent of the accidents recorded.

In the observance of traffic regulations, women made an even more impressive record. While full statistics are not available, in a dozen large cities only 2.53 per cent of those charged with violations of traffic rules were women. While it may be argued that traffic officers are more lenient toward women violators, an inquiry addressed to a large number of these officers brought responses decidedly favorable to the ladies.

Of the replies received, 78 per cent of the officers considered women more careful drivers than men; 11 per cent thought women equally careful, and only 11 per cent believed women less careful.

So, in the face of the record, it appears that women are much safer drivers than men, after all, when they are actually at the wheel. How safe they may be as back seat drivers is an entirely different matter.—Citizen, Key West, Fla.

WONDERFUL POSSIBILITIES IN WEIRD GYROSCOPE

(The Pathfinder)

What invisible power is it that keeps a bicycle upright, when in motion? Why doesn't it fall over, as it would if left at rest? Ask any professor and he will explain to you that it is "gyroscopic action." That makes it easy, provided you happen to know all about what "gyroscopic action" is—which nobody does, not even the professors. The professors have learned not to be cocksure about anything any more. They have done their best to define atoms, electrons, electricity, space, gravitation and such things—but the wise professor now sidesteps any categorical answer when cornered up. He may take refuge behind his own egotism—like the good Professor Einstein when he said that so few people would understand his theory of "relativity" that it would be a waste of effort to explain it. Professors as a rule quote and re-quote one another. It is very seldom that one of them gets hold of a brand new idea. And when he does he doesn't know what to do with it. He's like Einstein. The world is so apt to laugh at professors when they express a strong opinion on any subject. It was a government professor, a very high up naval officer, who proved by mathematics that no machine which was heavier than air could possibly fly. His pronouncement was published in one of our leading highbrow magazines, and it was quoted all over the world. And so when this professor read in the papers that the Wright boys had actually flown a machine heavier than air, he refused to believe it. He said it was a newspaper sell—like the famous "Balloon Hoax" which Edgar Allan Poe put over a credulous world a century before. The world had a good laugh at this professor when two uneducated boys proved him and all the other scientists wrong, when they took their funny contraption to Washington and actually flew it, before the eyes of the Pathfinder editors and vast crowds of witnesses.

That spanking taught all the professors a much-needed lesson—namely not to be too sure of their discoveries, not to claim a monopoly of knowledge—and at least to be modest and unassuming in the presence of the awe-inspiring basic principles and laws which govern this universe. Hence, the fashion for professors now is to make no positive statements—but always to leave their way of retreat open in case somebody shows them up. We do not mean to belittle the professors or make a joke of learning—far from it. We wish only to cite the facts which show how slowly the truth gains a foothold on this planet. When Galileo discovered with the aid of the first telescope, that the planet Jupiter had a number of tiny moons that revolved around the planet, he was afraid to announce the truth. And so he hid it in a Latin crossword puzzle, which seemed to be nonsense but which, when rear-

ranged, put on record the fact that the earth and the other planets revolve around the sun, and not the sun around the planets. Galileo suffered greatly because of his discoveries—which completely upset the doctrines of the authorities. There is no doubt that in a general way it was known, in learned circles, that the earth must revolve around the sun—but this idea was too revolutionary for the popular mind to accept until education became more general. The Catholic Encyclopedia on this subpect says: "It is the great merit of Galileo that, happily combining experiment with calculation, he opposed the prevailing system, according to which—instead of going direct to nature for investigation of the laws and processes, it was held that these were best learned by authority—especially Aristotle, who was supposed to have spoken the last word upon all such matters."

Galileo, when a young man in Pisa, Italy, noticed that a lamp suspended from the ceiling of the cathedral swaying back and forth with great regularity. This simple observation led him to discover the pendulum. Wasn't that something? With a pendulum, which would beat time, it was a simple matter to make clocks which would keep time with accuracy—a thing which the world at that time had not had. The irrepressible young Galileo, having discovered the pendulum principle in the cathedral, set his brain to work on the "campanile" or bell tower belonging to the cathedral—which was built separately, as in quite a number of Italian cathedrals. This tower, as everybody knows, leans out of plumb a dozen feet. It was not built that way, but the foundation was too small and the ground was soft and this caused the lean. Anyway, this leaning tower gave Galileo a rare chance to test the speed of falling bodies. Up to that time everybody assumed that a pound of lead would fall much faster than a pound of feathers. Then Galileo proved to himself and to all comers that all bodies fall with exactly the same speed—except that a bulky article will be impeded a little by the resistance of the air. The leaning tower of Pisa was an ideal place for his demonstrations. You will notice that it is built in eight stages or galleries. Thus Galielo could have somebody drop different objects from the top of the tower and he could post himself at each of these different galleries and thus check up on the number of seconds required for falling that distance. Without his clock he could never have accomplished this. The discoveries made by Galileo led up to the point where Newton, watching an apple fall from a tree, and others after him, developed the laws of falling bodies—with all that these discoveries opened up. The point here is that such men as Galileo and Newton, by going direct to nature and the actual facts, instead of arguing things in a purely theoretical way, almost created a new world. The laws of falling bodies, when applied to the earth and all the other heavenly bodies, have proved themselves absolutely infallible—and there is no mystery in that field which they cannot explain. Gravitation was found

to be the force which holds the whole universe together. But even at that, nobody yet knows what this force is. Here are plenty of problems for the coming generations to tackle.

It was really a great day back in 1882 when the bicycle was invented. In that year Prof. W. R. Johnson, an Englishman, was playing with a rapidly spinning bicycle wheel and he noticed that it seem to defy the laws of gravitation. That is, it would stand right up as long as it was spinning, and would fall over as soon as the speed was reduced low enough. Professor Johnson did not dare to announce to the world that he had stumbled on something entirely new. In fact he thought so little of his great discovery that he called it a "toy"—the "gyroscope top." For years this toy was sold for 50 cents—and eventually it came down to a dime. The toy consists of a wheel about two inches in diameter, with a heavy rim or tire. This wheel is mounted in a ring which surrounds it—and this ring is mounted in a second ring, which surrounds the first one. A piece of string is wound around the axle of the wheel and the wheel is spun very rapidly, the same as other tops. This top, when placed on a small support, will behave in a very peculiar manner. The top soon runs down—but if you will rig up a motor to keep the wheel running indiefinitely you will have the basis of another great invention—namely the gyroscope compass.

The ordinary compass is subject to many variations, and it sometimes cuts up and fools mariners—when there is too much magnetic iron in the neighborhood. Navigators had long wished for some instrument which would be absolutely reliable as a guide by which to shape their course, through all kinds of weather. The gyroscope idea was invented in 1882—but it was 30 years before this idea was seized upon by the mariners and put to good use. The first real test of this compass was made on a steamer making a trip from New York to Norfolk, Va. The test was so convincing that such compasses were soon adopted by our navy. Later the other navies grabbed the idea too—first England, then Japan, then France, then Italy, and later Russia and other nations.

The beauty about the gyro compass is that it can be hidden away in some remote and well-protected part of a ship, and this "master compass" can be connected up electrically so that the compass readings can be shown by indicators in as many other parts of the vessel as needed. Not only that, but the compass machinery makes a record of exactly the way the ship has been steered. This record can later be hauled out and used as proof in case a congressional committee or other investigators ask questions. In fact, the exact course of any ship can be plotted out in advance—on shore if necessary—and the gyro compass can be adjusted to steer the vessel so as to exactly follow that course. If there are any deviations from this course, the fact is shown by the records, as already stated.

Having developed the gyro toy for the benefit of ocean navigation, the next step was to adapt it for use in

air navigation. And here it is even more useful. On the sea a vessel is in very little danger as long as it avoids rocks and other well known menaces to navigation. But in the air a sudden fog or storm may make the journey very hazardous. At night the flying conditions become vastly more difficult. Ordinary compasses are of some value, but they cannot be depended upon when the flying gets too "thick." But the gyro toy solves the problem. It makes it possible to "fly blind" almost anywhere you want to go. The course has to be plotted in advance, with ample and exact knowledge of all the dangers and the conditions. Then the gyro compass can be set to steer the plane so as to follow that course. In the air we have our troubles and dangers multiplied. Driving an auto for instance, is simple compared to flying, for the reason that all the driver has to do is to stick to the roads and observe the safety rules, etc. If he veers too much to the right or left he is going to meet plenty of trouble. But he is in no danger of climbing up into the air or of zooming down and crashing with some other plane or some obstacle on a lower level. The gyro compass not only controls the plane in its motion to right or left but also its motion up or down. Huge gyroscopes have been installed in ocean vessels for the purpose of steadying the boat and making sea travel more attractive to people liable to seasickness. But this invention, while scientifically O. K., is not of enough practical value to warrant the cost, added weight and space required. An American named Brennan invented a gyroscope car which would run on a single suspended wire without falling off.

A gyroscope, when set spinning rapidly and put in a certain position, will resist all efforts to make it stay in any other direction. It is this superior force which prevents a bicycle from falling over as long as it is in motion. The gyroscopic action is stronger than the force of gravity, for the time being. Place the gyro top on a tight string and it will stick right there. It is a pity that the possibilities of this most revolutionary scitentfic toy have not been studied more thoroughly and put to more use. If you will keep a gyro going for 24 hours you will find that it has made one complete revolution on its axis—which corresponds to the revolution of the earth in that time. A a matter of fact Foucault, the great French physicist, had demonstrated the principle of the gyroscope as far back as 1855. He led up to this by suspending a very long pendulum in such a delicate way that when once started to swinging, it would continue to swing in the same plane for many hours. In this way, he was the first to prove scientifically that the earth revolves on its axis once in about 24 hours. This demonstration has been repeated in many places since Foucault's time—including Washington, D. C. when Foucauult pointed the gyroscope's axis to the sun, it kept pointing to that luminary absolutely without change. In that case the position of the gyroscope with reference to the surroundinge did change. On the other hand when he pointed the gyroscope's axis to the north

star, the gyroscope did not change with reference to the surroundings. In other words, when the axis of the gyroscope and the axis of the earth were pointing the same way, the earth and the top both spun exactly the same way. These conditions could only be fulfilled if the earth turned on its axis once a day.

Here we have a compass which is as independent of earthly conditions as if it was suspended freely in space. Gravity is not annihilated, of course. It is suspedend, or rather neutralized. This is more easily understood if we can have a real gyroscope to experiment with. Gyroscopes of this sort have been made and very successfully used by magicians and other entertainers. One of them, which we will describe, is known as the "wrestling gyro." For instance, in one style of apparatus, a regular bicycle wheel is used. But the tire is replaced by a piece of lead pipe, which is securely bound to the rim of the wheel by wire. This wheel is then mounted in a casing of tin or other thin metal in which it can freely revolve at high speed. Before the apparatus is exhibited, the wheel is set in very rapid motion, by means of a motor which acts on the axle. This is done without the knowledge of the audience. When the encased wheel is exhibited, nobody knows what is inside. The observers do not suspect that they have a gyroscope weighing some 30 pounds to deal with and that they are about to wrestle with a law of nature which they are entirely unfamiliar with. The affair looks so simple and inoffensive that it arouses no suspicion of trickery. The wisest professor would be deceived by it.

The astonishment comes when someone in the audience who thinks he is exta strong and smart is invited to lay the apparatus down. He tries his best but he can't do it. It resists every effort he makes. In fact, the more he pushes it, the more it resists his strength. In seeming defiance of the law of gravitation and all the other familiar laws, the tin casing will stand right up on its edge. Now, there is a little secret and if one of the audeince knows this secret he can wrestle with the "wrestling gyro" and throw it with one hand—not only with one hand but with a slight push of a finger. What's the idea? According to a strange law which gyroscopes obey, any force or pressure which is exerted at the top of the casing will be shifted a quarter of the way around, instead of taking effect at the point of contact. By this most singular state of things, all the force which a person exerts on the casing reacts against that person's strength. The more force he exerts, the more resistance he gets. In this way he is really working against his own strength. However, if he gives a slight push to the casing at a point farther down, below the center, he will easily lay it on its back—for here he will be working with the force of gravity instead of against it.

Let us hope that the professors, the inventors, the scienttsis and the learned people generally, will keep right on uearthing all the new things they can. How interesting such things are! What a "kick" there is in learning facts and truths

which have never been brought to light before, or which have not been put to full use. The strongest whisky can boast of no such power to produce new thrills and sensations. It is a crime to bring up the next generation in such a way that they remain ignorant of the multitude of wonders with which they are surrounded. Our educational system thus far can be rated almost a 100 per cent failure in this respect. The vast majority of people—young and old—are more interested in some brutal prize fight, movie scandal or murder than they are in the things which furnish nourishing food for the mental appetite.

IF WE ONLY UNDERSTOOD

If we knew the cares and trials,
  Knew the efforts all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment;
  Understood the loss and gain—
Would the grim eternal roughness
  Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Should we help where now we hinder?
  Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
  Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
  Is less turbid at its source;
Seeing not amid the evil
  All the golden grains of good,
And we'd love each other better
  If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives
  That surround each other's lives;
See the naked heart and spirit,
  Know what spur the action gives—
Often we would find it better,
  Purer than we judge we should;
And we'd love each other better
  If we only understood.

—Rudyard Kipling.

OUR CONSTITUTION

(Selected)

On September 11, 1786, a convention was held at Annapolis, Md., commissioners from only five States attended this meeting. After discussing the questions of Intercolonial commerce and alterations in the Articles of Confederation, the convention adjourned, after recommending that a convention of all the States be called for the purpose of rendering 'the Constitution of the Federal Government." This eventually led to the Constitutional convention in 1787.

But before this, the first continental congress met in the now ancient Carpenter's hall, Setpember 5, 1774, the second, met in the state house, and there, on June 15, 1775, Washington was appointed commander-in-Chief of the continetal army. In the year 1787 delegates from all the different states assembled here, and, afer almost four months of debate behind closed doors, adopted a constitution for the United States, September 17, 1787.

Since that memorable day held in the ancient Carpenter's hall in Philadelphia, men have fought and died, endured incomprehensible hardships, and suffered privations, for God and country and to uphold and defend the Costitution of the United States of America, to foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the past wars; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mual helpfulness; and to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom, and democracy.

This, our, Federal Constitution of the United States of America, is not only the supreme law of the land, but comprehends within itself the whole of that law.

Fill your lungs with heaven's pure air, your mind with elevating thoughts, your heart with love, and you will have joy for your journeying, peace for your pathway, time for your tasks, wisdom for your work, friends for your fireside, love to the last, and the eternal heaven for your home.—Selected.

GETTING THE MOST OUT OF LIFE

By John Edwin Price

The first word in the above title is GETTING. The first thing a baby does when it arrives here is to yell. The next thing, it usually opens its mouth to GET something. The law of self-preservation is the first law of life. And is it not true that in life's later years there can be no intelligent giving or sharing if in the earlier years there has not been some thoughtful getting or acquring? And since the world always needs some helpful people, especially in times of crisis, let us not be so quick to run down those who have, with justice, practiced the arts of getting and saving.

However, some have hit upon this idea and have proceeded to let it occupy their sole attention to the exclusion of the rest of the title to this editorial, namely, "The Most Out of Life."

We are all interested in getting. Everyone is naturally selfish. Some are intelligently selfish. In other words there is a higher and a lower selfishness. The lower selfishness incites to a grabbing of more material things than one needs. The lower type of selfishness often thwarts, maims, bruises, crushes others to gain its ends.

On the other hand the higher selfishness seeks the more indirect way of gaining life's more durable and real values which through various forms of giving (call it investing of you will) heals, helps, assists and enlarges life for others.

The lower selfishness, if practiced by the majority of persons the most of the time, would make life as a whole, a literal burning, searing, torturing hell on earth.

The higher selfishness, practiced by even fifty-one per cent of the peopls of earth for only fifty-one per cent of the time would ere long make of this warring world, love's dwelling place. Then the angels in Heaven might become jealous of earth for God himself would be living here the most of the time.

No wonder the higher selfishness has been called unselfishness. St. Paul advised, "Set thy chief affections on things above." Jesus Christ recommended treasures where there can be no corrosion or decay or thievery.

Some of these riches are an abundance of courage, friendliness, faith, hope and love. In getting the most out of life the wise person will develop all his natural powers to the utmost. He will cultivate some lasting friendships among the folks in books as well as the neighborhood. He will practice moderation in all things. He will cultivate the cheerful mood and the tolerant spirit. He will play and work and worship. He will practice the mood of prayer.

Real beauty needs no cosmetics.—Selected.

THAT A. B. DEGREE

(Charity and Children)

There is no question but that the dropping of mathematics as a requirement for the A. B. degree by the University of North Carolina means that the old A. B. degree is not what she used to be. It does not follow that substituting Latin or Greek is jumping from the frying pan into the fire. As a rule a mind that takes readily to languages has it hard in mathematics while a mind that is especially gifted in mathematics finds languages next to impossible. Those college professors may know a little about psychology after all. This adaptation of the college course to the need of the student will bring back into the curriculum the fast fading study of Latin and Greek. We hail the step with gladness as it is putting the welfare of the student ahead of a stereotyped course of study that a student is forced to take whether it is adapted to his particular type of mind or not. It is not as some claim evading hard subjects; it is the recognition of the truth of Holy Writ which says that God gave gifts to men and an honest effort to develop those gifts that are there instead of developing gifts that are not there. If the old and honored A. B. degree loses some of its prestige it will be a loss, but we will be reconciled to the loss of prestige of the degree if the student receives a better cultivation. After all there is no law against a man's becoming a scholar if he so desires; and if he is a real scholar people will not stop to enquire about the number of units in his makeup.

THE LARGER FELLOWSHIP

We bridge earth's mighty rivers and we cross its widest seas,
Thread its tropic wilderness and its deserts brown and bare,
Dare the dreary polar region with its bergs and arctic air,
Span with iron rails the continent and ride upon the breeze,
Looking down upon the mountains, Alps, Himalaya, Pyranees.
Let us bridge our prejudices, conquer all the seas of hate,
Despite our clannish spites and fears, our racial prides abate.
And frown upon our littleness as righteous love decrees.
Let us own a commonwealth embracing all the human race.
See the oneness of the nature that is pulsing in our blood
Behind the tongues and features that distinguish race and clan.
From the universal Father let us supplicate a grace
That shall sweep away our enmities as with a mighty flood
And merge our lesser loyalties in brotherhood of man.

—Frank Brooks Cowgill.

THE FORGOTTEN CHILD

(Charity and Children)

There is one child in North Carolina who has no friend in the whole world. The state is doing nothing for him and the relgious and fraternal groups are doing nothing for him. His case is pitiable beyond words. He is too intelligent for the state school at Kinston and not intelligent enough to master the courses offered in the public schools. He is not vicious (at present) for one of the state's corrective schools. No provision in the world is made for him. If the child is a girl, her condition is all the more pitiable. The orphanages of the state do not want such children. They do not want to have the mentally deficient in their large groups of children. They have no provision for such. They do not send such children away when they are discovered in the group, having been taken in before it could be determined that they were of the mentally deficient, but they do not admit such knowingly.

What becomes of these children when they grow up? That is an easy one. The boys find their way to convict camps. A great per cent of the convicts of the state have been recruited from this class. The state forgets them as long as possible but eventually has to recognize their existence. These boys have a way of growing up into men. They like to ride in automobiles. They like to wear good clothes. They like to go places. Never having had any training whereby they could obtain some of these things through honest labor they resort to thievery and banditry. The state is not allowed to forget them permanently but expends huge sums of money on them, a fraction of which would have saved them to useful citizenship if it had been done in time.

The girl cannot always be ignored. Girls have a way of growing up into women. They like good clothes and some social life. What is more they are going to have them. It is a short sighted policy that the state, religious bodies, and fraternal orders are following in refusing to lend a helping hand to them while they are young and teachable. The state, religious groups and fraternal orders are playing the ostrich by burying their heads in the sand while these girls are crying for bread. The day will come when they will have to take account of them. The great army of fallen women is receiving daily recruits from this class. They can be taught to become useful citizens but are, by neglect, being made into harlots.

We are not criticizing our schools, we are not criticizing our orphanages. We know that we have no provision for them but we ought to make provision. They constitute our most dependent and needy class and it is a foolish state and a strange Christianity that utterly ignores them.

MOTHER'S VACATION

By Mrs. Frank Blackmore

"I will do it," said Mrs. Jessup, and she let the book she had been reading fall into her lap, and set her lips in a firm line.

She picked up the book and read the last sentences again: "Every mother should see to it that in her great love for her children she does not allow them to become helpless, selfish, shorn of all responsibility. It is just as unwise to do too much for a child as too little, and the mother who has shielded her child from every hardship sends it out into the world with a poor preparation to meet the vicissitudes of life."

She shut the book a trifle impatiently.

"Is it true?" she thought. "Have I been doing for my children what they should have done for themselves? I'm not quite sure, but I'll try it anyway."

* * * *

The Jessup family were not early risers, but it was a rule of the house that they should all be present at the eight o'clock breakfast. Accordingly, we find the entire family seated about the table next morning just as the clock chimed eight. There was Rob, the eldest, a boy of twenty, Winifred, seventeen; Harriet, fifteen, and Jimmie, twelve. The father, a shrewd business man of fifty, sat at one end of the table opposite Mrs .Jessup, who seemed preoccupied and took little part in the conversation until Winifred said, "Oh, mother, I asked Sallie Jones and her brother and their guests to come to dinner tonight. I thought you'd manage, even if it is Martha's night out. It was the only night they could come."

Then the bomb exploded in their midst.

"You will have to get along without me," said Mrs. Jessup quietly. "I'm going on a little trip. I leave at one-ten."

There was absolute silence at first. Mr. Jessup set his cup down so quickly it splashed coffee over the cloth, while Rob, wo was pouring cream on his oatmeal, forgot to stop when the dish was full. The girls fairly gasped in their astonishment, and Jimmie mumbled something with his mouth full. Mr. Jessup was the first to speak.

"Why, mother, where are you going? Is anything the matter?"

"I'm going to have a vacation. I'm going to Boston at first, I think, and I'm not sure of my movements after that."

"After that!" gasped Winifred "How long do you intend to be gone?"

"Oh, I haven't decided," said mother calmly. "It all depends, and, John, I'll take a check for $250, please; if I need more, I'll wire you."

"Two hundred and fifty! Isn't that a good deal?"

"I don't think so. You see, we've been married twenty-two years, and I've only been away five times in all, and never alone, and for my own pleasure. I think, John, your yearly jaunts with the Fishing Club average at least $200. I'll probably need

more before I get back, but I can wire."

"But mother, how'll we ever get along without you? Who'll keep house?" asked Rob.

"Martha is pretty capable, you know, Rob, and Winifred must do the managing. She's seventeen now; it's time she learned."

"But, mother," wailed Jimmie "I don't want Winifred to take care of me if I get sore throat, and I just know I'll have stone-bruises, and she won't care a bit. She'll act just like she did when I went in swimming and skinned my back."

"I'll look out for you, Jim," said Harriet. "Win shan't boss us, either."

"But, mother," said Winifred, "what about the dinner tongiht? What shall I do?"

"I'm sure I don't know. If you had spoken about it, I would have told you."

"But I never thought of such a thing. Mother, you never do go away."

"I never have gone!" corrected mother with a smile. "What never has been, may be, you know. We'll have luncheon at twelve, and then I'll get away in plenty of time. Now I'll go finish packing."

Left alone, consternation settled upon the family. What could it mean? Mother, who had always stayed at home when the rest had gone, who had never seemed to have any wishes of her own, except to do for others! Mother, to say in such a matter-of-fact way, "I'm going for a little trip!" They almost doubted the evidence of their senses. Winifred flew to the phone and countermanded her dinner invitations.

"Mother has been called away suddenly," she said. "So sorry, but we never could manage it without her."

Mother was invisible all morning, and how the time dragged! At noon she came down dressed in a pretty gray suit for traveling. Her cheeks were pink with excitement.

"How pretty you look, mother!" said Rob. "I never noticed before how good looking you are." And they all looked at her as if their eyes had been suddenly opened.

"You'll write, Mary," said John Jessup as he bade his wife good-bye at the station.

"At least as often as you do when you are away," smiled Mrs. Jessup, and then the conductor shouted, "All aboard!" and mother was gone, and none of them saw when her smile faded and two big tears rolled down her cheeks.

Mother was gone. The very aspect of the house seemed changed. Nothing went smoothly. Even Martha seemed less efficient than usual. Winifred spent all her time keeping house, and went to bed at night discouraged. They all missed her, but John Jessup wandered from room to room, or went in despair to the club. For twenty years Mary Jessup had been always at home. He had taken her as a matter of course, and had only now begun to reailze that it was her presence that made his comfort and happiness.

"How does mother do it, "Rob?" Winifred said one day to her brother. "She's always doing something for all of us. She's busy from morn-

ing till night. I don't do half of her work, and I'm too tired to go out or enjoy anything. I've made up my mind to one thing, when she comes back she's not going to have so much to do. I'm going to take care of my own things and take some of her re-responsibilities besides."

"We've been a pretty helpless family," said Rob. "Let's all of us try to save mother some."

"She shall have everything she wants except another vacation," said father, looking up from the paper he had not been reading.

Mother had written from Boston, and then not again for a week, when another short note came saying that she was enjoying her vacation and hoped they were getting along all right without her.

As for mother, she was taking her vacation in a beautiful big building covered with ivy and set in a nest of green lawn, gay wth flower-beds with great trees shading the spacious verandas. The attendants wore blue gowns, white aprons and caps and stepped softly through the halls. And when the Jessup family was reading the second from mother, she was lying white and weak, in her room enjoying her vacation.

"I wonder," she said to the white-capped attendant, "how they're getting on at home without me. I do hope the girls will look after Jimmie. He's subject to croup and he might have it even in summer. I'm glad I'm getting on so well. In three weeks I can go home."

"No!" in answer to a question, "I could not tell them and have them worry about me. Nobody but Martha knows where I am."

At last a telegram arrived.

"I will be home today. Meet me. Mother."

In the meantime, a white-capped nurse had slipped a letter into the mail box, a letter direct to John Jessup—a letter that he read and handed to Winfred without a word.

It was a family of tears very near the surface that gathered to meet mother, and, with tednerness unknown before, welcome her home.

"Oh, mother," said Jimmie, "It sure has been awful without you, but we're all going to look out for you now, and Winifred and Harriet have learned a lot about keeping house."

"I rather think it was good for the family," said mother, "but I don't believe I ever want another vacation."

Taxes are indeed very heavy, but if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others. We are taxed twice as much by the time we waste, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly.

—Benjamin Franklin.

AMERICA LEADS IN CRIME

(Mecklenburg Times)

No nation in the world since the beginning of time has had so much crime as in America today, according to a statement made to the Charlotte Rotary Club Tuesday by Dr. Thomas W. Lingle, member of the history department of Davidson college. He was speaking on the conditions of Europe, and claimed that people were much safer from trouble in those countries than they are in America.

He listed crime as the first problem in this country and enumerated several other problems which we have that are not bothering the Europeans. In his opinion we are not going to solve this problem by pointing out the public enemies and giving them priority numbers for the Federal agents to work on. It is a matter of education and will take a long while to solve.

Somehow or other we are of the opinion that crime has about reached its peak in this country and that, in proportion to population, we are going to see a decline of crime in this country from now on. Educational institutions are giving the matter more thought and the cities and local governments are offering more and better training for the young people with the hope that they will not turn to crime for a living, but will spend their lives in useful occupations.

There is much to be done before it will be as safe for tthe citizens of this country for their lives and their property as it is in other countries, not even excepting China.

WORRY

Today is that Tomorrow
  You feared so, yesterday.
And cares you tried to borrow
  You find have slipped away.
Remember how you fretted
  At things that might befall?
And what was it, you netted?
  You aged yourself—that's all!
We have enough of trouble
  From which we cannot flee,
So let's not make it double
  Through cares we think we see,
Let's not in fear be sinking—
  Be brave, and don't be glum.
But sweeten life, by thinking
  Of cares that will not come.

—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

We are indebted to Mrs. George H. Richmond and Mr. Sam Goodman, of Concord, for a number of magazines sent to the School last week. This is fine reading material and will be greatly enjoyed by the boys.

—o—

Francis Trexler, who left the School September 23, 1932, called on us last Firday. He is now employed as waiter in the Yadkin Hotel coffee shop, Salisbury, and tells us he is getting along very nicely.

—o—

Leroy Janey, one of our old boys, visited his brother here last Wednesday. While at the School Leroy was in Cottage No. 2, and left the institution about one and one-half years ago. He reported that he is employed in a cedar mill in Greensboro and is getting along well.

—o—

As we go to press we regret to learn of the illness of Mrs. L. S. Presson, matron in charge of the Receiving Cottage, who is confined to the cottage by an attack of pneumonia. The latest report coming to us is that she is resting comfortably and showing slight improvement.

—o—

Thad L. Jackson, of Washington, N. C., a former member of our printing class, called on friends at the School last Friday. He was paroled in 1928, and for several years after returning to his home, was engaged in farming. Jackson reports that at the present time he is engaged as a tobacco buyer for the Washington branch of the American Tobacco Company.

—o—

Horace Pethel, who was permitted to return to his home in January, 1931, visited the School last week. He reports that he is now living in Salisbury, where he is engaged in part time work as steam shovel operator, working on one of the relief projects in that community.

—o—

Millard Owenby, of Cottage No. 1, who was taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, about two weeks ago for treatment of a bone infection in his leg, underwent an operaiton last Monday. The latest report from that institution states that Millard is resting comfortably and getting along well.

—o—

Everett Wheeler, formerly of Cottage No. 4, stopped in to see old friends at the School one day last week.

He was paroled about seven years ago; is now twenty-one years old, and is married.

At present he is employed as weaver in a cotton mill in Kanapolis, where he has been working two years.

—o—

Harley W. Rabon, age twenty years, formerly of Cottage No. 3, who was paroled April 7, 1932, called on friends at the School last Wednesday afternoon.

Since leaving the institution, Harley has been employed in a hosiery

mill and as second cook in a Wilmington hotel.

Last February he enlisted in the United States Army, and at the present time is a member of Troop E, Third Cavalry, stationed at Fort Meyer, Va.

He is enjoying a furlough and is spending the time with relatives in Burlington.

We were all glad to see this young trooper and to learn that he is getting along well.

—o—

The hay crop at the Training School has been abundant this year. The barns are filled to the rafters and great quantities are being placed in stacks nearby.

To see the huge loads of fine hay passing through the campus en route to the barn brings to mind our own experience in the hayfield while on the farm. It is quite an art to be able to build up a good-looking load of hay, and the man on the farm who could build the largest and neatest looking load, was acclaimed as sort of a neighborhood champion.

Judging from the appearance of some of the loads of lespedeza hay passing our window daily for the past week, we are of the opinion that among our farm boys there must be several expert loaders.

We are delighted to see such a large supply fo hay as it is a very important feed item at the School. The daily allowance for one cow is estimated at 15 pounds, which amounts to 450 pounds per month or 5,400 pounds consumed during the year. Multiplying this by one hundred, (fifty milch cows; and allowing proportionate amounts for dry cattle and young stock) would give some idea of the amount of hay needed for the dairy alone, to say nothing of feeding 20 horses and mules.

—o—

It is often quite interesting to note the boys' attitude toward the School and the effort being made for their improvement and development while here. On a recent visit of the parents of one of our boys, they questioned him concerning what he wished to do upon leaving the School. His reply was that he wanted to return home and complete his education, then come back and become an employee of the institution, preferably that of school teacher.

This lad, by the way, has made an excellent record since coming to us. At the time of his admission to the School he was absolutely beyond the control of his parents, and many were the supplications for entrance. The parents are now greatly pleased with the change in his attitude and have great hopes for his future.

—o—

Rev. Will J. Roach, pastor of Covenant Presbyterian Church, Lowell, conducted the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read I Cor. 3:10-17, and the subject of his talk to the boys was, "Building Temples."

Rev. Mr. Roach began by stating that in all ages of the world, vast sums of money have been spent in the erection of splendid buildings dedicated to the various gods of the world, where people might assemble to worship them. The most magnifi-

cent of these structures was the Temple of Solomon.

Many of these temples, said the speaker, in spite of the money, genius and art employed in their construction, have now crumbled into dust, very few traces being left to show that they ever existed. He then told the boys that each one of them, whether he wanted to or not, was constructing a temple, and that temple could be made good or bad, just as the builder chose to make it.

At the time of the building of Solomon's Temple, said Rev. Mr. Roach, people thought they must have a certain place in which to gather in order to get in touch with God, while we have been taught that God is everywhere, and that we can go to Him for guidance at any time.

The speaker further stated that God has intended for each one of us to build a temple, not as spacious as the one built by Solomon, but a building that God has said belongs to Him, and should be dedicated to His service—the temple of our own bodies and minds. In this house God's spirit wants to dwell and if we do as He wishes, we, therefore, become living temples. Now if we are to become living temples, why not build according to God's specifications as found in the Bible?

The first thing to be considered in this building of ours is the foundation, said the speaker. Every man has a chance to build a temple, and upon the length of time he has in which to build depends the soundness of the structure. Just as in the erection of great sky-scrapers, where the foundations sometimes go as far into the ground as the buildings tower in thhe air, the foundation for our temple must be deep-rooted enough to support the structure. If the foundation is not secure, the temple must surely fall.

There is only one foundation rock for us to build upon, said Rev. Mr. Roach, and that is Jesus Christ. There is no other foundation upon which we can afford to build such a precious thing as a life. No man should hesitate to build upon this foundation, for it has been tried and found to be secure. What would it profit a man to try to build a life upon something which is sure to give way, thereby wrecking that life?

The next important thing about a building, continued the speaker, is the cornerstone. In many material buildings we see a corner-stone which tells exactly what that particular building is, when erected, etc. In this spiritual house of ours we should accept Jesus Christ as the corner-stone, and let it be placed right out in front to let people know just where we stand.

Another thing to be considered in this building are the materials to be used. A building must be in accord with its foundation, therefore, nothing must be placed in it that would not do honor to the foundation. This structure is to be tried by the ravages of time and the fire of eternity, and it is necessary that the materials that go to make it up should be selected with the greatest care. The many things that go into our lives are interwoven. If we neglect a single item, the temple is weakened.

Many buildings, said the speaker,

look very good on the outside, but on the inside they are poorly constructed. When building this thing we call character, let us see that the materials are of the very best, and that it looks as well on the inside as on the outside. The great question confronting us today is what do we look like on the inside? What kind of thoughts are in our minds? If a person, no matter how nice he looks outwardly, is not clean inside, there is not much hope for him. The world looks on the exteral, but God looks on the internal part of man.

There are three things, said the speaker, that we must put in the temple of our souls—just as we often see statues in a great building; they are: (1) The statue of faith—a cross; (2) a statue of hope—an anchor; (3) a statue of love, the greatest of all—represented by a heart.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Roach stated that God wants to dwell in this spiritual house of ours, therefore, we should leave a place for Him. Unlike material buildings, this temple of the soul, when God is permitted to live within, does not become a crumbling ruin when we die, but lives on throughout the boundless realms of eternity.

We were delighted to have had Rev. Mr. Roach with us on this occasion, and feel sure our boys derived great benefit from his helpful and inspiring message. The fact that in addition to his duties as a minister of the Gospel, he has been actively engaged in Boy Scout work for nearly twenty-five years, proves beyond a doubt he is a great lover of boys, and his address here last Sunday very clearly showed that he knows how to talk to them in a maner that will help them along the highway of life.

This was Rev. Mr. Roach's first visit to the School and we want to take this opportunity to thank him for his kindly interest in the work being carried on here, assuring him at the same time that a most cordial welcome awaits him whenever he may find it convenient to visit us again.

If I can live in simple comfort and owe no man, sharing intimately with loved ones life's varied experiences; if I can bring a touch of healing and a clearer outlook into the trials and problems of those with whom I mingle; if I can humbly undertake public service when the public calls me, caring neither too much nor too little for popular approval; if I can give spiritual values always the first place, and gladly sink from sight, like a bit of leaven, that others might be elevated—then will this experiment of living yield in full measure the true wealth of contentment and happiness.—Alfred Osborne.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since July 7, 1935.

Week Ending September 29, 1935

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(6) Arthur Boyette 7
(3) Floyd Combs 3
(6) William Dillon 6
(5) Alden Jones 6
Wilson Myrick
(13) Earl Rogers 13
(7) Richard Sullivan 12
(13) Ashley Thompson 13

COTTAGE No. 1

William Anders 2
William Goodson 12
Claude McLaughlin 9
(4) Millard Owenby 12
Charles Pepper 2
Latha Warren 2
Eugene Whitt 10
(3) Everett Williamson 10
Wiley Willoughby 5
(13) Harvard Winn 13

COTTAGE No. 2

William Adkins 6
(2) Arthur Craft 2
(2) Thomas Horton 6
Clyde Kivett 6
Vasco Robinson 7
Fred Seibert 7
(3) Y. V. Spates 8

COTTAGE No. 3

Emerson Barnhill 5
(8) William Barber 9
Barney Caviness 5
Charles Furchess 5
(5) Marcellus Gurganus 10
(7) Percy Gurganus 9
Eugene Green 2
Edgar Hatley
Jesse Holleman 3
Claude Hicks 5
(8) Frank Hutchins 10
Thomas Reavis 5
Harvey Watson 5
Thomas Wilson 4
(3) D. C. Winston 6

COTTAGE No. 4

Carlton Calloway 3
(3) Clyde Dixon 8
Wayne Fowler 3
(2) William Hill 8
(2) Ralph Johnson 11
(2) William Justice 8
(3) Thomas Little 8
Thomas Maness 2
Joel Moore
(4) Joseph McPherson 4
(2) Robert Orrell 5
Elmo Parrish 2
(4) Robert Penland 6
(2) Clyde Reece 2
Richard Sprinkle 5
(2) Melvin Walters 8
Hubert Williams 6
Wheeler Sturdivant 12

COTTAGE No. 5

(2) Ogburn Cason 2
William Cassell 5
(4) Max Cecil 10
Jack Freeman 4
(4) Bert Ferguson 5
(2) William Hare 3
Paul Johnson 7
(5) George Kye 11
Louis Tarkington 10
(2) Robert Worthington 8

COTTAGE No. 6

Earl Barnes 6
(6) Earl Bass 7
Jesse Cleveland 10
Leo Forrester 6
Vernon Hubbard 4
Robert Keith 3
(3) Leonard Melton 5
James Stepp 5

COTTAGE No. 7

(2) Boyd Barringer 4
William Beach 3
(13) Caleb Hill 13
Houston Howard 4
Perry Harvell 2
Martin Hicks 2
Joseph Long 4
Kenneth Messick 5
Ralph McCracken
(3) R. B. Norton 5
Theodore Nines 9
(10) Douglas Wilkes 11

COTTAGE No. 8

(5) Charles Banks 10
Clyde Bolton 3
Sam Belk 6
(2) George Chambers 7
(3) Thomas Hudson 10
(2) Guy Lewis 4
(2) Luther Pierce 6
(4) Ernest Rivenbark 4

COTTAGE No. 9

Eugene Alexander
Joseph Brooks 3
Charles Crotts 5
(4) Woodfin Fowler 9
(12) Frank Hall 12
(4) Hoyette Hudson 8
Levi Merritt 4
(6) Ben Overby 11
(4) Homer Smith 9
(2) Bryan Williams 7
(9) Richard Wrenn 9

COTTAGE No. 10

James Bell 4
(3) Jack Carver 5
(6) Norwood Cockerham 9
(3) J. B. Grooms 3
David Kirksey 4
William Knight 2
(5) Marvin Miller 7
(7) James Patterson 7
(9) Charles Pollard 11

COTTAGE No. 11

(10) Everett Bell 10
(7) Charles Bowman 7
Lewis Crawford 11
Robert Farmer 5
(6) Bennie Holland 12
Warren Holleman 6
(12) David Hodge 12
(6) James Montford 12
(2) Norman McGee 6
James Rector 3
Theodore Rector 3
Grady Shields 2
(5) Eldridge Ward 10

COTTAGE No. 12

(4) Earl Atwood 10
(4) James Douglas 11
Marvin Edwards
(5) Horace Faulkner 10
Alfred Holleman 8
Basil Johnson 8
(4) Edward Lockamy 10
Glenn O'Quinn 9
Eli Philemon 9
(4) Andrew Powell 7
(3) Homer Quick 9
(4) William Stevens 6
(4) Lonnie Sloan 7
(5) Thomas Welch 12
Olive Weaver 7

COTTAGE No. 13

(3) Boyd Baker 3
(8) Jennings Norris 11
(5) Linwood Potter 7
(13) Howard Wilson 13

COTTAGE No. 14

Clarence Ashburn 6
Nelson Daubenmeyer
Hobart Johnson 3
Stacy Long 3
J. C. Mobley 4

COTTAGE No. 15

(3) Robert Alexander 10
Marvin Ashe 3
(3) John Caddell 8
(2) Earl Chambers 9
George Gibson 5
Montford Glassgow
George Hill 4
(2) Wilson Medlin 7
Walter Mitchell 3
(2) George McManus 8
Marvin Malcom 4
Edward Martin 6
James McCracken

Harley Pennell 7
Paul Rhodes 2
Marshall Scoggins 5
Richard Tysinger 8

(10) Winfred Whitlock 10
Richard Wilder 2
(3) Roy Wyrick 8
(2) Frank Wakefield 7

THE WORLD'S RIVERS

The Tiber is only 230 miles long.

The world-famous Orontes is only 240 miles long.

The Zambezi, in South America, is 1800 miles long.

Slow rivers flow at the rate of three to seven miles per hour.

Twelve creeks in the United States bear the name of Rhine.

The Ganges is 1,570 miles long, and drains an area of 750,000 square miles.

The Hudson river, from its source to the ocean, is 400 miles in length.

The branches of the Mississippi have an aggregate length of 15,000 miles.

For over 1,200 miles the Nile does not receive a single tributary system.

The River Jordan has its origin in one of the largest springs in the world.

In islands of too small size to have rivers, creeks are dignified by that name.

The Connecticut, the principal stream of New England, is 450 miles in length.

During a single flood of the Yangste Kiang, in China, 600,000 people were drowned.

The most extensive protective river works in Europe are at the mouth of the Danube.

The Rhine is only 960 miles long, but drains a territory nearly double the area of Texas.

The Irish, in Siberia, in 2,200 miles in length and drains 600,000 miles of territory.—Selected.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA R

THE UPLIFT

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 12, 1935 No. 41

THE DAY AND THE WORK

There is waiting a work where only your hands can avail;
And so, if you falter, a chord in the music will fail.
We may laugh to this sky, we may lie for an hour in the sun;
But we dare not go hence till the labor appointed is done.

To each man is given a marble to carve for the wall;
A stone that is needed to heighten the beauty of all;
And only his soul has the magic to give it a grace;
And only his hands have the cunning to put it in place.

—Edwin Markham.

——PUBLISHED BY——
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAI

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE LESSON COUMBUS TAUGHT

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave adm'r'l, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day:
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l; speak and say—"
He said; "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The brave words leaped like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world,
Its grandest lesson: "On, sail on!"

—Joaquin Miller.

MRS. LAWRENCE S. PRESSON

This institution has realized a great loss in the passing of Mrs. Lawrence S. Presson from the effects of pneumonia, after an illness of one week.

The officials and boys of the Jackson Training School are deeply saddened by the death of this splendid woman, who served as cottage mother for the boys of the Receiving Cottage for more than eight years.

She was liked by everyone, having the qualities of a delightful hostess on any occasion, besides she knew just how to approach the new boys regardless of class, making them feel the institution as a whole was a home and a friend to the defenceless boy. Mrs. Presson will be missed in the capacity as a faithful worker and as one who added color and joy to the social life of the institution.

Mrs. Presson was buried at Monroe last Monday at 11 a. m., but as a beautiful tribute to this faithful co-worker an impressive and touching service was held in the auditorium of the school building at the same hour of the funeral in Monroe.

The boys and members of the staff marched en masse to the auditorium with bowed heads and subdued voices to listen to the impressive funeral rites conducted by Rev. Walter L. Miller, pastor of the Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord.

The School takes this opportunity to extend to Mr. Presson and the young son left to mourn her death, the deepest sympathy.

TRUSTEES MEET

Last Thursday, October 3rd, was the date for the Fall meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School. The members present were: Hon. L. T. Hartsell, chairman; Messrs. D. B. Coltrane, J. F. Spruill, Paul C. Whitlock; Mesdames R. O. Everett, Cameron Morrison, and Miss Easdale Shaw.

All plans for the building of the Indian Cottage were discussed with the final decision that all detail work be placed under the supervision of the Executive Committee, consisting of Chairman Hartsell, Messrs. Coltrane and Roy Propst.

The Trustees expressed themselves as being well pleased with the plans suggested by Superintendent Boger for enlarging the room used for the King's Daughter's Library, so as to hold all donations.

The veteran member of the Board of Trustees, Mr. D. B. Coltrane, who is always alert to the needs of the institution, projected the idea of beautifying the School grounds, with the vision and hope of making the Jackson Training School the show place of the State, and we might go further and say, make this spot one of the many show places of the South.

Realizing what effect the development of the aesthetic taste will have upon the boys, Mr. Coltrane aspires to have all work on the grounds directed by a capable landscape gardener. This work will reflect the vision of the present Trustees to future co-workers, besides give the boys a vocational training that will prove uplifting and helpful.

The next meeting of the Board of Trustees will be the first Thursday in January of the new year—1936.

* * * * * * *

COLUMBUS DAY

October 12th marks the 443rd anniversary of the discovery of America, and the annual observance of Columbus Day, now celebrated with appropriate exercises in most of the states of the Union, will be the occasion for paying tribute to Christopher Columbus, one of the most romantic and tragic figures in history.

Columbus was born in Genoa about 500 years ago, the exact date being uncertain. After receiving some instruction in science and navigation, he went to sea early, and within a few years visited most of the important ports of the then known world. Having become convinced of the spherical shape of the earth, he conceived the idea of reaching Asia by sailing westward.

Desiring to lead an expedition of exploration in that direction, he appealed in vain for assistance to various rulers, and finally to Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. After many heart-breaking rebuffs and delays, Queen Isabella aided in supplying three small vessels for the voyage. Columbus sailed from Palos on August 3, 1492, and although the fears of his sailors nearly caused mutiny at times he reached land, probably one of the islands of the Bahamas, on October 12.

Other voyages and attempts at colonization followed, but dissatisfaction with the rule of Columbus resulted in his being sent back to Spain in chains. Although permitted to make his fourth and last voyage after that, Columbus was never restored to his rights, and he lived a broken and forsaken man until his death in 1506.

But his remains were to make another voyage to America and return. First buried at Seville; his body was removed to Haiti in 1542; to Havana in 1795, and finally back to Seville in 1898.

Columbus Day was first observed in Colorado, but largely through the efforts of the Knights of Columbus its observance has become widespread throughout the United States.

—Reidsville Review.

* * * * * * *

DO YOUR PART!

Fire Prevention Week is to be observed from October 6 to 12. And here is a thought worth considering in the meantime:

Friendly fire—fire under control—is one of man's greatest boons. It keeps us warm, cooks our foods, motivates our industries, and serves us in countless other ways.

Unfriendly fire—fire out of control—is one of man's greatest enemies. It destroys property—causing irreparable economic loss. It menaces life. It hampers progress. It threatens community development, and industrial activity and employment.

A building for example, represents something besides money. It represents energy, achievement, labor. If it is a factory building, it represents creative, productive wealth. When fire destroys that building, insurance will give back part of the money it cost,

but nothing can give back the energy that is wasted. Nothing can make up for the work lost, the jobs destroyed, the diminished purchasing power the fire caused. The indirect costs of fire—costs which cannot be put into a balance sheet—are the real measure of our national fire waste. Those indirect costs are many times the direct costs.

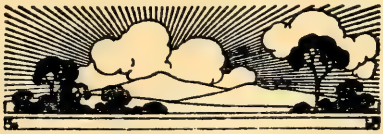
Somewhere, as you read this, a home is being burned to the ground. A factory building is a smoldering ruin. A man is screaming in pain from a burn that will prove fatal. All this is the result of someone's oversight, someone's carelessness, someone's stupidity. Are you willing to do your part to minimize such happenings in the future?—Selected.

* * * * * * *

JUDGE NOT!

Justice is charity, for to be charitable one must be just. Public sentiment is molded to the point that charity means to alleviate the suffering and ills of humanity, by giving food and clothing, medicine and other things essential for physical ailments—but true charity is the seeking and giving of justice, in both the small and large things of life.

For instance, to the heart hungry, charity and justice feeds love; to the bereft and stricken it gives sympathy and to the lonely comradeship. It also gives hope to him who is down, encourages the disheartened, strengthens the weak. The sum and substance of the thought is that charity and justice smooth the rougher places of life so as to make the pathway of humanity easier and more delightful. To be just it is necessary to be charitable.



RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

A PRAYER

"My life shall touch a dozen lives
Before this day is done,
Leave countless marks for good or ill
Ere sets the evening sun.
So this the wish I always wish
The prayer I ever pray;
Lord, may my life help other lives
It touches by the way."

—o—

The state of matrimony is one of the united states ruled by a woman.

—o—

One of the common errors of life is to expect everybody to conform to our standards of right and wrong.

—o—

Bad luck comes to most of us, at some time; but we are all more blessed than most of us deserve.

—o—

There was a time when all of the honking was done by geese. Now the automobile horn has supplanted the gander.

—o—

When in doubt a married man should listen to his wife. When not in doubt—well, it's best to listen anyway.

—o—

The reason some men fail to accomplish anything worth while is because they are too busy criticizing their fellowmen.

—o—

They tell me there is plenty of money in circulation. The trouble with me is I seem to be outside of the circulation zone, with a great many others.

—o—

The old saying is: Laugh and the world laughs with you. Cry and you simply ruin your make-up for your tear shedding.

—o—

In days gone by spooning couples use to save gas by turning it down low in the parlor. Now they economize on it by parking the car. It has become a sort of side issue along the highways.

—o—

After I pay my laundry bills nowadays, I wonder what has become of those good old colored souls who used to come to our home and do the washing for the family for 75 cents and scrub the kitchen and front and back porches.

—o—

A man is more excited when his car won't run than when his wife has a meal late. And you know how agitated he can get over that. Which leads me to the opinion that men are the queerest animals in existence, and I believe some women will heartily agree with me.

—o—

Care, caution, competence—these constitute the trinity which can prevent automobile accidents, major and minor ones alike. The issue must be put squarely up to each driver—it is purely an individual problem, and will always remain so. Traffic laws and enforcement can do nothing if the public will not co-operate. Will you?

I used to think that "Eat Shoppe" was the lowest depth to which our beautiful English language could be dragged. But the other day I saw a phrase even more horrible. It was in front of an elaborate stucco service station for autos and two foot letters in electric lights proclaimed with a shriek, "GREASING PALACE." Shades of Webster defend us.

—o—

It is tragic to think how many people are worrying away their lives. We worry about our health. We worry about our wealth—or lack of it. We worry about our business. We worry about our children—and oftimes about other people's children. We worry about the weather. We worry what other people think of us and what may happen to us tomorrow. And so it comes to pass that in a world of marvelous beauty, with God's blue canopy above with birds singing carols in the air and little flowers smiling up into our faces, thousands of us fret away our years in the bitter bondage of anxiety. Surely God never meant it so to be.

—o—

A COLORFUL SEASON

From time immemorial poets have called the autumn season "The Melancholy Days." Why should they be melancholy? Why should we contract hypochondria when nature is giving us the bounty of her products; and painting the fields and forests in the most brilliant colors? There is in autumn no anodyne like the summer heats. It is the season when our knowledge of life and destiny is most apparent, when the sense of tragedy is most awake. Tragedy is not the worst of life. The tragedy of autumn is filled with beauty and significance. It is this season when the tragic beauties of the year are found.

It is at this season that nature's garden is filled with the richest colors. The nodding dahlias dazzle the eye, great crimson clusters of savia flash like a brilliant flame in some dull, dark place, and the cheerful lantanas, with their mingled fringe of many colors, bring a bright inspiration with them.

But, above all of these not so poetic, perhaps, more cheerful, more hopeful, more promising than all others, is the goldenrod, that steady and sure harbinger of the coming autumn. It stands in the closing door of summer, foretelling the approaching frost-nipped foliage and the reposed beauty of the woods and the country lanes.

But soon even the goldenrod will fade like our hopes, the leaves of the hardy stalk will fade like our years, the golden petals will be fleeing with every passing wind like our illusions, the color of its nodding head will become like our own when the sun grows cold. The golden rod seems to bear secret relations with our destinies.

Truly the flowers of autumn seem to be God's thoughts of beauty taking form to gladden mortal gaze. We can cheerfully join with Horace Smith and say of autumn's flowers: "Your voiceless lips, O, flowers, are living preachers—each cup a pulpit, each leaf a book," and the golden rod is nature's brightest jewel with whose wealth she decks the dying summer days.

THE MEAN SIDE OF NAPOLEON'S CHARACTER

(Swinton's Fifth Reader)

Napoleon had the virtues of the masses of his constituents; he had also their vices. I am sorry that the brilliant picture has its reverse. But that is the fatal quality which we discover in our pursuits of wealth, that it is treacherous, and is bought by the breaking or weakening of the sentiments; and it is inevitable that we should find the same fact in the history of this champion, who proposed to himself simply a brilliant career, without any stipulation or scruple concerning the means.

Napoleon was singularly destitute of generous sentiments. The highest-placed individual in the most cultivated age and population of the world, he has not the merit of common truth and honesty. He is unjust to his generals; egotistic and monopolizing; meanly stealing the credit of their great actions from Kellermann, from Bernadotte; intriguing to involve his faithful Junot in hopeless bankruptcy, in order to drive him to a distance from Paris, because the familiarity of his manners offends the new pride of his throne.

He is a boundless liar. The official paper, his "Moniteurs," and all his bulletins, are proverbs for saying what he wished to be believed; and worse—he sat, in his premature old age, in his lonely island, coldly falsifying facts and dates and characters, and giving to history a theatrical eclat.

Like all Frenchmen, he has a passion for stage effect. Every action that breathes of generosity is poisoned by this calculation. His star, his love of glory, his doctrine of the immortality of the soul, are all French. "I must dazzle and astonish. If I were to give the liberty of the press, my power could not last three days."

To make a great noise is his favorite design. "A great reputation is a great noise; the more there is made, the farther off it is heard. Laws, institutions, monuments, nations, all fall; but the noise continues, and resounds in after ages." His doctrine of immortality is simply fame. His theory of influence is not flattering.

"There are two levers for moving men,—interest and fear. Love is a silly infatuation, depend upon it. Friendship is but a name. I love nobody. I do not even love my brothers; perhaps Joseph, a little, from habit, and because he is my elder; and Duroc, I love him too, but why? Because his character pleases me; he is stern and resolute, and I believe the fellow never shed a tear. For my part, I know very well that I have no true friends. As long as I continue to be what I am, I may have as many pretended friends as I please. Leave sensibility to women; but men should be firm in heart and purpose, or they should have nothing to do with war and government."

He was thoroughly unscrupulous. He would steal, slander, assassinate,

drown, and poison, as his interest dictated. He had no generosity, but mere vulgar hatred. He was intensely selfish; he was perfibious, he cheated at cards; he was a prodigious gossip; and opened letters; and delighted in his infamous police; and, rubbed his hands with joy when he had intercepted some morsel of intelligence concerning the men and women about him, boasting that he "knew everything;" and interfered with the cutting the dresses of the women; and listened after the hurrahs and compliments of the street, incognito.

His manners were coarse. He treated women with low familiarity. He had the habit of of pulling their ears and pinching their cheeks when he was in good humor, and of pulling the ears and whiskers of men, and of striking and horse-play with them, to his last days.

It does not appear that he listened at key-holes, or, at least, that he was caught at it. In short, when you have penetrated through all the circles of power and splendor, you were not dealing with a gentleman at last, but with an impostor and rogue; and he fully deserves the epithet of a sort of Scamp Jupiter.

NAMING AMERICA

Modern science and research are repealing so much of what the older generation was taught in school that we may well conclude with Josh Billings that "it is just as well not to know so much as to know so much that ain't so."

The old text books told us, for example, that America was named for Amerigo (or Americus) Vespucci, an Italian explorer who closely followed Columbus and stole Christopher's thunder.

Now comes an ancient document unearthed in Prague, which is said to be a report of his adventures by Vespucci himself, in which the navigator signed his first name as Alberico. Thus, if he were to have been honored in naming the new continent, it should have been called Alberica.

But a further complication has arisen through the assertion of another authority that an Indian tribe of Columbus' time called themselves by a name which sounded very much like "America," and that perhaps the New World got a legitimate name after all.

Anyway, at this late day it probably doesn't make much difference, except to those who like to argue about such things.—Selected.

COLONIAL CHURCHES IN VIRGINIA

By Georgia Dickinson Wardlaw

One of three Colonial Churches in Virginia linked by ties of age—proximity—and especially their association with George Washington, is old Falls Church in Fairfax County, which derives its name from one of the falls of the Potomac.

The first church on this site was built in 1734, and was in Truro Parish. Washington was elected a vestryman, October 3, 1763. In 1765 the church fell within the newly-created Fairfax parish, of which Washington was also chosen a vestryman. Sometime between 1767 and 1769 the present Falls Church was built, and with the exception of minor details and changes, presents a similar appearance to that of old Pohick, built four years later, and one of the three churches previously referred to as closely associated with Washington.

Of tradition, there is much concerning old Falls Church. James Wren, reputed descendant of the illustrious Sir Christopher, is said to have been the architect, as well as designing Christ Church at Alexandria.

It is chronicled that Braddock's soldiers camped in the churchyard before embarking on their fatal expedition against the French and Indians —an expedition in which young "Major Washington" won conspicuous distinction. And the tale is told that from the same churchyard young Captain Henry Fairfax marched off to the Mexican War, in command of the Fairfax Volunteers.

It is record rather than tradition which vouches for the fact that during the American Revolution the church was used as a recruiting station. By 1787 it was abandoned by the Episcopalians as a place of worship, and, according to Bishop Meade —chronicler-extraordinary of Virginia's old churches—stood for many years afterwards, with doors and windows open to the common highway—to be entered at will by anything and anyone, from stray animals to indifferent roadside wanderers. Still later it was used from time to time by those who chose to do so, for religious services.

Then came the War Between the States, when it was used as a military hospital, and during the years 1862—64 as a stable by Union troops, to be "left gutted of its pews, pulpit, and chancel in like fashion" quotes that eminent authority on Colonial Churches in Virginia—H. I. Brock.

A similar sacrilege befell old Pohick, but Falls Church suffered even more severely, when windows were stormed to make way for the entrance of horses, and some of the largest and oldest of the walnut trees in the churchyard were felled—for what purpose no one knows.

Inside, the original high pulpit and spacious square pews are missing, but there is an imposing chancel, with an old-world beauty and dignity.

In the churchyard the great walnut trees cast their gently protecting shadows across the old building, as if proof of the vigilant watch they have kept these almost 200 years. And as one takes his leave, there is somehow

the feeling that henceforth Falls Church will nevermore be robbed of its present tranquility, but will stand serene and secure—in the midst of such trees as poets can never describe, and none but God can create—the great walnuts which have defied the ravages of time, and the vandalism of man.

In the old town of Alexandria stands Christ Church, built in 1773, and intimately associated with Virgina's greatest sons—Washngton and Lee.

Neighbor of Falls Church and Pohick, Christ Church remains today, much as it was originally; the interior with its high pulpit and sounding board in front of the palladian window of the chancel—the old pews with their silver plaques bearing the names of the early owners, and the galleries built 13 years after the church was completed, where sat many of the town's lesser dignataries, looking down upon the heads of the high and mighty.

Up until 1765, when the Alexandarians decided to build a church of their own, the town had been included in the parish of Truro, with churches on Pohick Run and the Falls. It was at this time that the new parish of Fairfax was formed, and George Washington elected a vestryman.

The "Partisans of Pohick" are said to have claimed that Washington never served, but it is recorded that when Christ Church was finally completed—"in a workmanlike manner"—the year being 1773, Colonel Washington's name appeared as the purchaser of Pew Number Five, the price paid being 36 pounds, 10 shillings.

For some reason the original contractor, or "undertaker" as they were wont to be called in the eighteenth century, allowed the work of construction to lag, and eventually cease and it was one of the town's thrifty Scots—Colonel John Carlyle to whom Alexandria owed so much—who finally finished the work for the sum of "220 pounds extra." Whether the Colonel gave this sum himself, or received it in subscriptions, my authority fails to state. Be that as it may, Christ Church undoubtedly owed much to this man.

Before one arrives in front of the green grove in which the church stands, sheltered by great trees that vie in height with the church tower itself, there has already been glimpsed in the distance the steeple of Christopher Wren tradition. It is a pleasing addition, as is the towers, but neither were a part of the original structure.

More fortunate than Falls Church or Pohick, Christ Church was put to honorable and sacred usage during the War Between the States, when it was used for religious services by chaplains of the Federal forces, quartered in and near Alexandria. Sometimes during these years the silver plaque that marked Washington's pew, and the Parish Register dating back to 1765 disappeared—hope for their return having long since been abandoned.

However, Christ Church still points with justifiable pride to both Washington's pew and that of Robert E. Lee, who was a communicant there

when he lived at Arlington. With a little elasticity of imagination, one may still visualize the scene, as the Mount Vernon Coach-and-Four drove up to the church gate to brng the General and his lady to Sunday service, or driver and horses standing at attention, as this illustrious Virginian and his family are seen to leave the church, followed by a group of admiring citizenry.

One of the last of Virginia's Colonial Churches to be built before the separation of Church and State, was Pohick—so-called from the stream known as Pohick Run, or Creek, which flows nearby.

On this creek the second George Mason settled in 1690, and it was his descendant and namesake—the fourth George Mason, author of the Virginia Bill of Rights, who, as a vestryman of Truro Parish, to which Pohick belonged, engaged in a gentlemanly controversy with none other than his friend and neighbor, George Washington, as to where Pohick Church should stand.

Washington was a member of the building committee of the vestry when Pohick was erected in 1772, and overruled Mason's choice of a site on the creek, having the final say which placed the church at a more convenient point between his own estate, Mout Vernon, and Guston Hall, the seat of George Mason.

That the Father of our Country was a faithful and active churchman, there is abundant proof. According to an old record dated November 20, 1772, there was "sold, by order of this (Pohick) vestry a large square pew, Number Twenty-Eight, one of the center pews adjoining the north aisle and next to the communion table, to Colonel George Washington, at the price of 16 pounds." Just one year later, the Colonel was paying over twice this sum for his pew in Christ Church, but until the day of his death, Washington maintained two pews for his family and guests at Pohick, which fact no doubt caused the church to come to be known familiarly as "The Mount Vernon Church."

Considering that the "great days" of Pohick were short lived (for it ceased to function as a regular place of worship after the Declaration of Independence), it had two celebrated clergymen to sever the parish, one of them Bryan Fairfax of the Baronial House, who was one of its rectors, and the familiar "parson" Mason Locke Weems whose fame rests more on his famous chronicles of Washington's Boyhood—particularly the Cherry Tree anecdote—than on his spiritual oratory.

Like many another Colonial Church in Virginia. Pohick fell into a state of disuse and neglect that lasted over a long period of years—in fact until 1874. During the War Between the States Federal troops tore out the interior of the church, that the structure might be used as a stable, taking what remained of the high pulpit, old square pews, and chancel rail, for emergency use as stalls and even firewood.

According to tradition, the old stone baptismal font, lost for so many years, was discovered in a farmyard nearby, where it had suffered the degradation of use as a watering-

trough. But today it is back in its accustomed place in Pohick Church, looking much as one imagines it did when many of Virginia's great families attended services there.

Near the northeastern boundary of Stafford County, and not far from the old, old tow of Falmouth, is Aquia Church, one of the best preserved of Virginia's Colonial churches.

Though not so conspicuously placed as Pohick, Aquia stands close to the Fredericksburg-Washington Highway, and like Falls Church and Pohick, took its name from a nearby creek. After the Indian War of 1676, this creek, invariably spoken of as "historic Aquia Creek"—was for 10 years the Northern frontier of Virginia. Almost two centuies later, the Army of the Potomac, coming from the James, landed there in 1862, and during the campaigns of 1862-63 this stream was the supply base of the Union Army.

The history of old Aquia Church is briefly told in an inscription over the south door which reads: "Built A. D. 1751. Destroyed by fire 1751, and rebuilt 1757 by Mourning Richards, undertaker; William Copein, mason." Thus again one encounters the terms "undertaker" which applied to all eighteenth century contractors, even those with less gloomy names than Mr. Richards.

Among the worthies of this section appeared such names as John Washington, the great clan of Fitzhugh, the Brent's, the first of this name in Virginia being Giles Brent who built a house on Aquia Creek in 1647. Important to the community in 1685 was his descendant Colonel George Brent who was a Papist with Maryland connections.

Serving on the vestry which rebuilt Aquia Church in 1757 were two members of the Fitzhugh family, a Peyton, Mercer, Lee, Strother, Mountjoy and a Moncure. It was the rector of this last name, the Reverend John Moncure, of Huguenot origin, who ministered to the Aquia flock for so many years and whose family name is preserved for posterity on a marble tablet in the chancel that reads: "To the Glory of God and the Memory of the Race of the House of Moncure." Not so conspicuously placed is the handsome communion service of beaten silver—a gift of the Rev. Alexander Scott, an early minister of the parish who was succeeded by the aforementioned Moncure.

The interior of old Aquia Church is particularly interesting, and lingers in the visitor's memory long afterwards—the quaint and ancient three-decked pulpit, which undoubtedly is the one that was originally used; the old square pews, somewhat altered in shape and size from what they must have been originally, and the gallery with railing.

On sunny days the old white-painted bricks have a mottled look that is singularly beautiful—a pattern that even spreads to the walk in front, caused by thousands of quivering shadows from the great trees that surround the building. In autumn when their leaves are a riot of russets, and yellows, and reds, with sunlight filtering through, one has seen a masterpiece of beauty, with old Aquia enveloped in a mist of hallowed gold.

THE BRIDGE OF PROMISE

By May Emery Hall

The city of Granada was all that Ramon had dreamed—and more. It was as if a magic hand had been at work during those years of the Moorish occupation, transforming cold hard stone into something beautiful, pulsing, alive!

He glanced upward at the Spanish banner flying from the tallest tower of the Alhambra, lovliest of all the lovely buildings that surrounded him. Had the sight not filled him with a certain pride, he would have been no true son of Spain. Another feeling however, was stronger, a secret feeling of pity for the invaders who had made their last stand here—and failed. Perhaps, mused Ramon, his unpatriotic sympathy was due to the fact that in every venture he had undertaken, he, too, had been on the losing side.

But no longer! Freedom was his at last! In all the years of his boyhood, now fast slipping behind him, he had never really known the meaning of the word. Well, it only meant now that liberty was his, he must make the most of it.

Ah, but it was good simply to be alive on a day like this! He quickened his pace as he skirted the fortress wall that led to—what did he care? With the eagerness of adventurous youth, he swung sharply around the first corner, only to find his breath suddenlly, painfully cut off. His alluring dreams had a rude awakening.

"Can't you look where you're going?" thundered an irate voice. "Have you no eyes in your head?"

Ramon started to gasp an apology.

"I'm sorry I was so heedless, sir, but—"

He suddenly stopped short, his contrition changing to pleased surprise.

"Gabriel Blasco!" he exclaimed.

"Ramon Mendez, I'll be bound!" came the counter exclamation. "Well, I must say you've made your presence in Granada known in a rather forcible manner, to say the least. And what brings you to town, pray?"

Ramon summoned a laugh, a rather self-conscious, uneasy laugh. "Why I just wanted to come," he evaded. "Isn't that enough?"

"And your rascally uncle made no objection?" pointedly went on the questioner.

"No," gulped Ramon.

"But why this sudden change of heart? I thought he kept you mewed up there in the mountains as secure as any prisoner in chains."

"He did—up to yesterday."

"Ah!" Gabriel studied his companion through narrowed eyelids. "I scent trouble! Rebellion, too. Possibly even a slipping away to the big city under cover of night, eh?"

"Well," answered Ramon defiantly, "and what if I did? You lived up there enough years, Gabriel, to know what I've been through. It was bad enough to be the orphaned slave of my Uncle Luis, doing all the menial work for him and his knavish crowd, but when it came to the point of his taking me on as an out-and-out bandit—"

"So!" Gabriel gave vent to a prolonged whistle. "It has come to that, has it?"

Ramon nodded soberly. "Violence, even death, mean nothing to him," he continued bitterly. "I've heard and seen things around the Bridge of Pinos that still make my blood run cold." He drew in his breath sharply. "I simply couldn't have my hands stained as his are."

Ramon glanced over his shoulder fearfully. "Of course, he may follow me," he added.

"'Will' is the more likely word," corrected Gabriel, "if I know Luis Mendez. And I think I do."

"Well, anyway," suggested Ramon, "let's forget him while you tell me how you've made out since you left the mountains."

"Oh, not so bad," was the reply. "Though I've had to begin at the bottom of the ladder, still it's a royal ladder. And that's something."

"You don't mean," returned Ramon, round-eyed, "that you are actually in the service of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella? Why, you're not much older than I am."

"That's just what I do mean." The speaker laughed at the boy's amazement. "But only at the bottom rung of the ladder, remember. In a word, I'm a humble servant, still far removed from the throne above."

"But it must be a wonderfully exciting life you lead, all the same," pursued Ramon. "When their Majesties give audiences to famous people, aren't you where you can see and hear?"

Gabriel shrugged his shoulders. "More's the pity," he remarked dryly. "The truth is, these court visitors are so seldom worth seeing and hearings. High-class beggars, for the most part. Sometimes not even high-class. Take today, for instance—"

"What's going to happen today?" broke in Ramon eagerly.

"The queen has promised to receive a penniless vagabond," enlightened Gabriel, "who has been trailing after her and the king like a lost soul these several years back. Ferdinand, I understand, has refused to be present. Shows his good sense, I say. What surprises me is that Isabella should be so taken in by this cracked explorer."

"Explorer?" echoed Ramon. The word fired his imagination.

"He calls himself that," went on Gabriel. "Oh, I guess he's a good enough navigator, in a way," he admitted. "He's only crazy on the subject of sailing round the world. He talks of nothing but the rich kingdoms of eastern Cathay and Cipango and the loads of gold and precious stones he intends bringig home from them."

"Sailing round the world?" Ramon's voice shook with alarm. "*Sailing round the world?*"

Gabriel nodded assent.

"But he might easily drop off the edge of the Sea of Darkness if he ventured too far out."

"Exactly."

"Doesn't he know there are dreadful monsters and dragons out there ready to devour sailors who defy them?"

"If he does know, he pays no heed. But then," concluded Gabriel, "you can't argue with a crazy man."

"But, surely," objected Ramon,

"the queen wouldn't be so foolish as to lend him good money for such an absurd journey."

"You forget three things," reminded his companion. "First, Isabella is a woman with a woman's sympathy. Second, she needs money to fill her treasure chests which the wars with the Moors have emptied. Third, she would't at all object to the fame and glory that would be Spain's if Columbus' dream should by any chance come true."

"Is that his name—Columbus?" inquired Ramon.

"Yes," responded Gabriel. "Christopher Columbus. He hails from Genoa, where he might better have stayed instead of stirring up the Spanish court."

Ramon was silent for a moment. "All the same," he presently spoke up, "I wish I could hear what he has to say to Queen Isabella."

"It might be arranged," hinted Gabriel.

"You could squeeze me in, do you think?" breathed Ramon tensely.

"Perhaps," came the half-promise. "On the fringe."

Ad that is where Ramon foud himself a few hours later—on the fringe of a brilliant company assembled in one of the most palatial rooms of the stately Alhambra. Gabriel had been most generous, taking under his wing the country lad he had known up in the mountains, and providing him temporary shelter in the servant's quarters. He had gone even further. He had outfitted his friend with protective clothes, the duplicate of those worn by himself. At the end of the long train that wound slowly through circuitous corridors into the throne room, neither Gabriel nor Ramon attracted the attention of those higher up.

"Keep your mouth shut," instructed Gabriel in an earnest whisper. "Act as if you belonged here and everything will be all right."

To the simple mountain lad who had known nothing but the crude, coarse life of his uncle's bandit gang, the scene that presently spread out before him was overwhelming in its splendid grandeur. He could'nt believe there was such luxury in the world. It was plain that a good bit of it was due to the Moorish invaders who had just been put to rout. Those lofty columns and graceful arches in which flowers and leaves seemed actually springing out of the stone were their work, also the colorful mosaics in floor and ceiling. Gorgeous tapestries, which took away the coldness of the spacious room, were other reminders of the late enemy.

Ramon's wondering eyes took these all in, then rested in absorbed attention on the persons forming the court circle. Queen Isabella, of course, stood out from among the others—a gracious, womanly figure whose natural beauty was set off by a rich gown of royal purple and jeweled head-dress. Of purple, likewise, was the upholstery of her throne chair and the gold-fringed covering of the large table before which she sat. Surrounding her were maids-of-honor, serious-faced statesmen, churchmen in long robes and skull caps.

At any other time Ramon would have studied these attendants curiously, but they were all forgotten from the moment that Christoper Columbus, "the cracked explorer," en-

tered the room. The boy held his breath. Yet the weary-looking man who bent his knee before the queen and then stood up to tell his story must have been well on in the forties. The hair that fell back from his high forehead was almost white. In his long, black robe he looked like some ancient prophet about to foretell startling things. What was there about him that exerted that strange spell which held everbody in a hushed silence?

Queen Isabella, leaning forward, gently commanded him to speak.

For Ramon, that next hour stood out from all the other hours of his life. He completely forgot where he was. With eyes glued on the navigator's face, with ears straining to catch every syllable of the pleading, eloquent voice, he fearlessly sailed out with him on the black Sea of Darkness, on, on, around the world to the magic kingdoms of the East. He gazed, fascinated, at what opened up before him. Countries of a spicy fragrance, tropical fruits, luxuriant foliage, gorgeous palaces, Oriental monarchs, sun-browned natives, gold, silver, precious stones. . . . Doubt changed in a twinkling to burning faith.

"But ships and men are needed, your Majesty."

Columbus proceeded to open up his charts and spread them out on the purple-covered table.

Ramon craned his neck to get a better glimpse of them, elbowing those in front of him. "The queen *must* give him the money he needs!" he whispered fiercely. "All he asks for!"

"Keep still, will you!" ordered Gabriel Blasco, pulling him back into place. "Do you want to get me into trouble?"

The business between Queen Isabella and Columbus was not settled that day or the next or the next. . . .

To Ramon's great disgust, he learned from Gabriel how things were going. It seemed that the explorer not only demanded an adequate fleet and seamen, but insisted on certain terms. After his long, weary years of patient waiting, he felt entitled to the rank of admiral and a reasonable share in the profits of the expedition. The court advisers balked even Isabella herself held back.

The fate of Ramon's hero, in a word, hung in the balance. Offsetting Columbus' terms were fame, glory and new territory for Spain. On which side would the scales tip? It was difficult to say.

Meanwhile, Ramon lingered on in Granada, trying to find a place for himself. Though Gabriel was good-natured and friendly, the mountain lad was too proud to depend upon him longer for food and shelter. What he wanted was to earn his own food and shelter. This was a far from easy thing to do. The city had barely recovered from its desperate conflict with the Moors. Furthermore, everybody of influence was too occupied with the Columbus affair to pay attention to an obscure country boy seeking work.

Should he return to the mountains? Never! He would starve first. Having successfully escaped his Uncle Luis—

But had he? Ramon congratulated himself that he had as one day suc-

ceeded another without a glimpse of his relative's villainous face. And then, when he was completely off guard, he heard the unmistakable accents of the rough voice that had more than once made him tremble. Ramon dived through a gateway in the Alhambra wall just in time to evade detection. The conversation of Luis Mendez and a bandit companion, one Juan, came to him distinctly from the road outside, where the two stood in earnest cosultation.

"I tell you I know what I'm talking about," declared Luis. "He leaves for France tomorrow morning. I heard it from his own lips. At the court of Charles he expects to get the help that the queen and her tight-fisted advisers have refused."

Ramon breathed heavily. Here was news, indeed! But such news!

"The crazy fool!" ejaculated Juan scornfully. "He might have known he could't trust a woman!"

"In some ways he's as simple-minded as a babe in arms," returned Luis. "But so much the better for us. It makes our task all the easier."

"How do you know what route he intends to take?" questioned Juan curiously.

"Didn't I point it out to him myself?" chuckled his chief. "Didn't I describe every league of the journey up to the Bridge of Pinos?"

"Even so," came the uneasy reply, "don't you think we're taking a big risk for the little we may get out of it?"

"Little?" Luis Mendez gave his companion a loud slap on the back. "I'm surprised at your stupidity, man. Can't you see that crazy sailor's poverty is all a blind?"

"But you said he was like a child," objected the bewildered Juan.

"So he is," agreed Luis. "But he can have another side to his character, can't he? And it's that other side that can pretend and that can strike as shrewd a bargain as the next one. The mule he rides, the new clothes he wears are gifts of the queen, as everybody knows. Having provided that much, do you think—"

Ramon could catch no more. The rascally pair had moved on.

"He leaves for France tomorrow morning. . . . As simple-minded as a babe in arms. . . . It makes our task all the easier. . . . Didn't I describe every league of the journey up to the Bridge of Pinos?. . . ."

The sinister words echoed in Ramon's mind, leaving him stunned for the moment. They could have but one meaning. Treachery. Luis Mendez and his confederate meant to follow "the crazy sailor" up the familiar mountain trail and when they had reached their wild, isolated haunts, to rob him of the money or other valuables they believed he had in hiding. Suppose they should add violence to theft, even worse than violence?

They couldn't be allowed to carry out such a dastardly scheme! Ramon's quick brain began feverishly planning counter-schemes to outwit them. First of all, he must make haste. It was even then mid-afternoon. He must get to Columbus. And having found him, he must insist on his secretly leaving Granada at once. A fourth "must"—the explorer must be persuaded to accept him, Ramon,

as escort up into the mountains he knew so well.

The boy's heart suddenly became as heavy as lead at the thought of going back, even for a day, into the hateful region he had turned his back upon forever, as he supposed. He knew that if he delayed a moment longer than was necessary, he might be tempted to think of his own safety before that of Columbus. It was with breathless speed, then, that he started to find the man of the weary eyes who could weave magic spells.

How he ever succeeded in persuading him to set out that night for the French court Ramon could never quite understand. Of the plot itself he said not a word. He merely explained that he, Ramon, was traveling the same road that the explorer would be taking a few hours later. As he knew every turn of it so thoroughly, why not let him serve as guide? Besides, who knew but robbers might lie in wait? In that case two were better protection than one. In the country around the Bridge of Pinos, especially, the scattered inhabitants hadn't the best of reputations.

"Like myself," commented Columbus a trifle bitterly. "But how could the ruffians get anything of value, So, seeing I have nothing of value?"

Nevertheless, he ended by agreeing to put forward his departure as suggested. What did it matter, he asked, one way or the other?

So now Ramon found himself well out of Granada picking out the trail for a patient, plodding mule, on whose back sat the disheartened explorer. The latter tried more than once to persuade his youthful guide to change places with him, but received only a decided negative each time the offer was made. Ramon's sturdy pride wouldn't allow him to do otherwise. Then, too, he must be afoot, ears and eyes on the alert for any strange sound, any suspicious noise, on either side of the narrow footway.

Up, up, mounting into ever higher, increasingly cooler regions, the little party continued on its way. It was a beautiful night, moonless, but with a myriad of stars magnified in the crystal clear atmosphere. Little conversation passed between the two travelers. Ramon understood his hero's disappointed hopes and respected his silence. He sympathized too much to pester him with foolish questions or expect him to talk for the mere sake of talking. Besides, it was just as well for them both to keep their presence in these perilous heighths as secret as possible.

Such steady progress did they make that before dawn lightened the eastern sky they approached the Bridge of Pinos. Now was the time, Ramon realized, to be more than ever on his guard. It might be best for him to go ahead and reconnoiter in the vicinity of the bridge.

"Please do not cross the bridge, sir," he cautiously whispered to Columbus, "until I have a look around."

"Ay, ay, son," returned his companion. Then, with a touch of humor, "I never do cross bridges, anyway, until I come to them."

Ramon took a few steps forward, then came to a sudden halt, every nerve acquiver. He gave his head a quick jerk, trying to pierce the gloom

behind him. His eyes discovered nothing, but his ears—yes, he was sure they detected a sound! It was like a steady, rhythmic beat, gradually increasing in volume. Horses' hoofs!

Panic seized him. Without doubt his Uncle Luis had discovered the departure of Columbus from Granada and, determined not to be balked of his prey, was making up for lost time. Ramon suddenly remembered that on a recent raid his relative had captured a valuable, high-spirited horse from one of his victims. It was this fleet, sure-footed animal which was now coming nearer, terrifyingly nearer. . . The villian, Juan, was probably mounted, too.

"You must get under cover, sir!" the boy commanded the explorer. "We haven't a moment to waste!"

In a few terse words he communicated his fears.

"But you?" demurred his companion. "Isn't the danger as real for you as for me?"

"No! I've lived around here all my life and—but, please, oh, please, don't stop to argue!" implored Ramon. "It's you they want, not me!"

Reluctantly Columbus allowed the boy to take the lead.

"Here, this way!" Ramon, his hand on the mule's bridle, turned off the main trail into a cave-like retreat a few feet distant. "No!" he decided, speaking in quick, tense tones. " 'Twill be better for you to cross the bridge yonder. Then speed up as fast as you can. I'll hold them back while you get a start—"

"But, son!" came a second objection. "How can I—"

"Listen!" interrupted Ramon. "They're on the last lap! Can't you hear them? Quick, quick!"

The steady, rhythmic beats were indeed louder. More menacing, too, as if some definite sinister purpose were at the back of each thud.

"Oh, sir, you must get on!" cried Ramon insistently. "There's a reason why! Take my word for it—"

At that, his companion obeyed. Scarcely, however, had his mule set foot on the bridge when the horseman was upon Ramon. To the boy's surprise, he was alone. Where, then, was Juan? Well, at any rate, the danger was cut in half.

With a spring, Ramon leaped out of the darkness and grasped the horse's bridle. He must act first, placate his relative afterward. Anything to give Columbus time!

"Uncle Luis! Uncle Luis!" he cried.

The horse nearly threw him. Frightened at the unexpected check, the animal reared with sort of protest. But Ramon kept his grip, determinedly, desperately.

"It's Ramon!" he gasped. "Uncle Luis, listen!"

After that he was conscious of being dragged, raised, dropped, lifted again as the struggle continued between him and the restive horse. The test of strength was too unequal. Gradually his hold slackened. His hand slipped and the next moment he was hurled violently to earth. Something hard and jagged seemed to come up to meet him. It was followed by a wave of faintness, which completely submerged him, but not before he heard an unfamiliar voice thundering amazing words.

"In the name of the queen!"

When he came to, Ramon was conscious of fragments of conversations between two persons. One was the horseman, who was not his Uncle Luis at all, the other—could he believe his eyes?—the explorer whom he supposed well beyond the Bridge of Pinos by this time!

"Such are her Majesty's orders!" announced the rider who had dismounted. His manner was majestic. "You are to return to court at once."

"Heaven be praised!" ejaculated Columbus devoutly. Then with a hesitant, apologetic air, "And this time does the queen really—"

"She gives you her definite promise," finished the messenger. "Wiser advisers than the short-sighted ones of yesterday have pointed out that Spain must be served by such as you. Foolish, indeed, would it be to let slip through her fingers the glory and wealth and power that might be hers."

Ramon raised his aching head, the better to see the bearer of such unbelievably good tidings. By the first faint streaks of dawn he made out a splendid plumed and spurred individual in glistening coat of mail. The sight made him want to steal away, unseen, and hide. To think that he, one of the humblest subjects in the realm, had actually held up this imposing emissary of Queen Isabella's! What would the punishment be? He felt suddenly sick and faint. . . .

But what was that the courier was saying? At his words, the boy's fears vanished as by magic.

"We will take the lad back with us. Plucky upstart! Such courage and loyalty I have not seen in many a day. They shall be transferred to the queen's service if your word and mine have any weight with her. And I think they will."

"Her Majesty," added Columbus gravely, "has need of both courage and loyalty in these uncertain times."

Ramon stole a curious glance at the weary man. And then suddenly he witnessed a wonderful transformation, now being enacted before him —the melting of black night into the glory of a new day. His hero was seeing new horizons. For that matter, so was he. . . .

NOTE: It is an historic fact that the turning-point in Christopher Columbus' career came when, after dismissing him from court, Queen Isabella reconsidered his claims and sent a messenger, post-haste, to recall him. The latter overtook the explorer at the Bridge of Pinos, about six miles beyond Granada.

The millstones of the human mind go round and round; if they have nothing else to grind, they must themselves be ground. What is nervous prostration but the wearing out of the two millstones with no grist between? Fill your mind with good things.—Selected.

AN OLD CUSTOM IN USE AGAIN

(Smithfield Herald)

Civilization has moved apace since the days of the Middle Ages when William the Conqueror instituted in England the custom of ringing the curfew as a signal for members of families, old and young, to be in their homes. The custom originated as a precaution against fire and when the curfew rang, all lights were extinguished, fires were covered, and outdoor occupations ceased.

The modern use of the curfew has tended toward the reduction of crime and the protection of children and at various times, over 3,000 cities and towns of the United States have adopted curfew laws forbidding children under 15 years of age from being on the streets at night after certain hours generally eight or nine o'clock. The custom has never prevailed in this section of the country and about all the people of this section kown about the curfew is the thrilling story told in rhyme of the English girl in Cromwell's time who saved her lover from death by clinging to the bell clapper as the deaf old curfew ringer pulled the rope that would have meant her lover's doom.

It seems, however, that the curfew is not as obsolete as the much declaimed and recited "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight" of by-gone days. Atlantic City has recently revived its curfew law after a lapse of five years, and now children under fifteen years of age will not be allowed to roam the streets after 9:30 in the evening.

IF I COULD MAKE A FRIEND

If I could make a friend today
  I would not ask for greater store;
If just one soul would come and say
  We shall be comrades evermore,
I would not need to count my gold
  Tonight when busy labors end—
My heart a greater wealth would hold,
  If I could say, I made a friend.

If I today a friend could find
  Amid the labor and the stress,
Some toiling brother, kindred mind,
  Some hand to clasp in tenderness;
It would not matter what reward
  The hours had brought me on the way,
If I could say, I thank Thee, Lord—
  I know I made a friend today.

—Selected.

OLD MANSION IS NOW HOME FOR CATS

By Mrs. Berkeley G. Calfee

Hidden away among the Culpeper hills doubtless dreaming of the time when over a century and a quarter ago, it was the show place of the county, is a stately old mansion known as "Farley." Built by a grandson of that Colonial grandee whose possessions were so extensive as to gain him the title of "King" Carter, it has been owned and occupied by his descendants for many decades.

The history of Farley begins way back in the seventeen hundreds when it was a part of the extensive grant of some thirteen thousand acres belonging to Robert Beverley; and the Beverley family, whose oldest seat was Blandfield, in Essex County, called this special part of the Elkwood tract "Sans Souci"—in which may be traced a reflection of the Napoleonic era!—and had used it for several years as a summer retreat from the malaria infested lower country. The family was beginning to build a mansion that would be commensurate with importance when William Champe Carter, a brother of that Charles Carter who had married George Washington's niece, Betty Lewis, of Fredericksburg, turned his eyes upon this summer home of the Beverleys' and purchased 2,000 acres for "10,000 pounds, current money of Virginia" in 1800.

From letters owned by descendants of the Carters and from other family history, it is known that the present mansion house was a year in the building and that during that period, doubtless to be near enough for personal supervision, William Champe Carter and his family made their home at near-by Western View with his brother Charles, with that free and easy give-and-take of Virginia hospitality so characteristic of the times. It is also known that, disregarding the name already given by the Beverleys, he christened his new estate "Farley," in honor of his wife, whose maiden name it had been.

Western View, at which he made such an extensive visit, had been the home of Mrs. Betty Washington Lewis, the only sister of General George Washington, who, after the death of her husband, Colonel Fielding Lewis of Kenmore, had left her Fredericksburg home to live in Culpeper and spend her last days with her only daughter, Mrs. Charles Carter. This distinguished sister died there in 1797, and was buried in the little walled burying ground, then always an integral part of any country estate. And curiously enough, her grave was never marked until 130 years later, this being, perhaps, accounted for by the fact that several years after her death Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carter sold Western View to the Slaughter family and removed to Clarke County, where the remainder of their lives were spent.

The details of the final location and proof of Mrs. Betty Washington Lewis being buried in this private burying ground make an interesting story and one which led into many ramifications. But positive proof was forthcoming in many ways and in 1928

the Culpeper Minute Men Chapter, D. A. R., placed a suitable monument over this long neglected spot. The regent, in referring to the research which had preceded this saying that she "had fought more battles over the location of this grave than this distinguished lady's famous brother did in the Revolutionary War." But, she added, "like him I always held my ground, and re-enforcements arrived in large numbers."

From the Carters, Farley passed into the hands of the Welford family, who came to Culpeper from the region locally known as "down below Fredericksburg," and this latter family was living there at the time of the War Between the States. William in 1861, and when Farley was purchased in 1863 by Franklin Stearns Welford, the head of the family, died of Richmond the deed was executed by the executors of William N. Welford.

The present owner, a granddaughter of the wartime purchaser, is Miss Emily Stearns, who startled the county several years ago by quietly establishing there a "Home for Homeless Cats" and who has now in her charge nearly a hundred of the defenseless and friendless little animals. Miss Stearns, who has always been marked by her humanitarian impulses and her intense love for animals, is aided in this undertaking by several organizations in sympathy with her work, and undeterred by criticism or comment, she goes quietly about her chosen task of being a friend to those who really need one.

It is a picture to see her with her charges. They crowd around her, purring their affection, clinging to her skirt and rubbing against her hand; and often some specially bold one leaps to her slender shoulders, there to be stroked by her gentle hands and to ride around in triumph above his mates.

What is said to be the "only doorsill in Culpeper County over which a President of the United States has passed" is in the stone mansion of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Hawkins, situated in a commanding position on the Blue Ridge turnpike about four miles west of the town of Culpeper. As no Chief Executive has visited this county since Mr. Hoover used to pass through when going fishing in the headwaters of the Rapidan further on in Madison County and as this imposing stone mansion was just rising from its sturdy foundations at that time some explanation would seem to be forthcoming, and this explanation is that when the historic old brick house in the town of Culpeper, once the home of "Extra Billy" Smith, brigadier-general of the Confederacy and Governor of Virginia, was being torn down, this door step and other portions of the older house were purchased by Mr. Hawkins and installed in his new home.

The President who was entertained there was Theodore Roosevelt, who was the guest on one occasion of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Russell Smith, last owners of the Smith mansion, although no relation to that picturesque figure of ante-bellum days who won his soubriquet of "Extra Billy" from his policies in regard to the chain of stage coaches which he ran from Washington, D. C., as far

south as points in Georgia.

But this new home, for which its owner collects all sorts of interesting articles, has other claims to distinction. It is not only one of the very few stone houses in the county but is constructed of native stone, obtained from a quarry on Scantling Mountain, a small eminence in this county, with walls that are from anywhere from 20 to 35 inches through. The house contains 22 spacious rooms and has a basement and subbasement.

When the treasures of Henderson Castle in Washington were being sold recently, at auction, other interesting articles were secured by Mr. Hawkins, among these articles being dining-room tables at which diplomats and statesmen had often feasted, and 40 chairs.

COLUMBUS SOUGHT WAY TO SAIL AROUND THE GLOBE

The fourth voyage of Columbus was undertaken in 1502 for the purpose of finding a strait which would lead to a complete circumnavigation of the globe. He was sixty-two years of age and his health was none too good. He was accompanied by his brother, Don Bartholomew and his younger son, Ferdinand. The journey was filled with disappointments.

When Columbus reached the West Indies he sent a messenger ashore at San Domingo to wait on Ovando, the governor, with a request that his squadron might shelter in the harbor until an impending storm had passed. He asked also for a vessel to replace one of his own which was defective. Both requests were ungraciously refused.

In his search for the strait, the explorer sailed along the coast of Honduras, Costa Rica, or the rich coast, so-called from the gold and silver mines found in after years among its mountains, and in the spring of 1503 he was near the entrance to the present Gulf of Darien. He experienced every kind of hardship that is possible to imagine—shipwreck, mutiny, and scarcity of food.

Towards the close of the year he was at Jamaica, whence he sent a message to Ovando, asking for assistance. Two ships came to his relief, and one historian relates that the Indians wept at his departure, still believing him to be a visitor from another sphere. He was taken to San Domingo, and sailed from there on the twelfth of September, 1504, on his last trip home to Europe. Storms swept the Atlantic, and poor Columbus was confined to his bed most of the way with the gout, but on the seventh of November he arrived in Spain.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

James Talbert, of Albermarle, who was paroled about three years ago, visited friends at the School last week-end. He is now located in a C C C camp, where he seems to be doing very well. He reported having received several promotions since taking up that work.

—o—

On account of the passing of Mrs. L. S. Presson, one of our cottage mothers, and the sudden cold, damp weather last Sunday, no services were held at the School, the regular morning session of Sunday Shool and the afternoon preaching service both being omitted.

—o—

Quite a number of the members of our staff attended the funeral of Mrs. L. S. Presson, held at Monroe last Monday morning. Employees of the School acting as pall bearers were: Supt. C. E. Boger, W. W. Johnson, W. G. Andrews, J. H. Hobby and C. B. Barber.

—o—

The following boys: James Cooper, Luther Nunnery, J. B. Grooms, Horace Faulkner, Earl Atwood and Dewey Freeman, were taken to the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital, Charlotte, last Monday, where they had their tonsils removed. They returned to the School the following day and are getting along nicely.

—o—

Joseph Johnson, twenty-four years old, a former member of our bakery force who was paroled about eight years ago, visited the School last Thursday. He stated that he has been married a little more than two years, and is the father of a fine baby boy. Joe is now employed in a bakery in Wilmington, and judging from appearances, we would say that his work seems to agree with him, as he is now a husky-looking young man, weighing 251 pounds.

—o—

Rev. A. W. Plyler, of Greensboro, editor of the North Carolina Christian Advocate, together with his wife and daughter, Helen, visited the School last Saturday. Rev. Mr. Plyler, who in former years was quite an athlete, starring in football at Trinity College (now Duke University) listened in with the boys for a few innings of the World's Series game.

—o—

The School suspended activities at two o'clock last Saturday afternoon instead of three o'clock, the regular hour, in order that all the boys might enjoy the radio broadcast of the entire World's Series baseball game between the Detroit Tigers and Chicago Cubs. The boys had selected their favorite team, with interest pretty evenly divided, long before the beginning of the series, and followed the play-by-play description with great interest.

—o—

Hugh Tyson, 28 years old, formerly of Cottage No. 1, recently returned to his former haunts and friends at the School. His stay here was about two and one-half years, and he was paroled twelve years ago.

Since leaving the institution Hugh

has not been in any kind of trouble and has been regularly employed on a farm. His work has kept him close to nature and the great outdoors, one of the finest places to develop character, self-reliance and sturdy manhood. Hugh shows evidence of the nature of his work by his rugged, healthy features and hard, strong muscles.

—o—

The early heavy frost last Sunday night crowded a great deal of extra work on our outside forces, making it necessary for immediate action in an effort to save a lot of growing crops.

For several days the entire school section was pressed into service in cutting off frost-bitten sweet potato vines before damaging the potatoes. The acreage in potatoes is so large that the removal of the vines was a huge task.

The peanuts, too, are being harvested and made ready for storage for winter use, and the tomato vines caught by the frost have been gone over and all tomatoes not damaged have been placed under cover.

A PRAYER

"To grow a little wiser day by day,
To school my mind and body to obey,
To keep my inner life both clean and strong,
To keep my lips from guile, my hands from wrong;
To shut the door on hate and scorn and pride,
To open up to love the windows wide,
To meet with cheerful heart what comes to me,
To turn life's discord into harmony;
To share some tired worker's heavy load,
To point some straying comrade to the road.
To know that what I have is not my own,
To feel that I am never quite alone—
This would I pray
From day to day,
For then I know
My life shall flow
In peace until
It be God's will
I go."

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since July 7, 1935.

Week Ending October 6, 1935

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(7) Arthur Boyette 8
(4) Floyd Combs 4
(7) William Dillon 7
(6) Alden Jones 7
(2) Wilson Myrick 2
(14) Earl Rogers 14
(8) Richard Sullivan 13
(14) Ashley Thompson 14

COTTAGE No. 1

Roscoe Ashburn 2
Robert Cashwell 9
Joseph Johnson 6
(14) Millard Owenby 14
William Pitts 2
Anderson Payne 3
(2) Eugene Whitt 11
(2) Wiley Willoughby 6
(14) Harvard Winn 14
(4) Everett Williamson 11
Junius Yarborough 10

COTTAGE No. 2

(2) William Adkins 7
(3) Arthur Craft 3
(3) Thomas Horton 7
Lewis Janey 7
(2) Clyde Kivett 7
(2) Vasco Robinson 8
(4) Y. V. Spates 9

COTTAGE No. 3

(9) William Barber 10
(6) Marcellus Gurganus 11
(8) Percy Gurganus 10
(9) Frank Hutchins 11
William McRary 10
Porter Willhite 11

COTTAGE No. 4

Vernon Bass 7
(2) Carlton Calloway 4
Lindsay Chavis 5
(4) Clyde Dixon 9
(2) Wayne Fowler 4
Woodrow Jenkins 9
(3) Ralph Johnson 12
(3) William Justice 9
(4) Thomas Little 9
(2) Thomas Maness 3
(5) Joseph McPherson 5
Jack McRary 10
(3) Robert Orrell 6
(2) Elmo Parrish 3
(5) Robert Penland 7
(3) Clyde Reece 3
(2) Richard Sprinkle 6
(3) Melvin Walters 9
(2) Wheeler Sturdivant 13

COTTAGE No. 5

(2) William Cassell 6
(5) Max Cecil 11
(2) Jack Freeman 5
(5) Bert Ferguson 6
James Seawell
(2) Louis Tarkington 11

COTTAGE No. 6

(7) Earl Bass 8
(2) Jesse Cleveland 11
Columbus Hamilton 6
Thomas Hamilton 8
Clinton Keen 4
Joseph Sanford 4
(2) James Stepp 6

COTTAGE No. 7

(3) Boyd Barringer 5
John Elliott 5
Charles Griffin 4
Blaine Griffin
Harold Gunter
(14) Caleb Hill 14
(2) Joseph Long 5
(2) Kenneth Messick 6
(2) Ralph McCracken 2
(4) R. B. Norton 6
Jack Pyatt 2

Paul Saunders 6
Cling Shelton 4

COTTAGE No. 8

(6) Charles Banks 11
(2) Sam Belk 7
(3) George Chambers 8
(4) Thomas Hudson 11
(3) Guy Lewis 5
(3) Luther Pierce 7
Warner Peach

COTTAGE No. 9

Pearlie Funderburk 10
C. D. Grooms 7
(13) Frank Hall 13
(5) Hoyett Hudson 9
(7) Ben Overby 12
(5) Homer Smith 10
(3) Bryan Williams 8

COTTAGE No. 10

Harold Brown 8
(7) Norwood Cockerham 10
(4) Jack Carver 6
(4) J. B. Grooms 4
John House 3
(2) William Knight 3
(6) Marvin Miller 8
Clayton Watts

COTTAGE No. 11

(11) Everett Bell 11
(8) Charles Bowman 8
Charles Bryant 3
(2) Lewis Carwford 12
Edward Carpenter 7
(2) Robert Farmer 6
Dewey Freeman 7
(7) Bennie Holland 13
(13) David Hodge 13
(2) Warren Holleman 7
(7) James Montford 13
(2) James Rector 4
Bennie Moore 4
(6) Eldridge Ward 11

COTTAGE No. 12

(4) Earl Atwood 11
Allen Burl
(5) James Douglas 12
Frank Dickens 7
(2) Marvin Edwards 2
(6) Horace Faulkner 11
Bernard Griffin 4
(2) Basil Johnson 9
Frank Lewis 2
(5) Edward Lockamy 11
(2) Glenn O'Quinn 10
(2) Eli Philemon 10
(5) Andrew Powell 8
(4) Homer Quick 10
(5) William Stevens 7
(5) Lonnie Sloan 8
(2) Olive Weaver 8
(6) Thomas Welch 13

COTTAGE No. 13

Leon Burkhead 7
(9) Jennings Norris 12
(14) Howard Wilson 14

COTTAGE No. 14

Lee Dowless 2
Spurgeon Dowless 3
(2) Nelson Daubenmeyer 2
(2) Hobart Johnson 4
(2) Stacy Long 4
Troy Powell 5

COTTAGE No. 15

(4) Robert Alexander 11
(4) John Caddell 9
(3) Earl Chambers 10
(2) George Gibson 6
(2) George Hill 5
Glenn Jenkins 2
(3) Wilson Medlin 8
(3) George McManus 9
(2) Marvin Malcom 5
Richard Tysinger 9
Winfred Whitlock 11
Richard Wilder 3
Roy Wyrick 9
Frank Wakefield 8

Man is like a fountain pen—useful as long as there is something in him.—Selected.

0 21 '35
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 19, 1935 No. 42

Carolina Collection
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LITTLE THINGS

Sixty seconds make a minute, tiny little things, and yet they form the months and years that speed on lightning wings. Most people want to do big things and for the chance they wait, but years pile up and soon they find, alas, it is too late. I hope, my friends, you'll never try to do some big thing by and by—the chance may never come; it is the little things that mount and make a big sum. In living out your life you'll find that little things are all you do, so do them gently, with a smile—and doing so, make life worth while.—J. Alfred Taylor.

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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

LOSING EVERYTHING

Our residents frequently hear it said of someone who has met financial reverses that they have "lost everything." But if you look at it in the right light, you'll find it a mistake. To lose financially, even to the last dollar, does not mean that the greatest asset of all—good friends and good neighbors—have been lost. Those said to have lost everything usually have not lost the spirit of manhood and self-respect that keep them true to their ideals, and that money cannot buy. Many other things might be enumerated in the list of priceless possessions which they have not lost—health, home and loved ones. In fact, they really have not lost anything but what they can sometime replace. And as a general rule, the experience they have gained through losing their money will eventually prove worth far more to them.—Reidsville Review.

THE INDIANS

There are adverse opinions as to the character, life, habits and achievements of the Indians, due to the fact many people are so prejudiced till they become blind to the virtues of any cause and refuse to be informed.

But, since the Jackson Training School is to have a cottage for the delinquent Indian boys it behooves all of us to study the cause with an open mind, and in the spirit of a missionary, contribute to the joy, development and reformation of the survivors of a mighty race in the same manner and spirit we hope to reclaim our own type and kind. There is no difference, they are all God's children.

Read the comment of Charity and Children concerning the annual fair for the "Cherokees", in Swain County:

The 22nd annual fair that was held on the Cherokee reservation clearly proved that a better day has arrived for that pure-blooded

group of original Americans. The fair itself was the most successful ever held, but apart from that it showed that this county, shamed by its former treatment, had determined to do a good part by the survivors of a mighty race that had almost been destroyed by the white man. Dr. Harold W. Foght, superintendent of the reservation, is an intelligent friend of the Indians and is planning for their betterment in every way. The coming of Dr. Foght and the establishment of the Great Smoky Mountain Park means a new day for the Cherokees. Their reservation borders, if it is not a part of, the park and the millions of visitors who will visit the park in future years will pass through their settlement and buy their handicraft products. They will be economically independent. Their children will have the best school opportunities and will be given every help in their upward march. They will never have to fear the white man again but can remain in their beloved Smokies under their own vines and fig trees. We are glad that some of the former wrongs done these people are being atoned for and that a happier day awaits them. The fair definitely proclaimed that day.

* * * * * * *

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OLD

The first printed English Bible, the Coverdale version from the Latin vulgate according to Luther's German Bible, came from the press October 4th, 1535, making this month the four hundredth anniversary of the Book—a light to the feet of the weary traveler and a hope to the down-trodden in spirit.

Thomas Babington Macaulay, one of the most brilliant, critical, English historians writes, that "if every thing else in our language should perish, this Book, would suffice alone to show the whole extent of its beauty and power." This Book undoubtedly had the blessing of the Church for it has withstood the test of time and is now available in one hunderd and seventy-five languages, and portions are printed in more languages and dialects.

There should be great admiration for the early translators of the Word, who not only suffered the wrath of the Papacy but met death in giving the Bible to the people in their language.

The first of these was John Wycliffe, an English clergyman, who

lived before the days of printing and circulated his translation in manuscript copies. John Wycliffe is accepted as the "Morning Star of the Reformation."

William Tyndale, another translator, and a contemporary of Coverdale, completed his work in Germany from which country the attempt was made to distribute copies into England, but finally Tyndale was burned at the stake.

But today there are annually 25,000,000 Bibles published by the Bible Societies alone, and several million more by other publishing houses. This makes it possible for every English speaking person in the world to have an English Bible.

This anniversary is to give people a speaking flnowledge of the Bible, with the hope of a spiritual development, beginning the first week of October and culminating on December 4th, with a Universal Bible study. By its wisdom the church, the school, and the home were built.

"The Bible is the only Book which records the life and teachings and deeds of the Supreme Personality of history, Jesus Christ." "It shows us Jesus Christ, God the Son, who became man that the lost world might be saved."

* * * * * * *

RAISE YOUR OWN SAYS GUILFORD

"Raise Your Own Says Guilford" is a fine slogan for any county to adopt. The story in a nut shell according to Guilford, is suggestive of thrift, and to be thrifty one has to use the strictest economy by making every conceivable resource yield fruit. When this is the goal as depicted in the article, page 11, any county will score as having fine executives with a far vision.

The inference is after reading the article that if a county-owned and county-operated dairy is a financial success for one county there is a possibility of it proving the same for other counties. Therefore, since the county-owned dairy of Guilford has produced results, and given employment to idle prisoners more acreage for agricultural purposes is to be purchased with the vision of extending farming activities on a wide scale.

Every prisoner of any grade should be made to earn his bread

by the sweat of his brow, not as punishment alone, but to give each and every one an independent feeling, in their moments of utter despair, that they are at least making a contribution to the emergencies of life. Some one has said, "he that labors is tempted by one devil, and he that is idle by one thousand;" also Dean Inge reminds us that the most "fundamental of all the higher activities are inner growth and outer creativeness."

Take note if you please that the superintendent of the "county-dairy" is a trained veternarian and he is available to supervise

The article explicitly states that all credit is due Commissioner Shaw, to whom supervising the county's farming operations has been delegated, predicts that Guilford should curtail expenses for food purchased from outside agencies for public charges to the amount of 50 or 60 per cent annually with additional land.

The article explicitly states that all credit is due Commissioner Shaw, of Guilford, for the county-wide venture in farming and dairying, proving that it is possible to have a "self-maintained, self-contained farm in Guilford."

Since Concord is receiving wide praise for its success in reducing the city's indebtedness by half in the past ten years. if the county commissioners could put on a project similar to that of Guilford the county officials would also be recognized throughout the state for a greater business-like administration. In conclusion it is evident that public officials should be selected according to ability as execeutives instead of making it a job to pay off some political obligation.

* * * * * * *

CHURCH MUSIC

Church music is service music, not concert music. It is an expression of prayer, praise and adoration of the company of believers in Jesus Christ. It is congregational music not choir music, it is vocal not instrumental altogether, emphasizing the choral,—the heart and center of worship with music. Every church should begin to restore the rich treasures of church music, when possible, in the dignified worshipful form to the elimination of all jazz that

often finds it way in some hymnals. A tune should sould not produce secular, worldly, or humorous suggestions.

* * * * * * *

THE TOCSIN SOUNDS—WAR

Is it revenge that has moved the Italians to war against the Ethiopians? It was just forty years ago when the Ethiopians were victorious at Aduwa, the Italians losing 15,000 in battle. Possibly this was too great a defeat for the proud Italians to accept gracefully. Race feeling is something that cannot be ignored; it is dangerous, the longer it smoulders the more intense it becomes, and finally like a smothered flame it breaks forth in all its fury ruthlessly destroying life and property.

This conflict if it continues will very likely involve other nations before a settlement is reached. From all indications every country is making ready for any emergency. If the inevitable comes it means as it has in the past youth of the country will bear the brunt.

It takes but a minor act to set the match to the thoroughly seasoned tinder to start a conflagration that will seriously affect the whole world.

We know Great Britain has warships in the Mediteranean, surrounding Italy. The slightest tragedy there, either by accident or maliciously, would lead to trouble. The present situation is not only dangerous to the European countries but to others. One thing leads to another, either in war or peace. Let us hope and pray for peace.

We heard of one man saying he would not mind war for it would speed up business, and the country would be more prosperous. This one man reflects the wishes of others, willing to exploit nations, and take the flower of our manhood to satisfy greed. You would never find this class on the front. When profit is taken out of wars—then there will be no wars.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

WHAT GOD HAS PROMISED

"God hath not promised skies always blue,
Flower-strewn pathways all our lives through;
God hath not promised sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow, peace without pain.
But God hath promised strength for the day,
Rest for the labor, light for the way,
Grace for the trials, help from above,
Unfailing sympathy, undying love."

—o—

A kiss is the best argument a married man can use with a fretful wife.

—o—

Some people are never happier than when hunting around for something to make them unhappy.

—o—

Some one it is said, is advertising clubs for lonely women. My opinion is what they really want is hearts and diamonds.

—o—

It may be reasonably asserted that one of these days the world will be more like you want it. But you won't be here.

—o—

Even though it be not so extreme a price, all of us who worry pay dearly for the privilege. For fretting eats away the soul's sweet peace and robs life of its proper joy. Worry consumes energy that might be turned into useful channels and changes the music of life into jangling discords.

—o—

It is about time for the new calendars to begin to appear. Then we can all have dates that will be pleasing to both sexes.

—o—

A traveler says it is still the custom in Russia to sleep on top of the brick oven. In this country it is "Home on the Range."

—o—

You can set it down as an assured fact that when a girl begins to call a man by his first name she has an eye on securing his last name.

—o—

A health adviser says late hours are not good for one. A young lady of my acquaintance says they may not be good for one, but they are certainly enjoyable for two.

—o—

Many persons, these days, are troubled and worried over the inheritance tax. But that is a minor affair to the coming generations, who will worry over inherited taxes.

—o—

If they make the heels to ladies shoes much higher, the fair sex will be walking on their toes. They are almost doing that now—"Tip-toeing Among the Tulips," as it were.

—o—

The secretary of the treasury is telling us that the country needs the half-cent pieces. Well, some people may trade down that low, but it strikes me the country needs good old

horse sense more than it does splitting one cent.

—o—

I see where an Oklahoma lawyer sang "Home, Sweet Home" to a jury in an attempt to save his client from prison. The jury listened attentively and gave his client a home for life. This leads me to believe that it would be a good thing, when you employ a lawyer, ask him if he sings.

—o—

Sanford Bates, director of federal prisons, thinks seven new prisons are needed. The inmates of federal penitentiaries, reformatories, camps, hospitals and jails now total 14,752, which is an all-time high record. From the rascality that is going on throughout the country it is obvious that there are a great many more outsiders who should be in prison, and I have no doubt that a great many already in prison are just as good as a great many who are not in prison.

—o—

Some one has said, very aptly and very truthfully, that a man is a success when he refuses to slander even his enemies; when he does not expect to get paid for everything he does; when he does not wait until tomorrow to do the things he might do today; when he is loyal to his employer and his associates; when he intelligently co-operates with others, and is tolerant in thought and deed; when he studies constantly to prepare himself for a higher position financially and in the estimation of his fellows. This is a fine chart to go by.

—o—

All nations have heroes. The majority of them are heroes of war. The real heroes, to my way of thinking, in this country, are the little known or unknown altogether. Their reward is the joy of the working, of the glory of achievement. Any one of these conscientious, quiet workers, are worth more than all the war heroes you can gather together. Theirs has been the work of destruction. But human nature is so constituted that it will give more praise to the great soldiers than to all the plain people who have—and are—laboring to make the world safe for humanity, and keep it out of wars. All honor to the unknown workers!

—o—

There is not the slightest moral excuse for killing just because a political administratio of the profit system orders it. On account of heartless war Italy has thrust upon Ethiopia war stocks in the United States are soaring. This means that a lot of socially respectable people are profiting by the frightful slaying of men, women and children, not only where fighting is going on, but perhaps greater Europe, and, perhaps, other countries. It should be generally realized right now, that any one who profits by war is a murderer. Whoever deals in war stocks—steel, copper, aircraft, chemicals, with an eye to profit is a murderer. He who traffics in materials, as cotton or petroleum products, for instance, with an eye to the extra profits to be made from war conditions, is a murderer. The banker who finances these profitable deals, is a murderer. The workman who accepts employment in plants preparing war materials to be

shipped abroad and used in the butchering of human beings for profit, is a murderer. The preacher, educator, or editor who supports war is a murderer. The statesman who votes, or makes war, is a murderer. Those who know the truth, and bravely live it, will keep their freedom from the mark of Cain.

Jobs, no matter whether they please or displease the worker, inexorably demand just one thing, and that is—to be done. The job, if we personify it, cares little about who undertakes it or who finishes it—but unless it is finished, something that depends on that particular job cannot function.—J. J. Metz.

SELF — ANALYSIS

(The Boy Agriculturist)

"Always thinking of himself" is a frequent criticism.

Yet the man is wise who thinks a good deal of himself. Suppose we each devoted ten minutes a day to thinking about ourselves, as some people are said to devote ten minutes to setting-up exercises.

We might inquire. What's good about me and what's bad about me? What old habits can I break and what new habits can I cultivate that will make me a more agreeable and useful person? Am I wasting too much time? Do I talk too much? Am I spending too much? Am I doing as well as I can, or am I drifting?

Some people make it their business to know all about others, living and dead. In a question-and-answer game they can win against a room full of people. Let them think more about themselves, in order that they may understand themselves.

We see plenty of room for improvement in our friends and neighbors. This one is lazy, that one is mean, and the man down the street is stupid. This woman neglects her children, and that woman is sulky.

What about you? You know what people criticize in you. You know your faults. Don't excuse yourself by saying that people must take you as you are.

A dirty man can always find a dirty restaurant where a dirty waiter will serve him. Dull, lazy people find dull, lazy friends. But there isn't much satisfaction in it. We all want the respect of clean, ambitious, intelligent people. We can get it if we make ourselves agreeable to them.

RAISE YOUR OWN, SAYS GUILFORD

(Popular Government)

Guilford County has made vigorous attack on the problem of idle prisoners, increasing relief loads, and rising food prices with a county-owned and operated dairy farm which may well serve as an example to other counties of the State. The Dairy, which commenced operations in January, 1933, furnishes all the milk and butter necessary for the County Sanitarium, Home, Jail, and Convict Camp—$13,000 worth of it a year, to be exact. Quite a profitable return for a $12,000 investment with an annual budget of $9,500! Especially when the latter figure includes the whole of the salary of Dr. M. E. Coyle, superintendent of the Dairy, who is also available to supervise farming operations at a second unit.

Its venture in the dairy business having proved such a success financially, the County this spring purchased a third farm containing 692 acres, and is extending its farming activities on a wide scale. The Board hopes to be able to do the same thing with the "New Farm" that it has already done with the Dairy. In fact, Commissioner R. Flake Shaw, to whom the job of supervising the County's farming operations has been delegated, predicts that Guilford should be able to reduce from 50 to 60 per cent the $25,000 it has been spending per year with outside agencies on food for its public charges.

The latter figure was not high to begin with. The average number of people maintained at the various county institutions is 150 for the Sanitarium, 155 at the County Home, 70 in the Jail, and 50 at the Convict Camp. A total of 425, making the average cost of food purchased from outside agencies per person $58.82 a year, $4.90 a month, and 16.33 cents a day. And now Guilford figures to cut that in half! The Board is also looking to the "New Farm" to reduce materially the item of feed for the stock at the Dairy. This runs around $3,600 a year, and Mr. Shaw estimates that it can be cut at least in half.

Two considerations led to Guilford's entry in the farming and dairying business: the large number of persons in the County Sanitarium and Home to be fed, and the fact that the County has at all times a large number of short-term prisoners whom the State will not take and for whom care and employment must be provided. The County's action in taking over all relief work in Greensboro and High Point furnished the principal reason for enlarging the farm program this spring. The relief work has been costing $150,000 a year, and naturally, the food needs are so great, a market is provided for everything the County can produce.

As Commissioner Shaw puts it, "The set-up is perfect. With free labor and a market for everything that can be produced, the whole matter is resolved into one of economical production and the proper man." Judging by the figures for the operation of the Dairy, Guilford's able and efficient Board has solved both prob-

lems with its customary business-like efficiency.

Mr. Shaw believes that it will pay any county of any size to operate a farm. "There is no argument against it," he says. "The county has the labor and has to feed them anyway, and it can produce the food cheaper than it can buy it, saving money for the taxpayer. Moreover, we do not invade any cash crop market. We don't grow tobacco for that reason. All we are trying to do is to feed our people the most economical way."

The handsome Guilford County Dairy, which is situated on old Highway Number 10 just east of Greensboro and which is widely admired by passers, and its two farms are operated exclusively with convict labor except for superintendents, foremen, and guards, numbering six in all. Mr. Shaw, who is known as an excellent business man as well as one of the County's most successful farmers, exercises general supervision over all farming operations. His compensation is on a per diem basis solely. The modern barn, milk house,and other buildings were constructed with free labor from materials off the farms at a fraction of the commercial cost. Between 75 and 80 cows are kept with an average milking herd of 50 head.

Guilford's model dairy and farm also have a valuable by-product educationally, serving as a demonstration center for the farmers of the County. Demonstrations of fertilizer and seeds, control of obnoxious grasses, soil building, and erosion control are only a few of the many things which are taught. Complete diversification of crops is practiced and a live stock program under way which will include everything from chickens to pure blooded horses. Perishables are canned, serving the dual purpose of keeping them off the market and of putting up supplies for the winter months, while complete cost records are kept on every crop and every shipment of produce to a County institution.

All of which is invaluable to the average farmer and which is going a long way toward realizing Mr. Shaw's plan to prove to the farmers of the County that it is possible to have a "self-maintained, self-contained farm in Guilford County."

It is a good plan not to pay any attention to any critic until he has first demonstrated his ability as a performer. It requires neither energy nor sense to criticize, but both are necessary for the individual who attempts to get something done.

—Selected.

LIBRARIES—EVERY MAN'S UNIVERSITY

By Aubrey Boyd

Did you ever want a book you couldn't find? People have this suppressed desire from time to time, and keep on suppressing it, like the man in the story who died of thirst at sea off the mouth of the Amazon River, while adrift in some billion gallons of fresh water.

There are about 600,000 books in Richmond libraries to which the public has access. Perhaps not more than 5 per cent of the total, according to librarians, are in active circulation. The rest are consulted occasionally or not at all, and the existence of thousands of them is unknown to the general reading public. No doubt many of these books would be used if readers knew where to find them, or if the average citizen devoted half the assiduity to hunting a book that he employs in stalking a deer, flushing a pheasant, or locating the right kind of book ends for the living-room table.

If the fault is the reader's it is also that of a modern trend which has accustomed us to having many things that we need, and some that we don't, placed in our hands. Where Franklin or Lincoln or Robert Burns rode a day's journey for a book, the pampered reader of our time wants it brought to his door. Libraries in Virginia, however, still lean to the old tradition that education is something to be voluntarily sought by those who want it, rather than imposed on the indifferent. They also cherish an aversion to intruding on their patrons any of the various "come-on" devices which modern culture is borrowing from high pressure salesmanship. In harmony with the times they have begun to dress their show windows but they have not yet introduced the inspirational talks and reader guide services offered by libraries in other centers where a missionay impulse is felt to go out into the highways and byways and get the books read. Their attitude is that the books are there if you want them; advice is yours for the asking, but the choice is yours too, by the same rule of courtesy that lets the guest of the house name his own beverage.

There is a sound practical reason in for giving preference to the claims of the voluntary reader. In the purchase of new books, appropriations are inadequate to meet the requirements of those who know what they want, without stirring up a demand among those who don't. In adding to their holdings, our librarians are doing the best they can with what they have.

Through a library co-operation committee they are now seeking to co-ordinate the buying of books for the various libraries so that purchases will not duplicate each other, and books will be "put where they belong." The Richmond Public Library for example, specializes in fiction and recreational reading, popular non-fiction, and standard works of general referece. The State Library has an admirable collection of history, biography and kindred subjects, centering about Virginia. Purchases by either library in the other's field

would be a waste and would narrow the range of their combined offerings. Under the co-operative plan, each library will respect the particular service of the others, and buy accordingly.

Another co-ordinating move in the reader's interest is now on its way. Existing resources of Richmond libraries being much richer than the average book borrower realizes, he would obviously be geatly helped by a list of the various library holdings, showing him where to look for books on subjects of his choice.

Some libraries have a "union catalogue" which gives the library location of many books as reported through the Library of Congress, but this is a partial and scattered record. The project envisaged in Richmond is a printed inventory of the resources of all libraries in the city. Compiled under the editorship of Wilmer L. Hall, assistant librarian of the State Library, the handbook will probably be published early in 1936.

Full replies to the editor's questionnaire have not yet been received, but in the meantime a brief sketch of present library offerings in Richmond has "reader interest."

While the Virginia State Library is not a universal or a general book collection it covers a notable and comprehensive field of its own. This embraces history (mainly that of Virginia and the Confederacy); social and political science; bibliography; technology (with the emphasis on highway construction and State enterprises); education (a good general collection); agriculture (with catalogues of all State and national publications on the subject); literature (particularly of Virginia and the South); maps of Virginia, and a serviceable collection of general reference works, important periodicals, books on natural science, philosophy, religion, music and the fine arts, cartography and military science. Students of Virginia history will find material for research in the library's accumulation of a million and a half Virginia manuscripts. An extensive collection of books for the blind includes works in "New York Point" and all styles of Braille.

The traveling library division contains about 12,000 volumes of history, bigraphy, literature, poetry, drama, agriculture, science and travel, with painting, engraving and drawing exhibits. These are sent without charge to any community or group of people in Virginia in need of books. Schools, local libraries, study clubs or other recognized organizations may obtain a shipment by making formal application. Each library carries from 25 to 50 books. Small transportation charges are the only cost to the borrower, when transportation companies will not carry the libraries free.

Any citizen who needs a book may borrow it from the State Library, with reasonable identification safeguards. A temporary resident may borrow books by making a small deposit (ordinarily $2.00) which is refunded when the privilege is no longer needed. The reference reading room is open from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

The Richmond Public Library is well provided with fiction and recreational reading, but it also has an exceptionally fine collection of standard

works of general reference—lexicons, dictionaries, encyclopedias, anthologies, bound periodicals, pamphlets and Federal documents. In non-fiction the library tries to carry at least half a dozen of the most important books in each field, avoiding any extensive duplication of other library holdings. While its selections are necessarily influenced by popular demand, they are the best its patrons will read, and the educated reader, who is apt to be the "forgotten man" in public library offerings, will find many pleasant surprises in its shelves.

Beside the Grace Arents branch library on South Cherry Street for white readers, and the Bowser branch for the colored on Clay Street. Another branch in the Forest Hill section is under construction. The library has four lending stations: at the buildings of Bainbridge Junior High School, Helen Dickinson School, Robert Fulton School and J. E. B. Stuart School. Three hundred classroom deposit libraries are maintained in 25 surburban schools and five hospitals are served in a similar way.

The great value of this library as an educational agency will be enhanced by the development of a special fine and practical arts department, a stronger collection of literature in foreign languages, and an inter-lending system with other libraries. All these needs are fully recognized by its very able librarian.

In the 5,000 volumes housed by the Virginia Mechanic's Institute Library, trade and technological subjects predominate, but there are many titles in history, biography and literature. The American Institute of Banking which provides the business courses at the Mechanic's Institute, includes its collection of reference books with the above. The reading room, with current trade and technical publications, is open to the public during library hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. and 7:15 to 10 P. M. daily except Saturdays and Sundays. Books may be withdrawn by payment of a deposit.

The University of Richmond Library is open for reading and research from 8:30 A. M. to 5 P. M. and from 7 P. M. to 10 P. M. every week day except Saturday, when the hours are 8:30 A. M. to 4:45 P. M. Main library books not needed for class work may be withdrawn for two weeks by outside readers, excepting at Westhampton College, where the books are available only to faculty and students. The T. C. Williams Law Library, containing something over 11,000 of the 62,000 volumes in the University of Richmond collection, includes almost all the reported cases from all jurisdictions in the country, almost all reported English cases; all the standard law encyclopedias and dictionaries and a very extensive collection of text books. Practitioners in Richmond may withdraw books from this library, which also lends other libraries and to alumnae.

Though the Medical College of Virginia Library is intended primarily for students and faculty, its books are open to all in the city who have a need for them. These compose an excellent reference collection, with

many complete sets of medical, health service and scientific journals, one of which—the American Journal of Medical Science—is now in its 189th volume. The library lends books by mail, return postage only being required of the borrower, and books are procured for its patrons from the Army Medical Library, Students of chemistry will find the Medical College Library especially useful. It is also of interest to workers in sociology, bacteriology and pathology. Five hundred current journals are accessible in health service fields.

The library is open from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. all week days, and from 7 to 10 P. M. Tuesdays and Thursdays.

The Union Theological Seminary Library is largely devoted to bound sermons and religious treaties. Virginia Union University has a smaller collection of a similar kind for colored students, as well as one in the liberal arts and sciences to which adult study groups have access, and where the librarian gives advice in reading to those who desire it.

An opportunity of greater appeal to the general reader is afforded by the University of Virginia Extension Library which will send books from its catalogue on a wide variety of subjects to any one in the State, with a very moderate charge for postage. A similar service is conducted by the Virginia Polytechnic Institute at Blacksburg.

There are several smaller libraries and reading rooms in Richmond, open to the public—among them the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. collections. The latter contins a Braille library for the blind.

BIRTHDAY OF A NEW BOOK

On the 4th day of October, 1535, there came from the press the final sheets of the first printed English Bible. The completion of the four hundred years in which this Book in its successive translations has molded the life and thought of the English-speaking people of the world is to be made an occasion for a nation-wide expression of gratitude to God for this gift and for a new and concerted effort to bring the people of America "into vital touch with its matchless resources." The Bible has surpassed in circulation any other book in the world and has been the indispensable guide and companion of millions of persons in every degree and walk of life. The Pilgrims brought out of England the Bible when the King James version was only nine years old. Knowing this book of books, they were not uneducated. It was Webster's speech at Bunker Hill which reminded their descendants that it "teaches man his own individual responsibility, his own dignity and his equality with his fellow-men," lessons never more needed than today.—The New York Times.

CLEARING THE PROBLEM CHILD'S MIND

By Robert W. Ehrman

Polly's first date would have been a complete success—if her father had not forbidden her to have any more. As far as he was concerned, the incident was closed. But the poor fellow seemed to lack the most elementary knowledge of the ways of Mother Nature: he tried to keep his daughter from growing up. One night she said she was going to visit a girl friend. He followed her out, shadowed her, watched her every move, saw her meet him—and when she came home—met her with a storm of angry accusations. The meetings and the spying continued. Things went from bad to worse until the father's actions almost drove the girl to distraction. Finally she lodged a complaint with a social agency. She was suspected of having abnormal mental symptoms and was referred to the Children's Memorial Clinic. After a thorough examination, the clinic upheld the charges against her father, persuaded him to send her away to a private school where she now enjoys a circle of friends of both sexes, and helped him to develop a more reasonable attitude toward the changing needs of his girl. Thus were laid the foundations for a normal existence for a father and his daughter.

Then there was Carl. At 14 he had a history of truancy, petty stealing, and a charge of house-breaking which brought him into court for the third time. The clinic studied the family situation at the request of the court. Papa and mama had visions of their son honorably established in a profession, and so they wished him to take a classical course. But Carl had other plans. He liked to play with bolts and monkey wrenches and wanted to be a machinist. When the clinic discovered that his intelligence was better suited to the requirements of a trade and that he had marked mechanical ability, it recommended a re-arrangement of his study course at school with emphasis on manual training rather than the classics. The parents agreed reluctantly, but they co-operated in the method of treatment. Today, several years after his appearance in court, his satisfaction in his school work, a part-time job, and improved home relations are pointing to the day when he will take his place in society as a good workman and a good citizen. The Children's Memorial Clinic had done its part in the rehabilitation of a human being.

Mary was five or six years younger than Carl. Her father, intelligent, well-educated, represented her to the clinic as dull, imitative and unimaginative. Tests showed her to be an altogether superior child with an imagination and a mental capacity well in advance of her age. The father had simply expected too much of his daughter, and when she failed to measure up to his standards, he feared she was mentally retarded. With the clearing up of his mistaken attitude, however, one more child had been given an opportunity to grow into a healthy, well-balanced maturity.

These are the stories of Polly and Carl and Mary. In the files of the Childrens Memorial Clinic there are may others more interesting than the latest best-seller, more fascinating than the travels of Marco Polo; for, though the names may differ and the situation vary without end, there is one strand, one central theme, which binds them together, and that is the struggle of a human personality to make peace with itself and with a world that is sorely out of joint. Case histories bear eloquent witness to the renewed confidence, the reconstructed outlook, the deepened understanding, the downright happiness that the Clinic has brought to parents and children alike. The thousands of boys and girls who have passed through its doors have come into contact with persons who took an interest in them and treated them as equals. Mothers who would have preferred to smuggle in their children through the clinic's back door for fear of having their offspring regarded as "queer," have come out singing its praises. And the lion's share of the praises has usually gone to the quiet efficiency of the man who guides the clinic which guides the child—Director, Psychiatrist, and Friend of Children: Harvie De J. Coghill.

It has been said that the problem child is perhaps most grateful to an absolutely reliable person upon whom it can depend under all circumstances a man at once genial, sincere and confidence-inspiring. Such a man is the Dr. Coghill who tackles the behavior problems of parents and children daily.

Dr. Coghill has pointed out that the Children's Memorial Clinic is a community child guidance clinic for the study and treatment of the whole child. Nine-year old Robert, for example, was referred by the school because he was failing the fourth grade, was slovenly in speech and dress, kept his mouth open continually, and was almost lacking in any sense of order. His parents suspected feeble-mindedness, but their fears were soon dispelled. The psychologist reported a superior intelligence; the pediatrician (specialist in children's diseases) attributed his mouth-breathing to enlarged tonsils and adenoids; and the social worker made a careful study of the family environment.

To the psychiatrist Robert revealed that his home life was unhappy and that his parents openly disapproved of him in many ways. The mother, herself a tense, nervous individual, would repeatedly nag the child by telling him, "Shut your mouth"—even after the physical basis of this condition was explained to her. The father expected the child to be neat and orderly, despite the fact that he himself had difficulty in remembering whether his socks were under the bed or on the mantlepiece. Furthermore, he was suffering from the same speech defect for which he was criticizing the child. When these things were made known to the parents in a series of interviews, their changed attitude reacted favorably upon Robert's school work. He was referred back to the family physician for the removal of tonsils and adenoids and for the correction of any other phy-

sical defect. Months later he seemed well adjusted in school and home.

There is no clinic or other agency in the city of Richmond, Va. that would have been prepared to render privately and free of charge the above services in the case of Robert. The need for an agency to pay less sonality is readily apparent. The and to deal rather with the whole personaliy is readily apparent. The Children's Memorial Clinic meets just that need.

"Because of this fact," asserts Dr. Coghill, "the clinic must combine the techniques of medicine, psychiatry, psychology, and social work, and an understanding of the work in many related fields, such as education, recreation, character-building.

As a medical-social agency, the clinic's primary task is the preservation of mental health. Mental health, according to the psychiatrist, is not merely a freedom from but also the ability to attain the right attitudes toward all the contributing factors in our lives and to achieve the maximum development of our capacities with a minimum of strain and friction to ourselves and to the social order in which we live.

The clinic accepts for study and treatment behavior and personality problems only; they must be referred from the City of Richmond and Henrico County, by the public, private, and parochial schools, the 35 social agencies of the Richmond Community Fund, the Juvenile Court, and private physicians. Symptoms which indicate that the child needs the help of the guidance clinic and which merely point to more deep-seated conditions, roughly fall into various classifications such as:

Undesirable habits of infancy, such as enuresis, thumb-sucking, peculiar food fads, night terrors, and mannerisms of various sorts;

Undesirable personality traits, such as extreme degrees of sensitiveness, seclusiveness, secretiveness, apathy, day-dreaming, imagiative and fanciful lying, nervousness, moodiness, quarrelsomeness, lack of interest in school or of ambition, cowardliness, and inability to get along with other children;

Undesirable behavior, such as disobedience, bullying, destructiveness, cruelty, temper tantrums, defiance of, or rebellion against, authority, keeping late hours, seeking bad companions, lying, stealing, and truancy.

These and other symptoms may arise from what Dr. Coghill calls "problem situations." An old fashioned whipping may temporarily silence Johnny's temper tantrums, but it will never by itself reveal a possible problem situation of a spoiled Johnny as the real cause of the behavior. And so with other instances. When you see lack of independece and initiative, look for the apron strings. Don't try to explain away your son's antagonism and sullenness on the grounds that he "just growed" that way. That's lazy; it may be a clear case of nagging. If you set an example of dishonesty or immorality in your own home, don't expect your children to be models of honesty and morality. Whenever Bill misbehaves or hurts your finer feelings, remember with Dr. Coghill "to shift the emphasis from problem child to problem situation wherever possible." Don't delude yourself into believing that

"mother knows best" invariably and intuitively. If she did, the Children's Memorial Clinic would never have come into existence.

Dr. Coghill explains, further, that "the clinic in its approach to these problems, earnestly warns the parents not to give the undesirable practices or habits too much attention. This does not mean that they should be ignored, but that one should endeavor to lead the child away from them with no emotional display. If the importance of the child's behavior is exaggerated, it serves only to keep the child and his problem in the center of the stage, much to his detriment. It is especially stressed that one should keep hands off in so far as possible, while the clinic searches for the underlying causes in the child's behavior."

Although the discovery of causes is important, the distinctive contribution of the clinic is its treatment work. It may consist of direct work with the child or his parents, a change in school placement, the use of recreational opportunities, changes in physical regime, or other environmental adjustments.

Associated with the clinic in its treatment program is the Junior League Workshop, started in 1927 as an experiment in occupational therapy. Here the children may be observed in small, controlled non-competitive groups where they are helped to acquire new skills and interests, to gain self-assurance, and to work out personality needs.

The Children's Memorial Clinic also functions as an educational agency in the spread of mental health principles. Such principles are passed on to persons who come in contact with the work of the clinic, while members of the clinic staff give talks and lectures on child guidance, mental hygiene, and related subjects, and provide professional training to selected individuals.

Since its founding in 1924 by a group of public-spirited and socially-minded Richmonders headed by Mrs. Melville C. Branch, the Children's Clinic has dedicated itself to the realization of the ideal expressed on the memorial tablet to McGuire Newton, physician to children: ". . . . to perpetuate and enlarge that service to childhood to which he devoted his life." To those fathers and mothers as yet unborn, may it continue to serve as the ideal of which Richmond parents are so justly proud.

There is but one straight road to success, and that is merit. The man who is successful is the man who is useful. Capacity never lacks opportunity. It cannot remain undiscovered, because it is sought by too many anxious to use it.

—Burke Cockran.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

(Biblical Recorder)

Dr. Hutton also has something strong to say about the League of Nations. In fact, in his sermon delivered at Geneva a month ago and probably heard by Sir Samuel Hoare, the British foreign secretary, and the other British representatives in the meeting of the League Assembly, Dr. Hutton outlined his conception of the duties of the nations under the League Covenat which might well have been the program which the English statesmen have since followed. Hutton's sermon must have added strength to the arm of Hoare. The pronouncements of both are in full accord. Dr. Hutton will have it that the League is in accord with the eternal purposes of God. He says:

A league of nations is a necessity of thought.

> A League of Nations is also the innermost and deepest intention of the Holy Scriptures, and was the precise message or revelation from God which Christ urged upon the rulers of His day, for which, when they rejected Him, he poured out His Soul unto death, making the prospect for which He died forever inevitable.
>
> Any man who has the capacity for constructive and resolute thinking, and has the integrity to follow the leading of his reason and his conscience, must arrive at the conclusion that what we mean by a League of Nations is a necessity of thought, because it is a necessity of life, if life is to remain.
>
> Human beings must, as the result of whatever discipline at the hands of life or at the Hand of God, search for, until they find, something on which they are unanimous, and that something on which human beings are unanimous they must make the head of the corner! Wherever that something already exists it must be cherished. Those who acknowledge it must regard any breach or violence in their own obedience as being, except for the grace of God, an unpardonable sin. It must also be their grave responsibility who already see something which might unify the race, themselves so to behave within their own group and towards other groups, that the blessed thing shall grow, shall make new converts, shall weaken and discredit all conflicting principles, and shall subdue and persuade the entire race of man.

With such words and others which we must omit the great preacher and prophet urged support of the League. Is there any wonder that Sir Samuel Hoare on reading or hearing them determined on that noble support of the League which he has since followed? England herself has been firm in the League's support and has made the other nations feel that any breach in their support of it might prove the unpardonable sin that

would mean their utter destruction.

In this sermon Dr. Hutton speaks of Christ weeping because Jerusalem failed in her hour of testing. This reminds us that Jesus must have wept also when he saw America reject the League which our own President Wilson had formulated. And why did the United States reject it? Was it not because our people were led to believe by designing politicians that our membership in it would interfere in the unjust gains some Americans were making in our foreign trade and end the unholy profit from steel plate and guns, for battleships and powder and other munitions of war? What might the United States not do for world peace if she were now in the League standing by England!

A friend you buy may be bought by another.—Exchange.

CLINE TO PUBLISH BOOK ON THE PRACTICAL POINTS OF PROBATION

(Twin-City Sentinel)

"Practical Points on Probation" is the title of a book, written by A. W. Cline, superintendent of the Forsyth county welfare department, which will come off the press here within the next few days. The book will go to the printers Monday.

The book will be a leatherette bound volume. It will deal in a practical manner with such topics as "Character Faults in the Underprivileged Child," "The Juvenile Court—A Comparison," "Investigation and Diagnosis Before Commitment to Institutions," "The Rural Church and the Juvenile Court," "Prison or Probation" and "Does Probation Pay?" The subjects deal with problems that affect the North Carolina juvenile courts of today.

These topics were recently discussed in a series of radio interviews by Mr. Cline and the demand for copies of these interviews was so great that plans were made for their publication in book form. The edition will be limited as to the number of copies, it is stated.

It is thought that the material contained in the work will be valuable to any person engaged in probation or public welfare work. It is so felt that it will be a help to those who are called on to make radio addresses, or talks about civic clubs and various other societies.

There has been a great response to the advance notices concerning the book. A great number of probation officers, public welfare officials and other social workers have already reserved copies of the book and Mr. Cline is receiving more requests daily.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION

By Thomas H. Huxley

Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life of every one of us would one day or another depend upon his winning or losing a game of chess, don't you think we should all consider it a primary duty to learn at least the names and moves of the pieces, to have a notion of a gambit, and check?

Do you think we should look with disapprobation amounting to scorn upon a father who allowed his son, or the State which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight. Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the care, the fortune and the happiness of every one of us do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a Game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess.

It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The Chess Board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just and patient. But, we also know to our cost that he never overlooks a mistake or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong knows delight in strength, and one who plays ill checkmated without haste but without remorse.

Well, what I mean by education is learning the rules of this mighty game. In other words, Education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways and the fashioning of the affections and the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws. That man, I think has a liberal education who has been so trained in his youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that as a mechanism it is capable of, whose intellect is a clear, cold logical engine with all its parts of equal strength and smooth working order ready like a steam engine to be turned to any kind of work and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind. Whose mind is stored with a knowledge of great and fundamental truths of nature and the laws of her operations. One who is full of life and fire, but whose passions have been trained to come to heel by a vigorous will the servant of a tender conscience who has learned to love all beauty whether of nature or art, to hate all vileness and to respect others as himself.

Such a one and no other that I can conceive has had a liberal education, until he is completely as a man can be in harmoy with nature. He will make the best of her and she of him. They will get on together rarely, she as as his beneficent mother, he as her mouthpiece, her conscious self, her minister and interpreter.

A BAROMETER

(Young Folks)

Hanging on the wall is a barometer. It is a small scientifically constructed device for detecting and registering the changes in the air, which are indicative of different kinds of weather. It tells of the approach of rain or a foreboding storm. Its dial records the truth with such accuracy that it is dependable. Plans for the immediate future are made according to the prediction of the barometer.

Each of us must be equipped with something like a barometer. A kind of detector of what may happen, it warns and advises. Some people call it conscience, others regard it as the voice of God, or the leading of the Spirit. Whatever it is we find it wise to heed its indications. To ignore it is too risky. To heed it has proven profitable.

Not all of us have barometers; but each of us has some inner something to warn him. To some it is nothing more than a hunch; but they believe in following it. To others it is like a law that dare not be broken. And each has his own. He cannot borrow his neighbor's. What the neighbor feels is the wise and safe and necessary thing to do may be helpful, but in the matters of major importance each must be led to decisions by something inside him.

We are inclined to the belief that God is back of these inner suggestions, define them as we will. It does not seem wise to treat the whole matter as a delusion, or hoax, lest we discover too late that we have been resisting the suggestions of God. There is no lowlier feeling than to discover that we have departed from God's directions.

WHEN YOU ARE DISCOURAGED, READ THIS

When a very young man Abraham Lincoln ran for Legislator in Illinois. He was badly beaten.

Abe then turned his steps toward the business field. Failed. Spent about seventeen years of his life paying up the debts of a no-good partner.

He entered politics again, ran for Congress and once more was swamped.

He became candidate for the United States Senate, and still another time he was beaten.

Just one failure after another, bad failures, set-backs of the most trying kind. But in spite of all this, in spite of every beating he ever had, and all the little glooms that hovered over him, he eventually became the most beloved and greatest man this country ever knew, and his name will go down through history to time immemorial.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The heavy frost and sudden cold wave last week brought out the supply of winter shoes from the stock room. Every boy at the School is now sporting a new pair of good shoes.

—o—

Mr. R. M. Rothgeb, of Raleigh, state mechanical engineer, visited the School the other day. The purpose of this visit was to examine the heating equipment and the boilers at the laundry and dairy.

—o—

A shipment of thirty beds to replace those in the dormitory of Cottage No. 2 arrived last Tuesday, and have been properly placed. This makes a great improvement in the appearance of the room, and such improvement was sorely needed, the old ones having been service for many years.

—o—

Our farm forces have been busy this week digging sweet potatoes, sowing oats, gathering peas and peanuts, shucking corn, and filling silos. Each of these activities takes time and once more the boys of several school rooms have been called on to help out in this emergency. All these crops are considerably under last year's production. Hay is the only crop that has been abundant at the School this year.

Messrs. V. M. Barrier, B. O. Payne, L. B. Sides, and Pink A. Walters, a committee of the Cabarrus County Grand Jury, now in session at the October term of Superior Court, made their usual inspection of the Training Shool last Tuesday. After visiting the several departments of the institution they expressed themselves as being pleased with conditions and manner in which the work is being carried on.

—o—

The advance plans and applications sent to the federal government asking for a grant of a little more than sixteen thousand dollars, to be used for the erection of quarters for Indian boys at the School, have been approved and the details and working plans for the various contractors bidding on this project are now being prepared. The officials of the School are anxious to start this work as soon as possible.

—o—

Mesdames E. E. Peele, Jennie James, H. C. Dowd, J. L. Kimbril, Margaret Gibbon, M. E. Walters and L. R. Teal, members of the Charlotte King's Daughters, came to the School last Friday, bringing with them 314 books for the King's Daughters Library here. These were new books, bought direct for our library, and among them was a large number of volumes of children's literature. The library had been deficient in this class

of books and this addition will help to round out its usefulness.

—o—

One of our paroled boys recently wrote Superintendent Boger as follows:

"Between Latin and algebra classes I find myself with a few minutes to spare, so I thought it was about time I wrote you.

"I am getting along fine and hope you are the same. Am going to School every day and studying real hard, believe it or not. I am taking first year Latin and science, and second year algebra, English and history.

"I certainly appreciated the copies of The Uplift, and especially enjoyed reading the Cottage Honor Roll.

"This year I am the official score keeper of the high school football team. Up to date they have played two games, winning both.

"Give my best regards to all my old friends at the Training School."

—o—

We recently received a letter from Keith Hunt, a former member of our printing class, who was paroled about eleven years ago. While a very good printer, capable of holding a position indefinitely, Keith has a roving disposition. He carries a union card, and since leaving the School has worked in printing offices all over the United States. He has written us frequently for several years, but no two letters ever came from the same location.

Keith also has quite a liking for the sea and has spent quite some time aboard merchant ships, being rated as a first-class seaman. In this capacity he has visited many foreign ports, from which he always remembers to write many of his old friends among the employees of the institution. The last letter was written in Antwerp, Belgium, dated September 28th, in which he states in part:

"It's a long way from Concord to Antwerp, but here we are. Am making my last trip to sea for a while. Have finally landed the Civil Service job I have been trying to get for some time, and will go to work as soon as I can get back to Tampa, Florida.

"On this trip we have made London, England; Rotterdam, Holland; Hamburg and Bremen, Germany; and Antwerp, Belgium. Expect to be back in Wilmington in about fifteen days.

"It has been very cold over here this trip. We have had several snows and at other times there has been almost a continuous downpour of rain. I am very thankful that my duties have kept me on the bridge where I haven't been exposed to the bad weather as have the sailors below.

"The people over here are very much excited about the wars they think are coming off. They all seem to want a war, but are perfectly willing to stay out of it and let the others do the fighting.

"Please send me a copy of The Uplift occasionally, and tell everyone at the School 'hello' for me."

—o—

Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service

at the Training School last Sunday. Taking as his text, Matt. 18:13, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," he spoke to the boys on "Idleness."

At the beginning of his talk, Rev. Mr. Hughes stated a human trait that is natural is to work. There is a time to play and a time to work. Idleness is a sinful habit and the devil's workshop. He then told the boys the following stories:

An old custom in England many years ago for dealing with idle persons is quite interesting. When a man would not work he was whipped in public. If the offense was repeated the erring one had the top of his ear clipped off. This was a sign to show everyone that he was a lazy man. The third offense landed him in jail, and the fourth meant death. This was the law in England for a long time.

In Holland there was once this custom which was handed down from the people of Athens. The lazy man was put into a pit which had water running into it all the time. There was a pump in the pit and the person placed therein had to keep pumping the water out to keep from drowning. He was tied down to a certain level so that the water did not carry him to the top of the pit to safety. Onlookers gathered about the top of the pit and made sport of the sight below.

A story was told of a rich nobleman who lived in Germany years ago. This man was lazy as well as wealthy. He became so bored with life that he saw no pleasure in living and decided to kill himself. He confided this secret to a manufacturing friend of his. His friend asked him to do one thing for him before he committed this rash act. The request was that he come by the factory to see him. He agreed to do so, and as he entered the factory yard he was seized by three husky men who carried him off to work. He was made to work hard all the morning, and at noon he was so hungry that he eagerly ate beans and black bread like the other workers. After dinner was over he was made to work again. Night found him a tired, but changed man. He had found the happiness and joy of work.

A man on his death bed called his three sons to him. He wanted to tell them about a great fortune that was hidden on the place. Before he could tell them any more, he died. These sons set out to dig up the entire place. They found a very rich soil underneath the top soil, but found no hidden money or treasure. Various crops were planted in this new soil and when harvest time came all the neighbors marveled at the great quantities of produce raised. After receiving such material wealth from their efforts, the sons concluded that they had discovered the fortune their father had left for them.

Idleness is stealing, said Rev. Mr. Hughes, and once it enters a person's life, it becomes a habit and is very hard to throw off. He compared it to a thorn bush which grow sin Africa. This is called the "stop awhile" bush. Once you get the thorns in your clothing they keep working right on until they get into the flesh, just like fish hooks, until one is obliged

to stop awhile and remove clothing in order to get rid of them.

A man who keeps his hands in his pockets, continued the speaker, will soon find nothing in his own pockets and will find himself reaching into the pockets of someone else. Then he will realize that "idleness is the devil's workshop," and will have all kinds of trouble.

Rev. Mr. Hughes concluded by saying there is a fortune in store for each boy at the Training School, if he will work, pray, and try to be a Christian.

BEGIN TODAY

Dream not too much of what you'll do tomorrow,
How well you'll work perhaps another year;
Tomorrow's chance you do not need to borrow—
Today is here.

Boast not too much of mountains you will master,
The while you linger in the vale below;
To dream is well; but plodding brings us faster
To where we go.

Talk not too much about some new endeavor
You mean to make a little later on;
Who idles now will idle on forever
Till life is gone.

Swear not some day to break some habit's fetter,
When this old year is dead and passed away;
If you have need of living wiser, better,
Begin today!

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since July 7, 1935.

Week Ending October 13, 1935

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(8) Arthur Boyette 9
(8) William Dillon 8
(15) Earl Rogers 15
(9) Richard Sullivan 14
(15) Ashley Thompson 15
Vermont Whitley 12

COTTAGE No. 1

William Anders 3
(2) Roscoe Ashburn 3
Sam Batts 8
(2) Robert Cashwell 10
William Goodson 13
Glenn Hines
Claude McLaughlin 10
(15) Millard Owenby 15
Albert Silas
(5) Everett Williamson 12
(15) Harvard Winn 15
Preston Yarborough 11

COTTAGE No. 2

James Boyce 9
John Capps 3
(4) Arthur Craft 4
Cleatus Daugherty 5
Warren Godfrey
(4) Thomas Horton 8
(2) Lewis Janey 8
(3) Clyde Kivett 8
Wilson Myrick 3
Oscar Roland
(3) Vasco Robinson 9
Barney Watson 3

COTTAGE No. 3

Emerson Barnhill 6
(10) William Barber 11
Elbert Bryant 4
Barney Caviness 6
James Cooper 2
(7) Marcellus Gurganus 12
Max Hedrick
Jesse Holleman 4
Claude Hicks 5
(10) Frank Hutchins 12
Charles Vanhoy 2
Harvey Watson 6
D. C. Winston 7
(2) Porter Willhite 12

COTTAGE No. 4

James Bartlett 5
(3) Carlton Calloway 5
(2) Lindsay Chavis 6
Mathis Garrett 3
(4) Ralph Johnson 13
(4) William Justice 10
(3) Thomas Maness 4
(6) Joseph McPherson 6
(2) Jack McRary 11
(4) Robert Orrell 7
Clyde Reece 5
Richard Sprinkle 7
(3) Wheeler Sturdivant 14
(4) Melvin Walters 10
Hubert Williams 7

COTTAGE No. 5

(6) Max Cecil 12
Sanford Collins
(6) Bert Ferguson 7
(3) Jack Freeman 6
William Hare 4
Paul Johnson 8
George Kye 12
(3) Louis Tarkington 12
Robert Worthington 9

COTTAGE No. 6

(8) Earl Bass 9
(2) Clinton Keen 5
Robert Keith 4
Joseph Sanford 5
(3) James Stepp 7

COTTAGE No. 7

(4) Boyd Barringer 6
William Beach 4
Emerson Frazier 7
(15) Caleb Hill 15
A. Ray Hudson 7
Perry Harvell 3
(5) R. B. Norton 7
Theodore Nines 10
Lewis Parker 9
(2) Cling Shelton 5

COTTAGE No. 8

(7) Charles Banks 12
(3) Sam Belk 8
(4) George Chambers 9
Harry Flowe 9
(5) Thomas Hudson 12
(4) Guy Lewis 6
Ernest Owens 9
(4) Luther Pierce 8
Ernest Rivenbark 5

COTTAGE No. 9

Alvis Browning 2
Joseph Brooks 4
Charles Crotts 6
Woodfin Fowler 10
(2) Pearlie Funderburk 11
(2) C. D. Grooms 8
James C. Hoyle 5
(14) Frank Hall 14
(8) Ben Overby 13
Richard Wrenn 10

COTTAGE No. 10

(2) Harold Brown 9
(5) Jack Carver 7
(8) Norwood Cockerham 11
Floyd Combs 5
Robert Ellis
(5) J. B. Grooms 5
James Hodge 3
(3) William Knight 4
William Peedin 2
Charles Pollard 12
James Patterson 8
Edwin Shuler 7

COTTAGE No. 11

(12) Everett Bell 12
(9) Charles Bowman 9
(2) Charles Bryant 4
(3) Lewis Crawford 13
(3) Robert Farmer 7
(2) Dewey Freeman 8
Ira Grogan 3
(14) David Hodge 14
William Kirk 8
(8) James Montford 14
(2) Bennie Moore 5
Alton Morgan
(3) James Rector 5
Theodore Rector 4
(7) Eldridge Ward 12
Cecil Webb 7

COTTAGE No. 12

(5) Earl Atwood 12
Alphus Bowman 3
(6) James Douglas 13
(7) Horace Faulkner 12
(2) Bernard Griffin 5
Alfred Holleman 9
(3) Basil Johnson 10
(6) Edward Lockamy 12
(3) Glenn O'Quinn 11
(3) Eli Philemon 11
(6) Andrew Powell 9
(5) Homer Quick 11
(6) William Stevens 8
(6) Lonnie Sloan 9
(3) Olive Weaver 9
(7) Thomas Welch 14

COTTAGE No. 13

Boyd Baker 4
(2) Leon Burkhead 8
(15) Howard Wilson 15

COTTAGE No. 14

Clarence Ashburn 7
Allen Davis 2
(2) Lee Dowless 3
Lemon Finch 5
Hubert Jones 8

COTTAGE No. 15

(5) Robert Alexander 12
(5) John Caddell 10
(4) Earl Chambers 11
(3) George Gibson 7
Montford Glasgow 2
(3) George Hill 6
(2) Glenn Jenkins 3
Walter Mitchell 4
(4) George McManus 10
Gilbert Murray 2

Edward Martin 7
James McCracken 2
Paul Rhodes 3
Marshall Scoggins 6
(2) Richard Tysinger 10
(2) Winfred Whitlock 12
(2) Richard Wilder 4
(2) Roy Wyrick 10

—E N D—

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR SEPTEMBER

(Figure following name indicates number of times boy has been on Honor Roll since January 1, 1935.)

(NOTE: Due to the fact that boys in Rooms No. 3, 4 and 5 being pressed into service in emergency outside work, no report is given for the month of September).

ROOM No. 1

—A—

Randolph Davis
Horace Faulkner
Warren Medlin
Barney Watson

—B—

Marvin Ashe
Sam Belk
Arthur Greer 4
Caleb Hill
Woodrow Jenkins
George Kye
James Patterson
Paul Saunders
Winfred Whitlock
James Douglas 2
Jack Freeman
Marcellus Gurganus 2
Raymond Irvin
Louis Parker 2
Wheeler Sturdivant 3
Porter Willhite 4
Vernon Hubbard

ROOM No. 2

—A—

Bennie Holland
Y. V. Spates 3
Charles Vanhoy 3
Preston Yarborough 2
William Goodson 3

—B—

Harold Brown 3
Paul Johnson 2
Ben Overby 3
Richard Wilder
Alvis Browning
Norman McGee
Winston Strickland

ROOM No. 6

—A—

William Kirk 3

—B—

Joe Brown
Ray Hudson 2
Norwood Cockerham
Charles Pepper
Paul Rhodes

ROOM No. 7

—A—

Earl Atwood
Thomas Hamilton
Martin Hicks 4
Troy Powell 3

—B—

Frank Dickens
George McManus
James Rector 3
George Shaver
James Stepp 3
Lawrence Tew

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM
0 26 36

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 26, 1935 No. 43

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE LIFE THAT COUNTS

The life that counts must toil and fight;
Must hate the wrong and love the right;
Must stand for truth, by day and night—
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must helpful be;
The cares and needs of others see;
Must seek the slaves of sin to free—
This is the life that counts.

—Selected.

——PUBLISHED BY——
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAI

PUBLISHED BY

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

HALLOWE'EN

Tonight is the night that the witches walk
Wrapped in sable mantles, escorted by their cats,
Prowling through the night in their pointed hats.

The night is alive with mysterious doings,
Vibrant and restless with eerie sounds
Of wraiths and ghosts on their yearly rounds.

Through the night flit shadowy figures,
Faceless and formless in sinister masks,
Busy with ghoulish, insanctified tasks.

On the night wind rides goblin laughter,
In the church-yard dance the dead,
And the moonlight beams coldly on sheeted head.

Tonight is the night of the spirits
Of things better left unseen—
For unhallowed things transpire on Hallowe'en.

—Selected.

HALLOWE'EN

The gloomy shadows of the live oaks, woven with intricate shadows of poplar and white birch stand grimly out against the glittering moon. Beneath their lofty, swaying branches timid lovers tread the well beaten paths, which are strewn with multi-colored leaves and scattered twigs. They whisper to each other like lovebirds cooing contentedly in their nest.

A swamp is approached and stealthily eluded by the lovers, as

an owl waking from his sleep in his ancient solitary realm screeches aloud his shrill admonitions.

Along the banks of a swift flowing river overrun by slimy moss, the couple roam, imprisoned by a huge forest. The trees are immense and have thick foliage, which makes weird and grotesque forms against the mellow light of the moon.

The whole glen seems to be throbbing with love and beauty on this October evening. The air is crisp and full of pungent odors, which tell the hidden secrets of Mother Nature.—Selected.

* * * * * * *

SAID TO BE "MOST OUSTANDING IN UNITED STATES"

The October issue of "The Health Bulletin" measures up to its name. Every page is filled with the gospel of good health as taught by means of a program of oral hygiene and dental clinics made possible by the co-operation of the county health departments and other county units with the State Health Department for a mouth health survey of all school children.

Also it is gratifying to note that the dental profession of the state has not only publicly endorsed "the mouth-health-teaching" in schools but in every other way is helping to put over the program for better health as planned by the state department.

There are so many worthwhile lessons to be learned from the many articles in the October Health Bulletin till it would be hard to decide which one to specially emphasize. Each has as an objective,—the health of the child,—the correlation of the mouth health program with every day teaching.

However, it is with much satisfaction we give publicity to the fact, as stated by Dr. Carl V. Reynolds, Secretary of North Carolina Board of Health, that it has been said North Carolina can boast of having "the most outstanding mouth health program in the United States." All of which is sufficient evidence that since the inception of the work the foundation was sound, and the activities have moved on by leaps and bounds till accepted as an essential work by parents, teachers and school children throughout the state.

It goes without argument that the mind cannot function or develop if there is a physical handicap, so with public opinion favorably moulded there is every reason to conjecture the program as outlined by the State Board of Health will do a greater and more effective work in the future.

* * * * * * *

MARS HILL COLLEGE

It seems that a magic wand has been thrown over the campus of Mars Hill. There is no trouble for this institution to do anything its designs. Just lately on the anniversary of its seventy-ninth birthday, or Founders Day, $20,000 was subscribed.

During luncheon, at the college dinner hall, Professor Blackwell announced an enlargement program with immediate aims of half a million dollar endowment. The first dash in the box $20,000 was realized.

Our senior United States Senator, Josiah Bailey was honor guest, and in paying tribute to the founders, and by the way Senator Bailey always knows how to say nice things, said, "it is not so bad the founders are dead, but so fine they live", meaning their spirit continues to live. He put over his message in a conclusive and impressive manner with the thought, "the man who made a dollar in gold and converted that into life was greater than the chemist". The statement is eloquent and must be very gratifying to the descendants of pioneers of Mars Hill who made the supreme sacrifice for country and humanity.

* * * * * * *

A DEPRAVED TASTE

You know when a circus strikes a town the grown-ups usually have an excuse for attending the show. The excuse many adults frame up is they have to take the children to see the animals. From Brisbane's column it is evident that many business meetings of important corporations over the nation were scheduled to meet in New York City on the very day of the big fight. Doubtless the

fixing of the date for the business meetings was arranged so to contact the "big show"—the Louis-Baer fight. But it is all in a life time so why speculate? We condemn such brutality of the other nations, but give approval to pugilistic contests by swelling the gate receipts to one million dollars for a nauseating pastime of one-half hour.

Any mule if properly trained or untrained could kick a man senseless in less time than you can speak. Wherein is the charm to see one man knock another out smeared with his own blood? It is hard to see why such should be tolerated as sport, and wrong if any are maimed in a hold-up. It is brutality in either case. The incentive in either instance is the dollar.

* * * * * * *

NO MEMORIAL TO AN ASSASSIN

We cannot conceive of the American people stooping to honor the memory of an assassin. They are not given to paying tribute to crime or compounding a felony. Yet we are told that Frank Hartley Anderson, described as a "noted Birmingham architect," is working on plans to erect a memorial to Dr. Carl Austin Weiss, assassin of Senator Huey P. Long.

The American people, or a great many of them, are emotional and impulsive. There is every reason, however, to believe that a vast majority of them despised the things the late Louisiana senator advocated as well as his philosophy of life, but few hated him enough to put the seal of approval upon the bloody act of his slayer.

In the case of Dr. Weiss those who admire his deed can show him greater deference and do him higher honor by drawing over his memory the mantle of charity, imputing his crime to mistaken zeal in a moment of spiritual exaltation that temporarily dethroned his reason.

The idea of memorializing a crime committed even in a just cause is so contrary to the American sense of justice and the eternal fitness of things to permit of argument. We prefer to believe the Louisiana assassin destroyed his victim in a moment of mad-

ness and that his act is not condoned by the people either of his state or country although for the best interest of all.

—Suffolk News-Herald.

* * * * * * *

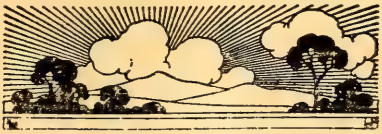
EXPANDING FUNCTIONS

It is easier to visualize the future with a hope than it is to review the past with pride and talk about the accomplishments of the rugged Americans who blazed the way for the many blessed privileges we have inherited and are enjoying. To dwell upon the increasing population of our state and nation with the necessary increase of governmental departments are facts that stimulate interest and cause one to marvel.

In 1790 the population of North Carolina was nearly 400,000 people with the approximate cost of state government $51,850. The statistics show that in 1930 the old North State has over three millions, or nearly eight times as many people as there were one hundred and forty-seven years ago, and that the cost of government activities in 1935 was $58,000,000.

The population of the United States in 1790 was nearly 4,000,000, in 1935 there were nearly 130,000,000 and the increase of federal government expense was from $7,000,000 to $7,000,000,000 within the period of one hundred and forty-three years.

These are fact gleaned from the periodical, "Popular Government," giving a suggestion of the phenomenal increase in population and the cost of multiplied units of government the past one hundred and fifty years.



RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

Talk Happiness

"Talk happiness. The world is sad enough
Without your woe. No path is wholly rough.
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,
And speak of them to rest the weary ear
Of earth; so hurt by one continuous strain
Of mortal discontent and grief and pain.

Talk of health The dreary, never-ending tale
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale.
You cannot charm, or interest, or please
By harping on the minor chord, disease;
Say you are well, or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words, and make them true."

—o—

It's Human Nature

A lot of folks will clamor for government hand-outs, and then blame the administration for extravagance.

—o—

Too Severe

Bernard Shaw advocates that convicts should be put into dress-clothes and sent to symphony concerts. Such punishment is too severe for the convicts.

Joan Heads the List

It must be acknowledged that when Joan Crawford, movie star, a few days ago, married Franchot Tone, also a star, beat the Hollywood elite by giving a different tone to her marriage.

—o—

Burglarized Himself

A Chicago man had burglars on his mind. So he took a pistol to bed with him. He was awakened by a shot and found he had wounded himself when he dreamed a burglar had entered his room. Last report his condition was serious.

—o—

Bargains on the Brain

"When does the next train leave for Greensboro?" she asked at the station ticket window.

"At 2:50, madam," replied the station agent.

"Make it 2:48 and I'll take it," she said absent-mindedly.

—o—

Graham's Broad Smile

The University of North Carolina has now 6,185 students. Enrollment figures show 2,728 at Chapel Hill; 1,942 at State College; and 1,515 at the Woman's College at Greensboro. This enrollment is 416 above the total last year. President Graham is wearing just as broad a smile over it as if he'd just inherited a million or so from some unknown party.

—o—

Broke Into Jail

We hear a great deal about persons breaking into stores and houses,

but it is left for a Durham negro to break into jail. He failed of conviction in the Recorder's court on a trespass charge. He was refused to visit a prisoner in jail on the third floor. Anyhow he rode up in the elevator and while the jailer was locking up another man, he walked in, and was locked up. He was afterwards found in jail and was indicted for trespass.

—o—

Ability—Not Years

It's the man and not his years that count. Gray hairs do not make a mossback, and it does not necessarily follow that because a man is young he can work rings around the older fellow, nor that he can work more effectively. In the course of time executives of business, with their eyes open, will learn that elderly men are the staid workers, who carry on without the frills and frivolities of youth, and not be so anxious to replace the older ones for those of younger years in many cases.

—o—

The Horrors of It

There is not a community in the entire country which does not desire to take action against the haunting menace of death, injury and destruction on the streets and highways. Not long ago readers of an important New York daily received a gruesome surprise. In an account of a serious automobile accident, the paper no longer confided itself to a bare and colorless statement of facts. Instead, it presented all the gruesome details, chronicling the mashed, oozing skulls, and compound fractures, the bleeding wounds of the victims. And it announced that it would continue this policy, in the belief that it would help bring public realization of the horror of automobile accidents, and assist in creating real public co-operation in making our streets and highways safer.

—o—

A Friend

What is a friend? My friend is he who laughs with me, who weeps with me, one who encourages, rebukes; who eats cabbage and fat meat, or bread and butter with me; who comes to me at the wedding feast, or stands with me beside the grave; who listens to my hopes, my fears, my aims, my despair; who gives me a lift in his car when I am foot-sore; who rejoices in my success; and who does not despise me in my misfortunes. A friend is one you can trust with a secret, and from whom you can get good advice.

—o—

Relief and Ambition

Recently a schoolteacher said she could easily tell the children whose parents were drawing relief. One would suppose that they were ill-fed or poorly dressed. But she gave another reason. It was the lack of ambition among the children. They had no interest in learning, so as to be better fitted to earn their own living and make a success after school. And they do not expect to earn their own living, they say that they expect the government to take care of them in the future. This mental attitude of many young people today is bound to have a serious effect in the future. No nation can progress if the coming generation is lacking in the ambition and will power to earn its own living.

One of the most harmful effects of the relief system is to kill ambition among many of our young people. 'Tis true; and oh! the pity of it!

—o—

MORGANTON'S NEW LIBRARY

Felicitations Morganton! Your new library is a beauty, and should be a joy to every Morgantonian, from the least to the greatest. It is a generous and loving memorial to one of your beloved sons—A. M. Kistler—by members of his family. It is a magnificent gift to the town, and is a token of a happy community spirit. Also congratulations to the News-Herald, which published an illuminating and splendid library informative edition. It is all the most inspiring thing I have seen in the State for some time, involving the highest and best emotions of the human heart.

The building is a gem in library homes. It should excite pardonable pride in every heart. It is a vital memorial to a noble soul. It is commemorative of what a man WAS, that lives and acts after him. It should be an inspirational beacon to all future generations.

The sun sets beyond the western hills, but the trail of light he leaves behind him guides the pilgrim to his distant home. The tree falls in the forest; but in the lapse of ages it is turned into coal, and our fires burn now the brighter because it grew and and fell. The coral insect dies, but the reef it raised breaks the surge on the shores of great continents, or has formed an isle in the bosom of the ocean, to wave with harvests for the good of man. We live and we die; but the good we do lives after us and is NOT "buried with our bones." Morganton's new library verifies this fact.

THE LARGEST PRINTING OFFICE IN THE WORLD

The largest printing office in the world is the Government Printing office at Washington, D. C. It has a floor space of twenty-two acres and gives employment to over 5,000 persons. Yet this office does not publish newspapers, magazines or books. At least, not the ones for sale at stores and news stands.

But it does print a large variety of interesting articles, some of which you are familiar with. For example, the one-cent postal cards that you purchase at your local post office are printed in this Washington office. The money order blanks that your mother fills out when she wishes to send money in a letter, and the income tax blanks that men and women have to fill out each year arse also printed here.

Those three items make a large order, for last year this Government Printing Office put out over two billion postal cards, 200,000,000 money order blanks and about sixty-three million income tax blanks.—Mary Russell.

HALLOWE'EN

(Selected)

All Hallow's Eve, October 31st, or Hallowe'en, as it is called now, is of Druidic origin. The Celts in Briton, France and Germany were sun worshippers. Three times each year they lighted huge bon fires in honor of the sun, one on May 1st, that there might be a good time for seed planting; one on June 21st, that everything might ripen well and one on October 31st, that all crops might be safely harvested. The home fires were lighted from the brands taken from sacrificial fires. The practices customary on Hallowe'en throughout western and northern Europe are, undoubtedly, connected with the waning power of the sun and with the great Druidical festival of Sam Hain which signifies the end of the summer. On November 1st, the Druids sacrificed a horse to the sun as a thanksgiving for their harvest. An Irish king in 400 A. D., commanded sacrifices to the moon deity on the eve of Sam Hain. Sacrifices also were offered to the spirits of the dead who were believed to be able to visit their haunts and their friends at that time.

In 834 A. D., the feast of "All Martyrs" was set by the Pope for November 1st. In Great Britain it was similar in character to the old Druidical feast and called Haligan or All Hallows. In 993 A. D. the feast of all Souls was added. Relics of fire worship are characteristic of these festivals which first symbolized the cult of the sun god and were later transferred by anology to the purgatorial flames from which the dead were released at that time.

The Romans celebrated the feast of Pomona, goddess of fruits and nuts, on November 1st and the custom of baking cake containing fruits and nuts at that time was probably reminiscent of that feast. It was generally believed that the witches were active on the night of Hallowe'en and many pranks indulged in could be traced back to the superstition. The Scotch tradition is that those born on All Hallow's Eve have the gift of double sight, and commanding power over spirits.

In Old England it was the custom to crack nuts, duck for apples and indulge in other harmless amusements on All Hallow's Eve.

Tradition has it, on Hallowe'en the witches upset everything. And for years and years American children (and many grown-ups) have been upsetting things and blaming it on the witches. But, alas, their zeal is dying out. Hallowe'en is no longer the "grand night" it was. A few chalk marks here and there, a few children in costumes, some dignfied parties and dances where favors are distributed, are all that is left of Hallowe'en.

In the old days buggies were placed on roofs; wagons were hooked to the rear of street cars; porch steps, gates and gas-meter boxes were removed and hoisted to the top crossarm of a telephone pole and securely tied there; tick-tack-toes, horns, rickrax and tin cans, are only a few of the racket-making devices which ev-

eryone possessed. Beans and shelled corn, hurled against windows, littered porches and lawns; a bar of mother's soap or a can of stove polish added greatly to the evening's enjoyment, and not a window escaped the touch of the Hallowe'en artist. Everything was made topsy-turvy, and Hallowe'en was spread over an entire week of mischief.

We can't believe this healthy spirit of mischief is dead. It must be, alas, that the children of today have forgotten the traditions of Hallowe'en. This new condition makes us all safer—but we just can't help missing something.

There is a way to get along without work in this world, but the trouble is that while you are getting along without work you are getting along without almost everything else that is worthwhile.—Exchange.

FOREWARNED

By D. Burt Smith

On a certain highway there is a dangerous hole that has been getting larger and deeper as the days pass. Some persons had some severe jolts. They passed the word on to others who had to travel that way, so that being forewarned they could cross it cautiously and safely. However, the traveler from a distance had not this forewarning. So recently a heavy car, loaded with people, hit this hole with such force that the car was thrown off the road and landed in a ditch from which it was not extricated without long and costly labor. No matter whose fault it is that the hole has not been filled up and the highway, a Federal highway, put in passable condition or an unmistakable warning sign erected, the fact is that the forewarned driver passes the danger spot with safety, if he is careful.

It is to be regretted that too many people are not forewarned about other dangers. The moral pitfalls are many, and we run into them thoughtlessly, if unwarned. Many times we have gone around such dangers because of a forewarning. In spite of all the efforts put forth by the church and by other groups of pure-minded people these danger spots remain. It seems folly to wait until they are removed before any hope of escaping their danger can be relied upon. But this one thing can be done; diligent effort can be used to forewarn persons of these dangers to morals. It is to be hoped that all who are so warned will avoid the dangers, or will pass where they are, with due caution lest something be wrecked.

WAS PETER NEY A MARSHAL OF FRANCE?

By Gerard Tetley

The intriguing story of whether or not Peter Stewart Ney who was a private tutor in Virginia and North Carolina between the years of 1819 and 1846 was in reality Marshal Michael Ney, famous Napoleonic general and known in history as "the bravest of the brave" has been revived again. For the first time some formal statement from the French government which hitherto has ignored what accepted French historians consider a legend, notwithstanding the mass of evidence which the Rev. James A. Weston and subsequently Dr. Edward Smoot of Concord, N. C., have brought forward to support the claim, may be forthcoming.

The government's position is rendered even more emphatic through the action of the French Senate related in cable dispatches in deciding to place a plaque on the door of the room which Marshal Ney occupied in the Luxembourg palace at the time of his arraignment and trial as a traitor which was to lead him to a firing squad on December 7, 1815.

This suite of rooms in the west wing of the palace is now devoted to archives of the French government.

The date of the unveiling of the plaque has not been decided upon, but a ceremony is planned at which descendants of the Prince of Moskowa as Ney also was known will be present, as well as the Duc de Broglie whose ancestor was the only member of the court to vote against the extreme penalty.

Sometime ago, one of the historians attached to the League of Nations at Geneva was asked if the theory advanced by Dr. Weston and Dr. Smoot that Marshal Ney, instead of being shot down as a traitor had in reality escaped to America to live out his days in Virginia and North Carolna identifying himself at moments when he resorted to the cup to assuage the miseries of exile. He said he had never heard of the story.

"Even if it were true," he added "the prevailing tendency to unmask the past in brilliant and graphic narrative would not have the sanction of the French government. It would prefer to preserve the integrity of its great as recorded in history and would be reluctant to accept half-proven theories."

Dr. Smoot is preparing now a new history of Rowan County into which will be woven later discovered evidence seeking to clinch the story that the Duke of Elchingen, as Ney was also known, died with the declaration "I am Marshal Ney of France" upon his lips.

To read the two volumes built upon the affidavits of North Carolina men and women who recall the man himself, or statements of their elders bearing on the doughty figure who eked out an existence teaching school, and to follow the course of documentary proofs and the subsequent ex-

humation of Peter Stewart Ney's remains to find that his skull was trepanned in the same spot where the marshal of France was wounded, is to be impressed with the claims. Against it is the ignorance in Europe that such a story even exists and the refusal of historians to give color to it.

The main thread of the story current in North Carolina (more than it is in Virginia) is that Marshal Ney after havng been found guilty in France of traitorous conduct was condemned to die by the guns of the firing squad in Paris, an act which, history records, was carried out in form. Believers of the Ney story hold that the Masonic tradition played its part, that the firing squad aimed high, being a picked company of the old soldier's ardent admirers and that the spurious execution was arranged by the Duke of Wellington who was also a member of the Masonic craft.

The story runs that Ney escaped from France with Pasquale Luciani and his wife, also Charles Lefebre-Desnouettes. The Lucians died as refugees from yellow fever in Alabama, Count Lefebre-Desnouettes lived out his days in Philadelphia while Ney, possessing only a small trunk containing documents which are seized upon to give the touch of authenticity to his claims, landed at Charleston, S. C., and made his way up country finally losing himself in the Carolina hinterland where he earned a living teaching small boys French, mathematics and the stratagems of war.

A mood of restlessness, the fear of detection is held to have kept Peter Stewart Ney moving. But it is sure that from 1828 to 1830 he lived in Mecklenburg County where he was seized upon eagerly by wealthy planters who recognized distinction in the strange Frenchman and gave him a place in the old country homes of the aristocracy to impart polish to the education of sons and daughters.

Those now aging who recall contacts with the reputed marshal of France claim to see a close resemblance between him and to the famous Napoleonic general. He was a splendid horseman, he was clever with the foils and he gripped the children he taught with graphic illustrations of the famous Napoleonic campaigns. Particularly striking was his narrative of the retreat from Moscow which, these people relying upon the memory of their youth say came from the lips of a man who must have witnessed or taken part in it.

There is recollection too in Rowan County of Ney's behavior the day that news reached America that Napoleon had died. The distinguished and fiery schoolmaster heard the news while he was conducting classes. He became pale, and trembled, dismissed his schloars and going to his room unlocked his small wooden trunk and destroyed a number of documents. He remained ill for several days.

Certain documents were left in the trunk and before he died he told friends that there were papers in the box which would "astonish the world." When they were later found they proved to be stenographic notes

which were illegible. They were distributed as mementoes though the countryside and were lost as years went by.

Liquor loosened his lips, so the story runs and it was then that he would admit he was a refugee from France and the true and only Marshal Ney. Once he was lifted by the negro hands to the back of a horse because it was impossible for him to rise from the snow where he had fallen. Someting asserted itself within him.

"What," he cried, suddenly sobered, "put the Duke of Elchingen on a horse like a sack. Let me down. He struck the negroes, mounted the horse and rode "as into battle."

Thomas D. Graham of Davidson College is among those who recall Peter Stewart Ney. He nursed the strange man during his final illness and his testimony may be viewed as important. Graham, it seems, nursed Ney during his final illness during which two doctors attending him recognized the approaching dissolution and so informed him. Graham saw him die and during his final hours rubbed his body which was found to be scared in numerous places. Shortly before his death on November 15, 1846, Graham says, he heard Ney proclaim himself as Marshal Ney several times to his doctors and to close friends who had gathered round his death bed.

Dr. Matthew Locke approached the dying man who was still in full possession of his mental faculties and said "Mr. Ney, it pains me to tell you that you have not long to live."

The dying man calmly replied "I know it, Matthew, I know it." The old school master then raised himself on his elbow and looking Dr. Locke squarely in the face said, "I am Marshal Ney of France." He was dead within three hours. Graham shaved him and shrouded him and was later an important witness when the time came to reconstruct the two Neys.

Hisory revealed the wounds which the marshal received. Graham's testimony checked with the record and it was further emphasized by his recollection of Ney's description of the Battle of Waterloo. Graham had kept the rough sketches on paper and they were found to be in complete accord with the exhaustive works which have been written about that engagement.

Even the negro people knew that Ney was a mysterious if not an illustrious figure. "We are all sorter 'jubus' about him," said Archie Ford, a negro plantation worker on the farm in Rowan where Ney died. "We stood off from him because he was so fur ahead of us."

But strangely enough, notwithstanding the gradual crystallization of feeling. after he was dead, that Ney was the "bravest of the brave," which led to the exhumation of his body and an autopsy which resulted in striking parallels especially in regard to the trepanning operation necessitated after a sabre blow, the direct claim was never made on Ney's tombstone which stands in Third Creek Presbyterian Church yard in Rowan County near Concord, N. C.

Just what Ney's relations with the members of his family are clothed with the same air of intriguing mystery as is his identity, but there is

reason to believe that his son made more than one visit to America to see his father if, indeed, it was the true Ney. His own horror at being detained by the American Government as a refugee and turned back to the French authorities is said to have been due, not to his own fear lest his life be forfeited but that the members of the firing squad and others involved in the plot might also be penalized. So long as his living body could not be produced he felt that he was safe.

Whether anything more will ever be told, anything that will clinch the story for all time, remains to be seen.

You can rest only when your conscience does.—Selected.

ESSAY ON THRIFT

(Selected)

A careful perusal of the editorial page of the Baltimore Evening Sun over a period of several days was adequately rewarded when the following vicious essay on thrift was encountered in Christoper Billopp's column. It is being reprinted without comment.

"Thrift," he writes, "is saving a dime by shining your own shoes. It is sending a telegram only when somebody is dead. It is having the old dress dyed a different color and brightening it up with a girdle of a contrasting shade. It is buying shoes that were the style last year.

"It is resisting the temptation to have somebody clean your motor car and doing it yourself. It is using only one match to light four candles. It is having the old felt cleaned and reblocked and getting your wife to take the spots off your neckties so that they will do until Christmas.

"It is waiting for movies to reach the second-run houses. It is turning out all the electric lights except those that are being used. It is having one kind of soap for the family and another kind of soap for guests. It is buying tooth paste by the gross and making one tooth brush last a year. It is writing one letter to Aunt Susie and having the other members of the family add postscripts.

"It is skimming the cream for coffee and cereal off the top of the milk bottle. It is getting books from the public library and rushing them back before two weeks is up. It is waiting until you get into town from the suburbs and asked a friend if you can use her telephone for a few calls.

"Thrift is, in short, watching the pennies so carefully that you are enabled to live within your income with a little to spare and thus can afford such luxuries as taxes, charities, miscellaneous contributions and investments that do not turn out so well."

THE CAPITOL OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

By Priscilla Williams

That Thomas Jefferson not only founded the University of Virginia but designed its buildings and campus, planning even the minutest details, is familiarly kown. He is even called "the Father of the University of Virginia." But that he selected the Maison Caree, an old Roman temple at Nimes, France, as the model for the Capitol of Virginia and made the drawings adapting the old temple to the use of a State capitol while he was minister to France is known chiefly perhaps to students of architecture.

Little has been written on the Capitol, and the prevailing belief was for a long time that Jefferson with his poltical activity could not have been the actual designer of the building. Various ones have been given credit for designing it. Clerisseau, the distinguished French architect, whose advice and aid Jefferson sought and whose assistants made the plans of Jefferson's design, has been credited with its design, and Mordecai in his Richmond in By-gone Days even names Samuel Dobie who was merely one of the builders.

Dr. Fiske Kimball, however, not so many years ago, made a scientific study of the materials in his thesis, "Thomas Jefferson and the First Monument of the Classical Revival in America," which was submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the University of Michigan. In his thesis, through the correspondence between Thomas Jefferson and the Directors of Public Buildings of Virginia who had charge of the building, Jefferson's accounts with the State for the plans of the Capitol and the architectural drawings of Jefferson in the Thomas Jefferson Coolidge Jr. collection in Boston, Dr. Kimball proved that Thomas Jefferson not only chose the model for the Capitol but was the chief architect in its design.

Jefferson's interest in the new Capitol began before the capital of the State was moved from Williamsburg. It was he who drafted the first bill providing for the removal of the seat of government from Williamsburg to Richmond. This bill was presented to the House of Delegates in October, 1776.

This bill failed to be passed, but another with similar wording was introduced and passed in 1779 which made Richmond the capital of Virginia after the last day of April, 1780.

Jefferson's elaborate plan for a separate building for each department of the government was beyond the ideas and resources of the time, and as soon as he had left the country on his mission to France the law was modified. The act was passed in October, 1784.

When the capital was first moved to Richmond the assembly met in a wooden building on the northwest corner of Fourteenth and Cary Sts., but in the first session of the assembly an act was passed selecting the squares on Shockoe Hill as the site

of the Capitol, and the directors were named beginning with his excellency Thomas Jefferson, who was then Governor of Virginia.

Later, in 1785, when the land had been purchased and plans were being made for the actual building of the Capitol, the directors wrote to Jefferson who was then Minister to France:

"Richmond, March 20th, 1785.
"Sir:

"The active part which you took before your departure from Virginia, as a director of the public buildings, leads us to believe, that it will not be now unacceptable to you, to co-operate with us, as far as your engagements will permit.

"We foresee, that in the execution of our commission, the Commonwealth must sustain a heavy expense, and that we can provide no shield so effectual against the censures which await large disbursements of public money, as the propriety of making them. For this purpose we must intreat you to consult an able architect on a plan fit for a Capitol, and to assist him with the information of which you are possessed.

"You will recollect, Sir, that the first act directed separate houses for the accommodation of the different departments of government. But fearing, that the Assembly would not countenance us in giving sufficient magnificence to distinct buildings, we obtained leave to consolidate the whole under one roof, if it should seem advisable. The inclosed draught will show that we wish to avail ourselves of this license. But, although it contains many particulars, it is not intended to confine the architect except as to the number and area of the rooms.

We have not laid down the ground, it being fully in your power to describe it, when we inform you that the Hill on which Gunns yellow house stands, and which you favored as the best situation, continues to be preferred by us: and that we have located 29 half-acre lots including Marsdens tenement, and Minzies' lots in front of Gunns; the Legislature have not limited us to any sum, nor can we, as yet at least, resolve to limit ourselves to a precise amount. But we wish to unite economy with elegance and dignity—at present the only funds submitted to our order are nearly about £10,000 Virga. Currency.

"We have already contracted with Edward Voss of Culpeper, for the laying of 1,500,000 bricks. He is a workman of the first reputation here, but skilful in plain and rubbed work alone. We suppose he may commence his undertaking by the beginning of August . . . . This circumstance renders us anxious for expedition in fixing the plan; especially too as the foundation of the Capitol will silence the enemies of Richmond in the next October session.

"We shall send to Europe for any stone which may be wanted.

"The roof will be covered with lead, as we conceive that to be better than copper or tiles.

"In the remarks, which accompany the plan, we have requested a draught for the Governor's house and prison. But we hope that the Capitol will be first drawn and forwarded to us, as there is no hurry for the other buildings.

"We trust sir, you will excuse the trouble which we now impose on you, and will ascribe it to our belief of you alacrity to serve you country on this occasion. Etc. etc.

JAMES BUCHANAN,
Wm. Hay on Behalf of the Directors."

Jefferson's immediate reply has been lost, but there are many letters from him to the directors which show the enthusiasm with which he complied with their request. These letters are now preserved in the Library of Congress in Washington.

Jefferson has little to say of his own part in the plans which is only natural when he was urging their acceptance on the grounds of their superiority. Subsequent letters show that, although the foundations of the Capitol had been laid and the walls started, they were changed and adapted to Jefferson's plans when they arrived from France.

The plaster model which Jefferson had made and sent over from France has been preserved and is a familiar object in the Reading Room in the State Library.

Dr. Kimball, in his study of Jefferson's accounts with the State, now in the Virginia Archives, points out that the amounts paid to Clerisseau were not what his fee for professional services as architect of the building would have been. Clerisseau was one of the most distinguished architects in France. He had spent 19 years in drawing the remains of ancient architecture, and he had been chosen by the French Academy to design a palace for the Empress Catherine II of Russia. Had he been the chief designer of the Virginia Capitol, his fee would have been very different from the small amounts, entered so evidently for his services in an advisory capacity to Jefferson and for his assistants for drawing the plans of the design which had already been made by Thomas Jefferson. One of the items states specifically: "1786 June 2, Pd. Clerrisseau for his assistants in drawing the plans of the Capitol and Prison, 288 livres."

Clerisseau's letter of acknowledgment of same date mentions only payment of expenses and makes it clear that he regarded the transaction, as Jefferson did, as a loan of his daughtsmen for the drawing up of Jefferson's design.

Still further proof that the original design was that of Thomas Jefferson may be found in the drawings of the Virginia Capitol which are preserved with Jefferson's architectural drawings in the Thomas Jefferson Coolidge Jr. collection in Boston. This collection has never left the hands of Jefferson's descendants. By identification of the paper on which they are made and by identification of Jefferson's technique by compari-

son with other of his drawings, they are proven conclusively to have been done by him. Notes and corrections are shown in soft pencil lines in the margins by Clerisseau.

But the Virginia Capitol that had been planned so grandly as a copy of the famous Masion Caree had a long and arduous road to completion.

It was not until 1797 that there was an appropriation for completing the exterior, but even in its unfinished state it was one of the handsomest public buildings in America.

Virginia had not only been the first state after the Revolution to provide a new capital with new and more adequate buildings for the new republican form of government, but through the inspiration of Thomas Jefferson was the first to erect a building designed along classical lines in America. There had been a revival of classical architecture in Europe during the last half of the eighteenth century which German scholars called the second Renaissance, and this movement had its beginning in America in Jefferson's introduction of classical architecture in the Virginia State Capitol.

THE FRIENDLY HALLOWE'EN

By Mabel McKee

If the three Wartons had not moved in their own circles, as they termed it, the lost Hallowe'en invitations would not have been such a tragedy. And if the range had not smoked and made breakfast a miserable meal, they would not have quarrelled that morning.

It was the first time Judy had ever known them all to be in a bad humor at one time. Frantically she flew around, trying to appease them. She made fresh toast for Norman, opened the last of the "company" marmalade for Wilma, and recklessly promised Jessica to work every one of her solid geometry problems the minute breakfast was over.

Finally when she knew they just had to talk about the invitations, she grew reckless. "Hallowe'en is such a friendly time—such a mad, merry frolic that you expect parties to be different," she insisted. "Let's keep open house all evening Hallowe'en evening and invite everybody's friends to call along with the twenty-four people who received Jessica's invitations."

Norman spoke first, telling sarcastically how all his men friends in the enameling company's office looked upon Wilma's fellow librarians as blue stockings and frightful bores. Next came Wilma, saying that Jessica's high school crowd was a mile removed from her library co-workers. Then Jessica burst into tears and wailed, "Oh. why didn't I address those invitations when I wrote them? And why did I ever leave them on the table while that little pest was here?"

Judy didn't try to answer them. Instead she rushed into a description

of the open house parties her mother had given when she had been a girl back in her home town. "Finally no one expected invitations to be sent for them," she finished. "People just came. They wore the fanciest of costumes. And the newspaper people, too, claiming they got more good copy there on Hallowe'en than in all the rest of the town."

The hall clock chimed the half hour. Norman rushed from the room, calling from the hall, "Just fifteen minutes to make it. We'll talk the rest of your plans out tonight, Judy."

Wilma fixed a tray for mother. "I'll straighten up the rooms upstairs if you don't mind washing the dishes alone, Judy," she tried to smile but her expression was tragic instead.

That left the two of them alone—Judy and sixteen year old Jessica, who was responsible for the chaos in the Warton home. The young girl's tear-stained blue eyes looked into the dusky ones of the older girl and saw there the hidden laughter which Norman had often termed "bottled sunshine against a zero winter."

"It was to have been such a beautiful party, Judy," she wailed. "The first big one I ever gave. I'd saved my allowance for weeks for it and—"

"We'll talk about it tonight, Jessica," Judy's voice was brisk; "but geometry calls now, my dear. Aren't you the girl who wants to head the National Honor Society this year?"

When the problems were finished and Jessica had followed Norman and Wilma down the street, and the big Warton house was quiet again, Judy Tremaine, erstwhile Julia B. Tremaine, writer of advertising copy for a large eastern manufacturing company, sat down and surveyed the whole situation.

While she washed the dishes, put the kitchen to rights and started lunch, she talked the whole affair out with Nancy, the Persian cat. For four months now she had talked over her worries with Nancy—the four months since she had come to the Warton home, a distant cousin without a job, without much money, and without any close relatives of her own. "Just a poor relation who is down and out," she often told Nancy.

She had told Nancy about the beautiful years when she, her physician father and her lovely mother had lived in a far western town, where their home had been the center of the town's happiness. She had talked of gay high school days and then of the time she had left home to attend an eastern college, where during her junior year tragedy had struck her home town and her family.

It was just the oft-told story of depression days—a bank failure, stockholders being wiped out, her father, the biggest one, dying of worry, her mother, of grief for him. It was was while she was trying to pick up the tangled and torn threads of life back at college that Cousin Molly had written, "Our home is your home, Judy. Come and be one of us."

A friend, who knew she had to go to work because she had no money, had found Judy a position. "I'll never have to be a dependent relative now," Judy whispered joyfully to herself. "But some day I'll go down and visit Cousin Molly and tell her what a darling she is."

There had been debts back in the

western town. Judy had worked fast and furiously, saving all she could to send back to pay them, just as she felt her father would want her to do. She gave up vacations and postponed the visit to Cousin Molly's town.

Then the crash had struck the advertising company.. Jobless, Judy found the city a lonely, fearful place. Discouraged because she couldn't find work, frightened as her tiny amount of money kept shrinking, Judy one day remembered Cousin Molly's invitation and came to Auburnwood.

"It's going to be exactly like going back home," she told the friends she had made in the city. "I'll have a family—friends—neighbors. There will be parties just like there used to be. I'll really live—really. Girls, I'm going to be so nice to the Wartons they'll want me to stay with them forever and ever."

Warton House, standing back among the trees, a red brick structure, rambling, almost colonial, held a lure for Judy the minute she entered it. Once inside the two big living rooms, one on either side of the hall, she loved the shabby, worn furniture there. She loved the worn rugs, the old-fashioned pictures; she loved everything, and most of all the people waiting for her there.

Her dusky eyes had grown more and more beautiful. She stood a slender, eager girl, so lovely Cousin Molly gasped at the sight. When Judy had gone into the big dining room with the bay window filled with pots of geraniums and begonias she cried, "I really see a dream come true. Mother always told me about this room and the wonderful times she had here when she was a girl."

The Warton children welcomed her as cordially as their mother. Judy had been at the big house a whole week before she learned that Wilma, the oldest Warton, was working only half time at the library because of the depleted library fund; that Norman's salary had suffered a thirty per cent cut and so the family had to count pennies.

She was just ready to start out hunting a job when Cousin Molly fell ill. Then all her time was required in the Warton home, and, after being there weeks, she learned that her position had become that of a "poor relation," the one position the horror of which had always appalled her.

On Sundays, now that Cousin Molly was almost well again, she went to church with the Warton family. She was still in the visitors' class at Sunday school. She was still regarded as the "cousin visiting the Warton home."

"Soon I'll either get a job here or go back to the city," she told herself half viciously some days. " I won't stay on here and be just a poor relation visitor. They really won't let me be one of them."

Autumn came and Jessica had started planning for her Hallowe'en party, for which she had saved most of her allowance month after month. Almost mechanically Cousin Molly said when Jessica began to talk about it, "Plan it with Judy, pet. I'm still too nervous to mention crowds."

"There won't be much to plan," Jessica had returned. "I'm having it at the Betty Brown tea room."

"Oh, this house is too shabby," Jessica had returned when Judy told her that the Warton home was built for

class parties and Hallowe'en frolics. "Besides I'm not having the whole class—just my own set, about twenty-four, to be exact."

Judy looked around the great Warton home, built seventy years before of brick burned in the town kiln. It was the house in which her mother had once frolicked; the house in which Cousin Molly had been married with hundreds of guests around; the house which had once been a breathing, living place. She loved every mended curtain hanging in it, every stick of furniture it held, even the crayon portrait of stern Great Uncle Oliver Warton, which hung over the stairway in the hall.

"Let's have it here and save money," she coaxed, knowing Jessica's desire to have a new winter coat. "Just turn over everything to me and I'll give you the party of your life."

After a little time Jessica assented. Feverishly Judy threw all her energy into this Hallowe'en party, the first in which she had been interested since she left her own home. She sketched little Hallowe'en creatures on the invitations—witches, goblins, elves. She composed a clever little verse. She copied Jessica's English theme while the other wrote the verse under the Hallowe'en creatures.

She saw the square unaddressed envelopes holding the invitations on the hall table when she started to the grocery store, and she saw little Jerry Wait playing on the Warton porch as she left the house. And the next day she saw the dismay of the Wartons change to bickering, hot flashes of temper, and "everything else," as she told herself.

For Jerry, whose delight was to play postman, had taken the invitations and delivered them as he wished. "The little pest went too far," according to Norman when he put one on the porch of his boss. "It just happens that his wife found the invitation and thinks it slipped from behind the mail box," he finished, "and is already planning to come. With the new shipping clerk job to be filled next month by one of us fellows, I can't hurt anybody's feelings."

"That means you'll have to be here for the crazy affair," Wilma said that evening at dinner as the family again talked over the great tragedy. "Old Mrs. Gerth received one, and Nora Kyle, the giggler, and Judge Lane and all the neighbors." Wilma seemed ready to laugh. "It seems almost—"

A messenger boy gave a ring to the front door bell, and Norman brought back to the dinner table an acceptance to the Warton House party addressed to Wilma and signed by Carolyn Carew.

Wilma staggered from the table to the horsehair sofa. "A Carew from Strawberry Hill!" she cried. "A millionaire Carew! I have handed her books at the library on about four occasions, and now she thinks I've had the nerve to invite her to a party. Being a Carew, noted for graciousness, she's coming. This is a tragedy."

It was Norman's turn now to chuckle. "It begins to look as if the whole Warton family will be in the receiving line."

So that was how the Warton family decided to follow Judy's suggestion about holding open house on Hal-

lowe'en. Helplessly they folded their arms to listen to her, and rapidly she told of her plans; cornstalks in the dining room and pumpkin faces to furnish laughs as well as lights; boughs of colored leaves in the living rooms and hall, bittersweet and strawflowers everywhere in the quaint old Grandmother Warton vases.

"We'll have sweet cider in the great silver tankards," (she was happy now), "and coffee in the big urns. Two of Jessica's friends can carry baskets of sandwiches; two others hot gingerbread; and two others fudge. With Jessica's money and some from the housekeeping fund we can manage wonders."

Norman took his pocketbook from his pocket. "Here's ten dollars I've saved for a party for the office gang," he said. "I'll invite them all and do the best we can to keep them from being bored."

Wilma added a crisp bill to Norman's. 'The library staff will be invited," she tried to be more tragic than before. "They'll all come when they hear that Miss Carew will be here."

"I'm going to invite the members of the old literary club," mother was radiant now. "Before we grew so poor and I had to drop out of the club we used to have dinners for them here."

"The whole senior class might as well come," Jessica was light-hearted again. "President White says the different classes shouldn't have cliques like they do. I'll go down in history as the one who broke up the idea."

As they planned, these Wartons, they didn't realize that Judy was the only one of the family who was to have no guests. She tried not to think of it as she composed some more clever invitations to go out to members of the literary club, for mother said they must be invited, as Jessica termed it, "by pen and ink."

Then suddenly Judy's joy in the party was doubled, for she was to have a guest. She couldn't tell the others about him; she just hoped they'd all think he had received one of the first twenty-four invitations, since three were not yet accounted for.

He was such a friendly sort of a person when he stopped his great car, at her cry for help from a tall oak tree, on a seldom traveled country road. He shed his coat exactly like a big boy and, as he dubbed it, "shinned" up the tree to her and guided her safely to the ground again.

Her position in the tree had to be explained. Judy felt that. And she was again the Judy of her girlhood days as she talked about the party, telling of the first twenty-four invitations, showing him the tiny pumpkins she had bought for lights in the dining room.

"Make those pumpkins have laughing faces," he commanded. "Everybody in this town has worn a face with drooping features ever since the depression started. A whole room filled with laughing faces certainly would help your party go over."

"Not my party," Judy laughed gaily. "I haven't invited a guest. I don't know anyone in this town."

The man had the smallest pumpkin in his hands. "Let me try this one,"

he began. "When I was a boy, I was a bear at making funny Jack-o'-lanterns."

For two long hours he and Judy sat on the running board of the car while he carved the pumpkin faces. He talked about boyhood days in a straight-laced New England village; she of girlhood years in a friendly western town.

The last one was finished, and it was then Judy issued her first invitation to the big party. "You'd enjoy seeing the smiles on these faces start an epidemic of smiles," she coaxed.

It was great fun watching people smile at the pumpkin faces. Norman's chuckles came first while he and Judy fastened the candles in them. Jessica's giggles grew almost hysterical, yet they were mild compared to those of some of her high school friends who came in costumes that ranged from Indians to beautiful colonial dames.

Even while she heard the giggling of Jessica's guests Judy wondered if the lone guest of her inviting would really come to the party. She wondered while she helped Wilma with the coffee, Cousin Molly with the dainty sandwiches, Jessica's friends with the delicious fudge.

Norman introduced her to "the boss" as he termed the head of his department as the most clever cousin in the world. Cousin Molly reminded her old friends of Judy's mother and declared, "She's as joyous and sweet as Mary was."

The big Warton house blazed with more lights than any other house in the town—blazed later and later. People passing, who had never entered it, stopped just a minute to see the fun as they termed it, having heard from others that open house was being held here. So that was why when a tall man with deep blue eyes stepped into the big hall, Norman thought that John Fenton, the owner of the factory, had stopped at their home. As the big man lingered on, talking to Judy with whom he suddenly seemed to have made friends, Norman was quite sure he had received one of the missing invitations.

"That little imp deserves a medal for mixing up those invitations of Jessica's and playing postman," Norman said wearily as the Wartons and Judy sat at the kitchen table after the others had gone, and drank cocoa. "Though I would have simply fled from this town if I had dreamed he had left one at the big Fenton home."

Judy's eyes, like stars, fairly laughed. She and John Fenton had become real friends now, but there wasn't any reason to tell the Wartons that the big, quiet young man, who lived with his invalid mother and aged aunt in the Fenton home, had a walled-in attitude, merely because he was shy, and still a boy at heart.

"Well," Wilma suddenly leaned over and hugged Judy impulsively, "you certainly know how to make even stiff librarians unbend."

"And break up high school cliques," Jessica was pushing Wilma away so she could hug Judy as lovingly as she did mother.

"And make the Warton family popular again," Cousin Molly seemed

to be dreaming of other days, when the big house had known many parties like this one. "We owe you so much, Judy darling. It would make me miserable if you ever mentioned leaving—"

"Who said anything about leaving?" Norman began.

Judy's eyes laughed still more. Some day they'd know that John Fenton had already planned with her a busy winter with parties for employees of the big factory, with clubs of the different workers, with a welfare department—with—

But right now—well it made Hallowe'en perfect to know she wasn't just a "poor relation" out of a job and with very little money, that she no longer was just a visitor in Auburndale, because she had known how to turn a seeming Hallowe'en tragedy into a community affair. Suddenly she remembered the story of Martha and Mary—of Martha who served and Mary who spread love and happiness. "This town and this family needed a Mary worse than a Martha," her heart seemed to say, "especially at Hallowe'en."

BETTER BUSINESS PLAN

There was a time when I would stew and fret
O'er every little problem that I met:
Would worry days and lie awake at night,
In deadly fear I might not solve it right.
I worried till my hair turned silver-gray;
I faced with trepidation each new day,
Until I learned, through years of storm and stress,
It pays to labor more and worry less.

Since I learned that, things seem to come my way.
I find my ventures are more apt to pay.
No longer do I face each day with fear
But rise to meet it with a brain that's clear.
Dame fortune, as they say, is ever fickle
But worry never got a man a nickel.
If you would climb the heighths to real success,
Just learn to labor more and worry less.

—Louise E. Thayer.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. A. L. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have recently been building fences for the purpose of enlarging the hog yards near the barn.

—o—

Miss Myrtle Thomas, the School's nurse, and Miss Virginia Smoot, secretary to the superintendent, spent last week-end with friends and relatives in Moore County.

—o—

Mr. Shrewsbury and a force of boys spent a couple of days this week hauling coal from our siding to the several boiler rooms. Just a gentle reminder that winter is just around the corner.

—o—

During the absence of our pianist, Miss Virginia Smoot, Mrs. Paris Kidd, of Concord presided at the piano last Sunday, both at the morning Sunday School hour and the church service in the afternoon.

—o—

We recently received an announcement stating that Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Sistar, of Athens, Ga., were the proud parents of a fine baby boy, born on October 10th. The little one has been named Walter Baxter, Jr. The proud father of this newcomer was a member of our printing class a few years ago, and for the past two years he has been regularly employed as linotype operator on the Athens Daily Times.

—o—

Quite a number of the boys enjoy the radio broadcasts of football games played by the leading colleges of America each Saturday afternoon. Now that Duke and N. C. State have each lost a game the youngsters are "pulling" hard for Carolina to go through the season undefeated.

—o—

Choosing as his subject "The Boy Who Used His Dream", Rev. Hugo C. Kellermeyer, pastor of Trinity Evangelical Reformed Church, delivered a brief but inspiring sermon Sunday afternoon on the life-story of Joseph, the Hebrew lad, who in following the gleam—the dream of service through power, rose from slavery to be the prime minister of a great nation, and yet remained great through humility.

Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer chose as his background Scripture Reading, a passage from Paul's second letter to his young friend Timothy, in which he exhorted that youth to be faithful in his ideals.

"Every boy dreams what he will be when he grows up" the speaker began, "No doubt some of you are dreaming dreams now. That is a

good thing. But don't stop with merely dreaming. First have dreams of serving other people, of being useful, of amounting to something. Of course look forward to making a living, too, but let service to others—doing something useful for other people come first, and then set about making these dreams come true."

Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer then told in human, interesting fashion the story of Joseph, the young boy who was so petted by his father that his ten older half-brothers grew jealous of him. Particularly did they hate the coat of many colors, with long flowing sleeves, worn only by gentlemen of leisure in those days. They regarded the coat as evidence that their father, the head of the clan, believed Joseph to be better than they.

Their jealous hatred increased when Joseph had two dreams, not far apart, which obviously grew out of his day dreams of power. After reaping wheat in the fields, Joseph dreamed that his sheaf stood upright and the sheaves of his brothers bowed down to it—a symbolic, prophetic dream, it turned out later to be. The brothers could bear no more, and even the father remonstrated with his favorite, when Joseph dreamed that the sun, moon, and eleven stars bowed down to him!

The hatred of the brothers, the speaker pointed out, rose to a murderous climax when they saw Joseph coming toward them on the plains of Dotham, sent by the father to see how they fared. "Come let us kill him" they plotted, "and we shall see what will become of his dreams. We will tell our father that a wild beast devoured him".

Through the interecession of Reuben, the eldest, who implored them not to be guilty of their brother's blood, they decided to cast him into a pit. Later, while Reuben was away, the other nine drew him up out of the pit and sold him to a caravan of merchants carrying spices to Egypt. They killed a kid and dipped his coat, which they had kept, into the blood and showed it to the old father as evidence of the death of his best-loved son.

The speaker then sketched rapidly Joseph's rise to power in Egypt which came about through his wisdom and devotion to whatever duty was at hand.

He spoke eloquently of how the brothers coming to Egypt later to buy grain in time of famine were received by Joseph, who instead of punishing them and wreaking vengeance on them for the wrongs they had done to him, was noble-souled and great enough to forgive them and love them as brothers. As proof of his complete forgiveness, he brought all of them to Egypt and preserved them during the famine.

The true greatness of Joseph's character, Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer, pointed out, lay in his diligence, obedience to authority, faithfulness to duty, humility, and the divinity of forgiveness.

A man is just as big as his regard for his own word.—Selected.

THE VALUE OF HOME DEMONSTRATION WORK

(Smithfield Herald)

About fifteen new home demonstration agents have recently been put on in North Carolina which now gives this work in a measure to practically every section of the state. Some of the agents have been assigned two counties while some of the counties need two or more agents; but at any rate the value of home demonstration is being recognized in this enlarged program.

Johnston County has had home demonstration work for about twenty years. It has not always been easy to keep it. There was a time when women and others who believed in the work had to convert every new board of commissioners. We have a feeling now that the commissioners were often impressed more with the expediency than they were with the persistency of the women and poltical work itself of which they actually knew little. Anyway they knew that something was behind the persistency and there was. The women felt a need for training and encouragement from capable leaders in their task of home making. Inexperience and ignorance grappling with home problems made a hard situation.

Home demonstration work has proved a blessing in many, many ways. Economically, it has affected the family pocketbook, teaching housewives to serve wholesome meals at less cost, teaching them to conserve every resource of the farm. Esthetically, it has added beauty and interest to drab lives of many hard-worked wives and mothers, and it has been the means of easing the tired back of many a farm woman by introducing into the home simple, inexpensive labor saving devices. It has dignified woman's work in the home.

The value of home demonstration work has been demonstrated until those who control the purse strings in this county see that the work does not cost but pays. It is gratifying to see the work expanding throughout the state.

A great many people try to dodge the worst by sitting down and hoping for the best. Hope is a great incentive—but hope with action. The thing to do is to make the best of the worst, without misgivings.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since July 7, 1935.

Week Ending October 20, 1935

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(9) Arthur Boyette 10
(9) William Dillon 9
Alden Jones 9
(16) Earl Rogers 16
(10) Richard Sullivan 15
(16) Ashley Thompson 16
(2) Vermont Whitley 13

COTTAGE No. 1

(2) Sam Batts 9
(3) Robert Cashwell 11
Joseph Johnson 7
(16) Millard Owenby 16
Jerome Warren 7
James White 4
Eugene Whitt 13
(6) Everett Williamson 13
Wiley Willoughby 7
Junius Yarborough 5

COTTAGE No. 2

William Adkins 8
Leland Crosby
(5) Thomas Horton 9
(4) Clyde Kivett 9
Y. V. Spates 10
Myron Whitman 5

COTTAGE No. 3

(11) William Barber 12
Jewell Barker
Percy Gurganus 11
Max Hedrick
(2) Claude Hicks 6
(11) Frank Hutchins 13
F. E. Mickle 3
William McRary 11
(3) Porter Willhite 13
(2) D. C. Winston 8

COTTAGE No. 4

(4) Carlton Calloway 6
Clyde Dixon 10
Ernest Hudspeth
(5) Ralph Johnson 14
(5) William Justice 11
Thomas Little 10
(7) Joseph McPherson 7
(3) Jack McRary 12
Robert Penland 8
(2) Clyde Reece 6
(2) Richard Sprinkle 8
(4) Wheeler Sturdivant 15
(5) Melvin Walters 11
(2) Hubert Williams 8

COTTAGE No. 5

Marvin Adams 3
(4) Jack Freeman 7
(7) Bert Ferguson 8
(2) William Hare 5
(2) Paul Johnson 9
(2) George Kye 13
McCree Mabe 2
Randolph Miller 6
James Seawell 2
(4) Louis Tarkington 13
(2) Robert Worthington 10

COTTAGE No. 6

Earl Barnes 7
(9) Earl Bass 10
(3) Clinton Keen 6
(2) Robert Keith 5
Leonard Melton 6
(4) James Stepp 8

COTTAGE No. 7

(2) William Beach 5
John Elliott 6
(2) Emerson Frazier 8
Charles Griffin 5
(2) Perry Harvel 4
(16) Caleb Hill 16
(2) A. Ray Hudson 8
Houston Howard 5

Ted Hicks 3
Kenneth Messick 7
(6) R. B. Norton 8
(2) Theodore Nines 11
Jack Pyatt 3
Thurman Robertson 5
(3) Cling Shelton 6
Floyd Watkins 8

COTTAGE No. 8

(4) Sam Belk 9
(8) Charles Banks 13
(5) George Chambers 10
(2) Harry Flowe 10
(6) Thomas Hudson 13
Warner Peach 2
(5) Luther Pierce 9
(2) Ernest Rivenbark 6

COTTAGE No. 9

(3) Pearly Funderburk 12
(15) Frank Hall 15
Hoyett Hudson 10
(9) Ben Overby 14
Bryan Williams 9

COTTAGE No. 10

James Bell 5
(9) Norwood Cockerham 12
(2) Floyd Combs 6
Robert Ellis 2
(6) J. B. Grooms 6
Lewis Hanna
(2) James Hodge 4
Vernon Lamb
(2) James Patterson 9
(2) Charles Pollard 13
(2) Edwin Shuler 8
Maurice Staley 3

COTTAGE No. 11

(10) Charles Bowman 10
Edward Carpenter 8
(4) Lewis Crawford 14
Bennie Holland 14
(15) David Hodge 15
James Hicks
(3) Bennie Moore 6
(2) Alton Morgan 2
Adolph Watson
(8) Eldridge Ward 13

COTTAGE No. 12

(6) Earl Atwood 13
Burl Allen 2
Joseph Cox 4
(7) James Douglas 14
Frank Dickens 8
(8) Horace Faulkner 13
(3) Bernard Griffin 6
(2) Alfred Holleman 10
(4) Basil Johnson 11
(7) Edward Lockamy 13
Frank Lewis 3
(4) Eli Philemon 12
(7) Andrew Powell 10
(6) Homer Quick 12
James Reavis 7
(7) Lonnie Sloan 10
(4) Olive Weaver 10

COTTAGE No. 13

(2) Boyd Baker 5
Joseph Brown 4
Merritt Gibson
Warren Medlin 3
(16) Howard Wilson 16

COTTAGE No. 14

(2) Allen Davis 3
Hubert Hooks 5
(2) Hubert Jones 9
Troy Powell 6
James Singleton 6

COTTAGE No. 15

(6) Rober Alexander 13
Marvin Ashe 4
Floyd Causey 8
(4) George Gibson 8
(4) George Hill 7
Wilson Medlin 9
(2) Walter Mitchell 5
(5) George McManus 11
(2) Gilbert Murray 3
(2) Edward Martin 8
Charles Pennell 2
Harley Pennell 8
(2) Paul Rhodes 4
(2) Marshall Scoggins 7
(3) Richard Tysinger 11
(3) Winfred Whitlock 13
(3) Richard Wilder 5
(3) Roy Wyrick 11
Frank Wakefield 9

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

Carolina Collection
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VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 2, 1935 No. 44

DANGER IN MATERIAL ABUNDANCE

Would that America—the America that pushes aside spiritual realities for material abundance—could remember words of such descriptive force of the fallen, as these: "The glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome"; of Sodom, "Her smoke went up like the smoke of a furnace"; "Babylon is fallen, is fallen, and all the graven images of her gods were broken unto the ground"; of Paris in the days of her infidelity, "Her streets ran red with the blood of Frenchmen." The church stands before the world today as stood her Lord before Pilate.

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

SEQUOIA WINS NATIONAL TREE POLL

By Mrs. Charles Cyrus Marshall
President, National Life Conservation Society

THE SEQUOIA SPEAKS

I am the oldest living thing in all the world!
I've seen vast mountains burst, and from their summits hurled,
Great boulders have descended to the plains below.
I've seen successive human races come and go;
I've seen them build their homes in cliffs and caves;
I've seen the wigwams of the Indian braves.

And now the white man stands beneath my ample shade.
And grandly boasts about the progress he has made:
He calls this land his own, but I was here before,
And staked my claim, three thousand years ago, and more.
He may give honors as he will, but spite of these
By right divine, I am the monarch of all trees!

THE NATIONAL TREE FOR AMERICA
THE SEQUOIA

In order to decide for the selection of a national tree for the United States, the National Conservation Society arranged a nation-wide poll that closed in June. In the contest about seventy-five different trees received votes, and of that number three, the sequoia, the Americal elm and the pine, were in the lead. The sequoia rated first, receiving the largest number of votes cast out of the 2,731.062.

Votes from every state in the Union, including clubs, churches,

lodges and other institutions were received. After knowing something of the history of the "sequoia" it is easy to understand why it was chosen.

First, it is the largest tree in the world, having a history from the time of Christ, and old when Columbus discovered America and as an ever-green it is symbolic of perpetual youth. Besides it grows no place on the globe outside of the United States, therefore, no other nation can claim it.

Just as the American eagle is symbolic of the dauntless spirit of our people the rugged majesty of the sequoia suggests many of the physical and moral characteristics of our rugged pioneer forbears.

They are god-like among other trees in stature and in length of life—the oldest living thing in all the world, therefore, the sequoia stands as the monarch of all trees. In short it belongs wholely and solely to US,—the United States.

* * * * * * *

STRATFORD HALL—A SHRINE

One more of Virginia's sacred spots, Stratford Hall, the home of the Lees, Westmoreland County, Virginia, on the Potomac, about 90 miles from Mount Vernon, was dedicated on October 12th, with about 5,000 people present from the rank and file of humanity, including some of the most outstanding dignitaries of America. The home of the Lees for several generations, Stratford Hall, now takes its place with Mount Vernon and Wakefield, Washington homes, as a mecca for passionate pilgrims of American historical spots and scenes.

The exercises marked the culmination of years on the Robert E. Lee memorial foundation, including the United Daughters of the Confederacy from the North and South to raise the purchase price of $250,000 for the home and 1,100 acre estate. It was a most noble venture and nobly accomplished with all of the pride and glory for the memory of the past achievements of those who stood firm for rights.

Douglas Southall Freeman, a Richmond editor and historian,

whose "R. E. Lee" won the Pulitzer award in biography this year, while standing in the shadow of the home of the greatest southerner, paid homage to the name of Lee in preserving a home that produced the finest examples of citizenship for loyalty, courage and service.

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THE PROTESTANT REFORMER

Unafraid and unashamed all Protestants of the world will pay tribute to Martin Luther on the four hundred and fifty-second anniversary of his birth. Education and civil privileges of freedom are traced back to what the Reformer, born November 10, 1483, achieved for humanity during the sixty-three years of his life—the Lutheran German Bible, the anniversary of which was celebrated last year.

He was not born great, neither did he inherit greatness, he was the son of a poor miner, and his mother was a plain humble homemaker with neither frill nor furbelows of the families of high courts.

His life was one of hardships, but with the courage and the dare to do, he surmounted all difficulties, charting his course till he stood out as the courageous, consecrated, constructive leader of the Protestant Reformation.

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MARK TWAIN CENTENNIAL

Instead of trekking to the West as thousands of people did one hundred years ago to establish new homes they are going this year to Hannibal, Missouri, to participate in the Mark Twain centennial. He was born in Florida, Monroe County, November 10, 1835, but later made his home in Hannibal. His parents in all probability were prairie-schooner emigrants, going west at the time the people of the congested east were seeking homes in the scantily populated homes of the west.

No one ever detected, or even perceived anything remarkable about the red-headed Clemens boy, later known by his nom-de-

plume "Mark Twain", because like all normal boys he preferred sports to school so did not use his school days advantageously.

But the loss of his father reversed the course of Mark Twain's life and he had to assume the role of a man, becoming a wage earner at the age of twelve so as to aid his widowed mother. It takes reverses at times to shape the course of one's life. The school of hard-knocks with responsibilities not only brings out the best mettle in a human being, but seasons one to meet emergencies, and gives courage to continue the fight for greater and better things.

Mark Twain had a varied experience that enriched his life, making him one of the greatest humorists and engaging platform speakers of his era.

At an early age in life Mark Twain was apprenticed to learn the printers trade, afterwards he wandered for several years over the country "known as a tramp-printer"; he learned to be a Mississippi River pilot; begun lecturing in 1866; and published his first book "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras"; travelled abroad in 1868, and his contact with people was the inspiration of "Innocents Abroad".

Mark Twain started in life at the foot of the ladder, but scaled the heights and reached the peak of success with his pen as a writer, and in spite of handicaps made a financial success.

One would conjecture that the humorist floundered about for quite a time before finding himself, but that frequently is the course pursued by great men.

However, let the case be as it may, notable, celebrities and persons in the public eye are going to Hannibal this year to honor one of the greatest humorists of America by visiting his home, and the haunts of the creator Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn.

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THE CREATOR OF GUMPS DEAD

The tragic and unexpected death in an automobile accident of Sidney Smith, the creator of "The Gumps", has removed from the country an artist who depicted life in picture as it exists throughout the land. When Sydney Smith "shuffled off his mortal coil"

with him passed Andy, Min, Little Chester, Uncle Bim and others who made up the personnel of his series of pictures. The source of these creations came direct from the humorous spirit and fertile mind of Smith,—a gift divine, to spread cheer and sunshine, and make many a forlorn soul chuckle by reviewing his caricatures with the brief and graphic stories of each. Both Will Rogers and Sydney Smith will be missed. They had the power of dispelling gloom by their humorous and cheery spirits. There is a magnetism about cheer and humor. It is a valuable asset and never fails to attract attention.

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There is a tradition that Chinese men lamed their women by binding their feet to force them to remain at home. The binding of the feet caused a deformity that produced much pain, making it utterly impossible for women to travel any distance by foot, but the Christian missionaries worked many social reforms that developed a strong sentiment against foot-binding.

History tells us that foot binding in China has never been practiced by certain groups of Chinese. For instance the Manchu women who are members of the dynasty which ruled China from 1644 to 1911 never compressed their feet, neither was the heathenish custom a mandate in hill regions nor among the boat-house population of Canton and other port cities.

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We should bear in mind that fifteen per cent of the population of New York City is made up of Italians, and the negro population of the country is 12,000,000. Next to the Germans the Italians are numerically stronger among America's foreign born nationality. Knowing that this country has a large per cent of foreign born every precaution should be used to keep down race prejudices which is a terrible thing when once started. Besides we should keep in mind that all of our early forbears were immigrants, and we are not in a position to say just how and why they came to the land of the "free and the brave."

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

FRIENDSHIP

"Fast as the rolling seasons bring
The hour of fate to those we love
Each pearl that leaves the broken string
Is set in Friendship's crown above.
As narrower grows the earthly chain,
The circle widens in the sky;
These are our treasures that remain,
But those are stars that beam on high."

—o—

A WEEK-END VISIT

Mrs. Hurrygraph and I, in company with a trio of charming young ladies, Misses Jessie Suggs, Ellieford Hinson and Katherine Cooper, were the invited week-end guests of Rev. and Mrs. O. I. Hinson, in Warrenton, N. C., October 18-20. Such genial hospitality mosaiced another happy episode in the beautiful tasselated pavements of our careers. It is now a memory of delight.

On Saturday, the 19th, the Warrenton Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, headed by Miss Amma Graham, turned back the dial of time for 73 years and held memorial services at the grave of Anne Carter Lee, daughter of the great Confederate chieftain Robert E. Lee, who died of typhoid fever, October 20, 1862, while she and her mother and sister, Miss Agnes Lee, were at Jones Springs,—one time previously called Buck Springs—for their health. The grave is in the Jones family burying ground, a beautiful woodland spot, which has been given to the Daughters by Mr. Howard Jones for a memorial shrine, and which is to be beautified and adorned, and embraces four acres. It is situated 10 miles southwest from Warrenton.

Some five or six hundred people gathered for the exercises, which were of a historical nature and to honor the memory of the beloved young woman. Prominent citizens were present from Warrenton, Henderson, Louisburg, Raleigh, Durham, Wake Forest, Scotland Neck, Rocky Mount, Littleton and other towns. Dr. George Bolling Lee, of New York, grandson of General Robert E. Lee was a guest of honor. The exercises were solemnly impressive, full of love and devotion, and I am sorry I cannot go into more minute details for want of space. Beautiful flowers were placed around the granite shaft which marks the grave, and among them was an exquisite palm wreath from the White House, sent by Mrs. Roosevelt. Having seen General Lee and General Stonewall Jackson, and other Confederate officers in the flesh, I gladly accepted an invitation, with others of the Hinson household, to attend and contribute my presence to the assembly paying homage to the distinguished dead, whose beloved father I reverenced, and as a boy, held as the ideal man and soldier, and still thinks so.

A FASHIONABLE RECEPTION

The same evening, from 9 to 11 o'clock, a large fashionable reception

was given at the residence of Mr. Howard F. Jones, complimentary to the visiting guests in the city who were attending the memorial exercises. The lovely home was a scene of rare beauty and genuine North Carolina hospitality, where friends and strangers—strangers no longer—mingled in converse solemn and gay, and unheeded flew the minutes, and noiselessly fell the foot of time, as if treading on flowers.

Nathaniel Macon's Grave

On the afternoon of the 19th it was the pleasure of our hosts to take their guests on a visit to the grave of Nathaniel Macon, 10 miles northeast of Warrenton, on the Norfolk highway, which is also held a shrine by the U. D. C's. who are endeavoring to restore the home place to its original appearance. Senator Nathaniel Macon was born 1758; died 1837, at Buck Springs, a famous summer resort in those days, and the same place Miss Anne Carter Lee died in 1862. He was a soldier and statesman. He was of Huguenot extraction. He attended the college of New Jersey (Princeton) but left before his graduation to enlist as a volunteer in the Continental army. In 1781-85 he served in the North Carolina Senate. There he opposed the Federal constitution, but, upon its ratification became a member of the House of Representatives. He served in the House from 1791 to 1815, being Speaker from 1801 to 1807, and in the Senate from 1815 to 1828, being president pro tem in 1826-27. During his extended congressional service he opposed Hamilton's financial policies, gave President Jefferson his hearty support; voted for war against Great Britain, (1812); constantly criticized federal internal improvement schemes; and opposed the Missouri compromise.

His home was a one-room log cabin, which has been restored to appear as a cottage. It is said that he here in this small building entertained General George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and other celebrities of that day, who came to North Carolina to visit him, in this greatly out-of-the-way place.

His grave is in a sequested woodland spot, not far from his home. It is said that he, in his will, requested every one visiting his grave to put a stone upon it. That has been literally carried out. I placed a stone upon it, as did all of our party. This idea has been carried out to such an extent that a symmetrical pile of rocks, some five feet wide and about seven feet long, and about three feet high, covers the grave from the granite head piece to the foot. Three other graves are beside him. They are said to be his wife on the left, and two daughters on the right. Their graves are also covered with stones, but not in proportion to his. The forest around the graves have been cleared and made ready for a grass plot.

Hebron Church

Sunday morning, 20th, I accompanied Rev. Mr. Hinson on his mission to fill his regular once-a-month services at Hebron church, some ten miles east of Warrenton. This is the oldest Methodist church in Warren

county. Years ago it had a very large membership, but moving away and death has greatly depleted the membership, but a faithful and loyal band still "carry on" in an enthusiastic manner. Mr. Hinson preached a most edifying sermon from Luke 15-2: "And the Pharisees and scribes murmured, saying, This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." His theme was that Jesus did not draw the line on human beings when He sought to do humanity good, and help some poor sinner to better living. It was practically applied to our lives and our way of practicing our religion. It was full of wholesome thoughts for every day life. I was struck with the earnestness and enthusiasm the worshippers entered into the services, and the wholeheartedness in which they sang the gospel hymns. I noted every one sang, children as well as the grown-ups, except myself, and not being accustomed to much singing myself, my voice was not in good shape, but I did get in a few bars in harmony with the other apparently happy singers.

My visit, delightful in every respect, was a great inspiration to me. Mr. and Mrs. Hinson are highly esteemed and greatly beloved in Warrenton, where Mr. Hinson has been stationed for two years. He was formerly pastor of Cavalry church, in Durham.

A SOLITARY TREE

I love a tree that stands alone
  Upon a rugged hill,
Its stately bole erect and strong,
  Its branches wide and still.

I love the way it stands to meet
  The spring wind's lashing swirl,
The driving rain, the pelting hail,
  The storm blast's angry whirl.

I love it when bleak winter's hands
  Have stripped it stark and bare
And spread upon its stiffened limbs
  A soft, white mantle fair.

To me a solitary tree
  With roots deep in the sod,
Lifting its leafy crown to heaven
  Lifts, too, my prayer to God.

—Lilith Shell.

PAINTING THE SOUTH IN MELODY

By Natalie Dimmock

On the 20th of February, 1860, a country lad moved to Richmond, Va., and found employment in the drug store of Meade & Baker. Two days later a military pageant was to be held in honor of Washington's birthday and news of the approaching event reached the boy. The famous Richmond Grays, the Howitzers, the Young Guard and Captain Gay's State Guard were to be in the parade. The lad had read of such events but had never seen one and he was wild with excitement and ready to give up his newly acquired work to see the festivities. His employers, noting the boy's excitement, told him to go and from the beginning to the end of the march he trotted beside the band in complete exultation.

Years later he said that "on that memorable day I would rather have been old Joe Hirschberg, a-beatin-o' that drum than to have been the Governor of Virginia."

The lad was Polk Miller, later known to his friends as a sportsman and a gentleman; to his business associates as one of the leading druggists in Richmond, Va.; to the lovers of dogs, in this and many foreign countries, as the originator of famous dog remedies and to his fellow countrymen in many parts of the nation, as one, who, with his fund of anecdotes, marvelous gift of imitating the negro, his banjo and negro quartette, brought to them every winter a breath of the South from the Old Dominion.

His initiation into the drug business consisted of washing bottles, dusting, cleaning the fly-specks off of a hundred square feet of mirror lining the back of the store, washing the two large windows and cleaning the soda fountain.

In the late sixties, Miller and a man named Pierce formed the partnership of Miller & Pierce and opened a drug store in the basement of the old Haniwinckel Building, where the old Dominion Trust Company's building now stands and for a generation this drug store was one of the landmarks of Richmond.

Later Miller became president of the Polk Miller Drug Company and the Polk Miller-Childrey Company, two of the best appointed drug concerns in the South. Miller was a great sportsman, one of the finest field shots in the State, and a lover of dogs. It was in his store, located at Ninth and Main Streets, that he prepared a mixture for his beautiful hunting dog, "Sergeant," then sick and several times given up as dead by his sorrowing owner. The dog quickly responded to the medicine and because of Miller's local fame as a druggist and crack shot, the news of the success of his preparation spread rapidly among the citizens of Richmond. This encouraged him to put the remedy on the market.

But there was another side of Polk Miller's life that also brought him considerable fame and endeared him to many of his countrymen. He was

a story-teller of unusual ability, with a gift of imitation of the negro dialect, probably unequalled even by professionals, a portrayer of unique character type and his mastery of the banjo was a little short of marvelous. His introduction to the entertainment platform came about in a most unusual way.

Miller had a northern-born neighbor, a Dr. J. K. Hazen, well known and well beloved, who had come to love the traditions and songs of the South. Learning from the genial story-teller the feeling of the South toward the negro, Dr. Hazen told Miller that "the north needs your stories—needs to learn how the southern gentleman regards the old-time southern negro."

Finally, persuaded that his ready fund of anecdotes would be enjoyed by citizens in other parts of the country, Miller selected from the tobacco factories of Richmond a quartette of negroes with untrained but naturally beautiful voices, and under the auspices of the Lyceum Bureau toured the country every winter, for 20 years.

Upon their arrival in a town where they were booked for an engagement the banjos and baggage were given to the darkies with instructions to meet Miller at the threatre at a specified hour. He would see no more of the quartette until the hour for the opening. On one occasion they arrived at Charlottesville, Va., a mecca for drummers covering the southern territory, and where the depot was infested with little pickanninnies waiting to earn a tip by carrying a salesman's baggage to the hotel. Miller stepped leisurely from the train and was approached by a diminutive negro, "Boss, ain't you selling som'-tin'?"

Miller answered, "Yes, I'm selling brains."

Nothing that Miller was without a satchel the interrogator replied, "Well sir, you is the first ge'men ever to come here selling som'tin', dat didn't bring no sample along wid him."

Miller was reared on his father's plantation in Prince Edward County, Va., on which there were 200 negroes, and from them he learned to play on the banjo in the true negro style, learned their songs, superstitions, their stories and their dialect, which later delighted audiences throughout the country. Three of his most famous songs were "Gimme de Sweet Watermelon," "De Old Bettered Banjo" and "Old Dan Tucker." The watermelon song became quite famous for a time and great numbers of a picture showing a group of pickanninnies in extreme esctacy of joy eating a delicious, ripe melon, with the words of the song printed underneath, were sold.

Mark Twain heard Miller and his negro quartette during the time that Prince Henry of Prussia was visiting this country and wrote: "I think that Prince Henry, in being out West and not hearing Polk Miller and his wonderful four in Carnegie Hall (New York) last night, missed about the only thing the country can furnish that is originally and utterly American. Possibly it can furnish something that is more enjoyable, but I must doubt it until I forget that

pair of musical earthquakes, 'The Watermelon Song' and 'Old Dan Tucker.'"

The Richmond Times-Dispatch commented editorially on his death in 1913 and closed with the following paragraph:

"Polk Miller was an institution, a gentleman, a Christian and a patriot, to whom none can succeed."

Poverty is uncomfortable; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself.

—James A. Garfield.

VOCATIONAL TRAINING

(Stanly News-Press)

It seems to us that the vocational training plan as outlined by Superintendent Grigg last week offers an opportunity to manufacturers and business and professional men to train properly a group of boys and girls who will later make them very valuable employees. We are very much impressed with the possibilities of this program of education, for it offers something which business men have felt the need of for many years.

Despite the fact that most business houses and manufacturers have on their payrolls as many persons as they can pay, we venture the assertion that there is scarcely a business house or industrial plant in Albemarle today which would not hire another employee, or several of them, if they could get the sort of man or woman which they would like to have. Of course, the unemployed man will promptly declare that employers want a $50 a week man for $12, but certainly a $50 a week man had better work for $12 a week than remain idle. And when a man proves his worth, he can usually get the right pay, either from his present employer or a competitor.

The point we want to make is that the vocational plan which may be adopted in the local schools gives employers a chance to train employees without any great amount of expense to them, something that certainly must be considered in these days of small profits. And the boys and girls who get this training will be better fitted to face the problems of earning a living after they finish school than they would have been had they taken another course in history or French.

The big need in the world today is more men and women who know how to work intelligently, and who are willing to work as hard as they can. Perhaps this plan offers a method by which we can increase the number of these kinds of men and women.

STRATFORD HALL TO BE DEDICATED

(Richmond Times-Dispatch)

Stratford Hall dedication ceremonies next Saturday afternoon, marking the last milestone in the long struggle of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation to offer the old Potomac River estate to the people of the United States as a debt-free national shrine, will be a truly international event. No mere Virginia achievement, no purely Southern gesture, not even just a national acquisition will be this shrine dedication, for six European countries are scheduled to have their official representatives present in commemoration of the part played by members of the Lee family in the enlightening of those nations in regard to the Colonial cause.

There will be more, indeed, than the dedication of Stratford Hall, where so many of the great men of the Lee clan were born or raised, for visitors swarming the restored grounds for the celebration will see re-opened a chapter of history not so well known as the achievements of Robert E. and Light Horse Harry Lee.

Places on the rostrum are to be reserved for the ambassadors and their aides of England, France, Italy, Austria, Holland and Spain, nations with which the names of various Lees were so prominently associated in the early days of the New Republic.

The rigors of General Robert E. Lee's forced marches when he headed a bedraggled army through harsh years that of necessity were to lead to surrender at Appamattox are known to all. His position as leading educator and counselor of a shattered Southland is well recognized. The exploits of his daring forbear of Revolutionary fame, Light Horse Harry, and his later successes as an outstanding statesman are common knowledge. But what of those other Lees who knew Stratford Hall and who rendered services of such incalculable value at the seats of foreign governments?

When Arthur Lee was practicing law in London (1770-1775), he numbered among his intimates such men as Sir William Jones, Edmund Burke, John Wilkes—Marquis of Lansdown, William Pitt—Earl of Chatham, and Dr. Samuel Johnson. His arguments and representations did much to sway these important men to the side of the Colonists.

Together with Burke and Richard Penn, Arthur Lee presenetd the second petition—"The Olive Branch"—from the Continental Congress to King George III. Through the French ambassador to the Court of St. James, Lee was able to secure the assurance of aid for the colonies in 1774. Further, he served as London correspondent for the Secret Committee of Congress and his pamphlet, "Appeal to the People of Great Britain," first attributed to Lord Chatham, was published in France and through devious channels found its way to England where it did much to arouse pro-Colonist sentiments.

Arthur Lee's father, as were his two brothers, Philip Ludwell and

Richard Henry, was educated at English schools—Eton, Wakefield, the University of Edinburgh and the Inner Temple, Arthur's brother, Thomas, was the builder of Westmoreland County's Stratford.

What of the ladies of the Lee family?

Alice of Stratford Hall left Virginia to settle in London in 1760. There she met William Shippen, The Younger, Philadelphia medical student, abroad studying surgery. They were married in the spring of 1762 and Dr. Shippen subsequently became director-general of the hospitals of the Continental Army and the virtual founder of the United States Army Medical Corps.

It might be mentioned here that Mrs. Robert Worth Bingham, wife of the present ambassador to Great Britain, is a director of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foudation and chairman of its committee on house furnishings.

So much, then, for the country of Ambassador Robert Lindsay, who is expected to attend Saturday's festivities.

Turning to La Belle France, we discover again the name of Arthur Lee. Associated with Benjamin Franklin and Silas Deane, he did much toward forwarding the Alliance of 1776 between that country and the Colonies. During this time, while Arthur was Congress Commissioner to France, one William Lee was Commercial Agent at Nantes.

Two early nineteenth century owners of Stratford lie buried in France today and Henry Lee, eldest son of Light Horse Harry, wrote a widely read biography of Napoleon.

In commemoration of these friendly bonds between his country and the Lees, Ambassador Andre L. de Lavanlaye is to be granted a seat of honor at the Stratford dedication.

Moving across to Austria, whose present representative in this country is Ambassador Edgard L. G. Prochnik, we discover William Lee transferred to a position of new trust at Vienna, where he served as Commissioner from the Colonies during the Revolution. Proving his versatility and his devotion to his country, he later moved on to The Hague where he also acted as Commissioner. Ambassador Jonkheer H. M. van Haersma de With, Queen Wilhelminas' first subject in the United States, has been asked to represent his country Saturday.

There was a personal touch in the friendship of the Lees for Italy brought about the marriage of members of the Lee and Ludwell families into an ancient house of Venice. Due to this connection, it is not strange that Henry Lee and his wife, Anne McCarty Lee, sojourned for some time in Rome and other Italian cities. Henry himself was a close friend of the mother of Napoleon, and a great many documents destined to prove of historical importance were exchanged by them. And so it is that Signor Augusto Rosso, Italian ambassador to this country, is expected to stand with other notables when Dr. Freeman speaks.

Last in order, and for no other reason, is to be recalled the inestimable aid provided by the Spanish goverment when it granted a large loan

to the Colonists when dark clouds loomed ahead. That same Arthur Lee, who played such a prominent part in the early affairs of the Colonies, is credited directly with procuring the much-needed grant, his pamphlet on "The Present State of the Dispute between America and Great Britain," written in his official capacity of Commissioner to Spain, doing much to bring Spanish leaders to the Revolutionary banner. Senor Don Luis Calderon, present ambassador, is among the list of distinguished persons invited to attend the exercises.

There are many sidelights to the dedication ceremonies that will bear telling. Mrs. Breckenridge Long, wife of the United States Ambassador to Italy, is a member of the Lee Foundation and is active as chairman of the Relics Committee.

Mrs. William E. Massey, president-general of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and her executive staff will be among the honored guests. Their organization contributed $50,000 to the tremendous sum required to secure and restore Stratford and its grounds.

Doctor Francis Pendleton Gaines, president of Washington and Lee University, and that school's board of trustees will attend in a body. Students from the university have been asked to act as ushers.

Major Buford Rose, commanding officer of the Richmond Light Infantry Blues, has announced that 150 of Virginia's famous outfit will make up the guard of honor. The full-dress uniform and shakos of this ancient organization are well appointed for their honor, for of the entire regiment which marched into the War Between the States, only 16 were left to surrender with Lee at Appamattox.

On the day of the dedication, Stratford Hall, with its village of outbuildings and the entire plantation from Indian Tree on the King's Highway to the Potomac River, will be thrown open free to the public.

A section of seats is to be reserved for officers and members of the boards of the following organizations: The Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union, The Garden Club of Virginia, The Federated Garden Clubs of Maryland, the National Society of the Colonial Dames in the State of Virginia and The United Daughters of the Confederacy. Each one of these organizations has done memorable work for Stratford. Both as an organization and as individuals these associations and their members have made from the beginning, a practical and an inspiring contribution toward this patriotic shrine.

"The plantation, being over 1,100 acres in extent, is large enough I believe," said General B. F. Cheatham, former quarter-master general of the United States Army, "to take care of the crowds we expect on dedication day. Personally I think that our new stables and the thoroughbred mares will compete with the Stratford hams in attracting interest! They will at least, where Virginians and Tennesseans are concerned."

The dedication exercises are scheduled to begin at 2:30 o'clock. The completed program is announced to-

day by Mrs. Orton Bishop Brown, chairman of the program committee. The invocation will be given by the Right Rev. Bishop H. St. George Tucker; the address of welcome by Governor George C. Peery. The dedicatory address, by Dr. Douglas S. Freeman, will be followed by a benediction pronounced by the Rev. Giles B. Cooke, age 97 years, the last surviving member of General Lee's staff. Music will be furnished by a band, and during the processional, "America" will be played. General Lee's favorite hymn, "How Firm a Foundation," will be sung. The final number is the National Anthem.

All participants in the dedicatory exercises are to meet in the great hall of the mansion. Members of the national advisory board will lead the group down the grand south stairway. These include President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Senator Harry Flood Byrd, John W. Davis, Dr. Henry Louis Smith, Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, Senator Carter Glass, S. Otis Bland, former Governor John Garland Pollard, Senator Blair Lee, George Gordon Battle, Senator William Cabell Bruce, Governor Peery, Dr. Frances Pendleton Gaines, Dr. John H. Finley, Bishop Thomas F. Gailor, the Rev. Giles B. Cooke, General R. A. Sneed, Joseph Lee, Eugene W. Stetson, Francis P. Garvan, Henry W. Lanier, Robert Jemison Jr., John Stewart Bryan and Robert A. Lancaster Jr.

Following them will be William H. Fain, counsel of the Lee Foundation; Garland Powell Peed, active chairman of the sponsors for the dedication of Stratford Hall; Miss Ethel Armes, originator of the idea and plan to purchase and restore Stratford Hall as a Lee memorial; General B. F. Cheatham, United States Army (retired) resident superintendent of Stratford; Mrs. Cheatham, then the 51 directors of the Lee Foundation. Dr. George Bolling Lee, grandson of General Lee, honorary president, and his son, the fourth Robert E. Lee, will come next, followed by the speakers of the day and the president of the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation, Mrs. Charles D. Lanier.

The public is invited to attend the ceremony. The historic mansion and grounds will be opened free to the public from 9 o'clock on Saturday until 6.

A speaker's stand is being erected in front of the new stone steps. This grand exterior staircase is one of important original features of the house which disappeared 100 years ago. It is restored on its original lines, and with the new roof of gray shingles, the restored windows with their trim of Spanish red, they effect a striking change in the exterior of the house.

Mrs. Brown, the program chairman for the dedication, and also director for the State of New Hampshire, is the daughter of General John B. Gordon, the celebrated Confederate general and personal friend of General Lee, who in later years was Governor of Georgia and United States senator from Georgia.

Stratford Hall is in Westmoreland County, Va., on the Potomac River, about 90 miles below Mount Vernon. It can be reached by both boat and automobile. It is approximately two

and a half hours' motor distance from Washigton, D. C.

The old Potomac River Landing at Stratford has been rebuilt in time for the dedication and boats that draw no more than 3 1-2 feet can land on the Stratford estate from the river approach, which was the chief access to the property in Colonial times.

There are two road routes from Washington, D. C. The first is through the lower counties of Maryland and crosses the Potomac in a 40-minute ferry ride. The second is by way of Fredericksburg.

AT DINNER WITH MARTIN LUTHER

By Rev. Walter M. Ruccius

AUTUMN 1535

Like the boom of cresting and breaking surf, in which the inferior noises of lesser lapping waves are drowned a surge of resounding laughter rolled against the handsomely panelled walls of the large room and blotted out the many and varied sounds of a large company at dinner. Two maids bearing ample platters, the one of roasted pork and the other of venison, halted their steps to turn to the head of the table and look upon the familiar figure of their master upon whom the low autumn sun had dropped the checkered pattern of the windows.

The customary large group of dinner guests at Dr. Luther's table was today brilliantly augmented. As usual there were present four or five theological boarding students, other members of the household including Luther's faithful middle-aged servant (called *famulus*), Wolf Sieberger, a few intimate friends, among them John Bugenhagen, the well-known organizer, and Philip Melanchthon, the famous professor, both with their wives, two other good friends, Konrad Cordatus and Ludwig Rabe, both of whom preserved Luther's table-talk, Luther's wife, Katherine, and his four children who were from two to ten years of age. The women sat with Katherine and the children near the foot of the table, the men sat further along the sides, and, occupying places of honor at the head of the table near Luther, sat the men who gave distinction to today's gathering.

They were four noted Englishmen, who had come to Germany as emissaries of Henry VIII to discuss with Luther and his prince, the Elector John Frederick, the possibility of an alliance. Among them were two old friends. The first was Dr. Robert Barnes, variously, under his temperamental king, a religious exile, his persoal chaplain, and eventually a martyr to the Lutheran faith. The second was Dr. Alexander Alesius, really a Scotsman, formerly canon at St. Andrew's, likewise for a while a religious refugee in Germany. Both of them had frequently been Luther's guests during their exile. They

had been appointed to the English commission to serve as intermediaries for two other guests. Of these, Nicholas Heath was at the moment the king's chaplain, later becoming successively Bishop of Rochester, Bishop of Worcester, and Archbishop of York. The place of highest honor was occupied by Edward Fox, Bishop of Hereford, the leader of the delegation. There were also two noblemen from Duke John Frederick's court, assigned as escorts for the visitors. The duke it was, by the way, who had provided the venison and the fine drink.

The laughter subsided. For once it had been at Dr. Martin's expense. One of the Englishmen, Bishop Fox, had not been understanding the conversation very well, for most of it had occurred in homely German instead of the Latin customary among learned men. "My dear Bishop," Luther said, "I will give you my wife for an instructor. She will teach you German beautifully. Why, she has such ready eloquence that she far exceeds even me." He loved to tease his devoted wife, and she knew how to take his humor in good part. But today, no doubt because of the special preparations, Mistress Kate was not in her best mood. Unabashed, she forthwith demonstrated the aptness of the reputation thus fastened upon her. "Dear Doctor," said she, "if you will confine yourself to scholars' business and not distract me and my maids in our duties your guests will be served in a manner appropriate to the dignity of your household."

It was this retort that had occasioned the hearty gust of appreciative laughter. Nodding to the maids to resume their interrupted tasks, Katherine Luther turned to wait on Paul, her youngest child. Not for naught did her husband address her banteringly as "Mr." Kate, for she had completely mastered the exacting regimen of the household of her husband who was the world's most famous man in the early part of the sixteenth century. At a wedding Luther had once counselled the bridegroom to adhere to the general custom, namely, to be the lord in the house "when your wife is not at home." He followed this advice himself, depending trustfully on his wife for the maintenance and comfort of his home.

He now hastened to redeem himself. "Ah, Kate," said he, with humor and affection, "well do you know that my devotion toward you measures greater than the worth of an empire, and you ought at least to feel like a queen. Troth, I would not trade you for the kingdom of France or the duchy of Venice."

But now the Englishman, a bit puzzled and embarrased by this byplay whose meaning largely escaped him, pointing to several of the young men who were straining over their note-books, broke in to say in Latin: "I notice, honored Doctor, that a number of my fellow-guests are making note of your every word. Are you not fearful lest your enemies get hold of some of your sayings and distort them?"

"Well," came the answer, "when my good friend Cordatus first started making notes I took it for private memoranda, and now that so many others, including our friend

Rabe here and these young theologians, have made it a custom I have not the heart to stop it. I hope however that they will not send their scribblings to the printer. God only knows," rallying them partly in fun, partly in earnest, "what they will look like when these scribes are finished with them." His mood changed, his deep, dark, glowing eyes flashed resentfully. "See what has happened to my books. I wish that all those who have written down my sermons had refrained, for Christ's sake, from printing and publishing them, unless they had previously been edited by my own hand, or first printed here in Wittenberg on my authority. It does no good to handle the Word of God so carelessly and badly. I wish to God I had most of them back here at home."

"I can hardly agree with you, revered sir," protested Alexander Alesius, "concerning your books. Busy as you are, you would scarcely have had the time to review them all, and I cannot tell you how much blessing they have carried, in spite of defects, not only, as you well know, throughout Germany, but into other and more distant parts, including your own island. Tell us the secret of your power."
secret of your power."

"I will tell you that in a few words, my dear friend. When I was young I considered myself quite a scholar. I dealt with allegories, figures of speech and mystic interpretations, and made a fine art of my oratory. But now I know that in spite of its lustre it is mere luck. Nowadays I confine my art to setting forth the Scripture in its plain meaning. Therein is life, strength, instruction, art."

"But how were you able to discover this power?"

"It was like this. Thirty years ago the Bible was unknown. When I was twenty years old I had never so much as seen one. I thought there was no more to gospels and epistles than is found in the postils. At last I saw a Bible in the library at Erfurt, and, once I had found it, I felt its power. I read it frequently, to the great astonishment of my superior in the monastery, Dr. Staupitz. My own teacher, Dr. Usingen, when he observed my devotion to the Bible, said to me: 'Ah, brother Martin, what does the Bible amount to? Why not just read the writings of the ancient fathers? They have sucked from the Bible all its wisdom. The Bible only causes disturbances.' That is most true. It has certainly created trouble for the pope and our old enemy, Bishop Albert of Mainz. They say that when he was at the Diet of Augsburg in 1530 he happened to pick up a Bible. 'What are you doing with that book?' asked one of his councillors. "I hardly know myself,' Bishop Albert responded, 'for everything that is in it is against us'."

"But still, dear Doctor," interjected Dr. Barnes, "you have not told us how you win the hearts of so many people. Other preachers expound the Scriptures, but not with your success."

"If that is what you mean, the answer is simple. I always remember that a great many of those who come to church are small children, servants, common people, old men and

women. High-sounding phrases are no help to them. They say of an eloquent preacher, 'He had a brilliant sermon,' but if you ask them what it was all about they reply, 'I do not know'."

"Do you ever get too much of preaching?"

"I never tire. Nevertheless I try not to speak too long. I like to have people say, "I would gladly have listened longer.' On the other hand, Dr. Pomeranus here," and he smiled at Bugenhagen, between whom and himself existed a feeling like that of brothers, "Dr. Pomeranus, I say, likes to excuse his long sermons by quoting from the Gospel of Saint John (c. 8, 47), 'He that is of God heareth God's words.' "

"How do you account for the difference of interpretation between yourself and the radicals?"

"The chief difference is that they do not begin with the meaning of Scripture but with what they wish the Scripture to say. However, they quickly betray themselves. It is said of a peacock that he dresses like an angel, walks like a burglar and sings like the devil. This bird is truly the image of all heretics. For they all put on the pious and saintly manner of angels, they sneak and push themselves into parishes whither they have not been called, but are soon unmasked for what they are, since their voice is that of the devil, that is, lies, errors, heresy and deception.

"But enough of this, good sirs! Come, let us have a little music! Ah, how it rejoices and refreshes me. Many a time has it uplifted me and been the inspiration of my preaching. It is assuredly one of God's most precious gifts. I could never love a man who has no music in his soul." And reaching for his lute which Wolf, his *famulus* had already brought him, he plucked its strings and broke into song. Shortly, several others had their instruments in use, and soon the whole group was enjoying, with voice or instrument, the respite of music. Songs of good fellowship and brave faith did they sing. Nor did they cease until a half hour or more later, when Martin, a lad of four, Luther's second youngest, ran from his mother's side to pull his father's sleeve. With a young child's innocent eagerness he begged, "Sing me the song you made for me, Father."

"Behold, gentlemen," cried Luther, his eyes shining, "a child's trust toward a father. Neither the learned or the mighty can block his way. Would that we could always feel like that toward the Father who is in heaven. I recall how once when I was a lad I went out at Fastnacht with a chum of mine to see if we could collect some apples or sausages. We came to a ceratin house and began to sing. From within came a gruff voice, 'What are you boys up to? May the devil take you all!' As we heard him approach the door we ran away. He called to us to come back and showed us two sausages. But we were still frightened and did not trust him for the longest while. Finally he persuaded us and we each got our gift. Just so do we act toward God, who did not spare His Son, but delivered Him up for

us all. Still do we flee from Him, thinking He is a vengeful judge rather than our gracious Father."

Impatiently the child repeated his request. "Father, please sing for me." So then the great doctor, who with his mighty voice had made the world to shake in its foundations, sang with full tenderness the song of the heavenly Babe whom he was not ashamed to own his Master, a song which he had just written and which after four hundred years is still the favorite with many children.

"Good news from heaven the angels bring,
Glad tidings to the earth they sing—
To us this day a Child is given
To crown us with the joy of heaven."

Then, putting away his lute and patting his little son on the head, he arose. "And now, ye prelates," said he, "pray excuse me. I have much preparation on hand for our conferences at Schmalkalden, and I am fearful of interruption by Duchess Margaret of Anhalt. I hear she is in town again, and, like as not, she may come again to disturb me, as she did that day when I lay abed sick and sore. Rushing into my private chamber, she stood and gaped, as though he were a saintly relic, at the great man, Luther. I gave her a lecture on the manners, morals and religion of the nobility which she will not soon forget. But all she said, 'Oh, Doctor, dear me, we cannot all be good.'

"God keep you in His grace until the morrow. Good day!"

A man about 46 years of age, giving the name of Joshua Coppersmith, has been arrested in New York for attempting to extort funds from ignorant superstitious people by exhibiting a device which he says will convey the human voice over metallic wires so that it will be heard by the listener at the other end. He calls the instrument a "telephone," which is obviously intended to imitate the word "telegraph" and win the confidence of those who know of the success of the latter instrument without understanding the principles on which it is based. Well-informed people know that it is impossible to transmit the human voice over wires as may be done with dots and dashes and signals of the Morse code, and that, were it possible to do so, the thing would be of no practical value. The authorities who apprehended this criminal are to be congratulated, and it is hoped that his punishment will be prompt and fitting, that it may serve as an example to other conscienceless schemers who enrich themselves at the expense of their fellow creatures.—Reprint of a clipping from a Boston newspaper published 61 years ago.

AN AGE-OLD BUILDING MATERIAL

By Cora P. Emerson

One of our ancient building materials has become so commonplace in our daily life, that we have lost interest in its history. We are so familiar with brick walls that we forget the bricks have a history.

No one is able to say where the first crude bricks were made. The history of brick is older than the history of civilization. They were the principal building material of the antediluvian days, just as they are at the present time.

Primitive man found out in some way that certain kinds of mud would dry in the sun, thus making a cheap and durable building material.

We are all familiar with the story of the children of Seth the son of Adam. You will recall that one of the pillars that they built was made of brick. They knew that brick would endure time and so preserve their records of the stars and other heavenly bodies.

There is no doubt of the first brick being made of sun-baked clay. Authentic records have been found in the ruins of former cities of Mesopotamia. Some of the bricks unearthed in these ancient Sumerian and Chaldean cities are said to be nearly six thousand years old. A few have been found bearing inscriptions that date them to the reign of Saragon. This would be more than 3500 years before the birth of Christ. The spot where the vanished city of Babylon once stood is now a mound of disintegrated sun-baked brick.

A few years ago, an old painting was discovered in one of the royal tombs of Kurna. The artist had carefully depicted an Egyptian brickyard scene. There were workmen carrying mud and water. There were othes carrying bundles of straw to be used as a binder in the brick. Some workmen were trampling the straw into the clay and water with their bare feet. The most interesting thing about the painting was the finished bricks that were being carried into the drying yard. Each brick had an inscription. These dates showed that these bricks were made during the rule of Rameses II, who was ruler of Egypt about 1330 B. C.

The bundles of straw remind one of how the children of Israel, during the long, dreary years of their bondage in Egypt, were forced to make bricks without straw. This was no easy task for the clay that they were using lacked tenacity.

Most of the ancient bricks were baked in the sun, as were the adobe bricks in Mexico. Some bricks were baked in kilns for kiln-dried bricks made by Babylonians six thousand years ago still exist.

Sun-dried bricks are suitable only in regions where there is not enough frost to freeze the moisture in bricks. Freezing causes bricks to crack, then they crumble and decay.

The bricks of the ancient Chinese were kiln-burned. There is no record of their age. Bricks have been found in old Buddhist temples, unearthed in the jungles of India.

The early Romans learned the art

of brick-making from the Egyptians. Most Roman buildings were made of bricks. When they conquered England they taught brick-making to the Europeans. The first record of bricks in England was as early as A. D. 44. After the Romans left England the art died out. From the fifth to the thirteenth century less and less bricks were made. In 1666, came the great fire in London and after that bricks were the universal building material.

England had been making bricks in all sizes. In 1625, Charles I ordered all bricks to be made in one size. Among the earliest known bricks used for a dwelling were those used in Little Wenham Hall. This building is in Suffolk. It was built about six hundred seventy-five years ago and still stands.

The people of Holland are great brickmakers. The early Dutch settlers brought many bricks to America. These Holland bricks are yet to be found in old buildings around New York. In 1784, George III placed a tax on bricks, which was not repealed until nearly one hundred years later.

Brick-making in America began shortly after the English settlements were established in Virginia and Massachusetts. These were the hand made bricks, which are still a favorite in New England. New Hampshire has several yards producing hand made bricks. About fifty years ago most brickyards commenced to use machines for shaping the bricks.

Today brick-making is one of the world's greatest industries. Nearly every community has its brickyard. A great deal of experience and much skill is needed to produce good brick.

The clay found in different parts of the world contains various mineral matters largely sand, iron, lime, magnesia, and potash. It is partly due to these minerals that bricks have such a wide range of color. Iron oxide in clay produces a red brick, while iron sulphide makes the buff colored bricks. Blue bricks are made from the same clay as red bricks. The blue coloring is due to the baking process.

Most of the bricks made in the United States are red. The Milwaukee bricks are the exception. These yellow bricks are much in demand as an ornamental building material. The bricks made in China and Japan are of a slate-blue color.

They on the heights are not the souls
Who never erred nor went astray;
Who trod unswerving toward their goals
Along a smooth, rose-bordered way.
Nay—those who stand, where first comes dawn,
Are those who stumbled—but then went on.

—Selected.

MESSENGER PIGEONS NOW BEING TRAINED FOR NIGHT FLYING

(Selected)

Much has been said of the bravery and usefulness of the many animals who participated in the World War, but very seldom has the messenger pigeon been extolled. They, too, played an important part in that great conflict as message carriers.

Now, 17 years after the Armistice, the United States Army Signal Corps is still training pigeons for war use. They have even gone further in the training program of these feathered aides than any other nation in the world. This is evidenced by the report of a new type of carrier pigeon that will fly over long distances at night.

Formerly, pigeons that were used for communication purposes could only fly by day. Now after many years of experimentation in breeding and training, the Signal Corps have developed these night-flying birds. They number about 100 and are the only ones of their kind in the world.

Some may wonder as to the whys and wherefores of this extensive training given to pigeons by the United States Army. Would not the radio be more effective at all times for communication purposes in military operations? No! the radio could lose its efficiency in time of war. As is generally known by everyone through the medium of the press, nearly all nations have had their most capable scientists at work in finding ways and means of destroying the electric impulses sent by radio. Marconi, the inventor of the radio, has already claimed to have perfected such a device.

So with this in mind the Army has now what can be called an "ace in the hold" in these five-score little night fliers. They can be released from planes, from thickly populated areas, or forests, and at sea, and with their inherent homing instincts fly back to their lofts at better than a 30 mile-per-hour-average, in total darkness and in various kinds of weather. Snow, sleet and rain, the enemy of airplane pilots does not bother a pigeon, for they have three sets of eyelids, two of which are transparent, and this serves to allow them to see where they are going and not be blinded by snow or sleet. They would be many times harder to kill at night than their day flying companions, who number about 5,000 in the signal corps.

In time of war the United States army could at a moment's notice draft about 2,000,000 more privately owned carrier pigeons in this country and utilize them in many battles where radio is useless and telephone and telegraph wires have been destroyed by the enemy. Their being able to deliver a message successfully has been and can be the biggest difference between victory and disastrous defeat.

YOUR BOY'S TEACHER

(Watchman-Examiner)

It is a matter of importance to place a young life in its most impressionable and formative period under the direct influence of an intelligent and godly teacher. The teacher can largely undo the most careful and wisest home training, or he can do much to make up for the lack of such training and to counteract its viciousness.

The teacher is an important factor in the present life and the future character and career of the boy or girl looking into his face. Yet how little thought we give to the man or woman in whose moulding hands we place our children! How little we know or think about the teacher!

Do you even know the name of the teacher who has charge of your son's room this year? Do you know anything about her? And does she know anything about you? Have you given her reason to understand that you are going to work with her for your son's good; that she may reckon on you as a sympathetic ally; that, as you hold her to the responsibility of doing her best for your boy, you will help her to do that best in every way in your power? Have you tried to give her some idea of your son's environment and of his out-of-school disposition and inclinations, in order that she may work for him more intelligently?

Send the questions a little deeper. You are a Christian. You believe in the power of prayer. Do you ever pray for your son's teacher? Why do we so readily relinquish this power to make our schools what they should be? In all the land there are hundreds of thousands of public school teachers. There is scarcely a Christian congregation in which teachers are not found; certainly there is not a Christian congregation in which are not found boys and girls under their instruction and influence. The ministers leading the devotions of their people, every Sunday pray for various kinds of agencies and instrumentalities and works and workers. How many prayers have you ever heard offered for the teachers in our public schools, our academies, our colleges and universities? It needs no argument to prove that we should amend our ways. It would be wonderfully help that young woman in yonder schoolhouse, wrestling with many a perplexing and annoying problem, to know that the parents of the little lad before her are thinking of what she is doing—thinking enough of it to talk to God about it once in a while.

We cannot easily tear a single page from our life, but how easy it is to throw the whole book into the fire.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Clifford Stevens, of Erwin, who was paroled January 2, 1934, called on friends here last Saturday. Since leaving the School he has been working on a farm, but has now completed the necessary arrangements to join the United States Navy at an early date.

—o—

Richard Mishoe, formerly of Cottage No. 1, who was paroled about three years ago, writes from his home in Dillon, S. C., that he has been getting along fine since leaving us, and wants to be remembered to his old friends among the officers and boys of the School.

—o—

The officials fo the School were saddened by news of the death of Mrs. Missouri Dry which occurred at her home in Township No. 11, on October 23rd. Mrs. Dry was matron in charge of the Administration Building during the World War period, and was a faithful worker and a woman of fine Christian character

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Mr. Leon Godown, our printing instructor, left last Sunday night to attend the annual conclave of the Grand Commandery Knights Templar, of North Carolina, held in Raleigh, October 28th. From there he went to Flemington, N. J., to spend some time with his mother, Mrs. Lillian M. Buckman.

—o—

Several times during the past three months, our good friend, Dr. Paul Caldwell, of Staten Island, N. Y., has sent bundles of comic sheets and rotogravure sections taken from the New York Sunday newspapers, to the boys at the School. Dr. Paul is a native of this county and very much interested in this institution, and we are grateful for this kindly interest in the boys.

—o—

Frank Johnston, formerly of Cottage No. 2, who is now in the United States Army and is stationed at Fort Bragg, wrote to us one day last week. He is a member of Headquarters Battery, 4th Field Artillery, and states that he is very well pleased with Army life.

Frank says several old Training School boys are in the Army and are stationed at Fort Bragg. Among them are: Harold Gunter, who was in Cottage No. 15, and Herschel Hollifield, a former member of our dairy force. Both are getting along nicely.

—o—

Howard Shaw, who was paroled from the School about eight years ago, and who for five years was employed at the Stempson Hosiery Mill, Statesville, paid us a visit last Saturday. He informs us that he is now with the Lockewood Silk Hosiery Mill, Charlotte, having been working there about five weeks. Howard is well pleased with his new work and says he finds Charlotte a very attractive place in which to live. He is married and has a son three years old, and lives at 1332 Downs Ave., North Charlotte.

—o—

The following is an excerpt from a letter written by a boy who was re-

cently allowed to return to his home: "Dear Mr. Boger—

"I have been intending to write you ever since coming home. Hope you and your family are all well. I am getting along fine—have a good job and am working hard. I have also joined the church, and was baptized last Sunday night.

"Mr. Boger, I will never be able to thank you enough for what you all did for me while at the School. I will never regret the day I was sent there. It has done me so much good that I am an entirely different boy.

"I am sure there is not a boy at the School who, if he would tell the truth, would say that the Training School has done him more good than anything else in his life. I know it has done great things for me, and I will never be able to thank you all enough.

"Mr. Boger, I want you to come and see me, and stay a few days with us, as my parents would be glad to meet you.

"Give my best regards to everybody, and write me real soon."

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Our Sunday Worship

A pleasing and forceful speaker Sunday afternoon was Rev. Jimmie Johnson of Mobile, Ala. Rev. Mr. Johnson, only 23 years old, has been holding revival services at Caldwell Memorial Presbyterian Church, Charlotte, N. C. He is a graduate of Bob Jones' College of Tennessee and was brought to us by Mr. A. C. Sheldon, Boys' Work Secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A.

As a prelude to his discourse, Rev. Mr. Johnson taught the boys the following words sung to the tune of "Bells of Saint Mary's"——

"We'll sing in the morning the songs of salvation
We'll sing in the noontime the songs of His love
And when we arrive at the end of the journey
We'll sing the songs of Zion in the courts above."

The text was taken from Hebrew 13:14 "For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

Rev. Mr. Johnson began by stating that people plan things as though they were going to stay on this earth forever. But this is a changeable world. I John 2:17—"And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

In the Book of Job we find this question, "If a man die shall he live again?" Rev. Mr. Johnson then showed how Babylon had played with sin and how Rome was destroyed by sin. The game of sin is an inevitable game. Life in this world does not last, therefore, we ask, "Shall a man live again?" Christ told us the death-bed stories of Dives and Lazarus. Christ also gave the parable of the rich man who built more barns and stored up treasures, but his soul was required of him that day. A wise man will prepare for that which is certain. Death is sure, inevitable. It pays to be ready.

An infidel was once visited by Death. The infidel begged him to go away and said he was not ready to

die. He begged Death to take everything, but himself. Death answered: "I've had a mortgage on you for 40 years."

How beautiful it is to see a person who has lived a Christian life and to witness their unwavering trust and faith in death. Rev. D. L. Moody said with a smile on his face before passing into eternity: "This is my coronation day." Stonewall Jackson said, "Let us pass over the river."

Shall we live again? Go to the scientist, the electrican, the doctor and many others, but they cannot give satisfaction. Through Christ shall we have eternal life. The story of Jesus' life and His resurrection convinces us that there is a life hereafter. "By His stripes we are healed." We cannot deny that Christ lived and died when we read the gripping, and dramatic description of the earthquake following His crucifixion.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Though our bodies decay in the grave, our souls live on forever if we believe on Christ. Live in Christ and accept Him as our personal Saviour. "For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

"Eternity, where will you spend it? "A boy once heard this question in a sermon and was so driven by it everywhere he turned that finally he surrendered on his knees to Jesus. That is what Christ would have each of us to do. We don't have to go to Hell, but people who go there climb over Christ and go. It is good news to us to know that Christ died for us and that he is saying to us. "Come on, you don't have to be lost." Christ said, "I am the way, the truth and the life."

It is wonderful to know that we are saved. Heaven is a wonderful place to spend eternity with God and Christ.

Preceding the sermon, "The Ninety and Nine" was sung by Mrs. Vernon Patterson of Charlotte. Her husband who is State President of Christian Men's Club has been a speaker at the school on previous occasions.

Visitors who came along with Mr. Sheldon and Mr. Johnson were Miss Catherine Patterson and twin brothers, Vernon and Virgil Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Kenny, Anita and Joan Kenny.

VALUE OF HEALTH

It means that you will be in good spirits.
It means that you will be able to enjoy life.
It means that you will be an efficient worker.
It means that you can earn more money.
It means that you will have fewer accidents.
It means that you will save doctor's bills.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since July 7, 1935.

Week Ending October 27, 1935

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(10) Arthur Boyette 11
(10) William Dillon 10
(2) Alden Jones 10
(17) Earl Rogers 17
(11) Richard Sullivan 16
(17) Ashley Thompson 17
(3) Vermont Whitley 14

COTTAGE No. 1

(4) Robert Cashwell 12
William Goodson 14
Glenn Hines 2
John Kellam 6
Claude McLaughlin 11
(17) Millard Owenby 11
(2) James White 5
(2) Eugene Whitt 14
(2) Wiley Willoughby 8
Harvard Winn 16

COTTAGE No. 2

James Boyce 10
John Capps 4
(2) Leland Crosby 2
Cleatis Daugherty 6
(6) Thomas Horton 10
Lewis Janey 9
(5) Clyde Kivett 10
Lemuel Murphy 3
Oscar Roland 2
(2) Y. V. Spates 11
(2) Myron Whitman 6

COTTAGE No. 3

(12) William Barber 13
Emerson Barnhill 7
Elbert Bryant 5
Barney Caviness 7
Marcellus Gurganus 13
(2) Percy Gurganus 12
(2) Max Hedrick 2
(3) Claude Hicks 7
Jesse Holleman 5
(12) Frank Hutchins 14
Raymond Irwin 3
(2) F. E. Mickle 4
William McRary 12
Thomas C. Wilson 5
(3) D. C. Winston 9
(4) Porter Willhite 14

COTTAGE No. 4

James Bartlett 6
Vernon Bass 8
Roland Davis 3
(2) Clyde Dixon 11
William Hill 9
(6) Ralph Johnson 15
(6) William Justice 12
Thomas Little 11
(8) Joseph McPherson 8
(4) Jack McRary 13
Robert Orrell 8
(3) Richard Sprinkle 9
(6) Melvin Walters 11
(3) Hubert Williams 8
Elmo Parrish 4

COTTAGE No. 5

(4) Marvin Adams 4
David Odham

COTTAGE No. 6

(10) Earl Bass 11
Jesse Cleveland 12
Junius Holleman 2
Marvin King
George Spears 4
William Suits 2
Jack Turner 2

COTTAGE No. 7

(3) William Beach 6
(3) Emerson Frazier 9
(17) Caleb Hill 17
(3) Ray Hudson 9

(3) Theodore Nines 12
(7) R. B. Norton 9
(4) Cling Shelton 7

COTTAGE No. 8

(9) Charles Banks 14
(5) Sam Belk 10
(6) Luther Pierce 10
(3) Ernest Rivenbark 7

COTTAGE No. 9

Joseph Brooks 5
William Craven 3
Charles Crotts 7
(4) Pearly Funderburk 13
C. D. Grooms 9
(16) Frank Hall 16
Carroll Hoyle 6
(2) Hoyette Hudson 11
(10) Ben Overby 14
Richard Wrenn 11

COTTAGE No. 10

(2) James Bell 6
Harold Brown 10
Jack Carver
(3) Floyd Combs 7
(7) J. B. Grooms 7
(3) James Hodges 5
David Kirksey 5
(3) James Patterson 10
James Penland
(3) Charles Pollard 14
Troy Reynolds 2
(2) Maurice Staley 4
Winston Strickland 4

COTTAGE No. 11

Everett Bell 13
Charles Bryant 5
(5) Louis Crawford 15
(2) James Hicks 2
(16) David Hodge 16
William Kirk 9
James Montford 14
(4) Bennie Moore 7
(3) Alton Morgan 3
Norman McGee 7
Theodore Rector 5
(9) Eldridge Ward 14
(2) Adolph Watson 2

COTTAGE No. 12

(7) Earl Atwood 14
Alphus Bowman 4
(8) James Douglas 15
(9) Horace Faulkner 14
(4) Bernard Griffin 7
(3) Alfred Holleman 11
(5) Basil Johnson 12
(2) Frank Lewis 4
(8) Edward Lockamy 14
Glenn O'Quinn 12
(5) Eli Philemon 13
(8) Andrew Powell 12
(7) Homer Quick 13
(2) James Reavis 8
(8) Lonnie Sloan 11
Thomas Welch 15
(5) Olive Weaver 11

COTTAGE No. 13

(3) Boyd Baker 6
Leon Burkhead 9
(2) Merritt Gibson 2
Aaron Holder
Jennings Norris 13
Claudius Pickett 9
Linwood Potter 8
(17) Howard Wilson 17

COTTAGE No. 14

Clarence Ashburn 8
Bernice Baker 2
Richard Bumgardner 2
(3) Allen Davis 4
Lemon Finch 6
(2) Hubert Jones 10
J. C. Mobley 5
(2) Troy Powell 7

COTTAGE No. 15

(7) Robert Alexander 14
(2) Floyd Causey 9
John Caddell 11
Montford Glasgow 3
(2) Wilson Medlin 10
(3) Walter Mitchell 6
(6) George McManus 12
(2) Harley Pennell 2
(3) Marshall Scoggins 8
(4) Richard Tysinger 12
(4) Winfred Whitlock 14
(4) Richard Wilder 6
Roy Wyrick 12

CAROLINA ROOM

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., NOVEHBER 9, 1935 No. 45

THE BOOST

Cheer up!
What if the day is cold
And you are feeling old
And blue
And disgusted, too!
We all do.

Take a brace!
Look trouble in the face
And smile
Awhile.
Nothing is gained by looking glum;
Keep mum:
Put your woes upon the shelf;
Keep your troubles to yourself,
And cheer up!

—Sunshine Magazine.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAI

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

MOTHER OF MEN

O'er her heart, the emblem of mercy—
The deep crimson cross, shining bright
As the blood from the wounds of the Savior,
Gleams forth on a field of snow white.
Compassionate mother of sorrows,
Enduring her travail again,
She walks in the valley of shadows,
This Red Cross mother of men.

Profound is the love of this mother,
E'er seeking the broken to mend,
As great as the love of that other
"Who giveth his life for his friend."
'Midst the roaring reek of the conflict,
'Midst the shriek and crashing of shell,
She bears back her battle torn children
From the wide-flung portals of hell.

She reaches her arms forth in pity,
She gathers her sons to her breast,
She binds up the wounds of the stricken,
Her heart is a haven of rest.
Wherever men fare forth to battle,
Wherever the crimson tide flows,
Wherever the need is the gravest,
On errands of mercy she goes.

On her brow a diadem royal,
All builded of deep-biting thorn,
Gethsemane's garden of sorrow
She knows, and the glory of morn.
For Christ and the cross is her labor,
'Midst the war-torn valley and glen;
She is love and pity incarnate—
This merciful mother of men.

—Selected.

MR. D. B. COLTRANE'S VISION

At the last meeting of the "Board of Trustees," Mr. D. B. Coltrane, the veteran member of this fine body of men and women, with his continued interest in the Jackson Training School, suggested that the members of this executive body sponsor and encourage the beautification of the school grounds.

Mr. Coltrane never impresses one as passe, he moves physically and mentally with the vigor of a man much younger. In his discussions he is clear, putting over conclusively any thought in mind. In this instance he has a vision of beauty, and from Mr. Coltrane's wide experience he is thoroughly conscious that "where there is no vision the people perish."

Having served the institution from its earliest history, he is familiar with the many breaks during the process of development of the school, good and bad, and by his moral courage and material aid always helped in every instance to meet emergencies.

Hence, as a climax to his many years of faithful service, seeing the school open with one boy and small equipment, he glories in being providentially permitted to see the capacity of the school's 500 boys, and longs to render a greater service.

To make the forgotten boy's home complete he visions a delightful environment by landscaping and beautifying the grounds with shrubs, evergreens and then enriching the whole scene, one of the most beautiful settings in the state, with a riot of colors artistically arranged in flower beds.

The prime thought in this work is to develop an aesthetic taste, higher ideals of living, an appreciation of order and at the same time give the boys the privilege of learning the culture of flowers, an art that is just as essential as having a knoweldge of soil erosion and the rotation of crops to realize food values. In addition to reasons named for making the school grounds beautiful, Mr. Coltrane has the ambition to leave when his time of service ends, a lesson of order and beauty for his successors,—one worthy of emulation.

Beauty and service combined is a delightful and inspiring thought. With the home beautiful and orderly there is greater

contentment, contentment is conducive to happiness and happiness is the key note to success.

This man of unbounded interest in boys knows too well that the ugly things of life crowd out the beautiful, and the base things leave no place for things of good report, therefore, for this reason Mr. Coltrane wishes to make the Jackson Training School grounds a "thing of beauty",—the show place of the state,—an ideal home for delinquents.

* * * * * * *

ARMISTICE DAY

On November the eleventh, nineteen hundred and eighteen, there was joy in the hearts of the mothers, and others throughout the land when they received the glad news of signing the Armistice. It meant the closing of a great and terrifying World War. After the struggle there was the consensus of opinion that this "war was to end war" the greatest clash the world has ever known. But, it seems that it is only a prelude to another slaughter and destruction yet to come.

Only time can give the answer, but in the meantime it behooves all right-thinking people, and especially those in the position of influence, to listen to the prayers of the mothers who gave their sons upon the sacrificial altar with the hope of continued peace,—"Dear God, because of the Mothers of Men let there be war no more."

Let us have peace. Let us think peace. Let us nail this thought upon the banners as our ideals, and follow the Prince of Peace. The greatest work in life is "to build to that which we have, and not to destroy."

We shall stand in silence again for two minutes this Armistice Day. Why, do you ask? Surely you know that millions of our own boys fell, leaving dark shadows in the homes of as many kindred.

Let there be at least in our two minutes of motionless silence some few seconds of deep resolve that the world shall not go mad again.

RED CROSS ACCIDENT PREVENTION

The American Red Cross this Fall will put on an intensive campaign to eliminate "accident-causing" hazards. In the best homes frequently there are blinds, or pit-falls, such as two doors side by side, one leading into a room and another leading to a closed stairway. In such instances any one could unconsciously enter the wrong door and tumble head foremost and be maimed for life. This is just one example, and thousands of others very similar could be enumerated.

Every Red Cross Chapter will play a part, thus insuring contact with rural communities by enlisting school children and in this way put the information over to parents and relatives.

All social, civic, educational and other groups will be invited to aid in making homes, public grounds and other places safe from accidents. Nothing is more dangerous than a hole on a campus partially covered with grass. This is a pit that could easily cause a broken or sprained ankle, or something worse.

This program is launched because last year from such blinds, in the United States alone 34,500 persons were accidentally killed in around the homes, 150,000 permanently crippled and millions disabled.

The Red Cross feels there is a definite need for its services in the field of home-accident-prevention. Red Cross inspection blanks will be distributed, emphasizing hazardous places the cause of many accidents that could be prevented if time were taken to adjust conditions in the homes, on the lawns and in public places. This is a very worthwhile work, one that seems of little importance but when taking the accidents in the country in the aggregate one can easily see how necessary it is to put on this "Red Cross Drive For Safety." Safety first is the slogan of the Red Cross.

* * * * * * *

JOHN LAWSON BOGER

From the Mooresville Enterprise we clip a tribute to one of the finest, bravest and most popular officers Cabarrus County ever had —John Lawson Boger.

He loved his fellow man and possessed the combined elements of true manhood—tender mercy for the helpless and the courage to see that justice was meted without discrimination.

The editor of the Mooresville paper writes knowingly of a fine friend, and we, too, have the same estimate of the deceased officer:

The passing of John Lawson Boger at Kannapolis October 20, ended the career of a man who was dearly beloved by the populace of Cabarrus county and an officer whom every officer in this section of North Carolina feared with trembling. For a quarter of a century this man was chief of police in the town of Concord, where he spent most of his mature life. Well do we recall the many mericful and good deeds he did while an officer in getting some of us younger boys and men to get some unfortunate drunk man off the streets rather than make an arrest; how he would handle funds for the late B. F. Rogers, J. M. Odell and others who would every winter contribute to the relief of the poor and suffering; how the criminal class referred to him as "Old Tige," and feared him with a degree of reverence. He never let his man slip, and could tell a crook with a casual glance, although the officer was defective in one eye. For many years after retiring from the office of policeman he served as recorder's judge at Kannapolis. J. Lawson Boger was a true officer and never flinched in duty in whatever capacity he was needed. He was another of our boyhood frinds, and may his spirit rest in a land where there is no disorders to disturb his eternal peace.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

Good Neighbor

"Good neighbor, how much done today
To help the shadows pass away,
To light the sun in hearts of those
Who have been shadowed with their woes?
Good neighbor, art you one to all
Who in their need upon you call,
Whose yes are lifted in appeal—
Good neighbor, are you false or real?"

—o—

Turn About Fair Play

The newspapers not long ago carried a headline reading, "Bull Throws Senator." While that is news as is news, still it is a turn about for fair play. Many a Senator has heretofore thrown a "bull" in the Senate, and I guess this last throw about evens up matters.

—o—

May Find Out

It is said that a rocket is being planned to ascend 150 miles in the air. Well, that rocket ought to find out the high price of things, especially pork. By the way, was it the pig that jumped over the moon instead of the cow?

—o—

The Difference

An optimist is a person who thinks he knows a place where he can get work, and keeps on looking for it. A pessimist is a person who does not care to work, and looks to the government to support him.

—o—

Not in the Road

It is perfectly all right for a pedestrian to stand up for his rights, at all times, and under all circumstances—but not in the middle of the road. Others have rights on the thoroughfares, also, and instead of standing for theirs they run over you.

—o—

Up in the Figures

Total amounts of all debts, of all kinds, in the United States, is $281,000,000,000. Total wealth of all kinds is estimated at $300,000,000,000. So it seems Uncle Sam figures pretty largely in the affairs of the world.

—o—

Successful Stenographers

A stenographer is in line for promotion to a private secretaryship when she reaches to point where she knows about everything and tells about nothing.

—o—

Just Wait

Literary critics are saying that no notable fiction has been written in America recently. Just wait awhile, brothers. This will all be changed when the next campaign gets under way. Then you'll have fiction galore.

—o—

Figures Out of My Realm

It is stated in the papers that a California litigant has instituted a damage suit for twenty septillion dollars. Didn't know that there was that much money in any one place. However, I hope the administration at Washington will not hear of it and

move up its figures in calculations on money matters.

—o—

I Can't See

For the life of me I cannot see why Europe cannot keep out of war as easily as the Prince of Wales keeps out of matrimony. He should give the warring nations some of his tactics.

—o—

Thoroughness Neglected

"What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." This should be the the moving incentive of every one. Thoroughness is one of the neglected virtues of this age. Youth is taught from the examples of middle age to be clever enough to get by. Stupidity comes through being caught. This is a get-by age whose momentum has been gathering speed during the half decade when much of the high finance of speculation in our country has been done on paper, as unearned money, istead of work of head, hand and heart.

To get by is not cleverness, but simply broken faith. Traffic laws are made to protect man, not to prohibit him. The misuse of millions by some of the so-called guardians of funds was not cleverness, under cover of the dark; it was broken faith. The treacherous, insidious teachings of the movies one can only comprehend when one hears the applause by the front row of future young citizens when the policeman, the defender of the right and the law, is outwitted by some chattering churl of the silver screen.

College students, too, defeat their own goals ofttimes in class and examinations by cheating. Let us build up faith in thoroughness, for honesty comes this way.

—o—

Giving of Thanks, Always

The month of Thanksgiving with its special day for this observance is with us again. The fact of the matter is we should give thanks every day and at all times. Will the Thanksgiving of 1935 leave us better prepared or less well prepared to accept the tasks and opportunities of our day? Will we recapture for ourselves something of the humility and reverence of the men and women who observed the first Thanksgiving, grateful to Almighty God for blessings which they appreciated the more for the hardships and dangers amid which they lived.

The Journal of Education tells us that Thanksgiving is a good time to remember that we too face destiny and that in our gratitude we should emphasize anew the values which are fundamental to the well-being of all. That is true and timely.

Let us rejoice that we are at peace with other nations; that we have been able and willing to feed the twenty million hungry among us; that the Republic still lives; that the hopes and ideals of democracy are not yet dead; and that it is as well with us at it is. It could be worse.

Let us be thankful for the joys of ordinary living—the daily rhythm of simple tasks; the good will of neighbors, the companionship of friends; the love of dear ones; the inspiration of books; the beauties of forest, mountain, sea and sky; and the serenity of common faith.

Let us be thankful for the essential goodness in the hearts of men and for the aspiration which makes them unhappy when doing less than their best. Above all let us be thankful for every blessing that come to us from a kind Heavenly Father, at all times, even daily, and leave our troubles and sorrows in His keeping, knowing that He doeth all things well.

ARMISTICE DAY

(Young Folks)

One hundred and forty-eight ago, September 17, 1787, a group of distinguished men completed the Constitution of the United States and affixed their names to it. While there have been those at home and abroad who could see little of merit in it, by common consent it is recognized as one of the most important as well as one of the most nearly perfect documents ever penned by the hand of man. Even those who belonged to the nation that challenged our right to independence and fought to prevent it have not been slow to hail it as one of the immortal documents of all time.

While it was written but a few years following the Revolutionary War and by not a few of the men who had seen service in that bitter struggle, it breathes a spirit of peace. True, the Constitution was drafted to establish and maintain a stable national government, and to safeguard the interests of the several states of the Union, at the same time it is singularly free from threats of aggression and contains no hint of a desire to become a disturbing member in the family of nations.

The United States has never sought a reason for entering into a combat with any other country. We believe it can never be said we engaged in a war to extend our possessions or to enrich ourselves. From the beginning we have been a peace-loving people. For this objective we have wrought and prayed. Our hands are not now extended across the seas to take what belongs to another. We believe that an open conflict would have to be one hundred per cent justified before we would engage in it. Our representatives have signed treaties of peace in the utmost good faith.

If I supply you a thought, you may remember it, and you may not. But if I can make you think a thought for yourself, I have indeed added to your stature.—Elbert Hubbard.

ENVIRONMENT AND DELINQUENCY

(Charlotte Observer)

Three factors have always determined human destiny and the same three have not yet been suspended or impaired.

These are the factors of blood, of environment and of inner qualities of character in the individual.

The golfing word has a suggestive term in describing the relation of a player to the ball that is being played. It is technically known as the "stance."

So, likewise, these three factors that have to do with human development may properly be called the birth-stance, the earth-stance and the worth-stance.

The first of these factors, that of heredity, continues to defy both the realists and the idealists. That relates at once to the technical realm of biology. The dreamers are wistful a society in the world governed by the strict terms of the infant science of eugenics for the improvement of the human species, but at best this is so far no better than an idle suggestion.

An efficient, good-grade, moral and civilized society largely relates to the factor of breeding. Blood does tell, but even so, it is not a final factor nor the last word to be said in behalf of an adequate species.

What concerns practical minds the more is the second element in personal destiny, that of circum-stance, that of environment, that of the conditions in the midst of which men are thrown and because of which their mould for life is cast.

Here is a factor that will respond to attention. There is a definite, tangible effectual service to be done in this sphere—in the sphere of creating that particular type of environment which will make for an improved personality and, therefore, for a more self-controlled society.

It is at this point that those agencies created in our communities that minister particularly to the young in character-building services exhibit their value and make their claim for popular support.

When a scientific study is made of the communities from which the delinquent and deficient classes are coming, it is nearly always discovered that such communities are themselves socially and morally undeveloped. They are rank with the weeds of wickedness, underprivileged, disadvantaged and content in their wretchedness.

It is in the social climates of such localized areas that every city has a vital stake.

There was deep philosophy in the ancient Saxon law which fined every citizen of a community in which an offense against its laws was committed.

That was giving due recognition to the responsibility of that community for the conditions amid which its people were lived.

It was tantamount to admitting that those who tolerate a situation in which crime is bred is more at fault

than the erring member of the society outraged by open rebellion to its laws.

That is the philosophy we need in this country if we are successfully to combat the rising tidal wave of lawlessness and criminal disregard for the political and social rules of life.

Let us confess frankly that we have proceeded almost exclusively up to this itme by the reverse practice of punishing the offender and excusing the offending society.

Eagerly we establish our courts, multiply our judges and build our stately prisons for purposes of punishment.

But movements and enterprises designed to prevent delinquency are sluggish and poorly supported.

THE SHAPE OF THE EARTH

(Young Folks)

Professor Edward A. Steiner tells of the method a teacher once employed to explain to his pupils that the earth is round. It so happened that this particular teacher used snuff, and this custom enters delightfully into the story.

On the teacher's desk there stood a globe which represnted the shape of the earth. The teacher would gather his pupils about him as he would tell over and over the story of the earth's shape. In order to make the lesson more emphatic he would draw a round snuff-box out of his pocket and remark, "Now children, remember that the earth is the shape of that snuff-box."

But the children saw something additional that confused them. They noticed that their teacher had a second snuff-box, more expensive than the first, and it was flat. This one the teacher used on Sunday. When the school examiner made his regular round, he put this question, "Pupils, what is the shape of the earth?" Imagine the surprise that dignified examiner got when they answered, "Round on weekdays and flat on Sundays."

It is more than possible that the same thing can be said about our religion: "It is one thing on weekdays and something different on Sundays." And there is no person who sees that more quickly than children. It takes a long time for us to convince ourselves that or religion is to be the same all the days. There are those who would not think of cheating, or swearing, or getting drunk on Sundays, but they have no scruples against any or all of them on the other six days of the week. There are not two kinds of religion, one for some days and another for other days. We cannot change it as we do a hat or a coat or gloves. It is one kind only, and happy is he who wears it all the days of his life.

UNCHRISTAIN AND SILLY

(Beasley's Weekly)

On November 24-25 the Tri-State convention of B'nai B'rith, a national organization of Jewish philanthropy and culture, meets in Charlotte. The people of the city will welcome this organization in spirit and with the hospitality which its high character deserve. That spirit will be that of Zeb Vance, one time citizen of Charlotte, able, and most beloved citizen North Carolina ever had. Vance's lecture, "The Scattered Nation," which he delivered all over this country, eliciting the highest praise from all quarters, is one of the finest pieces of oratory in our literature and perhaps the most eloquent tribute ever paid to a whole people.

It would be comical if it were not pathetic, that recently in one of the Protestant churches of the city a silly attack was made on Dr. Frank Graham and the University and the Jewish people as the proponents and propagrandists of communism. The speaker, Mr. L. E. Young, addressing a Christian Men's Evangelistic Club, is reported in the papers to have said that a "member of the faculty of the University is now in Moscow on a year's leave of absence to study communism preparatory to teaching it in the University on his return." And in addition to this he read from the "protocols of the Elders of Zion" as a warning of what communism is getting ready to do in America.

Notwithstanding the "protocols" have been exposed as the most arrant forgeries and frauds, both in the court of public opinion as well as in courts of law, they continue to be used as a lever with which to stir up ill will against the Jewish people. This itself is a travesty, for in reality the "protocols" have been shown to have been invented as a weapon with which to inflame the last Czar of Russia to issue edicts of persecution and oppression against his Jewish subjects. Mr. Young or any other man who essays to teach Christianity, ought to better inform himself both in Christian spirit and in knowledge of the Jewish character and history, before he stands before an audience in an enlightened day and says such things. Henry Ford was lead to exploit these "protocols" some years ago and has since apologized in effect if not in word. About fifteen years ago a flannel-mouthed evangelist undertook to inflame North Carolinians by the same method, and it has been to the discredit of Charlotte that she was one of the cities of the state which harbored this evangelist of strife and ill will.

Mr. Young, or any one else who has swallowed the "protocols" ought to go down to the city library, get a copy of Zeb Vance's "Scatterd Nation," and see what a real big North Carolinian thought of a great race of people. How any people like ours who gets it religion from the Jews, whose Bible furnishes the text for its sermons, whose Lord and Master Himself belonged to that race, can

villify the Jews is something hard to understand.

"All Christian churches," said Vance, are but offshoots from or grafts upon the old Jewish stock. Strike out all Judaism from the Christian church and there remains nothing but an unmeaning superstition. The Christian is simply the successor of the Jew—the glory of the one is likewise the glory of the other. The Savior of the world was, after the flesh, a Jew, born of a Jewish maiden; so likewise were all of the apostles and first propagators of Christianity. The Christian religion is equally Jewish with that of Moses and the prophets."

Vance rejoiced that there was no longer in his day any proscription of the Jews among English speaking people, but he said that he was ashamed that in some places some of the old prejudices remained. These old prejudices should have no place in free America and the man who harbors them is mental kinsman of a Hitler who can unleash a war of hatred against the very men who stood in the ranks of German armies and gave up their lives willingly in the service of a country which has since unloosed upon them the hell of persecution. No other race was called upon in the world war to shoot down its own brethren in opposing armies.

Vance took up all the usual prejudices against the Jews and found that either there was no foundation for them or they had arisen out of the fierce persecution which they have been subjected to. Not only did he accord the race its high place in every field of human culture but defended it from the common and trifling attitudes of the uninformed. For instance, he said, the impressions that is sought to be made that he is dishonest in his dealings with Gentiles or insincere in his professions, as a class, is an atrocious calumny. And considering "that we derive all our notion of rectitude from the Jew, who first taught the world that command, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and 'Thou shalt not bear false witness,' we pay ourselves a shabby compliment in thus befouling our teachers. Undoubtedly there are Jewish scoundrels in great abundance; undoubtedly, also, there are Gentile scoundrels in greater abundance."

FACE THE SUN

Don't hunt for trouble, but look for success!
You'll find what you look for—don't look for distress!
If you see but your shadow, remember, I pray,
That the sun is still shining but you're in the way!

—Exchange.

OLD SONGS, BALLADS, AND HYMNS

(News Letter)

Virginia, through her University News Letter, has conducted a search for the old songs of her people and has uncovered the treasure of traditional music and native poetry that is hers. Here in North Carolina and at this University, The Institute of Folk Music has been doing this same work since the fall of 1931. In that time we have found that our own people have promise of a wealth in these handed-down songs and ballads that may, at least, equal that of Virginia.

Cecil J. Sharpe, the great English musician who collected may ballads in the Appalachian Highlands, said that these traditions were more thoroughly alive in North Carolina than in any other state he visited.

Our problem is to find more and more North Carolina families and communities who hold these things in memory, and we must ask your help.

Do you have any of these old songs, ballads, or hymns preserved in your own family? Do you know any old citizens who can sing them? Do you know of any family that has the written "ballets" for old love-songs, children's songs, singing games or square dance "calls"? Do you know of any very old copies of the sacred tune-books of our people—southern harmony, Christian harmony, The Sacred Harp, or any others?

You will want to know exactly what some of the songs are which we hope to find and so we list a few of them here:

Ballads: Barbara Allen; Lord Thomas and Fair Elleanor; Pretty Polly; The Seven Sleepers; Lord Randal; Lord Lovel; Love Henry; Sweet William and Lady Margaret; The Hangman's Tree; The Jew's Daughter; The Gipsy Davy; The The House Carpenter.

Love Songs: The Drowsy Sleeper; Molly Vaughn (Olie Van Dorey); There's Changes in the Ocean; The Foggy Dew; Johnny Doyle; I dream-of my true-love last night.

Sacred Songs (not in the books): The Twelve Blessings of Mary; The Little Family; The Twelve Aposties; Jesus Born in Bethlehem; The Twelve Days of Christmas.

Children's Songs: Frog Went a-Courting; Who Killed Tommy Robin? Billy Boy.

Singing Games: Weevily Wheat; Marching Round the Levee (or Valley); Draw a Bucket of Water; Green Gravel.

Our aim in finding these traditional songs and games of our people is to keep them alive for the next generation. Our work both in learning about these things and in teaching them to others has made a good and a successful beginning. If it is to keep on we must let others know about it, in order that those who are interested may take part in it.

If you can help us in this search, please send all information to The Institute of Folk Music, Chapel Hill, N. C.

MOTHERS OF MEN

By Willa Clifton Rose, in The Charlotte Observer

November the eleventh, nineteen hundred and eighteen; Everywhere the jubilant sound of laughter and rejoicing as America greeted the signing of the Armistice. Even the quiet, sleepy little village of Melbourne hummed with excitement. Flags waved and drums beat as peace came to a war-weary world.

The soft glow of sunrise fell upon Martha Langston as she stood in her doorway, her face lifted to the flaming east. From her heart there rose a pean of Thanksgiving that the black shadow of war was lifted. Danny would be coming home very soon now—home to the sunswept hills that he so loved.

It was a wonderful, beautiful thing —this knowledge that she would so soon have him safely back. From the days that he had so gallantly marched away there had been the ever haunting fear that Danny would not come back. In some vague, unknown way she felt that he, too, had had the same foreboding.

He had not spoken the thought but it had been in his eyes that last morning when he had stooped to kiss her good-bye. Unaware of her watchfulness, he had turned back for a last, long look at the sunlit hills; she had seen the deep, brooding sadness in his eyes; it was as if he were seeing them—for the last time. The next moment he had turned away and was gone.

War was hell for a lad like Danny. In all of his young life the boy had never wanted to kill—like other youngsters. Poignant memories of his childhood came back. There was the Christmas when his father, hating the tenderness in the child, had insisted on giving him a little gun. From the first Danny had loathed the sight of it, but to please his father he had pretended a mild enthusiasm for it. Together they had set out on their first hunt. Danny had returned, carrying, very carefully, a little dead bird, and Big Dan had been jubilant: "The boy's made of the right stuff—after all," he had proudly boasted. But after Big Dan had gone to his work, Martha had come upon the child unexpectedly: he was kneeling by the little dead bird, tenderly smoothing out the rumpled, blood-stained plumage. He lifted a tear-stained face to hers: "Moms," the little voice was heavy with sobs, "Moms, he was such a happy little bird—I didn't want to kill it—only Dad said that I must. I am never —never—going to kill anything else, Mom!"

"I know—Danny Boy," she had ananswered. She had helped him dig a little grave for the dead songbird beneath a flowering lilac bush, and, gathering him close in her arms, she had comforted him as best she could. She, too, hated wanton waste of life. Afterwards she had seen that he was not made to kill things.

They had quite an argument about it, she and Big Dan. She had won, and Danny's gun had been laid away. The lad was left free to dream away the care-free, golden hours of child-

hood as he willed. Often he would spend a long, glamorous summer day climbing to the hills that he loved so well, to come home in the sunset with a dreamy, radiant glow in his eyes that bespoke perfect happiness.

And so, suntanned and blithesome, he had romped through boyhood to strong, sturdy young manhood.

When the time came for him to leave for the big university, Martha had missed the lad much. Always they had been so close to each other. But she would not have had it otherwise. She smiled as she went about the task of tidying his room. There were so many little treasured keepsakes of his childhood days: shells he had brought back from his first camping trip; over in a glass cabinet an orderly array of variously colored quartz; a much-thumbed book of Kipling. But the row of brave tin soldiers that marched above the window seat showed no battle scars: shining and gay, it was easily seen that they had never been played with. A prayer went up from Martha's heart—God keep Danny from war—forever and ever: Danny—who so loved all life!

Entering enthusiastically into the life of the great university, Danny's letters throbbed with ambition. Only occasionally was there a note of homesickness: "It must be beautiful—now—on Sunset Mountain, with the first harbingers of spring abroad—the lark's matin-song, the flame-pierced wing of the Cardinal, and the soft glow of azaleas mingled with the deeper, darker green of rhododendron. . . ." Martha smiled as she read; he was still the same little lad who so loved life and song.

Two-three-four the years came and went, bringing graduation day. He had won many honors, this clear-eyed youth, with the artist's love of beauty, and the poet's gift of song. Golden days followed when he was free once more to roam at will over the hills he had so loved as a child. But even then, like an evil, sinster thing, the black cloud of war was growing ever darker, ever nearer. War—while the mothers of men—waited with the fear of it deep in their hearts!

From the first far-flung shadow, Martha had prayed that Danny would be spared from its grim clutches. Not that—Dear God—not that for Danny, with the love of all living things a part of his soul!

And then came the day when he marched gallantly away. He tried valiantly to still her fears; "After all, Moms," he laughingly boasted, "I'll be coming back soon. We'll make short work of the Boches." But there had been the moment when he had not known that she saw, and into his eyes had crept the stark horror of the days to come.

So to the roll of drums he had gone into the blackness and hell of No Man's Land. Watching the last gay wave of his hand Martha had resolutely tried to hush the tugging fear at her heart-strings. But the years had rolled back: once again she was seeing a small boy's tear-stained face above a dead song-bird; once more she was hearing a sobbing little voice; "I am never, never going to kill anything else!" And now the same lad was marching, marching, to

the grim beat of war.

It was after he had gone that she found the lines on his desk;

"I may not see the glowing dawn unfold,
Touching the hills with rifts of rose and gold;
I may not hear the song-bird's lilting call,
Nor linger where the red roses petals fall.

I may not stay to lift my eager eyes
To the soft loveliness of Sunset skies;
Nor feel the South wind's flower-laden breath—
I go—to keep a rendezvous with Death."

Martha lifted wet eyes from the familiar boyish scrawl: Death and Danny—God, keep them far apart!

Life, for Martha, gradually came to revolve around Danny's letters. He wrote of many things—the colorful life of the peasants—the beauty of the English country-side. There was never a word of war and its horrors. "Today we passed through a field of dotted with gleaming white and gold English daisies; from a low copse near by a brown thrush sang his mating song; almost I could close my eyes and imagine myself back in our own flower-strewn meadows." Dawn—wind-blown blossoms—a bird's low call, but never a word of Flanders Field, and poppies—red with the life blood of lads. But Martha knew as mothers have always known.

* * *

The exultant blare of the village band brought Martha back to the joyous realization of Armistice Day. Peace over a war torn world—like blessings after prayer. Peace, bringing Danny! Very soon now he would be coming back to the flowering hills and meadows. Martha raised her face to the sunrise, and, looking back across the weary way she had trod, her lips echoed the prayer: "Dear God, because of the Mothers of Men—let there be war—no more!"

The following two days were glowing days—for Martha. Danny's windows thrown wide to the sunlight; Danny's room made fresh and fragrant for his coming. She smiled as her glance fell on the little row of shining tin soldiers; very soon a real soldier boy would be marching—marching home. Once more a lad would wander at will over blossoming fields and sunlit hills.

It was on the third day after the signing of the Armistice that the wire from the war department came. Martha opened it with a joyous song in her heart; she would know, now, just how soon Danny would be coming.

The message was brief. "Dan Langston killed in action November the eleventh".

A moment before it had been a warm, sunlit day, golden with the glow of late Autumn. Martha shivered; quite suddenly it had grown chill. Over in the meadow the white and gold of the blossoms were slowly changing into red—the bright red of a young lad's life-blood. And now there fell the shadow of a lonely cross among them. Before she turned to enter the room that had been made fresh and fragrant for his coming—

once more Martha lifted her face to the swiftly graying sky; "Dear God, because of the Mothers of Men—let there be war—no more!"

GREENSY THROUGHOUT THE CENTURIES

By Emma Mauritz Larson

You might look over the map of the whole world and not find Greensy, even though you were given a hint that it is a roughly triangular little island, set in narrow, stormy waters. That is because it has long ago outgrown the quaint name of its very young days and now goes by a slightly different one, Guernsey.

We have a way of describing places as being a crossroads in world affairs. In a sense, Guernsey and the other Channel Islands between England and France had that sort of situation even before the days of authentic history. When the Vikings began to swoop down from their homes in Norway and Denmark, as early as the third century A. D., to harry the coasts of Gaul, there seems every reason to believe that they used Guernsey and its sister island of Jersey as refuges and hiding places for their loot until they should start home again.

The Norwegian King Odacer, who attacked Orleans, seized the islands at the mouth of the Loire, and though the old chronicles do not name Guernsey with these, it is possible that he may have taken it, too. Life was certainly not quiet and uneventful for the Guernseymen, with their thirty miles of coast cut by half a dozen bays that tempted sea marauders. The land itself could have been considered no great treasure, for there was a bare twenty-four square miles of it, the longest dimension of the island being just above nine miles and its greatest breadth a little over five.

When Rollo, the Norwegian, began his adventurous career in France there was set in motion a whole string of events that were to affect the history of little Greensy. Like the heroes in fairy tales he married the king's daughter, Gisele, and his father-in-law gave him Normandy. Again the records do not say that in this gift was included the little islands not far off the French coast. But it seems likely, for the son of Rollo, William Longsword, used the island as a place of banishment for some unruly monks of the Mount St. Michael monastery. These clergymen became good citizens when they settled at Vale in Guernsey and advanced both the church life and civic affairs.

Christianity had come to Guernsey through an abbott, who had shared the troubles of the early English, being driven by the Saxons into Wales.

Some of these people could not even stop in peace and safety in that rugged place, but built ships and escaped to the part of the French coast called Breton, or Brittany. This Abbott Sampson came thus to the part of the French coast nearest to Guernsey, and in 536 A. D. he crossed over the twenty-four nautical miles of salt water and gave the Guernseymen their first knowledge of Christianity. After that the churches shared in the varied life of the island in many ways.

After Rollo, the First Duke or Normandy, and his son, William Longsword, there is no mention of the little island in connection with the family life for four generations. Then in the eleventh century pirates played havoc with Guernsey and some of the people fled for protection to Mount St. Michael. They sent an urgent plea for help to the seventh duke of Normandy, and he dispatched ships and troops under Sampson D'Annville. The Guernseymen fought valiantly, too, and the pirates were routed and their ships burned.

Now there was another gift-giving, not by the people, but by the Norman Duke William. He bestowed half of the island in equal shares on D'Annville and the chief abbott of Mount St. Michael, stipulating that they take the land in the west of Guernsey, as a reward for their help to the island. These big estates, cut from the limited land of the Guerseymen, went down by inheritance for some time, and no doubt it was hard enough on the common people. Later the island parliament made better laws about land. Any farmer could buy a little farm by paying a fourth down and the rest in crops, corn or wheat, at stated periods.

Today Guernsey is made up of fruitful small farms and prosperous orchards and gardens, which supply flowers and vegetables and fruit to the London markets. For that Norman Duke William who in 1061 gave half of the island to two men, conquered England only five years later and became William the Conqueror. Except for short periods since then, Guernsey has been a possession of Great Britain, making its own laws, but under a British governor.

Even in those middle centuries farming was the principal occupation of the people, and they were proud indeed of their own breed of milk cows, bearing the name of the island itself. A law was made forebidding importing cows of any other breed, in order that the stock might be kept pure. Only oxen might be imported for food. And probably by the world at large the island's fame rests upon these fine cows, from whose milk such golden butter is made.

In order to maintain their herds the islanders needed to raise good feed crops. For centuries the same small fields yielded well because the Guernseymen learned to make use of the abundant seaweed of the rocky coasts for fertilizer. They gathered it all the year around and used it for fuel as well as fertilizer, applying the ashes afterward to the ground. Every farmer drove to the shore to gather vraic, and the matter was so important in the folk life that mention of it is made in all the legends and even in the songs. The

summer gathering of the seaweed was by reaping it on the rocks at low tide. The young people looked forward to it with as great joy as any festival, for after the gathering there was a swimming party in the sea, and in the evening, after the loads had been hauled home, parties at different places in the country, with flower and fern decked bowers erected in celebration of this good gift of the sea.

Since no farm can be more than two miles and a half from the ocean, the haul was not long for any farmer. But in winter the gathering of the vroic was a real hardship. The seasonal storms loosened great masses of it, and though it was not quite so good as that cut directly in summer, it was indispensable to the island's farms and even to the cottage homes that must have fuel. The men waded out into the cold water at lowest tide, perhaps soon after dawn of a winter's morning, with giant rakes with handles eighteen feet long and teeth fourteen inches long, on a head three feet across. Where the spoils were thick the row of men might be almost continuous, and as each farmer brought in his seaweed he made his own pile and marked it with a stone chalked with his initials. The same method of marking was used in the summer reaping of vraic.

The wind blows almost twelve months on and about Guernsey and the winter gales have plenty of strength, though the climate is milder in winter than in England, with sunny days like southern France. Waves and winds together sometimes tore the giant rakes from the hands of the workers, and then after sporting with them, hurled them back at the men. Guernseymen learned to be agile in avoiding these rebounding rakes, but even then legs were occasionally snapped by the long handles.

The good harvest of vraic of their own rocks was not enough, however, and they rowed to the nearby islands to get more, to barren little Herm, three and one-half miles away, and to Sark, about eight miles distant.

Sark was once seized by the French, and its fate might have been shared by Guernsey, had not the smaller island been recovered for England by a friendly Netherlander, whose story reminds us of the taking of Troy with the wooden horse. Force had not availed, but this man sailed in a trading ship to Sark and sent word ashore that his captain had died and he craved permission to bury the man in hallowed ground at the little church on the shore. He promised some gifts to the French officers in charge, and they were eager to get them, but said that the funeral party must carry no weapons, not even penknives.

They were searched thoroughly on landing and then allowed to carry their sad burden into the church for a service, while the greedy officers went in their boat to the vessel to collect the gifts promised. There they met with a surprise and were detained, while more Flemishmen went ashore in their boat to join the little party in the church, who had been unpacking the weapons with which the supposed casket was filled. So

Sark was released from French dominion, and now with Alderney and Herm, it forms part of the bailiwick of Guernsey.

The English governors Guernsey lived for some time in a castle called Castle Cornet, probably from the shape of the rocks on which it was built, in the harbor of the principal town, St. Peter Port. At low tide the less than half a mile between the castle and the town wharfs could be made on foot, though muddy going it would be. Castle Cornet was the scene of many adventures, none more interesting than that which occurred during the English civil war.

Jersey was strongly royalist, and even gave refuge to the fleeing King Charles, whose tyranny the nation was resenting; but Guernsey was staunchly for the people's rights, and so upheld the commonwealth and parliament. There was no English governor at the time, but a lieutenant-governor, Sir Peter Osborne, who entrenched himself in Castle Cornet and refused to receive the president commissioner appointed by parliament to take charge of government affairs. He even went so far as to entice the official and two others in a conference, supposed to be honorably planned, and then to make them captive. Two of them were Peters, too, Carey and De Beuvoir, and there was James De Haviland.

They were held in an upper room in a tower of Castle Cornet for many weeks. Their food grew worse and worse. The records tell what they got for each meal, pease soup with one biscuit, then later half-raw small whiting fish with water, so filled with lime from a well broken by a cannon ball that they became ill. They had rude wooden beds and at first used as mattresses bundles of mouldy cotton that had been stored in the room. After a few days these cotton bales were taken from them, and only then did they think that they might have used them to try to make ropes for escaping down the sheer walls of the tower and the high ramparts. They wished they had thought sooner and concealed some of the bundles in an old flax chest that was in the room. A few days later the flax was removed from this chest and they knew that their deed would have been discovered.

of the cotton in the lower room, and with small knives cut through the

They then set to work to get some floor, two working and one guarding for three hours a day. For some time they dared not cut through the plaster ceiling, except to make a peep-hole to look down and see whether the cotton were really there. Immediately afterward some soldiers came into that lower room. The three men above were much afraid lest some crumbs of the fallen plaster attract their attention. But fortune was with them that time, and finally they enlarged the place and actually drew up enough cotton to make seven coils of rope. They used an old tenter hook from the flax bin, fastened to a piece of board from their beds. Two of the ropes were twenty fathoms long, to get out of the tower, and four were ten fathoms long to lower themselves over the ramparts.

It was ticklish work making these ropes with the danger that the

guards might come in at any time. They hoped to be able to use them at once, but the next night was hopelessly clear and the tower surrounded by guards. So they had to contrive to hide the ropes in their beds, lest the guards who brought the poor food should see them. The next night was as disappointingly clear, too, but finally came a dark and stormy one. When they started to attach the rope to a pillar, to swing down through the hole in the floor to the lower room, the porter suddenly awoke in his quarters and called extra guards on duty. It was not because there was any suspicion that the three political prisoners were planning to escape. Word had just come that a ship from parliament was coming to their aid, and it was planned to hold the castle against the forces arriving. As it happened the ship did not arrive until the second day after, because of the storm, and by that time the whole story was ended.

When morning broke, still very stormy, the three prisoners determined to stake all on trying to escape when the tide was out at evening. They were successful in letting themselves down into the lower room, and they found an old iron bar with which they pried open the lock of the door, the sound being drowned by the sound of the church bells ringing for evening worship in the church just across the muddy channel. When they first took a hurried glance out a guard, Nicholas Stinquer, was coming toward them, but he had his eyes on the ground and did not see the loosened door. They ducked back for a quarter of an hour and then slipped out, tying one rope to a cannon on the rampart.

A glance below showed three guards at the very point where they would land. De Beauvior, the president commissioner, and De Haviland were for going back to their tower, but Peter Carey chanced to know another rampart around the south end of the tower. The guards here, not having a dangerous place to look after, had become lax and had gone into the porter's garden for shelter and refreshments. There was only one pair of eyes to see them, a young Norman, walking on the shore, but he kept silent because he thought one of the three was his cousin, who was also confined in the castle.

The last guard they had to get by saw them and shouted, "Fire! Fire! The prisoners are escaping." The cannon all around the ramparts belched quickly, but with poor aim, fortunately, for the three men who believed in the rights of the people against the divine right of kings. By running hard through the sticky muck of the channel they got across to the mainland, and when the word was brought into the church service of their deliverance the whole congregation poured out of the building, rejoicing. Later the escaped men learned that the lieutenant-governor in the castle had intended to hang them in a few hours more, before help could reach them from England. So it was, indeed, a narrow escape.

Castle Cornet continued to be governor's residence until a terrible storm struck its munitions room, lightning setting the magazine afire.

The explosion almost wiped out the governor's family and household, leaving only himself and two tiny children, who were unharmed in a ruined room.

The civil war had made all the islanders very poor, though they were distant more than twice as far from English soil than from the French shore. But King Charles, on regaining the throne, was magnanimous and allowed them to import certain food and clothing without paying duty.

Queen Elizabeth in her busy reign was interested in Guernsey and had the titles to lands looked up in ancient documents. She founded a school there in 1563. The ten items of regulations read quaintly now. No pupil was to be accepted unless he could already read and repeat the catechism. The free use of public wells and pumps was granted the school. The master was to be paid with eighty quarters of wheat rent, the same sort of exchange used in paying for lands bought. School opened at seven in the morning in summer and eight in the winter, with a noon recess from eleven to one and then school again until five. When a pupil presented himself for admission the master exhorted him and his parents to pray for Queen Elizabeth. The relatives of incorrigible pupils were to be called together when he was brought before the dean to be severely reprimanded. And if this happened three times the boy was to be expelled. This school later became Elizabeth College.

But what of the Guernsey of today? It deserves more than ever to be called Greensy, Green-Island, for it is, indeed, lovely with its well-kept little farms, its acres of field flowers grown for the market, and hundreds of greenhouses where tomatoes and grapes are ripened under glass because the sun is not quite hot enough. Dews come plentifully, especially in the autumn. West winds brings rain, and east winds are dry, but the weather varies somewhat from year to year, as it does everywhere else in this old world. Guernsey is a comfortable place to live and its people have made the best of their limited land, only about ten thousand acres arable, the other third rocks or roads, or space for houses.

Ninety years ago a writer born on the island wrote that his little home island supported a hundred people where Ireland supported only ten, and that without famine or widespread poverty. St. Peter Port, the chief town, in 1921 had over sixteen thousand people, but the whole bailiwick, including Sark, Herm and Alderney, was not three times that number. Between this attractive town and the other town of St. Sampson, the first electric trolley on English soil was built.

Steamships make the 115 miles to Southampton or the ninety-two to Plymouth with Guernsey fruits and flowers and vegetables. It used to seem a long distance to England, but now it does not take long. Tourists come, and well they may, to drive the good roads between green and glowing gardens, seeing this fresh, miniature world. And they carry away with them memories of cottages covered with tall geraniums that have

climbed to the second story, and fuschias as large as lilac shrubs and full of pendant blooms. In some ways Guernsey is like a little bit of England, but in others it is just itself, a staunch little island worth knowing.

FREAK STAMPS

By Will Herman

Stamps in which errors appear are of especial interest to collectors. Because of their rarity, such stamps are of great value, and it is to the credit of the governments of the world that so few stamp errors have appeared.

There are various types of stamp error, caused by dirty plates, shifting of type, broken plates, errors in position and the like. These errors are illustrated by the stamps of Haiti and Italy. Here in several issues the head was printed in an inverted form. Stamps of this type, however, are not nearly so interesting as the "freak" stamps.

A "freak" stamp is commonly known as a stamp whose error was known, but the stamp was released anyway. There are many interesting examples. In a "freak" stamp, the error is usually one of story or of realism.

For example, the Gambia issue of a few years ago shows the picture of an elephant. Either the artist had never seen a picture of an elephant or was greatly confused, for he drew the elephant on the legs of a horse! This was against "realism" and was an error, but the government allowed the stamp to go through!

Among the commonest of errors of circulating stamps is the United States issue showing Columbus. In the first stamp, Columbus is shown sighting land and he is clean shaven. The second stamp shows him landing, and he has a full grown beard! Yet history relates that Columbus landed a few hours after sighting land. So, he grew a full beard in less than a day.

Our Lindbergh airmail stamps have an incorrect map of North America.

These errors are few and far between, but they add to the interest of our hobby.

We are made for co-operation, like feet, like hands, like eyelids, like the rows of upper and lower teeth. To act against one another, then, is contrary to Nature.—Marcus Aurelius.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. L. S. Presson, the trucker, has begun repairing new dirt for seed beds for early plants. Mr. Presson is is an adept when it comes to raising early vegetables for table use.

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The outside activities on the farm engaging the attention of the farm force are shucking corn, digging sweet potatoes and storing them away for the winter months. The farm force has been making "hay while the sun shines", sowing much small grain that will give the fields a green coverage throughout the cold and dreary months.

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Reports from the dairyman, Mr. J. H. Hobby, is to the effect that the milk production is on the increase, and will soon be back to normalcy, about 140 gallons per day.

The dairy always endeavors to furnish each boy a quart of milk daily, knowing the milk comes the nearest of containing all food values necessary for development of a strong body.

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On last Tuesday there was a call meeting of the Board of Trustees to approve of the government loan to build the cottage known as the Indian Cottage. There were present Miss Shaw, Chairman L. T. Hartsell, Messrs Herman Cone, J. F. Spruill, D. B. Coltrane and Paul Whitlock. A majority of membership is required before the work can be launched in building the cottage.

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The Annual Convention of the North Carolina Branch of the King's Daughters is in session this week in Wilmington.

This school sends four boys to the convention who will contribute to the entertainment of the Kings's Daughters. Miss Virginia L. Smoot, musical director of the institution, and Mr. J. C. Shrewsbury, an officer, accompanied the boys to Wilmington.

The King's Daughters have shown continued interest in our boys from the genesis of this school.

There stands on the grounds of this institution three monuments, the King's Daughters Cottage, a home for thirty boys; the Margaret Burgwn Chapel, a classic built of Rowan granite and the bridge spanning the National Highway, a memorial to North Carolina World War Soldiers, all of these are suggestive of the work accomplished by members of the North Carolina Branch of King's Daughters.

The King's Daughters are a band of Christian women, an interdenominational order, working In His Name with the high purpose of service to humanity.

Their goal today is to build a chapel sufficiently adequate to accommodate all of the boys and officers at one time.

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Distinguished Visitors

This institution felt distinctively honored last week to have Mr. F. W. McClellan, superintendent of the Training School, Mandam, N. D., and Mrs. Janie Ulsurd, Bismarck, N. D., a member State Board Administra-

tive work of N. D. accompanied by her daughter, Miss Helen Ulsurd, pay the Jackson Training School a visit on their return home trip after attending the National Association of Juvenile and Prison Congress in Atlanta.

The visitors were graciously received, having the privilege of visiting any department of activities in the school they wished to see.

The plans of the homes for the boys, government and discipline were discussed by the superintendents, Mr. Boger and Mr. McClellan, and ideas were exchanged as to how to get the best results in the work of reclaiming delinquents. The meeting was one of mutual benefit, and the visiting delegation left favorably impressed with conditions in the Jackson Training School.

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The Evening of Weird Festivities

Hallowe'en Eve was an occasion for a good time for all of our boys. They indulged in the festivities without the least fear that the hobgoblins and the witches were wandering abroad Hallowe'en night between the hills and cliffs of the school grounds.

The boys were in high glee when work was suspended at 3 o'clock, and they repaired to their respective cottages to appear in costume to meet the spooks at the bakery decorated in Hallowe'en fantastic coloring, and receive their refreshments consisting of Frankfurters and rolls, slaw, candies, pop-corn, apples, peanuts and soft drinks.

Each boy was given three hot-dogs with all other things mentioned on the menu. From the way the boys devoured the good things to eat there is a likelihood that some of them saw black cats in their sleep. But to make a long story short the boys, the officers and their famiiles had a big time on All Hallows Eve. The next festival occasion for our boys is Thanksgiving. As soon as they celebrate one holiday they watch the calendar and mark the date of the next. There is great joy in knowing that it takes but little to furnish our boys soprt. Their revelry is carried on without boisterous outcries and destruction of property.

The Concord Bottling Works gave the school for the Hallowe'en festival the soft drinks. For this gift the school takes this opportunity to acknowledge the same with grateful appreciation.

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Our Sunday Worship

A rare pleasure was ours last Sunday afternoon when we had as our guest speaker, Dr. A. A. MacFadyen, medical missionary of China. He was accompanied by Rev. R. S. Arrowood who had charge of the services for the afternoon, and Dr. W. E. Davis.

Dr. MacFadyen, who graduated from Davidson and was on the football team while in college, won the attention of his audience by asking the question, "I wonder how many of you are interested in football?" The great point in playing football is good teamwork, he stated. In China you will find the fine spirit of teamwork among the preachers, doctors and teachers, who are all striving to bring Christ to China. "The medical way is a fine way to open up the

hearts to Jesus."

In China there are many strange maladies and diseases to combat that we do not find in America. One disease which is very common among the Chinese children and which has been very fatal until recent years is one caused by a tiny little bug which gets in the blood-stream and takes hold of the white corpuscles. This disease causes the spleen to enlarge and fill the stomach so that the stomach is very much distended, the patient becomes skinny and pale. This disease is very common among children from five to fifteen years of age. Thanks to medical science they are now able to cure most of the cases that are brought to the mission hospital. A serum is injected into the veins and this is given in twelve doses over a period of a month. While the patients are recuperating from this sickness in the hospital they have an opportuity to learn of Jesus and many are converted to the "Jesus way" before they leave the hospital. They go back home with new bodies and new spirits.

The people of China eat a good bit of cat and dog meat. A boy went to the missionary one day and told him that his old dog had died the night before and he wanted to know if he could eat some of the meat.

Another very common disease among the chlidren of China is stone in the bladder. This is very painful and is due largely to the ignorance of the mothers who give their children tea while quite young. These stones are caused by the concentration of the lime and calcium in the bladder. These stones form early in the children and are often found to be as large as hen eggs.

Dr. MacFayden told the following story: On one cold, snowy night the old gate woman came into the house and reported that there was a little boy outside with no clothes on. Sure enough they found a child four years old rolling around on the ground. He had been partially paralyzed from birth and his muscles did not co-ordinate and he could only roll himself along. He was taken into the mission and kept. At first they did not think he could live and didn't try to do so much for him. He developed small pox and they were sure he would die. His life was spared and then he took scarlet fever and later double mastoid. This boy remained with the mission for 12 years. While he is thought of as a moron, yet he has learned 2,400 characters and can read his Bible and recite many passages. This he learned by sitting by the Bible lady as she taught her groups of patient daily. He was allowed to join the church because he knew so much of his Bible. With all his afflictions, this boy has learned to walk a little in a zig-zag sort of way and is delighted that he can walk to church.

The speaker said that each of us can make more of our life since we have better privileges. Each has the opportunity to make of life what he wishes and can accomplish something worthwhile in life if we only try and use the talents God gives us. He asked us to "press forward to the high calling of Jesus" and pray for the Chinese boys to receive the good news of the Gospel.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since July 7, 1935.

Week Ending November 3, 1935

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(11) Arthur Boyette 12
(11) William Dillon 11
(3) Alden Jones 11
(18) Earl Rogers 18
(12) Richard Sullivan 17
(18) Ashley Thompson 18
(4) Vermont Whitley 15

COTTAGE No. 1

Roscoe Ashburn 4
Sam Batts 10
(5) Robert Cashwell 13
(2) William Goodson 15
(18) Millard Owenby 18
(3) Eugene Whitt 15
(3) Wiley Willoughby 9
Junius Yarborough 6

COTTAGE No. 2

(2) John Capps 5
Arthur Craft 5
(3) Leland Crosby 3
Grover Duncan
Iva Gregory
(7) Thomas Horton 11
(6) Clyde A. Kivett 11
Charles Lewis 3
Wilson Myrick 4
(2) Oscar Roland 3
(3) Y. V. Spates 12
(3) Myron Whitman 7

COTTAGE No. 3

(13) William Barber 14
(2) Barney Caviness 8
Charles Furchess 6
(3) Percy Gurganus 13
(13) Frank Hutchins 15
(3) F. E. Mickle 5
Harvey Watson 7
(5) Porter Willhite 15

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) Vernon Bass 9
Horace Bates
(7) Ralph Johnson 16
(7) William Justice 13
(9) Joseph McPherson 9
(2) Elmo Parrish 5
(4) Richard Sprinkle 10

COTTAGE No. 5

(5) Marvin Adams 5
Wiley Crawford 5
Connie Dickens 4
Paul Johnson 10
Monroe Keith 4
Louis Tarkington 14
Robert Worthington 11

COTTAGE No. 6

Earl Barnes 8
(11) Earl Bass 12
(2) Jesse Cleveland 13
Leo Forrester 7
Robert Keith 6
Clarence Mayton
James Stepp 9
William Young

COTTAGE No. 7

(4) Emerson Frazier 10
(18) Caleb Hill 18
(4) Ray Hudson 10
Ralph McCracken 3
(8) R. B. Norton 10
Jack Pyatt 4
Paul Saunders 7
(5) Cling Shelton 8
Floyd Watkins 9

COTTAGE No. 8

(10) Charles Banks 15
(6) Sam Belk 11
J. B. Burrow
Harry Flowe 11
Thomas Hudson 14
Guy Lewis 7
John Maxwell 8
Paul Mitchell 2
Ernest Owens 10
(7) Luther Pierce 11
Norman Pike 2
Charles Webb 6

COTTAGE No. 9

(2) Joseph Brooks 6
Charles Freeman 2
(5) Pearly Funderburke 14
(17) Frank Hall 17
(3) Hoyette Hudson 12
Levi Merritt 5
(11) Ben Overby 15
(2) Richard Wrenn 12

COTTAGE No. 10

(3) James Bell 7
(2) Jack Carver 9
Norwood Cockerham 13
(4) Floyd Combs 8
Lake Cooper 3
(8) J. B. Grooms 8
(4) James Hodge 6
(2) David Kirksey 6
(4) James Patterson 11
(2) James Penland 2
(2) Troy Reynolds 3
Clayton Watts 2

COTTAGE No. 11

(2) Everett Bell 14
Charles Bowman 11
(2) Charles Bryant 6
Edward Carpenter 9
(6) Louis Crawford 16
Bennie Holland 15
Warren Holleman 8
(17) David Hodge 17
(3) James Hicks 3
(2) William Kirk 10
(2) James Montford 15
(5) Bennie Moore 8
James Rector 6
(5) Theodore Rector 6
(10) Eldridge Ward 15
Cecil Webb 8

COTTAGE No. 12

(8) Earl Atwood 14
Frank Dickens 9
(10) Horace Faulkner 15
(5) Bernard Griffin 8
(4) Alfred Holleman 12
(6) Basil Johnson 13
(9) Edward Lockamy 15
(2) Glenn O'Quinn 13
(6) Eli Philemon 14
(9) Lonnie Sloan 12
William Stevens 9
(2) Thomas Welch 16

COTTAGE No. 13

(4) Boyd Baker 7
(2) Leon Burkhead 10
Arlon Jones
(2) Jennings Norris 14
(18) Howard Wilson 18

COTTAGE No. 14

(4) Allen Davis 5
(2) Lehman Finch 7
(3) Hubert Jones 11
Stacy Long 5
(3) Troy Powell 8
James Singleton 7

COTTAGE No. 15

(3) Floyd Causey 10
(2) John Caddell 12
(3) Wilson Medlin 11
Marvin Malcom 6
(7) George McManus 13
(3) Harley Pennell 3
(5) Richard Tysinger 13
Frank Wakefield 10
(5) Winfred Whitlock 15
(5) Richard Wilder 7
(2) Roy Wyrick 13

Count your garden by the flowers,
Never by the leaves that fall;
Count your days by golden hours,
Don't remember clouds at all.
Count your nights by stars, not shadows,
Count your life with smiles, not tears;
And with joy, on every birthday,
Count your age by friends, not years.

—Selected.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR OCTOBER

(Figure following name indicates number of times boy has been on Honor Roll since January 1, 1935.)

(NOTE: Due to the fact that boys in Rooms No. 3 and 4 being pressed into service in emergency outside work, no report is given for the month of October.)

ROOM No. 1

—A—

Sam Belk 2
Arthur Greer 5

—B—

Randolph Davis 4
J. B. Grooms
Woodrow Jenkins 2
Albert Silas
Charles Bowman
James Douglas 3
Maurice Staley 2
Homer Smith 7
Robert Worthington 3
Vermont Whitley 3

ROOM No. 2

—A—

Ray Ballard
Carlton Calloway
Marvin Edwards
Pearlie Funderburke 2
Richard Wilder 2
James Bell
Hoyette Hudson 3
Norman McGee 2
William Moose 2
Winston Strickland 2

—B—

James Dalton
Walter Mitchell
Y. V. Spates 4
Ogburn Cason
Kenneth Messick 4
Cecil Webb

ROOM No. 5

—A—

Richard Bumgardner 3
Lake Cooper 2
Frank Hall
Virgil Harvell 3
Claude Hicks
F. E. Mickle 2
Hilliard Ruff

—B—

Nelson Daubenmeyer
Leo Forrester 2
Leonard Melton 5
Richard Sullivan

ROOM No. 6

—A—

David Odham 4
Lewis Oscar Roland 2
Robert Stephens 5

—B—

Edward Kirk 2
Paul Rhodes 2
Adolph Watson

ROOM No. 7

—A—

Earl Atwood 2
Alphus Bowman 2
Lehman Finch
Thomas Hamilton 4
Charlton Henry
Ted Hicks
Troy Powell 4

—B—

Floyd Combs
William Knight
George McManus
James Rector 4
George Shaver 2
James Stepp 3
Lawrence Tew 2

—E N D—

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know no way of judging of the future but by the past.—Patrick Henry.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 16, 1935 No. 46

SPORTSMANSHIP

And in the world, as in the school
You know how fate may turn and shift;
The prize be sometimes to the fool,
The race not always to the swift.

Who misses or who gains the prize
Go, lose or conquer as you can,
But if you fall or if you rise
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

—William Makepeace Thackeray.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAI

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE BEAUTIFIED LIFE

If I can live in simple comfort and owe no man, sharing intimately with loved ones life's varied experiences; if I can bring a touch of healing and a clearer outlook into the trials and problems of those with whom I mingle; if I can humbly undertake public service when the public calls me, caring neither too much nor too little for popular approval; if I can give spiritual values always the first place, and gladly sink from sight, like a bit of leaven, that others might be elevated—then will this experiment of living yield in full measure the true wealth of contentment and happiness.—Alfred Osborne.

THE VALUE OF THIS INSTITUTION

The mission of this institution is to take bad boys, the incorrigibles and transform them, or to use the mechanical term so often heard, recondition them into young men of finer temperments and higher ideals with an ambition to be most useful citizens. There is not a boy received here that does not possess some good qualities. The School first studies the boy from the viewpoint of inheritance, environment, mentality and talent, in fact gives a thorough diagnois, with the specific purpose of proper placement so the best results can be realized.

Remember all boys are not bad. They are the victims of environment, coming from indigent homes, in which there is neither discipline nor order, a hit-or-miss game, without a ray of ambition, till finally they find themselves in the clutches of the law and then as a last resort they are placed here with a hope.

Such institutions as this one, and its companion piece, the East-

ern Carolina Training School, the home of delinquents are no longer an experiment, but a necessity, and have proven a blessing to the state. The vision of such an institution was first accepted as that of a dreamer, but the trend of thought has changed for daily fine reports come from old boys who have made good and are valuable assets to the community in which they live.

Just last week the superintendent had a report from a boy who bears a distinguished name, named for one of the State's most outstanding citizens. From the name there is reason to believe kinship or close friendship existed.

However, the young man in question came from a mountain farm, knew little other than driving a team of oxen mountain style, spent three years and three months here, entered the first grade and went to the seventh before parolment, showing at all times by his fine manner and appreciation that the opportunities given him were not disipated.

He left the school thirteen years ago and since has proven himself worthy. He has held a position as fixer of machinery in one of the largest hosiery mills in the state, has his home and is paying for it through the Building and Loan Association.

He has a wife and family and is rated as a first class citizen in the community. And last but not least he often writes and tells the superintendent that the Jackson Training School saved him. We close with this question. Don't you think the state investments are good when it makes a man of a boy who never had a chance?

* * * * * * *

MRS. JOHN K. PATTERSON DEAD

Mrs. John K. Patterson, after a lingering illness of several years that deprived her of the privileges she prized so highly, moving about and communing with nature and enjoying the sweet contact of friends, passed quietly and peacefully November 9th, surrounded by loved ones of her home, into the great beyond with that supreme faith that sustained her throughout life.

Mrs. Patterson was deeply spiritual, she loved her church with a

passion, she enjoyed the finer things of life such as art, music and flowers; she was a fond mother and true friend, giving the best in her at all times for the growth of the finer elements that make a better life.

She has left as a contribution to society, a splendid family of sons and daughters, who will reflect the heritage of parenthood in carrying on the work in the home, in the church and in the community.

It is a coincidence, that funeral of Mrs. Patterson's, who was the inspiration of the orgranization of the North Carolina American War Mothers, and the first state president, was held at the hour and day, November 11th, of the signing of the Armistice,—the time of universal prayer for world peace.

* * * * * * *

BILLY SUNDAY DEAD

Billy Sunday known as the "saw-dust trail" evangelist, was widely known and in great demand when in his zenith as an evangelist of great and persuasive power. There were many lesser lights in the field as evangelist who tried to imitate the baseball lingo and antics of Sunday while preaching, but like Sam Jones there was but one Billy Sunday. His style was absolutely his own.

He died at the age of seventy-two, at the home of his sister in Chicago, and preached his last sermon two weeks before passing suddenly of heart disease, a physical weakness that has caused the death of many men in late years.

* * * * * * *

WE WELCOME MR. HUNT

Mr. C. W. Hunt, one of our finest friends, sent to us last week a splendid article abut birds and their habits, saying, "I am sending this, thinking it will interest your boys", or words to that effect.

This splendid gentleman filled with the milk of human kindness frequently lets a good while lapse between communications to "The Uplift," but eventually he returns with his old time interest,

obsessed with the thought that the school is purposely designed to develop boys spiritually, mentally and physically.

Mr. Hunt's interest in birds gives the thought that the grounds of the instiution offers a setting that could be converted into a veritable paradise for song birds and other birds of beautiful plumage. Come over Mr. Hunt, look the field over and inspire our boys with a talk that will lead them to conserve the wild game rather than destroy.

* * * * * * *

THE RED CROSS DRIVE

The regular time for the Red Cross drive, between Armistice Day and Thanksgiving is fast approaching, and every effort should be made to secure a large membership from the ranks of the city and rural people.

The Red Cross is an institution that is no respector of persons. When a call is made there is never a question as to who or where for its motto is "service" in instances where the communities are torn by hurricane, ravaged by devastating floods or where people are cringing beneath the blight of disease.

If you recall the Red Cross rushed to the stricken of the Florida hurricane a few months ago when hundreds were swept to death. The Red Cross is the friend of man. It is one big organization of mercy. To become a member one does not have to possess a coat of arms, or boast of a family tree, neither have wealth nor culture to be enlisted, but the spirit to help build up an organization that serves for the sake of serving is the only requisite. The price invested for membership—$1.00—is nominal, but the returns cannot be measured in money. The Red Cross never fails to care for those unable to care for themselves.

* * * * * * *

A PUBLIC HOSPITAL NEEDED

We noted with great satisfaction the editorial in the Concord Daily Tribune, approving the movement by consent of the people

for a public hospital for our community, and at the same time emphasizing a thought that we have long pondered over.

Editor Sherrill commends the building of schools in Cabarrus, "no doubt badly needed, without an increase of taxation," but he has a greater vision and gives expression to it by saying, "none of the schools were needed any more than the hospital, and it is no more the duty of a people to educate than to provide medical care for those who need it."

Exactly our sentiments privately expressed. We have always felt that it was just as legitimate and imperative, and Christian like to give the indigent medical care as to give him the rudiments of an education.

This conviction came after many, many years of gratuitous welfare work. Too many times we have seen suffering children in homes with a feeling of absolute helplessness, because there was no place for the sufferer and no funds available to place them so as to receive the necessary attention.

After these many experiences the thought would come, which is preferable,—a hospital or a school? The answer unconsciously would be a hospital, because to be physically handicapped throughout life with an understanding mind only made the misfortune more intense.

The Uplift commends Editor Sherrill in the stand he takes. His pen previously has wielded an influence in crystaling sentiment and there is hoping he will continue to boost the hospital along the lines recommended by the county commissioners.

At least we have a strong feeling that public sentiment is moulded in favor of a public hospital and here is hoping that the question will be favorably decided by a big vote of the people. A public hospital is an institution of mery and why should Cabarrus county be outstandingly merciless? We have every class of humanity that any other county possesses.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

IN LIFE'S GARDEN

"Count your garden by the flowers,
Never by the leaves that fall—
Count your days by golden hours,
Don't remember clouds at all—
Count your nights by stars—not shadows,
Count your life with smiles, not tears,
And wish joy through all your lifetime,
Count your age by friends, not years."

—o—

The "Be Kind to Husbands Week" comes just before Christmas.

—o—

We are told so often that "Love makes the world go round." So does the first cigar a small boy smokes.

—o—

It has been discovered in the census bureau, at Washington, that persons nowadays marry younger than their grandparents. That may be so, but a great many of them marry oftener.

—o—

Every now and then we hear something about the rise in bread. Well, doesn't light bread have to rise to be light bread?

—o—

Heredity is peculiar in its workings. A father believes in it, and is proud of it—until his son begins to act like a fool.

—o—

It is told in the newspapers that the military powers are making a lot of bombs for war purposes. In America the dole system is making a lot of "boms" of a different character, but equally as dangerous to peace, order and prosperity.

—o—

A man nowadays never brags much about how much money he is making. He is afraid the tax man may hear of it and pounce down upon him.

—o—

In times past women were always looking to see if their hats were on straight. Now they look to see if they are crooked.

—o—

Did you ever think of it? A frown has little or no cash value. Nobody ever gets paid for being disagreeable except a traffic cop.

—o—

So many people make the mistake of saying the right thing at the wrong time, and the wrong thing when it does not fit the case.

—o—

There is but one way to build a greater national income, and that is to get out and hustle, and work, and plan for such increase. Wealth doesn't just happen. It must be produced. And we workers are the ones who must produce it if we are to get our share of it. It isn't a problem of division; it is one of addition.

—o—

A boom time is that period in which everybody spends the money they expect to make for something they do not need.

—o—

It is stated that the Italians are producing a synthetic wool from milk, eggs and flour. From present

indications it looks as if the Italians are capable of producing most anything, in the most horrible manner, but this wool business sounds ike flannel cakes to me.

—o—

It is pretty generally the case that a man puffed up with pride does the puffing himself.

—o—

The Pathfinder speaking of "round robins"—Uncle Sam builds ships for war; the steel magnates sell him steel to make them, and these magnates take the excess profits and give them away to promote peace. I would call that sham maneuvering with an insidious vengeance.

—o—

The Bentztown Bard, in the Baltimore Sun, heard an expression to the effect that this is an unbearable world. It aroused his ire and indignation. Well, such expressions are calculated to make people think very little of the users of them. If the world is unbearable to you it is because you have made it so yourself and not for anything the world is or does. Anybody who fails to see the use and beauty and endless possibilities of joy and contentment in the world, even with all its misfortunes, is simply incapable of seeing anything but selfishness and silliness and utter absence of the spiritual glories of life as contained in the simplest things.

—o—

I saw a dray load of large, golden-hued pumpkins roll into town the other day. It was a gentle reminder of boyhood farming days. What a world this is to have a pumpkin time, with weather snappy enough to make you think about pies, and about plain stewed pumpkin, all seasoned and stirred up ready to go into the pies, and which is mighty good to eat cold just as it is. My! my!

—o—

Enter the winter season! Morning hours, but yesterday rosy and a-thrill with the luscious laughter o' autumn, shyly peer over the edge of the world through clouds of mist. Sturdy sunbeams tug inquisitively at these opal veils, inviting the playmates of summer dawns to dart again into games of hide and seek. When at last the mist-veils float upward and away, a frost-decked world is revealed. Hedges of eternal green are still spangled with dew, but o'er them is spread a silver sheen. The stately trees twinkle in the morning light—grasses, now bronzed and dray, glitter with a myriad crystals, until the wide-stretching field appear carpeted with gems. The dahlias in their gay gowns are departing from our gardens. In crisp brown clusters droop the ghosts of the last hydrangeas—here and there, midst its faded sister-blossoms, a whispering flower-wraith clings to its past glory, echoing the gorgeous purple to which it turned so slowly beneath autumn's inviting sun, a purple that seem to tingle in the frosty air. How the leaves scurry across the streets, like children out of school hurrying to the playgrounds. The wan moonshine, filtering through the bare limbs of the trees, shares with us the last mellow gleams of autumn—those flares of fire and wine in the sun and air which we love more deeply as the

cold silence of winter hovers nigh—and when suddenly is revealed to us, upon winter's arrival, the zest and joy in tingling frost and flurries of snow! Then comes Faith, Hope and Courage, giving us bounteously of fire and faith, pointing out to despairing humanity the silver lining 'neath winter's darkest cloud!

IS THERE ANYBODY THERE?

By Rev. Leslie D. Weatherhead

Our children often play with cards, on each of which is a letter of the alphabet. If I flung a handful of those letters in the air, they would fall on the floor, and it would be regarded as very strange if even two of them came down in such a way as to make a little word of two letters. If I went away, and in time came back and found one word, however chaotic the other letters might be, I should say:"This is an evidence of mind. Somebody has arrangtd the the letters like that." If I went away, and, coming back, found not only words, but sentences, and not only sentences, but an essay, even I could not understand all the words that were used, I should say, "This is an evidence of mind, of purpose, of plan."

If you took a box of cards, on each of which was a note of music, and they were flung up into the air and fell down, and you went away, and then when you came back you found two of the notes together made a chord, or that a number of the notes made a melody—let alone a harmony, let alone a fugue—you would say: "A musician has been here. This is the mark of a musical mind." A purpose is being worked out; even if sometimes it sounded as though there was a discord, even if some of the music seemed out of tune.

I have myself found comfort in the fact, though there are very many words in the universe that I cannot understand, I am quite sure that the universe is a word, a sentence, an essay, a theme, and not just a number of incidents flung out haphazard. I have found comfort in the faith that believes the universe is harmony, even though there seem to be discords in it—the faith that believes the universe is a fugue, in which a theme is worked out with variations.

The alternative is incredible. The alternative asks for more credulity than does the Christian interpretation of the universe. The alternative means that Mendelssohn's music, and Shakespeare's poetry, and the song of the lark, and the moan of the violin, and the glory of the dawn, and the scent of a rose, and the pageantry we call the sunset, and the majesty of the stars, and a woman's love, and a little child's laughter, a great deed, a noble life, a sacrificial act, and Christ on his cross, mean not more than the scum of the sea. That is incredible. It is impossible.

A DREARY DAY BROUGHT A VISIT FROM THE BIRDS

By C. W. Hunt

Following the killing frosts, in most parts, the mornings of the 7th, 8th and 9th of October, 1935, there followed almost a month of delightful weather, warm, dray, at times balmy. That was what is known in some parts and by a few people, as Indian-Summer, a season about which there is some dispute, but the most striking and, to me, most plausible definition of what Indian-Summer is, and from whence the name came is this: When the first New England settlers began to make crops of corn and other things needed by man and beast, they were not familiar with that season that so often follows an early frost and extends the beautiful fall season for a number of weeks before cold weather sets in; hence when the first frosts fell and it was cold enough to indicate winter had set in, these farmers gathered their corn and root crops into the houses and the Indians came and took it from them before winter really set in. So it was named Indian-Summer, for the reason the Indian took advantage of the white man's want of climatical knowledge to get in his Summer's work in a single raid on the settlements. But after having this misfortune a few times, the matter of housing crops was defered until later. But here I am away down in my story, telling about Indians and early settlers, when the headline indicates something about birds.

As indicated above there was a long and fine spell of weather this Fall, and when that spell was broken a whole month after the early frosts, it was by a cold Norther, one of the most unpleasant rains that fall at any time, as such always brings colder weather and wets the ground wetter than we like, and people who did not have to go out remained inside. When my forenoon chores and regular duties were done I was glad to get inside, and as the rain ceased falling I was attracted by a pair of mocking birds which lighted on my well-porch, and each tried to claim any place about the premises as its own. Did not like company, even in a female or a male mate. These kept up their quarrelings with each other and paid small attention to the other visitors. There are two post oaks in the front of the house and blue-jays like post oak acorns from the time they get nearly grown until they are on the ground, and eat and gather these and store them where they can reach them in cold hard weather, and this cold day, after the rain ceased to fall brought as many as six of these highly-colored jays seeking acorns, which they ate and carried away and came back for more. In fact I was none too well pleased at seeing such, for to me it indicated, possibly, early cold weather. And while the mocking birds found something here and there about the yard and the jays flew hither and thither with the acorns, there came

three cardinals, who divided their time between acorns on the ground and other things about the yard they seemed to find where I could see nothing to pick up. The cardinal has a very strongly built beak or bill, and can hull out seeds that many birds are unable to reach. Of these cardinals two were females and one male, and the females were fighting each other even when the mating season is months off. Then I looked in another direction and there was a female flicker, known in many parts as the yellow-hammer, which had been attracted, possibly, by the presence of the mockers and the jays and the cardinals, but did not seem to be seeking any food these others were looking for, but was in some green grass, digging into the earth, as though it was feeding on the roots of the grass, and when it moved from the place I first saw it, it was in similar grass digging in the same way. There I sat and observed the action of four species of birds, all of which are non-migratory, the brown thrush and the cat bird having disappeared as the first cold was felt.

Then it was ecalled that last summer a pair of field-larks seemed to spend most of their time about the open ground out in front, and one day I saw one light in a certain place. The next I saw it light, two of them, again in the same spot. Going there I discovered the nest and after that watched them carry worm after worm and insect after insect to that same spot, and when the young had grown wings to fly, and had gone out. I took a spade, cut the turf into a square around the nest, then took up the sod on which he nest was built and set it under cover, and by that discovered that this shy bird builds as good a nest as the quail, thatching the roof over it in as workman like manner as most of the tree-building birds build open nests. In fact it was the first undisturbed lark's nest I had ever seen, for these generally build on meadow lands and always in thick grass.

RECOMPENSE

Who never wept knows laughter but a jest;
Who never failed, no victory has sought;
Who never suffered, never lived his best;
Who never doubted, never really thought;
Who never feared, real courage has not shown;
Who never falter, lacks a real intent;
Whose soul was never troubled has not known
The sweetness and the peace of real content.

—E. M. Brainerd.

THE RED CROSS NURSE OF PEACE

(Young Folks)

Public health nursing was fairly well established in the cities, but was scarcely heard of in rural areas until the Red Cross began its service in 1912.

Today, all this is changed. The gray-uniformed nurses of the Red Cross are familiar figures in hundreds of communities where they visit the bedside of the sick. Not only do patients benefit by their care, but the health of the communities in which they work is safeguarded by their watchfulness againt epidemics, inspection of school children, and instruction in home hygiene and care of the sick.

In the past twelve months Red Cross public health nurses have made more than a million home visits to patients. They have gone into schools and inspected more than 600,000 children, detected defects before serious complications set in, and sent many children to doctors, dentists and oculists for corrections that made school work easier and safeguarded future development.

Old and young, rich and poor, the mechanic and the dirt farmer—city and rural dweller alike—call for the services of the Red Cross nurses. Of course, it is humanly impossible for even a large group of professional nurses to respond to all the demands for service. To meet this pressing need the Red Cross trains many of its nurses to teach mothers, fathers and even younger members of the family to care for chronic invalids, the aged, sick brothers and sisters, and others in the home.

This is all in a day's work for the Red Cross nurses. Their more spectacular service occurs on disaster scenes, where any number of nurses needed may be called at a moment's notice to care for victims of earthquakes, floods, fires, hurricanes, etc. In major disasters emergency hospitals are set up, the injured victims are treated immediately by physicians and nurses, and the more serious cases sent by ambulance to the nearest hospital for further medical and nursing care.

In safety as in health the Red Cross is the great evangelist, teaching thousands each year how to avoid accident hazards and how to give prompt help to accident victims. Red Cross began its instruction in first aid about a quarter of a century ago and since that time has taught nearly a million persons how to help in emergencies.

Think of all the bruises and wounds that have been dressed by these hundreds of thousands; the infections that have been prevented; the fractures that have been cared for until the arrival of medical help; the blood flows that have been stopped; the shocks that have been mitigated; the innumerable and varied emergencies that have been successfully met because people have received of Red Cross training!

Red Cross health and safety services are supported—just as are other Red Cross services—by the annual Roll Call. Everyone ought to have a

part in the Red Cross, by joining through the local chapter. This year, as always, the period between Thanksgiving Day and Armistice Day—November 11-28—has been set aside for nation-wide enrollment of members. Won't you join the Red Cross?

HOME WHERE HOMELESS BOYS ARE HAPPY

By W. Leigh Carneal, in Richmond Times-Dispatch

Horatio Alger, as versatile as he was, would find himself hard pressed to discover even a vestige of one of his famous plots—where a cold and cruel orphanage forced youth to flee to an equally cold and cruel world to sink or swim, do or die—in the present Richmond Home for Boys at Amelia and Meadow Streets.

Founded more than 90 years ago, it is true that the early history of the institution migh have inspired one of those boyhood classics, but today it has entered upon a field, as yet untouched, in which the cultivation of a religious background, idealism, character-building, education and mental stability aimed at could not be exceeded in the finest Christian home.

What particular spot in the great drama of human existence in Richmond does this home occupy? Let us listen-in on a short conversation between a Richmond cleric and Mrs. J. G. Wood, superintendent.

"Mrs. Wood," the minister is saying, "I want to tell you about a little boy I know, named Joe. He is a frail-looking child of studious habits and happy disposition.

"He has had many homes since his mother and father died. He had kind and understanding parents.

"A distant relative tried to keep Joe and the other children together, but soon the burden became too heavy and Joe found himself going from one neighbor to another. Finally, he was returned to a distant relative, where he is now forced to sleep on the floor, as there is not sufficient bed space.

"There are no relatives who are able to give this boy a home. Please —haven't you a place for him here?"

"We shall be glad to make the usual investigation of his case," Mrs. Wood replied, "and if he is found qualified, we have a place for him."

Joe is now in the home.

Another Richmonder visits the home and has a talk with Mrs. Wood.

"There is a mother with several children living in my neighborhood, in a very small apartment rent-free," he says to Mrs. Wood. "They have been there for several years, but now they are asked to move as the owner expects to make repairs and secure a paying tenant. The father died several years ago.

"The mother has had a difficult time, working at one thing and an-

other, trying to earn enough to keep the family together.

"One of her little boys has been sickly. His physician has advised that he drink lots of milk, but he is unable to get it. He is retarded in school because of sickness. A recent physical examination shows that he is poorly nourished.

"Yet all the children are attractive, with good intellectual equipment. Can't you help these little boys by taking them into your home?"

"I'll tell you what we'll do. Although we are at capacity I'll see if, somehow, we can take these boys, also."

These boys are now in the home.

These two typical case histories in brief illustrate the plight of both the orphan, and the "half" orphan.

Despite the antiquity of such problems, it has not been until recent years that society has really set out to give the dependent boy a chance to develop himself fully. This has been caused chiefly through a lack of social vision, though in some instances, communities and individuals have sometimes shirked the responsibility.

With little or no experience as a guide, it was to be expected that the early policies of the home, first located on Church Hill, should have been inadequate, certainly so far as our modern conception of such an institution is concerned.

We find, for example, that the major emphasis was on housing, feeding and clothing the boy and finding a permanent home for him as early as possible.

Too often, boys were permitted to leave the institution and go into private homes, solely because the youngsters were viewed as good farm hands or perhaps were able to perform some other manual labor for the foster parent. Interest in the growth, welfare and future development of the boy was seldom, if any, the major concern. The all-important question was:

"How much work can I get out of him?"

The early history of the home is the story of a struggling institution, caused chiefly by the lack of funds.

In the early 1870's, the institution moved to its present location, occupying barracks erected and used by Federal troops during the War Between the States. Two of these barracks were used as tobacco stemming plants. After attending school, taught a few hours each day by the superintendent, the boys were put to work in these plants.

In 1923, the three-story building then in use was condemned by the building inspector as uninhabitable and obsolete.

A group of young Richmonders, aided by the Young Business Men's Club, a civic organization, recognized the serious problem as a result of the condemnation order and raised $42,000 through public subscription and the present building was erected.

In 1927, the home entered upon a new era when Mr. and Mrs. John G. Wood became superintendents. By gradual process since that time, the board of governors has been enlarged to about forty representative men and women of Richmond.

These members, ever mindful of the

social responsibility of their positions, have done a magnificent work through service on various committees and much more needed work is being planned for the future.

The home today cares for about 40 boys, which is capcity. These range from 6 to 18 years, although boys beyond 12 years of age are not accepted. Only dependent boys are eligible for consideration for admission. The delinquent boy is not accepted, however needy he may be, because it is the opinion of the board that is very unwise to attempt to care for both dependent and delinquent boys in one unit.

The superintendent, working in cooperation with existing child welfare agencies, makes a thorough investigation to ascertain the true condition of each applicant.

One of the outstanding principles on which the home is operated is that the boys themselves do much of the work of maintaining the institution as possible. They are organized into work groups for duties in the kitchen, dining-room, pantry, dormitory, library, cottage, laundry, pressing room, sewing, yard barn, garden, etc.

The boys rotate in serving in these work groups, thereby learning to do a variety of things without any one becoming monotonous.

Recognizing the value of keeping the health of the boys always at as high a level as possible, the home has the services of four Richmond physicians, who advise the superintendents and provide necessary medical attention.

All the boys attend the Richmond public schools, six being in elementary, 16 in junior high and 14 in senior high schools. Efforts are being made to aid boys to obtain higher educational advantages, where such boys demonstrate their ability to absorb it. One boy was graduated last June from the University of Richmond and another will graduate in June, 1936 from the V. M. I. There is an education committee of two teachers which co-operates with the superintendent in watching and guiding the educational growth of the boys.

The athletic program centers chiefly around football and baseball. Competitive games are played with teams here and in other parts of the State. In competing with other boys in sports, the home boys are able to drive away inferiority complexes, so often found in dependent boys reared in institutions.

Nature is kind to humanity. She gives sense to a whole lot of people—but the trouble is she gives it to so many of them too late to do any good.—Selected.

VIRGINIA'S FAMOUS OLD PUBLIC GAOL

By J. Luther Kibler, in Richmond Times-Dispatch

The famous old "Public Gaol" in Williamsburg has just been restored by Mr. Rockefeller's enterprise, the Williamsburg Restoration, Inc. This old prison has a prominent place in a chapter of Colonial history, of the Spotswood era, and figured in Revolutionary times in the history of the Northwest Territory, known then as the Illinois Country.

Especially was this bastile of Colonial Virginia landmark of unusual significance in its association with Fort Detroit and Fort Sackville at Vincennes on the Wabash. Patrick Henry, then Governor of Virginia, secretly authorized George Rogers Clark, after Clark had told the Virginia Council that "a country not worth fightnig for was not worth having," to invade the region northwest of the Ohio; when Clark captured Vincennes, among his prisoners was the "Scalp Taker," or "Hair-Buyer General"—Lieutenant-Governor Henry Hamilton of Canada, temporarily absent from Fort Detroit. Hamilton and two of his subordinates were led away, through Kentucky, into a kind of "Babylonian Captivity" in the capital of Virginia, Willamsburg. More than a score of other captives, however, in this "grand march" from the Wabash, were released after reaching Williamsburg. Here, in this historic "gaol," Hamilton and his two companions were confined under harsh rules of prison life for more than a year (1779—1780). They were confined in this prison that was built for the General Court of the Colony, and which has been partially rebuilt and fully restored.

This famous old landmark was built at the same time the first Capitol was built, in 1701-1704, following the removal of the Colonial capital from Jamestown to Middle Plantation—now Williamsburg—in 1699. The General Assembly of Virginia, at a session held in the "Great Hall," the northern wing of the College of William and Mary, in August, 1701, provided for a "substantial brick prison, 30 feet long in the clear and 20 feet wide in the clear, three rooms on the lower floor, viz.: one with chambers above for the gaolers or prison keeper own use and for confinement of small offenders, and the other two smaller ones on the lower floor for gaols for the criminals of both sexes, to be underlaid with timbers under ground to prevent undermining." The striking, uninviting structure, as it stood for the last third of a century, at least, measured 26 by 35 feet, outside dimensions.

The framers of this act of 1701 were no less concerned for the health of the prisoners than they were for their security as wards of the court; for they enacted "that at one end thereof there be walled in with a substantial wall 10 feet high, 20 feet square of ground for the prisoners to be let into air them as occasion shall require for preservation of their life and health till tryal." A portion of

the foundation of this "substantial wall" was uncovered by the Restoration.

Governor Spotswood addressing the General Assembly in 1711 declared that "The frequent prosecutions against sheriffs shew ye mighty defect or ye county prisons as likewise the want of one for debtors committed by judgments of ye General Court." The Burgesses then ordered that this situation be considered by the committee of propositions and grievances. Accordingly, on November 17, 1711, it was "Resolved that a public gaol for debtors should be built in Williamsburg." It was to be built of brick and well secured with plank "32 feet in length and 20 feet in width from outside to outside." The act provided that it should be called the "general court prison for debtors."

According to the Journal of the House of Burgesses for May, 1722, this "general court prison for debtors" had been erected adjoining the gaol for criminals. By an act of 1722, that authorized alterations, or "improvements" to the original prison, a re-assignment of the rooms in both structures, for separating "criminals" from "debtors," was provided for. Certain alterations necessary for this re-arrangement of prison-space was estimated to cost £130. Futhermore, the Burgesses "Resolved: That a bill be prepared for the making of the alterations in the public gaol and for building a house for the keeper and erecting a wall pursuant to the said report"—report of "The Comtie appointed to inspect the public gaol: That a house be built adjacent to the said prisons for the abode of the said keeper thereof with a yard to be included with a wall of brick so as to inclose the southside of the said prisons according to the plan herewith offered to the House." A portion of the foundation of this "southside" wall was uncovered by the Restoration.

It would be interesting to know who drew the plan for this "abode of the said keeper." The old plan itself would be a valuable relic. The exact architecture of the two "criminal" and "debtor" prisons here has presented an enigma to many people, because the "debtors' prison for the General Court" and the house for the "abode of the keeper" disappeared many years ago. But the plan by which the Rockefeller Restoration has restored the property evidently included all the main features of the "public gaol" and its adjacent buildings including the keeper's "abode," the foundations of which, with basement, were found to be well preserved.

The Rev. Hugh Jones, for a while resident in Williamsburg, in his "Present state of Virginia" (1724), writes of a separate prison for debtors near the public gaol, and describes the latter as a "strong, sweet prison." (Gaol is often spelled "goal" in the official records.) But before the alterations of 1722 were made to "improve" this General Court Prison, the gaol made conspicuous history for both Virginia and North Carolina.

Here "Blackbeard's" pirate crew of 13 men, but not "Blackbeard" himself were imprisoned in 1718. The

notorious Edward Teach, alias "Blackbeard" had been killed on board his vessel by Lieutenant Maynard sent by Governor Spotswood in response to appeals for aid from citizens of North Carolina to end the pirate terror there. These 13 pirates, after a trial in the admiralty court, were hanged to trees along Capitol Landing Road leading out of the city, which highway accordingly received the name of "Hangman's Row."

This historic "penintentiary" has a 1776 chapter to its credit about which the general public seems never to have learned about. While the famous Virginia Convention of 1776 was in session at the Capitol, not far away, declaring in favor of independence and setting up a new government, 13 tories were held in this Colonial bastile, together with several of their slaves, all suffering miserably in the wretched quarters. The loyalists of Virginia gave the revolutionary government more concern and trouble than is generally believed.

HOW THE ORGAN MAKES MUSIC

When you hear the sweet, majestic music of a pipe organ, do you ever stop to wonder just in what way the organ produces music?

Although, like a piano, the pipe organ is played by striking keys, the music of these two instruments is not made in the same way. When the player strikes a piano key, he causes a little hammer to come down upon one of the many taut wires inside the piano. The wire vibrates or trembles, and the vibrations produce a sound. When the organist strikes a key, he opens a valve, admitting a column of air to one of the organ's many pipes. The vibration of the column of air in the pipe produces the sound. The pipes of the organ are of different length because the longer a pipe is, the faster the column of air vibrates through it and so, by varying the length of the pipes, they are made to produce the various notes necessary to play a musical composition. The very shortest pipes of the organ produce the lowest, most solemn notes, while the longer pipes produce the high, shrill sounds. Think of the inner working of the pipe organ the next time you hear one played. It is truly a magnificent instrument.—William West.

MYLES COVERDALE AND THE FIRST PRINTED ENGLISH BIBLE

By Ezra Squier Tipple, D. D., L. H. D.

The English Bible has a distinction all its own. The familiar judgment of Macaulay, "The English Bible—a book which, if everything else in our language should perish, would alone suffice to show the whole extent of its beauty and power," is so well known as almost to make necessary an apology for repeating it. Yet, as this year brings the four hundredth anniversary of the first complete printed English Bible, it will help to remind us of our precious heritage, and the man whose name it bears—Myle Coverdale. And who was this Myles Coverdale?

It is probable that his surname was taken from the district where he was born Cover-dale, in what is called Richmondshire in the North Riding. The exact date of his birth is uncertain. It is now given as "about 1488," though it may have been somewhere near 1485. He died in 1568-9, having come to a goodly age, well beyond four score years, much admired, and followed by all the Puritans.

From his childhood he was a student, given to learning, eager, diligent, having a sturdy purpose and a tenacious memory. He studied philosophy and theology at Cambridge, had an ever-growing circle of acquaintances, such as Sir Thomas More, Erasmus, and Thomas Cromwell, who was long his influential friend.

Some time after Coverdale entered the convent of Austin friars at Cambridge the famous Robert Barnes became its prior. When the latter was later arrested on a charge of heresy, Coverdale went with him to London to assist him in drawing up his defense. Later, leaving the convent, he assumed the garb of a secular priest and began at once to preach against confession and the veneration of images. The intimate facts concerning the life of Coverdale are rather obscure. An undated letter to Thomas Cromwell, prior at least to 1527, gives a hint of his religious inclinations and perhaps of his activites. In this letter he writes, "I begyne to taste of Holy Schrytures." It is impossible to account for his movements between 1528 and 1535; but it is more than probable that most of the time was spent abroad. It has been asserted that, in 1529, he was at Hamburg, assisting Tyndale in his translation of the Pentateuch; but the evidence is of doubtful value.

He was writing, however, or translating in these silent years; for, in 1534, he brought out two books, both translations, "Ye Olde God and the Newe" and "Paraphrase upon the Psalms." Beyond question he had begun the work of translating the Scriptures into English, which came to a glorious consummation in 1535, in the first completed printed English Bible.

In the history of the English Bible there are two outstanding names, William Tyndale and Myles Cover-

dale. While this article has to do primarily with the latter, the former has so large a place in the story of the English Bible that his name commands reverence, inasmuch as his was the first printed New Testament. Appearing in 1525, it was so eagerly sought after that people went about saying that "the conscience of England has found a new King."

Coverdale, undoubtedly, owed much to Tyndale, building in large measure upon what had already been done by his predecessor. But he had genius and ability all his own. Nearly half a century ago, H. W. Hoare, an English writer, made this striking comparison between Coverdale and Tyndale: "If the latter be the Hercules among our Biblical laborers, the former is certainly the Orpheus. Diffident retiring in disposition, of delicate susceptibility, literary dexterity annd resource, with a wonderful ear for cadence and rhythm, it is to Coverdale we owe much of the beautiful music which seems to well up out of the personal springs of our Authorized Version. 'Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me'; 'Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundations of the earth; and the heavens are the works of thine hands. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure: they all shall wax old as doth a garment; and as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed: but thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail.' Where can we find anything more perfect, unless it be in passages scattered up and down in our prayer-book version of the Psalms, which is almost wholly, or in the Isaiah of our Bibles, which is very largely, from the hand of this beautiful translator? But, though contrasted with Tyndale in the main features of his character, he is also his indispensable literary complement, standing in relation to him as gentleness does to strength, pliability and grace to robustness and vigor, modesty to self-confidence."

To the study of the English Scriptures he gave practically his entire life. He wrote or translated numerous tracts and books, some twenty-six in all; but his chief distinction is that the first complete Bible printed in English bears his name. It is this achievement which the present year commemorates. It may be, as is often said, that his translation as a work of scholarship does not rank with that of some other translators; but he accomplished what no other person prior to 1535 had done. He translated and published a Bible in the English language. The publisher and place of printing of the 1535 Bible have always been a mystery. These facts are not of primary importance. Coverdale was the inspiring genius of the enterprise. The place may have been Zurich, Frankfort, Cologne, or Paris, what matters it? The work of translation was probably done at Antwerp, and the volume was probably printed on the press of Froschover in Zurich. In the version there is no definite mention of the original Hebrew and Greek texts. Coverdale was not without some knowledge of both these languages, but was much less well-equipped in this respect than Tyndale, as Coverdale modestly acknow-

ledges. He knew German and Latin extremely well, and a little French. The five "interpreters," which he said that he used, are thought to have been the Vulgate, the Latin version of Pagninus, part of Luther's translation, the Zurich version, and Tyndale's Pentateuch and New Testament. His knowledge and ability seem to have been unquestioned. He was employed by Thomas Cromwell to assist in the Great Bible in 1539, which was ordered to be placed in all English churches. The text of this is largely that of the Bible of John Rogers, brought out in 1537, under the name of Thomas Matthew, of which the old Testament from Ezra to Malachi and the Apocrypha were substantially Coverdale's own. The New Testament and the first part of the Old Testament were very closely Tyndale's."

In 1558, Coverdale may have had a share in the preparation of the Geneva version of the Scriptures, but the evidence is not conclusive. In the remainder of his life he was actively concerned in the wider circulation of the Bible.

Myles Coverdale was one of the leading figures during the progress of the reformed opinions in England and on the Continent. By his marriage which naturally was regarded as a protest against the doctrines of celibacy of the priesthood, he became identified completely with the reforming party. He was appointed bishop of Exeter in 1551, and the vigorous Protestantism of western England in the reign of Elizabeth was undoubtedly greatly aided by his powerful preaching and influence. On Mary's accession to the throne, 1553, he was deprived of his bishopric and ordered to London, though later he was permitted to leave for Denmark.

In 1554 he signed a remarkable confession of faith in conjunction with other Protestant bishops and martyrs imprisoned in London. Following the signature of the others, is annexed the following notable declaration: "To these things above said do I, Myles Coverdale, late bishop of Exeter, consent and agree with these, mine afflicted brethren, being prisoners. Mine own hand, M. C."

This man, modest, conscientious, laborious, a thoroughly honest and good man, who had a considerable share in the introduction of German spiritual culture to English readers in the second quarter of the sixteenth century, a consistenly Protestant reformer, the church of the present day does well to honor both for the first Bible printed in English and for many of the most cherished phrasings of beautiful and tender passages of the Scriptures.

Who is wise? He that learns from everyone. Who is powerful? He that governs his passion. Who is rich? He that is content.—Benjamin Franklin.

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE

By Professor Gilbert Voigt

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the most beloved of American poets, was an admirable and lovable man, but not so deeply religious as was Whitter. Yet in his well-known poem, "The Ladder of St. Augustine," he has given felicitous expression to one of the most blessed truths of our holy religion, namely, that though we fall into sin, we may by the grace of God climb out of our degredation to loftier heights of character than we had attained.

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the ruddy wine
And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;
The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will;—

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degress, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies,

Nor deem the irrevocable past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

When you call upon a thoroughbred he gives you all the speed, strength of heart, and sinew in him. When you call upon a jackass, he kicks.—Selected.

WHITE LIGHT CONTAINS MANY COLORS

(Selected)

Light the greatest attribute to mankind; the guiding angel of the universe; the sun that makes the corn and wheat grow; that patroness of lovers, the moon; the stars that twinkle and laugh at you at night; all wonderful, but, what is this power that for millennias has hurled its goodness, at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, toward our little earth? Though we can not explain to you fully what it is we can make a fair effort to explain its value to us and what it does.

It is believed that white light is the most complete because within it there are, literally, all the colors of the rainbow. Isaac Newton has demonstrated that within sunlight there is a combination of an array of colors, ranging from red to violet. There are various kinds of light including: electric, radio, ultra-violet radiations, X-rays, gamma rays and cosmic rays. Many of these are of much importance in our every day life, for without these life would be a great deal more complicated than it is.

When a beam of sunlight, which contains most of the colors, is allowed to pass through a red glass, the white light enters, but the red still exists, because the red glass destroys all but the red. This shows that color is a matter of destruction; that most colors are subtracted from transmitted or reflected light, leaving what is left over, the color of the material. All the lights do not possess all or most of the colors, as does the sunlight which approaches close to being a universal white light.

Man should look upon his conquest of night's darkness with pride, for today almost every hamlet and town is kindled with a blaze of light. It is a long and colorful period from the beginning of night lighting with crude torches, to the present up-to-date lamps which burst into flame at the flick of a switch. Today, electric lamps are available in various sizes, ranging from the largest which is a lamp of 50,000 watts at 120 volts, weighing 35 pounds, to the smallest which is the "grain of wheat," used in surgery and weighing one-thousandth of a pound and producing one-five-millionth of the light of the largest.

Life and health are dependent upon light for more than merely its supply of energy. Rickets can now be prevented by baths of that invisible light, called ultra-violet, instead of by the use of cod-liver oil. Nearly any vegetable oil or fat can be activated by exposure to sunlight or artificial sunlight, and made rich in Vitamin D, which prevents and cures rickets. We are impressed by the potency of sunshine vitamin in disease and health when we learn that a few milligrams of an organic substance ergosterol, irradiated briefly, is equivalent in potency to an entire quart of cod-liver oil. Light is not only a means of seeing for it tans our skin in summer; makes our food; allows us to know the universe, which is written in light; colors our sur-

roundings; tempers our dispositions; and is really, without a question of doubt, man's greatest, most essential, and yet most undiscovered attribute.

A great deal of this world's trouble results because so many people do not take advantage of their opportunities to keep still.—Selected.

PUNCTUALITY

(Selected)

One of the greatest assets in moder life is an ability to be on time. Indeed this is imperative in the business world, as very few executives would permit their employees to continually be lax in arriving at the office. A punctual man is to be depended upon. The person who is always a few minutes late in meeting his business or social engagements seldom succeeds, owing to general undependability.

Suppose train schedules awaited the individual pleasures of the locomotive engineers. What a serious setback to rail transportation, not to mention other consequences involving human life! Suppose ship sailing were delayed to suit the personal whims of the respective captains, who found it inconvenient to be at the docks at the scheduled hour of departure. How long would the public support such an undependable line?

A man who fails to be "on time"—be it for business or pleasure—is one who cannot be relied upon in an emergency. Ten to one he will fail in his every pursuit because, fundamentally, he lacks that sterling quality of dependability. He may offer excuses (many of them stereotyped) to condone his belated appearances, but the fact remains he is not reliable, hence may be regarded as a business and social liability.

People, generally, should exercise greater care in making appointments. It is better to be at the place appointed ahead of time than late, for people's confidence begins to ooze away if they are forced to wait impatiently the long overdue arrival of a time careless man or woman.

It would not be amiss to instill, constantly, in the minds of the growing girl or boy the value of punctuality. When the adolescent learns, by bitter experience, that he or she will not get far in life without this necessary qualification, they will exercise greater care in strictly observing punctuality.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Shrewsbury and a group of boys have been cleaning and beautifying the campus grounds the past week.

—o—

Messrs Query and J. L. Carriker and a group of boys have been unloading coal at our siding here recently.

—o—

Mrs. Emma Murr, Cooleemee, N. C., the new matron has arrived and expresses herself well pleased with the school and work.

—o—

Our hogs are quite delighted these days since they have four acres of alfalfa in which to graze. Heretofore the run has been too small.

—o—

Mrs. Marshall is doing substitute work in the sewing-room this month. Mrs. Marshall is no stranger for on previous occasions she has served as matron here.

—o—

Mrs. Maud Harris, who lately has accepted the place as matron in the Receiving Cottage is spending her vacation in Greensboro with her son, J. Rowland Harris.

—o—

In going about the campus we notice that a large number of our smaller boys indulge in playing marbles, and spinning tops. This is fine sport for the little fellows.

—o—

Milard Owenby, one of our finest boys, who has been at the Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, for the treatment of an infected leg has returned to the School greatly benefitted. We are glad to have Millard back in the School.

—o—

Mrs. Betty Lee, matron at Cottage No. 2, is not able to be at work due to a fall she received last Friday afternoon while shopping in Efird's Store in Concord. Miss Lucy May Lee is acting as matron in her mother's place.

—o—

Mr. Boger has made a trade and supplied the barn yard with two handsome, young horses.

In the trade Mr. Boger disposed of some of his old stock realizing it takes as much to feed an old horse, unable to do much work, as it does a younger one that can pull the plow, and stand the test at any time.

—o—

The truck gardens under the supervision of Mr. L. S. Presson, is producing carrots, radishes, rape, lettuce, peepers, curly-mustard, turnips, beets and Chinese cabbage. Really one would think it the spring of the year when looking upon the little truck farm. The boys are enjoying this abundance of vegetables fresh and crispy from the farm gardens.

—o—

Due to the approach of the Thanksgiving festivities we notice a large majority of our boys preparing themselves rabbit sticks, to partake in the annual hunt.

We saw one little boy with a good-looking rabbit stick, with the initials carved on it, "N. R. A." Upon inquiry as to the meaning of this, the little boy with a merry twinkle in his

eye, remarked proudly, "No Rabbits Allowed."

—o—

Mr. R. C. Bassinger, who is sent out by the butter-fat testing association, sponsored by the State College, has been at Jackson Training School testing the milk to see the amount of butter-fat produced by each cow. The object of this is to eliminate the cows giving a low grade of milk, hoping to bring the production of milk and butter-fat to the highest standard possible. The Jackson Training School dairy has a good rating in the state both for production of milk and butter-fat.

—o—

What was once a beauty spot, as well as a source of fun and sport for the boys on every 4th of July, was the lake in front of the dairy. This lake had gotten so filled up with mud and carp, that it was drained last year after the boys finished seining on July 4. It was our desire to have the bottom clearned out and lake restocked with bass and other desirable fish. Due to the depression and other pressing work, the lake has gone unfinished until now. We hope that the work will go forward now and be in good shape soon.

—o—

On November 10th we heard a very constructive and earnest talk on "Why We Do Not Want War Again" by Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, N. C. After reading verses from 4th Chapter of Micah and Mat. 5: 43-44 Rev. Mr. Hughes gave clearly six points as to why we do not want war again.

The speaker called to our minds that seventeen years ago on November 11th during the great World War the warring nations decided to stop fighting until peace terms could be made by the opposing forces. This day was known as Armistice Day. "On November 11, 1918 there was great rejoicing throughout the world wherever there were people who had a country in war. This was the greatest war ever known and it was thought that this war would end all war. But people forget after years have passed and begin not to care or do their part towad fostering other wars."

May 30th is a National Memorial day for those who went to defend their country in the Civil War and other wars. Armistice Day is not a Memorial Day, but a day to talk peace. Today when Italy is fighting Ethiopia it would be very easy to involve other nations and our own nation and practically involve the whole world again in war. But we do not want to dwell on war; we need to think in terms of peace and how to keep peace.

The first point in the discourse was that there is nothing glorious about war any more. In former wars people have me in the open, man power against man power, but today fighting is done at long range. We have resorted to camouflage, trenches, bombing, gasses, and all the horrible devices for taking life.

The second point is that there is no virtue to war. There was a time when strength matched against strength. The best in courage, bravery, and defense of right principles was called into play. The World War

has brought a crime wave over the whole world. Virtue has been replaced by had habits, laziness, discontent, restlessness. No country is any better in virtues after war. During he World War there were gathered together 25 million men. These were examined to see the fitness of each physically and mentally. A picked lot of men were sent to camps for training. There, the men were further weeded out until there were ten million of the finest type of men, the future manhood and citizens of the country. Ten millions were killed in war. These were capable men who could be leaders and thinkers of our nations. After destroying the flower of the nations, we have left the maimed, the blind, the nerve-racked, shell-shocked, handicapped men to lead and to be the fathers of the next generation of children who are bound to be weaker physically and mentally. We find that in France 61 per cent of the men slain in battle were those between the ages of 19 and 31 years.

The third point brought out by the speaker is that there is no limit to the way people kill each other. There is no chance now with machines, planes, gasses, etc.

It has been found that disease germs and deadly gasses can be poured out over fields of grain, crops and fruit; thus killing those who use the fruit or grains.

The fourth points is that there is no limit to the cause of war. In the past wars did not cost in lives or money as they do today. The Revolutionary war covering a period of eight years, cost the county 170 millions of dollars, while the World War cost 240 millions of dollars per day. In France all the wealth of the country put together amount to 92½ billions of dollars, while their debt is 46 billions. In America 92 per cent of our money goes to the payment of war or the preparations for war.

The fifth points is that we can no longer shelter innocent people. There are bombs exploding every 20 minutes and these can be fired seventy-five miles away from the point where they hit.

The sixth, and greatest point is that war is not in keeping with what Jesus preached. He taught love and peace. Today people are talking of establishing a Peace Department just as we have a War Department. This Peace Department will send out literature and pictures which will instill peace and love in the minds and hearts of people. There will be an exchange of students of various countries so that there might be a better undersanding of other naions. An International University would be established where students of all nationalities could meet, study and try to understand the problems of each nation in their dealings with other nations. International Training Peace Camps could be founded and boys and girls of all countries could gather together in happy, wholesome atmospher of love and understanding of each other. This Peace Department could foster Annual Peace celebrations, encourage world cruises which would carry them to all countries. In other words, if we talk and think peace, we can better live peace. Christ said, "Ye have heart that it

hath been said, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy.' But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."

OUR PRESIDENTS UP TO DATE

Washington first—he arranged the finance;
Then came John Adams, who quarreled with France.
Thomas Jefferson, third—Louisiana he bought;
Fourth, Madison, under whom England was fought.
James Monroe gave the doctrine and let in Missouri;
Then Adams, who tariff aroused men to fury.
Jackson, seventh, refused the bank a new charter.
And made poor Van Buren to panic a martyr.
William Harrison died and by Tyler was followed;
Under Polk all the troops in a blood war wallowed.
Taylor, eleventh, had trouble with slavery;
Fillmore put through the Clay compromise, with bravery.
Then Pierce struggled with the Nebraska division.
And Buchanan was in for the Dred Scott decision.
Abe Lincoln was wise in a time of depression,
When Southern states fought for the right of secession.
Andrew Johnson came next, was impeached and acquitted.
Ulysses S. Grant for two terms seemed fitted.
Hayes followed; then Garfield, whom Arthur succeeded;
Then Cleveland, who Congress by veto impeded.
Harrison's term gave the Tariff a send-up,
And Cleveland again held the Democrats' end up.
McKinley waged war with the poor Spanish nation,
And Roosevelt, T. R. upheld arbitration.
Then Teddy named Taft, and the G. O. P. split up;
Next Wilson, and the sky with the World war was lit up.
A popular vote gave the League a hard whack,
And Harding was picked to bring normalcy back.
"Silent Call" Coolidge urged the saving of cash;
Hoover came in—and then the great crash!
Lastly, Roosevelt the Second, whose Recovery Plan;
Is aimed to relieve the "forgotten man."

—The Pathfinder.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since July 7, 1935.

Week Ending November 10, 1935

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(13) Arthur Boyette 13
(12) William Dillon 12
(4) Alden Jones 12
(19) Earl Rogers 19
(13) Richard Sullivan 18
(19) Ashley Thompson 19
(5) Vermont Whitley 16
Hansel Pate
Caleb Jolly
John Mecum

COTTAGE No. 1

William Anders 4
(2) Roscoe Ashburn 5
J. D. Asne 2
Sam Batts 11
(6) James Cashwell 14
(3) William Goodson 16
Glenn Hines 3
John Kellam 7
Claude McLaughlin 12
(19) Millard Owenby 19
James White 5
(4) Eugene Whitt 16
Everett Williamson 14
(4) Wiley Willoughby 10
Harvard Winn 17
Junius Yarborough 12

COTTAGE No. 2

James Boyce 11
(3) John Capps 6
Virgil Cecil 3
(4) Leland Crosby 4
Warren Godfrey 2
Council Holden 2
(8) Thomas Horton 12
(7) Clyde A. Kivett 12
(3) Oscar Roland 4
(4) Myron Whitman 8

COTTAGE No. 3

(14) William Barber 15
Emerson Barnhill 8
Robert Batson 4
Marcellus Gurganus 14
Edgar Hatley 2
Claude Hicks 8
William McRary 13
Charles Vanhoy 3
(6) Porter Willhite 15

COTTAGE No. 4

James Bartlett 7
Clyde Dixon 12
Thomas Maness 5
(10) Joe McPherson 10
Jack McRary 14
(3) Elmo Parrish 6
Clyde Reece 7
(5) Richard Sprinkle 11

COTTAGE No. 5

(2) Paul Johnson 11
(2) Monroe Keith 5
George Kye 14
(2) Louis Tarkington 15
(4) Robert Worthington 12

COTTAGE No. 6

(12) Earl Bass 13
Thomas Hamilton 9
(2) Robert Keith 7
Leonard Melton 7
John Robbins
(2) James Stepp 10

COTTAGE No. 7

William Beach 7
(5) Emerson Frazier 11
Harold Gunter 2
(19) Caleb Hill 19
(5) Ray Hudson 11
Clarence Ivester
Kenneth Messick 8
(9) R. B. Norton 11
Theodore Nines 13

COTTAGE No. 8

(2) Ernest Owens 7
James Ferrell 3

COTTAGE No. 9

Alvis Browning 3
William Craven 4
Charles Crotts 8
C. D. Grooms 10
Carroll Hoyle 7
(18) Frank Hall 18
(6) Hoytt Hudson 13
(2) Levi Merritt 6
(12) Ben Overby 16
Homer Smith 11

COTTAGE No. 10

(3) Jack Carver 10
(2) Norwood Cockerham 14
Robert Ellis 3
(9) J. B. Grooms 9
(3) David Kirksey 7
Walter Merritt 2
Marvin Miller 9
(5) James Patterson 12
Edward Shuler 9
James L. Singleton 2
Winston Strickland 5
(2) Clayton Watts 3

COTTAGE No. 11

(3) Everett Bell 15
(2) Charles Bowman 12
(7) Louis Crawford 17
(2) Bennie Holland 16
(18) David Hodge 18
(4) James Hicks 4
Norman McGee 8
(6) Theodore Rector 7
(11) Eldridge Ward 16

COTTAGE No. 12

(9) Earl Atwood 14
Alphus Bowman 5
Marvin Edwards 3
(11) Horace Faukner 16
Frank Hensley
(5) Alfred Holleman 13
(6) Basil Johnson 14
(10) Edward Lockamy 15
Frank Lewis 5
(3) Glenn O'Quinn 14
(7) Eli Philemon 15
Andrew Powell 13
Homer Quick 14
(2) William Stevens 10
(10) Lonnie Sloan 13
(3) Thomas Welch 17
Olive Weaver 12

COTTAGE No. 13

(3) Leon Burkhead 11
Warren Medlin 4
(3) Jennings Norris 15
Claudius Pickett 10
Linwood Potter 9
(19) Howard Wilson 19

COTTAGE No. 14

Bernice Baker 3
(5) Allen Davis 6
(3) Lehman Finch 8
(4) Hubert Jones 12
(2) Stacy Long 6
Robert McKee 3

COTTAGE No. 15

Henry Abernethy
Robert Alexander 15
(3) John Caddell 13
(8) George Gibson 9
Montford Glasgow 4
Glenn Jenkins 4
(4) Wilson Medlin 12
(8) George McManus 14
Edward Martin 8
(4) Harley Pennell 10
Paul Rhodes 5
Marshall Scoggins 9
(6) Richard Wilder 8
(3) Roy Wyrick 14
(2) Frank Wakefield 11

When anyone offers you something for nothing, watch out! It probably is worth exactly what it costs—nothing.

—Exchange.

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N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM
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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 23, 1935 No. 47

THANKSGIVING

We need not wait to give thanks on a certain
date,
We need not wait to do good ere it might be
too late;
As we go onward and wearily plod
Let us ceaselessly pray and give thanks to
God.

—Selected.

——PUBLISHED BY——
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

SOME CAUSES FOR THANKSGIVING

I met a rich man who'd grown old
And very infirm, too—
Said he: "My lad, I'd give my gold
To be as strong as you!"

Said I to him: "I crave your wealth,
A fact I won't deny—
Yet, riches can't restore your health
So, you're more poor than I."

Then, later on, by chance I met
A man devoid of sight—
I thought, my lot would be worse yet
Were I in that man's plight.

I asked: "My friend, how can you smile
Since, nevermore you'll see?"
He answered: "Life is well worth while,
And just as sweet, to me!"

A man on crutches hobbled by,
And whistled as he went;
The need to use them brought no sigh—
To walk, he was content.

To some the world seems harsh and cold,
And life a bitter curse—
And they're inclined to sneer if told
That their lot could be worse.

And still, that rich man that I met;
The crippled man—the blind—
Had learned that life held sweetness yet,
Which trouble helped them find.

With those three men your lot compare;
Then, like me, you will say—
That; "Though Fate seems at times unfair,
We should give thanks today!"

—Selected.

ONE WAY TO LOOK AT IT

Looking back over the last twelve months we are glad for them all, just exactly as they happened and filled with every one of the incidents and "accidents" that came with them. It was a great year. We would not change one single part of it, except to have less automobile accidents.

Years are filled with just about what a fellow puts into them. They are something like the photograph that the artist sets on an easel and repaints. It comes out, not quite true to life, but amazingly glorified and full of life and loveliness.

Life is like that, too. It can be glorified and made splendid with color and beauty, and it does not make a great deal of difference what kind of a picture there is to start with.

A blind man rode down on the street car with us recently. He has been always like that—never could see from the day of his birth. We talked casually and, in the eager way that blind folk have, he said, as we rode along:

"I've got a lot to be thankful for—I sure have. My home belongs to me, I've got a nice wife and a dandy baby, my business takes me all over town and I meet any number of fine people. It's a great life."

Outside we passed several vendors of pencils, one organ player. I spoke of them.

"Poor devils," he replied, "They couldn't see the bright side of it; wanted people to keep them. I did not want that. I wanted to keep myself, and when I started out to do it, there was all kinds of help waiting for me."

There is all kinds of help waiting for the sinner who wants to get out of the grasp of the Devil and into God's world. Anyone can make this world a World For God.—Old Hurrygraph.

* * * * * * *

THANKSGIVING DAY

Let us thank God that we are men and women created with intelligence, with reason, with the power to choose and with the strength to endure hardships.

Let us thank God that we are capable of reactions to our fellowmen that are sympathetic and charitable. We are not content that some should be prosperous and that others should suffer want and despair.

Let us thank God for an orderly government, the gift of former generations who transformed a great continent from an untrodden wilderness to fertile farms, productive mines and great cities. They have woven our communities together, established business enterprises and developed means of communication. Side by side with material development have come the extension of free institutions of education, more equitable standards of social intercourse, and broadened ideals of national responsibility.

Let us thank God for our Church. It has been for us the fellowship for prayer, worship, and the revelation of divine grace. In times of adversity, it has brought us comfort from on high and sustained us in deeds of love and unselfishness.

Let us thank God for the imperishable souls of which our bodies are the material mechanism and for which the earth is a temporary dwelling place. Through them we possess immortality, and therefore that which gives us not only superiority over all else that is mundane, but the possibility of a place in the eternity of the blessed.

Let us above all thank God for Jesus, the Christ, who has redeemed us from sin, death and the power of the devil in order that we may be His and live with Him in everlasting righteousness and peace. We pray for such grace as will make us grateful to Him for His infinite gifts and we implore Him to fill our hearts with supreme and lasting happiness.

* * * * * * *

WALLACE WADE

Wallace Wade, the football coach and director of athletics at Duke University since 1931, has renewed another five year contract with Duke University. He is a native of Tennessee and is rated as a man of sterling qualities who believes in the Ten Commandments and stands squarely for right and clean athletics. The

North Carolina Christian Advocate rates Wade to be a "big asset to Duke" and a big athletic leader in this entire section of our country. We have heard that Wade's salary is more than that of the president of Duke University.

* * * * * * *

WALTER REED

After seeing a picture of the Walter Reed homestead in Belroi, Gloucester County, Virginia, one is impressed with the humbleness of it, the very source and inspiration of a soul who "gave to man control over that dreadful scourge, yellow fever."

The father of Major Reed was Rev. L. S. Reed, an itinerant minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, who was serving the Gloucester County circuit of the Virginia conference, when his son was born, September 13, 1851. The church he was serving had no parsonage, which looks to be somewhat of a "poor appointment", but from the humble home came a life that has contributed to uplift of humanity.

The Spanish-American War made it possible for him to study the functions of flies in carrying typhoid fever. He studied the causes of yellow fever, his experiments gave fine results, and then an epic in the heroism of science had been written, the methods of control of the scourge made known, the man's life in the tropics were not so hazardous and the Panama Canal was pushed to completion.

As the son of a minister he carried on the work of his father, saving the body of man from much suffering and danger by medicine, the noblest spirit of Christian ministry. In his research he faced danger, but his was not the character to shirk a duty.

The humble home of Major Walter Reed has been set apart by the country as a national shrine.

* * * * * * *

THE ONLY S. A. R.

It is hard to believe that there is in the United States a living son of a soldier who fought in the Revolutionary War, but accord-

ing to statistics given out by the S. A. R., there is one living son who can claim the distinction that his father fought in the Revolution.

The son in question is William Constant Stores Wheeler, aged 87, of Marshfield, Vt., whose father was married three times, his mother was the third wife and his father was 81 years old when William Constant was born. Dwell upon it if you please,—just one living son in the United States, who is a direct descendant of a Revolutionary soldier, and he is 87 years old.

* * * * * * *

THE ORIGIN OF THE RED CROSS

We are in the midst of the Red Cross drive, one of the finest agencies of mercy in all of the wide world,—recognized as "the mother of men" regardless of class, race or creed.

The Red Cross badge and flag is the insignia of societies of all nations organized for the care of the sick and wounded in time of war, or misfortunes of any kind.

The international conference, which assembled in Geneva, October 26, 1863, included among its members delegates from fourteen governments and six voluntary associations, may be taken as the starting point of the Red Cross.

The basis of the organization, first was that every country have a society to care for the wounded and sick in time of war, peace or catastrophies of any kind with sanitary service. Although there have been other conferences held since the Geneva conference in 1863, the code adopted at that time has not been materially changed. The badge has remained the same and the basis of work, "service" as the watch word, continues to be practiced.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

THE VALUE OF A SMILE

"Nobody ever added up
The value of a smile;
We know how much a dollar's worth,
And how much is a mile;
We know the distance to the sun,
The size and weight of earth,
But no one's ever told us yet
How much a smile is worth."

—o—

There is one thing as sure as fate. You cannot expect others to do for you what you will not do for yourself.

—o—

It is now a foregone conclusion that prosperity will arrive when there is a market, at a fair price, for all that American famers can produce.

—o—

It has been said that it's foolish to waste time arguing with people who don't care. That's about as true as anything can be. The don't-carer just don't care, and that's that.

—o—

I do not hear much worry over gold disappearing from circulation, but a lot are getting worked up over the disappearance of pork chops. The high price of meat is getting their goat.

—o—

The man who is always cheerful is a blessing to his fellowmen. Cheerful, hopeful people always refresh you—they lift you up out of yourself so that your horizon is enlarged, and you see beauty and goodness you may never have dreamed of.

—o—

We are having a happy breathing spell just now. Politics as well as business are being left alone in Washington, and this condition will likely run until after Christmas, when all the politicians will come out of their trenches.

—o—

Ethiopia may be classed as barbaric, but in one particular it is better off than most of the enlightened naions. It has no munition factory making deadly things to slay human beings, and no navy to rage war on the high seas.

—o—

There are plenty of individuals in the United States today who can tell you just how this government should be run; how budgets should be balanced; and how taxes should be lowered; and who will be elected next year. But they are among the outs and want to get in.

—o—

The chain-gang system, says the American Prison Association, is "utterly inconsistent with dictates of humanity." To prevent crime what is needed is not barbarously severe punishment but *certain* punishment; and convicts on their release should be given a fair chance to go straight, as many of them do. A savage, degrading system like the chain-gang is not only an affront to humanity but a crude ineffective means of preventing crime.

—o—

There are a lot of people who never think things through. When certain stocks are advancing in price it leads

many saps to think they can make a tidy fortune, and rush in. It reminds me of the woman who wrote a magazine, explaining, that she had seen their statement that all this money that was given to relief work had to come out of our earnings and told them that they were mistaken; the government paid it. This idea on the part of the saps is what makes fortunes—for somebody else.

—o—

Did you ever think of it? A needle has many good points, the same as individuals. A needle is judged by its fine points. So are many persons. Contrariwise, you can't be charitable towards a needle with bad points. For only the best needle will do the best work. The needle possesses a good many animate qualities. Your needle must be fine and clean, with a strong, straight body, and a clear unfogged eye. Its head must be sound and well formed. It must be finely tempered, neither too unbending nor too pliable. A good needle knows how to give in just enough—it bends without bending over backwards. It is a strong and good worker, without taxing itself to the breaking point. And, above all, a needle must have a bit of polish and an air of good breeding. It must be able to take a bit of hard knocking without showing the strain, and it must have facility at getting itself in and out of tight places smoothly and without noticeable strain. Can you measure up to a good needle?

—o—

I think I know how a President feels when he has to receive and shake hands with everybody. I mingled with the teachers of the public schools in their recent district meeting in Durham. They were a fine, clever bunch—just like other folks, and many of them more so with their wit, humor and good cheer. I was honored by being placed in the receiving line, to welcome the twelve hundred or more attendants, with the rest of the Durham school officials and teachers. It was a jolly affair. We received and we gave—that is, they gave us their name and we gave them ours. It was appellation reciprocity—fifty-fifty. But, blessed if I could remember the names of the throngs that passed our way. The mode of handshaking was interesting to me, and very characteristic of receiving lines. At times my hand felt as if it was in a vise; then as if in a warm oven; and then as if I had grasped an icicle. Some would lever my arm like a pump-handle, and others would grip me with one hand and pat the back of my hand as if I were a long-lost friend they were glad to see again. At times I would get only the tip of the fingers, as if the shakee were dipping the fingers in a finger bowl. I was glad my hand stood the jolly ordeal with becoming fortitude. All had a good time meeting each other, and I am hoping that we'll all meet again as "old friends" in a festive reunion.

—o—

Thursday next is a day of general Thanksgiving throughout America. There is a lot that every one ought to be thankful about and most of us take it as a matter of fact, without giving thought to what its absence

might entail. Most of us have health, at least we are not aware of the presence of disease, if it is present in us. Most of us have the use of all our faculties. We can see, hear, feel, smell and talk and all without conscious effort on our part. Most of us love and are loved, some by a few and others by many, but we all enjoy the affection of some fellow human being in some measure. Nearly all of us reap the benefits of the day and generation. For thousands of years the world slaved on, shackled to old methods of production and distribution, wove its patterns by the light of tallow wicks, and speculated on the possibility of every mechanical device which now makes life easy for all of us. Has it occurred to you that, despite the changing age, despite the modern view of life, despite the vastly improved methods which we use to do almost everything, there has been no change in the nature of man. He is just as sinful in 1935 as he was in the "Year One." His passions are just as strong, his lusts as terrible, his hates as blasting and his pride as dangerous. Sin has not been modified by the adoption of machinery, or changed through the application of the laws of chemistry. Sin is just as rotten and vile and damning today as it was when God found it in the Garden of Eden. Salvation is just as powerful as it was when a dying thief accepted it on Calvary. There is no change in it. It is perfect. His sacrifice made it perfect. Thank God for that.

HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST

It isn't the cut of the clothes you wear
  Nor the stuff of which they are made,
Though selected with haste or fastidious care,
  And it isn't the price you paid.

It isn't the size of the pile in your bank
  Nor the number of acres you own;
It isn't the question of prestige or rank,
  Nor a question of fame or renown.

It isn't the servants that come at your call,
  And it isn't the things you possess—
Whether many, or little, or nothing at all;
  It is service that measures success.

—Selected.

ONCE A PARSONAGE NOW A SHRINE

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

The little house of Walter Reed has been set apart by the doctors of the country as a national shrine. It is the birthplace of Major Walter Reed, who, to use the words of President Eliot, "gave to man control over that dreadful scourge, yellow fever." Of him General Leonard Wood, who knew the tropics before and after his epochal research, said: "I know of no man who has done so much for humanity as Major Reed."

The father of Major Reed was Rev. L. S. Reed, an itinerant minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, serving the Gloucester circuit of the Virginia annual conference, when his son was born, September 13, 1851, at Belroi, Gloucester county, Virginia. At that time the little church in which he was preaching had no parsonage and the family lived in this humble home. It looks to us like it might have been what we call "a poor appointment," but from it came a life that has made many rich. Both Walter Reed and Sir William Osler were preachers' sons.

With the routine that falls to the lot of the average army man there were signs of remarkable ability in the mind and attitudes toward life of Walter Reed. Notwithstanding the interruption of his education by the Civil War he entered the University of Virginia by special dispensation before he was sixteen. When he saw the family resources would not allow all the boys to complete the full course, by a special promise of the faculty he was allowed to switch to medicine and he astounded everyone by completing the course and passing all examination after nine months' study. He graduated the third in the class of 1869, being the youngest man ever to receive the degree from the Medical School at Charlottesville. He matriculated in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York, and recieved his M. D. from that school a year later. After an experience as interne in several hospitals he served for a while as an inspector on the Brooklyn Board of Health and then joined the army and spent the larger part of his life in the garrisons of the far west. His keen desire for the chance to study was gratified by appointments after 1890 which opened up to him the opportunities of Johns Hopkins Hospital and the Army Medical Museum in Washing- made it possible for him to study the function of flies in carrying typhoid fever.

The work of the commission on the ccauses of yellow fever, which he headed, began June, 1900, and by the end of the year the experiments had ceased, an epic in the heroism of science had been written, the facts demonstrated, the methods of the control of the scourge made known and a new volume was ready to be composed of man's life in the tropics, the most brilliant first page of which was the completion of the Panama Canal, which had been defeated in its earlier attempts by the mosquito. The few remaining years were spent in teaching. He was very tired after the

ardous labors and when appendicitis came it soon developed into peritonitis from which on November 22, 1902, he died. His grave is in Arlington. Not long ago we stood before the granite shaft and almost unconsciously uncovered our head in the presence of the dust of one of the truest and bravest men whom America has given to the severice of mankind.

He was a son of the parsonage and carried over into medicine the noblest spirit of the Christian ministry. There is to be found a profoundly religious strain running through his life. It is to be revealed in the intimacies which are shown by those who were closest to him. His brother tells of watching him one night as he came in from the sin and squalor of the metropolis. He looked out of the window and shuddered and then softly said: "Woe unto thee, Bethsaida, for if the mighty works which were done in you had been in Tyre and Sidon, they would long ago rave repented in sackcloth and ashes." Kneeling beside his bed, in which he thought his brother was sleeping, he repeated the Lord's Prayer slowly and yith deep emotion. One of the earliest letters which he wrote to the girl who became his wife, has after some playfulness, this sentence which seems to hold his philosophy: "Do we not arrive nearer to true happinesss in striving to accept what divine wisdom allots us—doing all we can to assist our fellowmen in being happy and submitting uncomplainingly to the will of him who gave us breath and life."

Life had for him no shrinking from duty. In his research he faced death and did that harder thing. As an officer in the army he directed others to face death in the batle against ignorance which is the major cause of disease. He saw the sublimity of the thing that was being done and saluted with military honor the privates who offered their bodies to be bitten by germ carrying mosquitoes. When the facts had been established, midnight, December 31, 1900, he wrote from the barracks at Quemades, Cuba, to his wife:

"It has been permitted to me and my assistants to lift the impenetrable veil that has surrounded the causation of this wonderful, dreadful pest of humanity and to put it on a rational and scientfic basis. I thank God that this has been accomplished during the latter days of the old cenury. May its cure be wrought out in the early days of the new. The prayer has been mine for twenty years, that I might be permitted in some way or at some time to do something to alleviate human suffering has been granted."

Such a life! It was a life made potent by an unceasing prayer. The life began in a little parsonage. Can we estimate the values of the creatve impulses which came to the boy in that house which most ministers would despise as a home! Here he received the earliest urges to service and truth. Does not this little shack, which is now a shrine, suggest that consecration and spiritual emphases are the tion and spiritual emphasis are the sons who would go out to serve?

OTTO'S THANKSGIVING

(Selected)

Down the broad street rolled a carriage, and in it sat a lady and a little boy with a white kitten in his arms. No one saw just how it happened, but suddenly the kitten sprang out and ran down a narrow side street.

"Look at the cat!" cried the boys who were playing in the street, and away they dashed after her. At the sound of the harsh voices the little creature turned and ran across the sreet, but the boys followed; so back she ran, getting more bewildered and frightened every minute.

All at once a stone came, thrown with sure aim, and the kitten rolled over, but it was quickly up again, trying to run away.

Then out of a doorway ran a boy and caught up the kitten before the other boys could reach it. They ran at him to take it away, but just then back came the carriage. The little boy shouted with joy when he saw his pet, but when he saw the blood on her soft, white fur, he began to cry.

"Oh! who hurt her?" cried the lady, gently lifting the kitten out of Otto's hands.

"He did. Otto did," cried the boys, pointing to the boy who had saved the kitten from them. You see, they did not want to be blamed for it themselves, and they were cowardly enough to want to get him into trouble.

"Oh! indeed, I didn't," exclaimed Otto, but the carriage had started away, and the people in it could not hear him. The coachman called back something about "a boy who was coward enough to hurt a kitten," and about "telling the police."

Tears of fright and anger filled Otto's eyes, and he hurried into the house, while the taunting voices of the boys called after him, "Cry baby, cry baby."

The next day was Thanksgiving, and in Otto's home they were planning a happy day. The father had been out of work for a long time, but for three days now he had something to do, so the mother had bought their Thanksgiving dinner of bread and meat and potatoes, and they had been hungry so often that it seemed like a feast. Now, however, no one was happy, and although Otto's mother tried to comfort him, she was worried and anxious.

Some one else had seen what happened in the street. A doctor had been sitting near the window in the house across he way, and had seen and heard everything. He was a very busy man, but a kind man, too, and he managed that afternoon to find the kitten's little maser and tell him what Oto had really done. When the boy heard all about it he wanted to do something for Otto, to thank him for what he had done. And he did.

Early the next morning a loud knock at Otto's door frighteed them all, for they were sure it was a policeman. But it wasn't. It was a man with a basket and a letter. In the basket was a dinner—such a dinner! A big turkey and all sorts of

good things. And in the letter was something better—kind words for his father.

"The kitten wasn't much hurt," said the coachman (for he it was) good naturedly, "and may you all have a fine Thanksgiving." And they surely had.

WHY THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

By Mrs. Charles P. Wiles

When James I became King of England he tried, as various kings and queens before him had tried, to enforce obedience to one sovereign church.

"I will govern," he said, "according to the common weal, but not according to the common will."

In may parishes were men and women who disapproved of parts of the service and many of the ceremonies. They wished to worship God in a way purified from old-time customs, so in derision they were called "Puritans." The Puritans refused to conform, but the King said they must "I will make them conform," said he. "I will harry them out of this land, or worse." What the "worse" was they learned later.

One of the staunch Puritans was William Brewster, who lived in an old manor house at Scrooby. Each or Separatists, as they were sometimes called because of the separation called because of their separation from the established church, gathered at the home of William Brewster to listen to the sermon of their pastor, Mr. Robinson.

When the treatment of the King became unbearable, these Puritans decided to leave their homeland and go as far as possible out of his direct reach. But when they attempted to leave, King James issued the order that all persons who endeavored to go, should be seized and their property confiscated.

A problem of momentous importance confronted these people. Where should they go? Ireland and Zealand were suggested, as was Venezuela. Zealand seemed particularly inviting as very strict Sabbath laws were in force there. But there were handicaps,—land was expensive and there was the danger that these English people migh in time merge with the Dutch and thus lose their nationality. America was thought of, but did not appear especially alluring since but one of the many attempts to found an English colony upon American soil had been successful and its permanence was uncertain. But a change must be made and quickly! Life in England was becoming not only unhappy but dangerous.

Finally. the decision was made to go no farther than Holland. It meant, possibly, that their identity, eventually, would be lost as was that of the en tribes of Israel. But quick action was necessary.

During the next decade the Pilgrims, as they have been affectionately called by later generations, en-

deavored to establish English homes in Holland but were not satisfied with the result. Then the decision was made to come to the New World.

When a tract of land close by the Hudson River was granted them, Miles Standish was chosen as their military commander and they prepared to set sail in the two vessels engaged, the *Speedwell* and the *Mayflower*. When the *Speedwell* proved unseaworthy the comany was again sifted and the journey begun. Because of heavy seas and dangerous coastline the idea of reaching the Hudson River was abandone and a landing was made farther north, the place later named Plymouth.

It was daybreak on November 10th, 1620, that land was first seen. How joyous was the sight to the weary men and women!

From time to time the men of the party went ashore on tours of exploration but it was not until December the twenty-first that the entire group landed. A site for their colony being chosen the erection of the first house, a rude hut of logs to serve as a storehouse for their goods, was begun on Christmas Day.

Then, each man of family began the construction of his own house, a small cabin of logs with a filling of mud mortar, with a thatched roof and windows of oiled paper. Unmarried men, and those whose families had not yet come, were provided for by one or another of the households and the number now reduced by death to 102, formed nineteen families.

Though the winter had proved very trying, when the *Mayflower* returned to England in April not a single pilgrim returned with her.

When spring opened and the ground became warm, a friendly Indian who had come to dwell among them gave them seed corn with instructions as how to plant and cultivate it. Twenty acres of Indian corn and six acres of peas and barley were planted. These crops did reasonably well, especially the corn, which proved to be then, as now, an important American crop.

While still on board the *Mayflower* the Pilgrims had entered into a compact with each other, in which they termed themselves a "body politic" with power both to make laws and enforce them. John Carver was chosen as their governor but by the following spring Governor Carver had died and William Bradford succeeded him.

When the first harvest was gathered everyone was exultant. The Governor proclaimed a time of Thanksgiving, his action and words having been put in this form:

"And now," said the Governor, gazing abroad on the piled up store,
Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings and covered the meadow o'er,
" 'Tis meet that we render praises because of this yield of grain;
'Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest be thanked for His sun and rain.
And therefore, I William Bradford (by the grace of God today,
And the franchise of this good people) governor of Plymouth say,
Thro virtue of vested power—ye shall gather with one accord,

And hold in the month of November,
  Thanksgiving unto the Lord.
He hath granted us peace and plenty, and quiet we've sought so long;
He hath thwarted the wily savage, and kept him from doing us wrong:
And unto our feast the Sachem shall be bidden, that he may know
We worship his own Great Spirit, who maketh the harvest grow.
So shoulder your matchlocks, masters; there is hunting of all degrees;
And fisherman, take your tackle and scour for spoil the seas;
And maidens and dames of Plymouth, your delicate crafts employ
To honor our first Thanksgiving, and make it a feast of joy."

The hunters secured a great deal of game,—enough, indeeed, to supply the company of fifty people, side dishes being added, with food for almost one week.

Then the Indians who had been invited to join in the festivities made their contributions of food, five deer, the choices ptieces of which were given to Governor Bradford, Captain Standish and others, being furnished.

Chief Massasoit was among the number, he and his ninety men being entertained for three days by the Pilgrims.

And now from the hearts of the people there arose a pæan of praise to the Giver of all things. This was the atmosphere in which the first Thanksgiving was celebrated.

A WORD OF PRAISE

What joy it is, that ray of light
  That pierces darkened days,
To have some person treat us right
  And give a word of praise.

A kindly little word or two,
  When things look dark and drear;
Will make the skies above more blue,
  And fill the heart with cheer.

So shed some sunshine along life's way,
  To help a brother through;
And sunshine will smile back each day
  To warm the heart of you.

—Selected.

MEXICAN VIGNETTE

By Walter Ed Taylor

We strolled, somewhat hopelessly, out of the patio of the Hotel Sainz into the glaring sunlight of the Calle Victoria. The narrow confines of the street were filled with the cries of early-morning vendors of footstuffs. One of these, even more leather-lunged than his brothers, announced with ear-splitting screeches that he had fresh heads and very fresh butter for sale. Two baskets slung across the back of his fuzzy burro were piled high with cloth-wrapped butter and gory looking goat heads, a favorite Mexican delicacy. We did not even stop to gape at this strange street scene for we had other more important business in mind. We were about to begin our sixth day of hunting for a home, a place to lay our heads.

Of course, we had a perfectly good place to lay our heads in the rambling old Hotel Sainz. The beds were soft, Choppo, the hotel dog, was excellent company for our Samson, but we were tired of the monotonous diet of Mexican food. We all dreamed of a house of our own where we could concoct big pots of macaroni and cheese and extra large lemon and apple pies. We were home-sick for American food, tired of many-course Mexican meals which invariably came to a close with "cafe con leche" and a custard dessert. And so, for nearly a week we had searched that Mexican city for a suitable abode, poking into queer alleys, being chased by skinny, snarling dogs and, in one house, being called "ingrates" and "beggars" by a falsetto voice which proved to be that of a garrulous parrot!

There were many houses for rent, but none of them were furnished. As one gentleman, the one who said his house had been the headquarters of General Taylor during the Mexican War, said, "We Mexicans are not in the habit of renting a house full of furniture. *No es costumbre!*" It is not the custom! And what Mexican would consider doing anything that was not the custom! Finally we did find a furnished house, an elegant old villa on the edge of town that had been the home of an unfortunate politician who had backed the wrong general and was now living in Italy for his health. This villa was a beautiful, though somewhat dilapidated old place, with extensive gardens and seemingly endless chains of rooms. But alas! though the rental fee was but 150 pesos, it would have required a veritable army of servants to man the establishment. We explained to the owner that, though the house was very desirable, we did not care for the location. We did not say that we could not afford the number of servants the place would need, for we had not the heart to dispel the kindly landlord's firm faith in that quaint old Mexican belief that "all Americans are millionaires."

On this sixth morning of our house hunt, we decided to go west. We had been north, we had climbed to the top-most streets of the city's myriad hills and we had scoured the sec-

tion known as "back of the cathedral." At breakfast a waiter had given us a clue. With a sweep of his arm which took in the entire western end of the city, he stated with typical Latin vagueness that "at one time there had been a very handsome furnished house for rent over that way." He had seen the house himself, and if he remembered rightly, it had a most enchanting garden where grew violets as big as nasturitums and as blue as the night sky. We were about to climb into a "coche" and institute a search for this house with the enchanting garden and the gigantic violets when we saw the "for rent" sign in the window of a house not four doors from the hotel. What is that old adage about the old man who searched the world for the pot of gold and returned to find it in his own door-yard!

The massive door of the house was open and we walked into the patio, a picture-book sort of place, cool and clean, with several tropic trees growing in little squares of earth in the tiled floor. Two small boys peered through the luxuriant growth of plants on the second floor balcony and saw us. They scuttled, like a pair of frightened mice, to the rear of the house where we could hear them telling, in loud whispers, that there were three "Americanos" in the patio.

A youngish, beautiful woman in black appeared on the balcony and came down the steps to us. After a number of "how do you do's" and several limp handshakes, we were shown the part of the house that was for rent, four large rooms, in the font. These rooms, with their spindly French furniture and tall, barred windows, were just what we wanted. We said we would take them, but the "senora" said she could give us no final word, we must first interview her sisters-in-law, the senoritas. She would arrange an interview for four o'clock. We did not see just why the senoritas could not interview us at the moment, but we did not question the decision. We knew there would be no use. There is something so fatalistic about a Mexican-made decision; let the roof fall in, let the chili boil over, but never alter a decision. *No es costumbre!*

Not wanting to appear too anxious about the house, we did not return until four-thirty o'clock. Then, as if they were a pair of Andulusian queens, we were presented with much ceremony to the senoritas, two ageing spinsters dressed in sombre black satin, with little black lace mantillas over their hair. These ladies took us once again on a tour of inspection through the rooms, pointing out such special appointments as the ivory washstand and the fine design in the tiled floors of the "sala" and dining room.

This second inspection completed, we were invited to the apartments of the senoritas on the second floor, there to discuss the terms of rental. This was to take quite some time, for Mexicans make something of a social event out of bargaining, and the smallest exchange of goods may require several hours of polite cross talk. Over minute cups of hot chocolate and big slabs of quince "cajeta" molded like bunches of grapes, we

told the senoritas something about ourselves, and they in turn told a little of their own history. They said they were people of substance and of noble family, and showed us wonderful pieces of furniture and bri-a-brac, which proved their points. They even took us to a bedroom and showed us a magificent dresser which had once belonged to the Empress Carlotta. Any Mexican who claims to be anybody has at least one piece of furniture or jewelry that once belonged to Carlotta.. What a mass of belongings the tragic Empress must have had!

At length we arrived at the sordid business of settling the rental price.

The senoritas hated to rent the rooms. Renting rooms was so middle class! But it had to be done in these days of hard times and high taxes. The last renter had been an American artist. He had paid 125 pesos, but we looked so kind and so utterly respectable that we could have the rooms for a mere 100. We said we would not pay more than eighty. At that the senoritas retired to another room for a consultation. We know that the tall, thin, rather gay one wanted to let us have the place for eighty, but the short, fat sister, whose name was Romola, was adamant and they returned to the room and said they could not let us have so fine a part of their house, with its ivory washstand and floors of blue Guadalajara tile for eighty pesos, though they might be persuaded to let it go for ninety. We told them again that eighty was our limit, thanked them for a pleasant afternoon, and returned to our hotel.

Hardly were we seated once more in our rooms when someone knocked lightly on the door. It was the tall, thin senorita, and she said that she and her sister had decided that we might have their rooms for eighty pesos, and they would even let us have their own woman servant whom they had had for many years and who was the only person who had ever been able to cook to suit their late "papa."

"INASMUCH AS YE DO IT"

Most of us give the Pilgrim Fathers credit for starting the Thanksgiving Day idea in America, and it is true that this First Thanksgiving was an example worthy of emulation. But it is to Sarah Joseph Hale, author and editor of the famous Godey's Lady's Book, nearly 200 years after the landing of the Pilgrims, that we are indebted for fixing a date and making the observance nation-wide. She agitated the national celebration through her publication and in 1864 President Lincoln proclaimed the last Thursday in November as Thanksgiving Day.—Selected.

DINNER FOR SIX

By Ethel W. Clarke

"Turn off the radio before you go out."

Helen Harris, unlocking the door of the apartment, heard the announcer: "This is station—" With a whirl she shut off the sound, tore down the scarlet pasteboard warning which she had made and placed on the top of the cabinet the previous evening and strode wrathfully into the small bedroom.

Tumbled bedding; discarded clothing on the floor; powder and hair pins on the cluttered dressing table.

Before she removed her hat and coat, she investigated the kitchenette, and the well-earned hunger of a tired business girl was spoiled at the sight of the messy disorder. Remnants of bacon and eggs had congealed in the grease of the frying pan; coffee grounds decorated the percolator and had overflowed to the gas stove; a partial loaf of bread and some butter were on the table with the dirty dishes.

Anger whipped her into action. Changing into a smock, she spent the next hour in restoring the rooms to a semblance of order, after which she managed to swallow a bowl of cackers and milk and made up her bed on the living room couch.

When Loraine came in at midnight and saw that Helen was still awake, she began a gay apology:

"Sorry, Helen, that I had to run off and leave things in a mess, but Jerry telephoned—"

"I might accept your apology if it was your first offense, but I am tired of doing double duty. So when you return to art school after your vacation, you must make other arrangements."

"Suits me perfectly," Loaine flashed back. "There's a group of art students who are crazy to have me, and they don't worry a single bit if the dishes aren't washed. I wish you luck, Helen, in finding a domestic paragon to share your expenses here. Our lease has another year to run, as you very well know. Well, I might get busy and pack my things so that I can leave for home in the morning."

"I've been thinking about the apartment," Helen controlled her anger, "but, perhaps, I can sublease. At any rate, Loraine, let's not quarrel, but agree that we are not suited by temperament to get along together."

On the way to work the following morning, Helen began to worry about the financial predicament in which she had placed herself. The month's rent, due ten days hence on the first of December, was assured, but after that, she must hustle and make plans for the future.

At noon, when she went out to lunch, she was overtaken by Ralph Ferguson, a young corporation lawyer, whose firm had offices in the same building in which she worked.

"I've been watching for you," he confessed. "I am hoping that you have no other date today—I'd like to take you to lunch at a corking place —good eats and good music."

"If it's not too smart—I'm not dressed for such—that Russian restaurant where we went on my birthday was so swanky—"

"Oh, this is different. For business people only.'

Helen relaxed gratefully in the pleasant atmosphere. "You choose the lunch," she begged. "You have a discriminating taste for the right food."

"Thanks," he laughed, "but wait until you try the superlative eats at a certain country club, one hundred miles from the city. What do you say if we go there on Sunday? I can come for you in my car at ten—"

Helen shook her head. "Don't you go to church?" she asked. "My Sunday until half past one, is occupied with church and Sunday school."

"Good little girl!" His tone was the least patronizing. "It's been years since I found time for church."

Helen's color rose, but she said quietly: "You are missing the most worth while thing."

He ignored this remark. "Since Sunday is out of the question, how about next Thursday—Thanksgiving? I have just recalled that a group of my friends are planning a dinner there for the holiday, and I'd enjoy having you meet them."

"It's nice of you to ask me." Somehow, Helen couldn't be sure that she wanted to commit herself to such a party. "But I cannot make a date today. Will it be time enough to let you know on Tuesday evening?"

"Of course" he agreed politely, "if you cannot decide sooner."

The next day being Saturday and a half holiday, Helen used it to good advantage in giving the small apartment a thorough cleaning. Her mind, as busy as her body, considered the delightful possibilities of that Thanksgiving invitation. To be sought out by a clever, successful young lawyer—to revel in the gay times which he would give her—to escape, perchance, some day, from the drudgery of office life—and yet, with it all, she would be obliged to lower her ideals and even her habits —Oh, well, she finally decided, "I won't cross any bridges now. Unless some more alluring Thanksgiving invitation comes to me, and there's not the slightest chance of that, I'm going to telephone Ralph Ferguson that I'm ready for his Thanksgiving party."

The Sunday school class, to which Helen belonged, was led by an energetic teacher who saw to it that every girl had some definite task to perform.

After the lesson, Mrs. Rose handed Helen a slip of paper on which was the name of Audrey Bellows, a newcomer to the class.

"In our 'Be a Friend Club,' I have given you Audrey's name and it's your great opportunity, Helen, to be a real friend to a homesick girl who is desperately trying to find work."

"I'll do my best," Helen promised and intended to invite the newcomer for Sunday dinner, but by the time her interview with one of the Thanksgiving basket committee was over Audrey had left the church.

This committee expecting to distribute baskets on Tuesday evening, was called together on Monday eve-

ning by the pastor.

"I'm sorry to give you extra work," Dr. Miles apologized, "but complaints have been made that certain families whose names have been sent to the church are not in actual need of dinners, or else they are listed with some relief agency. Consequently, I am sending you out tonight as an investigating committee to make a friendly call on these people and find out the truth of the matter."

Dr. Miles took Helen with him to the home of an Italian family named Parillo.

Three children and the mother sat around the kitchen stove, and in a wheeled chair, a girl prbably twelve years old, smiled shyly when Helen came over to her side.

"Rosa, she bad back," Mrs. Parillo explained. "Fall down stairs one day, and doctor, he not fix. My man sick in bed—"

While Dr. Miles was visiting the sick man, Helen made friends with Rosa and soon discovered that the crippled child had a refined outlook on life, much superior to her environment.

"Last week," she confided to Helen, "a lady from the charities came and took me to ride. Her man carried me out to the car and I went all through the park. It was just lovely."

"Perhaps I can give you a ride sometime," Helen promised impulsively, with the vague hope that she might enlist Ralph Ferguson's sympathies in Rosa's behalf.

"I'll be watching for you," Rosa answered and clung to her new friend's hand.

These were busy days at the office. Helen, resolving to finish Tuesday's work before she left, was alone in the office. At six o'clock, as she was putting the cover on her typewriter, her employer appeared.

"Still at it, Miss Harris. I guess I'll have to get another stenographer to help you, since business continues to increase, but that isn't my errand with you now. Could you use a turkey for Thanksgiving? A friend who raises turkeys has just left two in my office and I'd like to share—"

"How kind of you, Mr. Viall! But perhaps you could give it to some of your friends. I've been invited out to dinner for the holiday and—"

"Take it, anyhow, and use it later in the week. I have my machine and I'll be glad to give you a lift with your heavy turkey."

A turkey and Thanksgiving! They simply went together. When she got into Mr. Viall's automobile, she was already planning her dinner for Thursday.

"I am using a woman's privilege —to change my mind, Mr. Viall," she smiled. "That turkey, intended to make hearts happy on Thanksgiving, must serve its mission. I know a crippled child and a girl out of work and discouraged, whom I want to enjoy the day with me. I'd like to find three more guests, since my small apartment can be stretched to serve dinner for six very nicely."

"Tell me about these proteges of yours. I am interested."

"Only would-be proteges as yet, but I mean to be a real friend to them."

Mr. Viall listened attentively to her story and then he said:

"How would you like my mother for one of your Thanksgiving guests?"

"Your mother! Why, that would be delightful!" Helen managed to stammer in her surprise.

"I don't wonder you are surpised, Miss Harris, but I'm sure that my mother needs such a Thanksgiving as much as your proteges. While my wife and daughter are in Europe this winter, my mother is staying with me, but I know she is dreadfully lonesome with only the servants in the house. She has always lived in a little country town where she did her own work and entertained her neighbors. If she could help you cook that dinner, it would give her real happiness."

"Indeed she can. I appreciate her feeling because I used to spend Thanksgiving on grandmother's farm and grandmother was in her element when she was preparing the feast. But Mr. Viall, will you not join us? Of course, the dinner will be simple—"

"I am like my mother—I like simple things and if you will let me furnish the dinner, I would be so pleased to come. Are you sure, though, that I won't be taking the place of some young friend of yours?"

"Positive. In fact, I still lack one guest, but I will telephone a friend this evening."

"Now about this crippled child. Can I not make arrangements to get her Thanksgiving morning?"

"That would be splendid, and if you do not mind driving two miles father, we can stop there now and consult the mother."

With the thrill of Rosa's ecstatic

Helen reached her own apartment at seven o'clock and mefore she snatchd a hasty supper, she telephoned to Ralph Ferguson.

joy over her Thanksgiving invitation still fresh in her mind, she spoke in glowing terms about her dinner for six and hoped that, under the circumstances, he would like a simple home dinner with her friends, instead of the country club party.

"Thanks, Miss Harris, for inviting me," his voice was strictly formal, "but I am afraid that I would not fit into your charity scheme. Besides, my friends are expecting me—"

"I understand, and of course, you must not disappoint your friends."

Thus endeth the Ferguson episode, she told herself as she hurried to the church. "It had to end anyway, because Ralph Ferguson and I see life from such different angles."

"Come over here and help Audrey Bellows and me pack the baskets of fruit, Helen," Mrs. Rose called when the girl appeared in the church kitchen where two score people were hard at work.

"Oh, good evening, Audrey!" Helen exclaimed and held out her hand. "I call this sheer good luck that you are here. I was going to ask Mrs. Rose if I could be excused from helping here so that I could call on you and ask you to have Thanksgiving dinner with me."

"Really I'd love to! I was rather dreading the day." A flush of joy brightened Audrey's pale face as she gave Helen's hand an extra squeeze. "I'm feeling perked up already. Isn't this fun to be working here with you

and Mrs. Rose."

"How about some oranges?" Mrs. Rose interrupted "Can't you locate a crate for us, Helen?"

"Sure." She went over to the source of supply, saying in a sing-song tone: "Oranges! Oranges! I want oranges."

"And oranges you shall have," Dr. Miles replied. "Ask Bob Wilbur to get a crate for you."

"I always like to help the ladies," the young man teased as he followed Helen back to the table and began to rip the top off the crate.

"You are supposed to be helping them all the time in the hospital," Helen mocked.

"Supposed! I like that!" He laughed. "This very week I graduate from an interne into a full fledged M. D."

"And where are you going to practice?" Mrs. Rose inquired.

"I wish I knew. If some surgeon would only take me on as his assistant!" And the young man sighed.

For the first time in their church acquaintanceship, Helen looked appraisingly at Robert Wilbur. A big fellow, auburn haired with bright blue eyes and the supple fingers of a surgeon, his shiny suit was a sign of the financial struggles through which he had passed in order to attain his goal.

"You deserve success, Bob," Mrs. Rose praised. "May your wish come true very soon! Then it will be a real Thanksgiving for you."

"Speaking of Thanksgiving," Helen said, "perhaps you would like to hear about my dinner for six on Thursday. I have my heart set on six, although, so far, my party is five, but if I can find somebody else—"

To her three interested listeners, the crippled child became a very real person as Helen sympathetically described her.

"Back trouble, you say," the young doctor commented. "I'd like to see her, that happens to be my special line."

Helen had an inspiration. "My sixth guest! I presume, Dr. Wilbur, there isn't a chance that you could come—"

"Every chance in the world! It sounds great and glorious to me. Thursday happens to be my day off, but for lack of plans, I intended to let another interne have it."

"Well,well!" Mrs. Rose exclaimed. "If your dinner for six does not fit together like a jig saw puzzle! A unique success, I'd call it."

"That remains to be seen. I'll admit I'm rather scared when I think of entertaining my boss," Helen confessed. "I wonder, Audrey, if you would be willing to go home with me tonight and give me a lift tomorrow?"

"Willing! It's a privilege. My present quarters are the kind that one leaves without a backward glance."

Robert Wilbur, having the use of Dr. Miles' automobile with which to deliver baskets, took the two girls to Audrey's room for her suitcase after which he drove them to Helen's apartment.

After breakfast in the morning, Audrey, locating the cleaning utensils, showed such housekeeping ability that Helen started for the office

with the comforting assurance that the apartment would be prepared for her guests.

Returning to her desk after lunch, Helen was summoned to Mr. Viall's private office to meet his mother, a slim, energetic, black eyed woman, who looked little older than her son.

"Miss Harris, I am so pleased to meet you." Mrs. Viall held out both hands to the girl. "It's more than kind of you to include me in your Thanksgiving party. To tell the truth, I have been planning ever since Ed told me, just the way I used to do in my own home."

"But it's you and Mr. Viall who are kind to me," Helen insisted. "I have not worried a bit about the perfection of the dinner with such a competent cook in charge."

"Competent is right," Mr. Viall smiled. "Mother has been marketing this morning and is anxious to start baking pies and pudding for the feast. So you must take the afternoon off, Miss Harris, and let her get to work."

The parcels which the chauffeur brought up to the apartment filled the kitchenette and overflowed into the hall.

Helen might have protested at such lavishness had she not remembered that Mr. Viall had asked her to allow his mother free hand, since the food which they could not use, could be given to the Parillo family.

When Mrs. Viall left at six o'clock, two mince pies and two squash pies as well as a plum pudding were cooling on the kitchen shelf; the turkey had been stuffed and the vegetables prepared.

In the meantime, Audrey, at a nearby ten cent store, had procured a red ribbon for Helen's typewriter and a box of crayons, with which tools she had made clever poetry place cards and turkey favors.

After the janitor had set up some boards for a table in the small living room, there was not much room left, but the girls managed a place for Rosa's chair and for a small table on which to serve the extras.

Mrs. Viall was back at nine o'clock in the morning, and in less than an hour the chauffeur and the young doctor were making the crippled girl comfortable in the easy chair.

"How's that?" Dr. Wilbur inquired as he deftly slipped a pillow behind Rosa.

"Just right." The little girl grabbed the doctor's hand and began to cry.

Helen slipped to her knees on the opposite side of the chair.

"Why, Rosa, what is the matter?"

"Noth-nothing. I'm crying because I'm happy. The doctor—he is so good to me. I go to his hospital next week and he make me like other children."

Dr. Wilbur glanced at his watch. "I'll tell you later. I have two hours' work at the hospital to assist at an emergency operation."

"I'll go along with you as far as the delicatessen. I can't wait to hear the news." Helen demanded and slipped into her coat.

"It is wonderful news, at least for Rosa and me." the doctor told Helen as they walked down the street. "By a lucky chance. Dr. Van Buren, a

have assisted considerably since I was an interne, came into the hospital specialist in spinal troubles whom I early yesterday morning to see a patient and sent for me to adjust some braces for him. I told him about Rosa and your Thanksgiving. Somehow, it must have made a special appeal to him because he came back to the hospital in the late afternoon, took me with him to Rosa's home and asked me to examine the child. Fortunately, he verified my diagnosis that the child has a spinal displacement which three months in a plaster cast will correct. That's the whole story except my lucky part. Dr. Van Buren, it seems had been considering me for an assistant, and my accurate diagnosis of Rosa's case clinched the bargain for me."

"That's what I call a perfect Thanksgiving for both you and Rosa."

"Yes, and Rosa and I owe it to you. If you had not planned this dinner for six—"

"And if you had not been willing to give your time and your skill for a poor little Italian girl," Helen hastily broke in. "You deserve the credit—"

"Let's share the credit, Helen. I shall always associate this favorable beginning of my career with you."

Helen, blushing, was glad to escape into the delicatessen store.

By the time the men arrived, dinner was ready, and such a dinner!

Mr. Viall picked up his place card. "Extremely clever, Miss Harris. When I want some fancy typing in the office, I'll call on you."

"Sory, but I'm not so clever. My friend, Miss Bellows, is the fancy typist."

in front of her son. "I seem to have

"I hope you are all very hungry," Mrs. Viall said and placed the turkey a lot of food, but when it comes to cooking a Thanksgiving dinner I enjoy doing it so much that I don't know when to stop."

"I promise to do justice to it," Dr. Wilbur praised. "I'd suggest, Mrs. Viall, that you vist the hospital kitchen and give the cooks some lessons. I never get food so delicious as this dinner."

Rosa, looking up from her full plate, glanced around the table. "Ain't—I mean—aren't we all happy? I guess Thanksgiving is what my reader said—giving thanks."

"Indeed it is," Audrey assured her. "I've been doing that all day."

The feast was finally over. While Mrs. Viall packed a basket of left overs for Rosa's family, Dr. Wilbur insisted upon helping Helen and Audrey with the dishes.

After the crippled child had been taken home, Mr. Viall invited the others to spend the evening at his house.

"I have some moving pictures of my trip to the Holy Land last year," he said. "I'm sure that you will enjoy them."

Mr. Viall, driving his own car, invited Helen to ride in the front seat.

"I wanted an opportunity to ask you about Miss Bellows." He spoke so low that he could not be heard by the back seat occupants. "I like her appearance very much and if she has the necessary qualifications, I'd be glad to try her out in the office."

"How splendid!" Helen had hard work to keep her voice under control. "I'm positive she can make good. She was a stenographer in a broker's office, but the firm failed—"

While the picture was being shown

"Bring her in tomorrow morning and I'll have a talk with her."

in the recreation room in the basement, Mrs. Viall slipped away, but when they went upstairs to the library, they discovered the reason for her absence. She had placed small tables in front of the blazing log fire and was manipulating an electric sandwich toaster.

"Coffee and sandwiches are all ready," she invited. "When the cook is away, it's fun to raid the refrigerator."

"Feasting again," the doctor grinned and bit into a cheese sandwich. "Well, I'll be willing to fast tomorrow."

The end of a glorious day, they agreed as goodnights were said and the three young people, pleading the need for exercise, walked back to Helen's apartment.

As soon as the two girls were alone, Helen pulled Audrey down on the couch beside her.

"I've the grandest news, Audrey. You are going to be my working pal, and if you can stand me for a home pal, I'm hoping you will live here with me."

Audrey clutched Helen's arm and the color rushed over her face. "Do you really mean it? It's too wonderful to be true—tell me all about it."

"Not much to tell," Helen teased. "Mr. Viall sat up and took notice when you launched those clever typed place cards. Then he looked at you and saw business efficiency written on your face and—"

"Away with your nonsense," Audrey interrupted with a chuckle. "If Mr. Viall is willing to consider me for a postion, it's because you spoke a good word for me."

"No, I didn't. Honestly, Mr. Viall suggested it himself. If he is a mind reader, he knew that I have been wishing and wishing that you could get work and we could live together, but it never once occurred to me that there would be a chance for you in my office."

"Just the same, you are responsible. Your dinner brought me the contact—"

"And it brought me loads of joy," Helen leaned over to kiss her new chum, "but best of all, it taught me the value of worth while friends."

"Dinner for six," Audrey echoed thoughtfully. "May its influence carry on through all the days to come!"

If you've anything good to say of a man,
Don't wait till he's laid to rest;
For the eulogy spoken when hearts are broken
Is an empty thing at best.

—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Heavy winter underwear and Sunday caps were issued to the boys last week.

—o—

Mr. Query and his group of youthful barbers have again started haircutting. It is expected that all our boys will be "in trim" by Thanksgiving Day.

—o—

There were no services held at the Training School last Sunday due to the fact that the recently treated floor in the auditorium was not dry enough for use.

—o—

With the coming of cool weather we heard the first squeals from the slaughter pen. Several fat porkers were killed and will find their way to our tables in the form of sausage, spare-ribs, liverwurst, etc. This will be a welcome addition to future Sunday dinner menus.

—o—

We are expecting the football squad of thirty or thirty-five boys together with several officials of Eastern Carolina Training School to arrive next Wedesday evening. The turkey day football game between these two institutions is to be made an annual event. Next year our boys will go to Rocky Moun for the game.

—o—

Those who have seen the lake near our dairy barn filled with water and realized how much it added to the beauty of the campus, and have also seen the dry, ugly hole that has existed for some time, can again visualize the beauty of this spot. The banks of the lake have been repaired and it is now being refilled with water, and in a short time the visitor to our campus will behold a larger and more beautiful lake.

—o—

Walter McMahon, who came to us from Marion, and was paroled in 1923, called on us last week.

Upon leaving the institution Walter went to live with his father at Clinton, S. C. The father is a painter and the son worked with him until he learned the trade. Walter now lives at Reidsville, where he plies his trade as an expert painter.

He has been married about ten years, and we were delighted to meet his wife, who accompanied him on his trip to the School. She says there is no place that her husband thinks more of than the Jackson Training School, and no friends valued more highe than the workers who trained him while a boy here.

—o—

Last Wednesday morning a group from the Farm and Home Demonstration Departments made a tour of Cabarrus County for the purpose of acquainting themselves with the extent and variety of the vegetable production. On this trip they stopped at the School.

Owing to the fact that the gardens here are so scattered, exhibits of various vegetables were grouped at one place and labeled for their information.

Included in this exhibit were: Com-

mon cabbage, Chinese cabbage, curly mustard, lettuce, beets, carrots, broccoli, salsify, rutabagas, common turnips, rape, kale and mustard spinach, peppers, radishes, onions, peas, etc., all products of our own gardens.

—o—

Our school principal reports that the winners of the Barnhardt Prize for the quarter ending October 31st, are as follows:

First grade—Frank Dickens, most improvement in reading; second grade—Ed Kirk, highest general average; third grade—F. E. Mickle, improvement and accuracy in arithmetic; fourth grade—Floyd Watkins, highest average in arithmetic; fifth grade—Ben Overby, most improvement in scholarship; sixth grade—William Goodson, highest average in scholarship and deportment; seventh grade—Harvard Winn, highest general average.

—o—

It has been said that the eagle and turkey are the two most popular American birds—the first we like to have in our pockets and the other on our tables. Just now local interest is centered on the latter. We have been informed that turkeys necessary for our Thanksgiving feast will fall under the axe next Monday.

With prospects of a turkey dinner with all accessories, a football game between our boys and the squad from Eastern Carolina Training School, Rocky Mount, to be played on the local field in the morning, and the annual service in the auditorium in the afternoon, it would seem that Thanksgiving Day will be one of much activity and enjoyment here at the School.

—o—

One day last week one of our old boys, Coley Sullivan, of 715 Voltz St., Greensboro, called on friends at the School. This lad, now twenty years old, is employed by the Loom Reed Co., and has held his present position for the past three years. He was paroled four years ago and has not been in any kind of trouble since leaving the institution.

Coley must have carried away with him a fine estimate of the ginger cakes produced at our bakery and served to the boys at the evening meal each Sunday. He asked for one that he might take it home to his mother, hoping that she might be able to bake one like those he enjoyed as a boy here. Coley's request was granted and he went away with a ginger cake under his arm, hoping that after inspecting same, his mother might be able to bake many more like it.

It is a good plan always to earn at least a little more than we are paid. It gives an inner satisfaction to be obtained in no other way.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since July 7, 1935.

Week Ending November 17, 1935

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(2) Caleb Jolly 2
(5) Alden Jones 13
(2) Hansel Pate 2
(20) Earl Rogers 20
(20) Ashley Thompson 20

COTTAGE No. 1

(3) Roscoe Ashburn 6
(7) Robert Cashwell 15
(4) William Goodson 17
(20) Millard Owenby 20
William Pitts 3
(2) James White 6
(5) Eugene Whitt 17
(5) Wiley Willoughby 11
(2) Harvard Winn 18

COTTAGE No. 2

William Adkins 9
(2) James Boyce 12
William Byrd
(4) John Capps 7
(2) Virgil Cecil 4
Frank Cobb 3
Arthur Craft 6
(5) Leland Crosby 5
Cleatus Daugherty 7
Grover Duncan 2
(2) Warren Godfrey 3
Iva Gregory 2
(2) Council Holden 3
(9) Thomas Horton 13
Charles Lewis 4
(8) Clyde A. Kivett 13
John Mecum 2
Wilson Myrick 5
Y. V. Spates 13
Lawrence Tew 3
John Whitaker 2
(5) Myron Whitman 9

COTTAGE No. 3

(15) William Barber 16
Frank Hutchins 16
Percy Gurganus 14
Harvey Watson 8
(7) Porter Willhite 16
Thomas C. Wilson 6
D. C. Winston 10

COTTAGE No. 4

(2) James Bartlett 8
Roland Davis 5
Wayne Fowler 5
William Hill 10
Ralph Johnson 17
Thomas Little 12
(2) Thomas Maness 6
(11) Joseph McPherson 11
(4) Elmo Parrish 7
Robert Penland 10
(2) Clyde Reece 8
(6) Richard Sprinkle 12
Melvin Walters 14

COTTAGE No. 5

Marvin Adams 6
Connie Dickens 5
Bert Ferguson 9
Randolph Miller 7
(3) Louis Tarkington 16
(5) Robert O. Worthington 13

COTTAGE No. 6

Earl Barnes 9
James Harvell 2
Charlton Henry 4
(2) Thomas Hamilton 10
William Suite 3

COTTAGE No. 7

(2) William Beach 8
Archie Castleberry
(6) Emerson Frazier 12
John Elliott 7
(20) Caleb Hill 20
(6) A. Ray Hudson 12
Perry Harvell 5
(2) Theodore Nines 14

COTTAGE No. 8

Sam Belk 12
Letcher Castleberry
Thomas Hudson 15
Morris Hicks 6
Guy Lewis 8

COTTAGE No. 9

(2) Alvis Browning 4
(2) William Craven 5
(2) Charles Crotts 9
Pearly Funderburk 15
(19) Frank Hall 19
(5) Hoyette Hudson 14
Thomas McCarter 6
(13) Benjamin Overby 17

COTTAGE No. 10

Harold Brown 11
(4) Jack Carver 11
Floyd Combs 9
Lake Cooper 4
(2) Robert Ellis 4
(10) J. B. Grooms 10
John House 4
Lewis Hanna 2
(4) David Kirksey 8
(2) Marvin Miller 10
(6) James Patterson 13
James Penland 3
Troy Reynolds 4

COTTAGE No. 11

(4) Everett Bell 16
(3) Charles Bowman 13
Edward Carpenter 10
Lewis Crawford 18
Robert Farmer 8
(3) Bennie Holland 17
(19) David Hodge 19
James Montford
Bennie Moore 16
(2) Norman McGee 9
(12) Eldridge Ward 17
Adolph Watson 3

COTTAGE No. 12

Burl Allen 5
(10) Earl Atwood 15
Joseph Cox 5
James Douglas 16
(2) Marvin Edwards 4
(12) Horace Fauckner 17
(7) Basil Johnson 15
(11) Edward Lockamy 16
(4) Glenn O'Quinn 15
(8) Eli Philemon 16
(2) Andrew Powell 14
(2) Homer Quick 15
(11) Lonnie Sloan 14
(4) Thomas Welsh 18
(2) Olive Weaver 13

COTTAGE No. 13

(4) Leon Burkhead 12
(2) Warren Medlin 5
(2) Linwood Potter 10
Porter Stack 10
Eugene Tollie 3
(20) Howard Wilson 20

COTTAGE No. 14

(2) Bernice Baker 4
(6) Allen Davis 7
(4) Lemon Finch 9
(5) Hubert Jones 13
Troy Powell 9
James Singleton 8

COTTAGE No. 15

(2) Henry Abernathy 2
(4) John Caddell 14
(9) George Gibson 10
(2) Montford Glassgow 5
George Hill 8
(2) Glenn Jenkins 5
(5) Wilson Medlin 13
Walter Mitchell 7
(2) Paul Rhodes 6
Winfred Whitlock 16
(4) Roy Wyrick 15
(7) Richard Wilder 9

A fair compensation for honest service is the best present you can make a man, and the best gift he can receive.

—Selected.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 30, 1935 No. 48

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ALL INSIDE

Last eve I walked a certain street,
And met such gloomy folk,
I made great haste to pass them by,
And neither smiled nor spoke.
The giant elms dropped sullenly,
The very sun was dim;
I met a friend, and said, "I hope
I've seen the last of him."
Today I walked the very street,
And loved the folks I met;
If business had not made me leave,
I would be talking yet.
Of course, I've solved the mystery,
'Tis very plain to see:
The day I met the gloomy folks,
The gloom was inside me.

—Sheila O'Neill.

——PUBLISHED BY——

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

QUIT IT

If you are eating yourself to death, quit it. A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things he hath in his stomach. If you are profaning your soul away with cursing and swearing, quit it. It is perfectly wonderful how useless profanity is to any and everybody. If you are smoking yourself to death, quit it. Suicide is a sin, whether slow or swift. If you are slandering your character threadbare, quit it. No slanderer can be fine and big. If you are worrying yourself to death, quit it. "Take ye no anxious thought for the morrow." If you are dancing yourself to death, quit it. It is a sin against personality to dance yourself to death. If you are drinking yourself to death, quit. "No drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven."

—Southern Christian Advocate.

THE CHRISTMAS SEAL DRIVE

After Thanksgiving Day the Christmas seal sale, for funds, instituted by the National Tuberculosis Association, will be launched and the drive will continue till Christmas.

The money realized from the Christmas seals will be used to fight the dreaded disease by means of giving hospitalization and putting over educational programs so that people may learn to protect themselves and their neighbors from a malady that can unawares become a perfect hot bed of germs.

The first requisite for the sale of seals is for people to be educated as to the danger of tuberculosis with the understanding they are spreading the gospel of good health. Every body should when buying a seal feel they are contributing towards a program of good health for the entire country.

We scarcely realize that the infant in the cradle is not immune

from the disease, and especially so if there is not an assurance the nurse, black or white, has not a suggestion of the disease. It will take concerted action to put over a satisfactory sale of seals so as to distribute the right propaganda for good health.

* * * * * * *

BY SUPERVISED RECREATIONAL GROUNDS

Do children of today need supervised recreation grounds? The answer in many cases would be—"it depends upon circumstances." We agree, it does. To meet the demands of this era, when more people are crowding the urban districts, with its mass education, making living quarters congested, especially so when children are in the families, there is no way of dodging the issue of the necessity of supervised play grounds.

We are not living in the days of patriachal families, far removed from one another; when the homes had acreage sufficient for play grounds; when in the homes all of the clothing was designed and made; when the home-cured meat filled the smoke house; when canned goods and preserves made from the fruits of the farm filled the larder; when the pumpkins, potatoes, turnips and apples were stored for winter and the children were supervised in their sports within a stone's throw of the house by mother. We are living in another era that presents another picture and we have to meet the emergency.

Instead the textile industry supplants the old-hand-loom and dye pits; the ready-to-wear factories have made sewing machines almost obsolete; the chain stores are marts for all kinds of food stuff, the steam laundries have put the washer woman out of a job and the thoroughly equipped apartments have eliminated the real homes with beautiful and extensive grounds. You can see the primitive home, busy with every activity, is different from the modern home. There is more leisure, the mass production of the machine age has brought about economic conditions in the home so the house wife finds employment on the outside, leaving the children in care of servants to grow up like "Topsy" on the streets.

The children again are the victim of circumstances. These chil-

dren are often cussed and discussed by the neighbors of the community because they are mischievous and noisy. Finally they are branded as bad. We concede some children are innately designing, but frequently these bad children react to the street influence other contacts that can be avoided.

We make every provision to educate the child, but let all, in many cases, of that interest go to waste because nothing is done to save the child that aimlessly roams the streets. The most valuable of all the crops to be saved are the children of the nation. These are the problems,—the roving bands of children riotously as well as innocently playing on the streets,—sooner or later, many of them will meet tragic deaths or get into the clutches of the law. Every small town is confronted with this issue—the unrestricted child. It is a problem that sooner or later will have to be met. The necessity of different social planning in the community for the youth to become assets as future citizens of tomorrow is imperative.

* * * * * * *

THE FAITHFUL DOG

The faithfulness of the dog at the Cunningham home, near Alexis, Gaston County, where eight children lost their lives in the flames that consumed the home, is another evidence of the fact that a dog is the truest friend in the world. He never deserts in cases of poverty, sickness, death or prosperity. The same at all times let it be fortune or misfortunes.

This dog was just an ordinary dog, in size, coloring, and nothing to distinguish him from a million dogs of doubtful breeding that children love and like to fondle, but a faithful servant, a playmate and doubtless a protector in times of emergency. The story goes that the day after the gruesome tragedy, this common cur, looked forlorn, walked about with tail down, sniffing about close to the earth as if trying to find some one, and occasionally would lift his head and look in the far distance.

He paid no attention till a little girl appeared and walked near him. The dog sniffed her dress, he knew instinctively it was nei-

ther Ruth, Juanita, Louise Grace nor Helen, his fond companions, and walked away, lying down a short distance from the debris with his head resting upon his front feet and his eyes glued upon the spot where once stood the home of his loved ones.

Believe it or not this dog grieves the same as a human being, and the memory of these children will continue to linger with him to the end of time. Your friends may desert you but a dog never forgets. They possess a gratitude that never fails.

We all know the classic of Senator Vest—his tribute to a dog, one of the most famous speeches in the history of the American courts when he appeared for a dog sentenced to death—That dog also was a common cur found in the dog-pound sentenced to death. The lasting friendship and love of a dog for his master excels that of mankind.

* * * * * * *

GET NEAR GOD'S WORLD

This earth comes nearer being God's world at Christmas time than at any other time during the year.

People "made in the image and likeness of God," act more like their Maker than at other times. Their hearts are filled with love for their fellowmen, they radiate kindness and good will. Earth —for a few days—is something like we all expect Heaven to be.

Why not make it a twelve-month Christmas, a World For God, all during 1936?

There is a way and the way involves only two persons, ourself and the Son of God, the Infant of Bethlehem, whose advent we all celebrate at Christmas time.

The way is not clouded or hard to find. It is so plain that a wayfaring man can see it.—Old Hurrygraph.

* * * * * * *

THE LITTLE THINGS

It is not the one great big thing accomplished that makes a man outstandingly big, but the fine spirit within that prompts the accumulation of kind acts that finally makes a character loom up big

in the eyes of the world. The little things, the little acts, one piled upon another make the big achievements of life a reality.

Think of it? How many men busy as President Franklin D. Roosevelt would take time to dine on Thanksgiving Day with poor, crippled children? These are the things that make a man big. It is true big men often hide their light under a bushel, but when their fine deeds are known, and they wil be sooner or later, they are a beacon light for others to follow.

The only way to grow big is to forget self and think of the other fellow. This is the example of the lowly Nazarene, helping the poor and the maimed in every way, physically or mentally, while passing to and fro through the hills of Judea.

It is possible for the busiest of the busy crowd, and the poorest of the poor of the land on Thanksgiving Day and at the Christmas season contribute something to make the life of another, who is more needy, brighter and happier.

* * * * * * *

CHRISTMAS CHEER FUND

For many years it has been the custom of this institution to give the people locally and throughout the state the privilege of contributing to a Christmas fund, specifically used to buy cheer at the yuletide season for our five hundred boys. As usual we follow the precedent set by our predecessors this Christmas.

The story in a nut-shell is that a small percentage of our boys receive boxes, but the majority of them come from indigent homes and many have not a soul to look to for any thing—not so much as a Christmas card.

It is understood by the public that there is no provision made in the budget of the institution for the good things all normal boys enjoy at Christmas. So there is nothing to do but to let the conditions be known feeling sure an adequate fund for Christmas cheer will be made available by friends of the delinquents. The first to give to this fund is:

A Friend, Concord ..... $ 5.00

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

THE LIFE THAT COUNTS

"The life that counts must toil and fight;
Must hate the wrong and love the right;
Must stand for truth, by day and night—
This is the life that counts.

"The life that counts must helpful be;
The cares and needs of others see;
Must seek the slaves of sin to free—
This is the life that counts."

—o—

It is nothing to your credit if nobody will trust you. No man is a complete unit unto himself.

—o—

Sure! America is the land of opportunity. But opportunity never made any one rich without a lot of real hard work.

—o—

According to a Texas physician, if a patient is very low, a doctor may use extreme measures to revive him. Such for instance, as offering to cancel his bill.

—o—

We are told that the government is issuing a new dollar bill which is described as "the handsomest ever." I have never yet seen a dollar bill that didn't look exceedingly pretty to me.

—o—

It is said that electrochemists are trying to generate 5,000 degrees Fahrenheit "to melt stubborn elements of the earth." I have my doubts about it having any effect on Mussolini or Hitler.

—o—

Going in debt is a thing that works two ways at the same time. Debt is a partner of trouble. Trouble sometimes drives a man into debt. And debt turns around and drives a man into trouble. Both are ferocious drivers.

—o—

The government for some time time has been playing a kind of reciprocity game. The main feature is give and take. The government gives to those who will not work; and many who ought and are able to work take and live on the government. The rest of us are subjects for the tax collectors to work on.

—o—

From now on turkeys will begin to cost more. It is a kind old Turkish custom around Thanksgiving and Chrstimas. To my way of thinking a good fat, tender hen, with the et cetera dressing, gives me as complete and satisfying thrills as a turkey. However, I can gobble up either one with alacrity.

—o—

Statistics reveal the peak of auto accidents always occur in the fall. Quite likely. When a person is knocked down it is presumed, naturally, that he gets a fall, and the fall is as dangerous as the lick he gets. But that is no excuse for hitting and running off, leaving the victim to die or get up the best way he can.

Liberty has a guarantee in the Constitution. The people of this country should each day offer thanks to the framers of our Constitution, the document which guarantees freedom of speech and freedom of the press. This is the greatest protection a free people have against the crushing hand of officialism, bureaucracy, dictatorship and destruction of personal property and tender rights, and life itself, as we have seen occur in foreign lands not blessed with a constitution such as ours. As one man, our people should resent any program to tamper with or weaken the basic principles of the United States Constitution.

—o—

Hatreds of all kinds cost a high price. It is given out that the enormous sum of $5,000,000,000 was spent last year by the nations of the world for armaments. It is estimated that is an increase of nearly half a billion dollars over the armament bill for 1933, and will be at least over a half billion below the bill for the present year. This is a tremendous sum of money to be spent on something that comes very close to being sheer waste. Think of the good that even half of this amount would accomplish if spent on worthwhile objects for the betterment of humanity, instead of means to murder human beings. The possibilities for good are such as to stagger the imagination. Think, too, that all these billions are ground out of the taxpayers of the world. Not until these taxpayers arise in their wrath and refuse to bear the burdens, the nations will continue to pay dearly for their fears and hatreds and rivalries. Isn't it time to call a halt on hatred and bloodshed?

—o—

SOME THINGS TO LEAVE BEHIND

Just a few more days and the New Year will be with us. It is not so easy to slide out from under the year 1935, or to enter at the gateway of 1936. The hang-over from this year will remain long after its days have departed. No doubt a whole crowd of us will be putting 1935 on letters for several days after 1936 has dawned. We will carry over into the New Year all of the happy and unhappy friends of 1935. Every one of them will be with us, each exercising an effect of some sort upon our personality. A great deal of 1935 is going over into 1936 with each of us—whether or not we like it. But there are some things that we can leave behind, and no power can make us take them into the New Year unless we deliberately choose to do so. We can leave behind animosities, old grudges, distasteful habits, and a knowledge of condemnation for sin, and we can leave behind, if we will do it, sin itself. To be forgiven of sin is the experience of every true Christian. The church has no patent on forgiveness. Every one who reads this may be forgiven, and this forgiveness is the first step along to way towards an absence of sin. You can do it, and here is how:

If you know yourself to be a sinner—acknowledge it.

If you are sorry for your sin—acknowledge it.

If you want to be forgiven—ask for it.

If you will do these things, God will forgive you, and you can be sure of it through the exercise of simple faith.

JUST AN IDEA

It was just an idea; that was all he had—
Columbus—those ages ago.
It was just an idea, but we ought to be glad,
For it gave us our country, you know.

It was was just an idea in George Stephenson's mind
When he saw the steam jostle the kettle,
And saw railroads make brothers of all mankind
With their wonderful horses of metal.

It was just an idea that Thomas Edison caught,
But the incandescent light we got from it;
With another idea was the phonograph brought—
And the movies that came like a comet.

It was an idea in Marconi's mind—
The radio we enjoy through the wireless line;
So whatever you see or hear
Was another idea born there.

So, next time you hear someone say with a sneer,
"I'll not pay for that, for its just another idear!"
Remind him that there's not a thing he uses
That doesn't date back to the source he abuses.

And tell him that there's not a tool or machine
That he handles or works with or ever has seen,
Which, if he troubles to trace, he'll find it began
With just an idea in the brain of a man.

—Selected.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO REFUSED TO SALUTE THE FLAG

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

In the great state of Massachusetts, the home of Harvard College and of baked beans, the state that for long years looked with contempt and pity upon the whole southern section of these United States of America, occurred an incident that is unbelievable if one did not remember that this very commonwealth had its witch burnings in the distant past.

The Christian Century tells the story so well that we let this Chicago periodical give our readers an account of what occurred in a school house where an eight-year-old school boy and not a magic working old woman was the victim: Listen to the story:

"That case of the eight-year-old boy who was expelled from the public school in Lynn, Mass., because of his refusal of 'pledge allegiance to my flag' and make the customary salute, contains elements of both tragedy and comedy. The boy's father, it will be remembered, is a member of a sect called Jehovah's Witnesses, one of whose articles of faith is that all governments are instruments of Satan. This is doubtless a very dangerous doctrine, or would be if they proposed to do anything about it. It would seem to be a theologized form of pure theoretical anarchy. In practice, however, these Witnesses seem to be quiet and orderly persons who make no demonstrations against the government except when some agency of the state catches them and tries to compel them to swear deathless devotion to it. The boy had evidently been well indoctrinated with his father's religious peculiarities and instructed in his sect's practices. When the other secondgraders piped their patriotic pledge in childish trebles, he simply kept quiet. The result, after action by the teacher, the principal, the school board and the local court, was the expulsion of the boy from school and imposition of a $25 fine on the father for disturbing the school. And what did all that gain for the city of Lynn, the state of Massachusetts, and the United States of America whose dignity and safety were supposed to have been attacked? Imprimis, one small boy is compelled to stay out of school although the law of the state compels him to attend. Item, one small and harmless sect with a queer belief is convinced that their religious liberty has been infringed. Item, a great many people who do not agree with their faith agree with this opinion. Item, something has been done to make the worthy custom of saluting the flag seem odiously like the compulsary nazi salute, for failure to give which a number of persons have had their teeth knocked out or have been otherwise manhandled by indignant nazi patriots. Item, the school board, which is doubtless a body of estimable men, has made itself ridiculous. If a child's salute to the flag is to mean anything, it must be the expression of loyalty, and that cannot be stimulated by twisting his ear."

THE SIAMESE TWINS OF MUSIC

By Mrs. William B. Rosborough

The Siamese twins of music were born just 250 years ago. These two were not, as you might suppose from the name, grown together or attached to one another by some common physical organ. They were two separate individuals who never saw each other. Yet in the history of music they are spoken of as the Siamese Twins of Music. Why? Because there were so many similarities between the two. They were both born in the same year and christened in Lutheran churches, both were Germans, both were child prodigies, both became famous organists and renowned composers, both gave great religious music to the world, and both became blind in their later years. These two, whose music you have often heard in your church and elsewhere, were Georg Friedrich Handel Johann Sebastian Bach.

Georg Friedrich Handel was born in the little town of Halle, in central Germany. His mother was the daughter of a Lutheran pastor. His father, who was 63 at the time of his birth was a barber surgeon, one of those seventeenth century barbers, who had to be doctors and scientists too, for they were called on not only to cut hair and shave faces, but also to pull teeth and cure all kinds of ailments. The older Handel decided that this particular son of his was to be a lawyer. Consequently he discouraged the interest in music that little Georg showed.

But the music in the boy's blood was not to be denied. There was a clavichord—the predecessor of our modern piano—in the Handel attic. At night, when everyone else was asleep, the little boy used to go up there and try to play. He played by ear without notes, but learned to do it so well that his father was induced to let him take music lessons after school hours.

When he was eleven years old he was taken to Berlin, where he played for the king. The king was so impressed with the boy's playing that he wanted to send him to Italy for a thorough musical education and offered to pay all expenses. But the older Handel said that he was an old man and wanted his son to stay near him. So the boy returned to his school in Halle.

About a year later the father died. Since it had been his father's wish, Georg kept up his school work and eventually entered the University of Halle as a law student. After one year at the University Handel realized that he would never make a successful lawyer. He therefore decided to give up his law studies and devote all his time to music. He took a position as a violinist and in his spare time he wrote his first opera, Almira, which was performed and well received. At nineteen the child prodigy had become a successful composer!

His so-called twin likewise made a name for himself early in life. Johann Sebastian Bach was born in Eisenach in the shadow of the Wartburg, where Martin Luther translat-

ed the New Testament. He was of the most remarkable family of musicians the world has ever known, a family that produced musicians continually for three hundred years. The Bachs made music in Germany from about the time of Luther until 1846, when the family became extinct. And of all these gifted Bachs, Johann Sebastian was the greatest.

Before he was three years old, just as soon as he was able to hold the instrument, he was taught to play the violin. He learned so well that even the Bachs, who took musical ability as a matter of course, were astounded. His father, a court musician, was his teacher until he was nine and a half years old. Then his parents died within a few months of each other, leaving him an orphan before he was ten.

The boy went to live with his oldest brother, an organist, under whose instruction he continued to make rapid progress. The brother had a book of advanced music which he prized so highly that he would permit no one but himself to touch it. Young Johann Sebastian wanted to learn that music so much that he decided to copy it at night when his brother was asleep. Every moonlight night for six months in succession he copied page after page. This exacting work in such poor light injured his eyesight, weakening his eyes permanently.

When he was fifteen his unusually lovely voice secured him a position as a choir singer. From that time on he supported himself, earning his living with his voice or his playing, and studying on the side. He would walk miles to hear a man play from whom he thought he could learn something. A number of times he made the trip to Hamburg on foot—a walk of thirty miles each way—to hear some well known musician play. At eighteen he became the town organist at Arnstadt, where he made quite a reputation for himself. And that brings us to another point of similarity between Handel and Bach. Both preferred the organ to any other instrument and the two were the finest organists of their day.

The organ is usually associated with church music and it was in the field of sacred music that both men did their best work. Handel, after many years at composing operas, turned to oratorios, those long compositions for voices in which the words are nearly always taken from the Bible. In these Handel stands supreme, with no other musician surpassing or even equaling him.

Someone has said of Handel that he set the Bible to music. That is, of course, somewhat exaggerated, but he really did come quite near doing it. His masterpiece is a religious work—The Messiah. This he wrote when he was fifty-six years old. It takes more than two hours to sing, yet Handel wrote it with all its choruses, solos, accompaniments, and everything in twenty-three days! The Messiah was first performed in Dublin, Ireland, for charity. Handel gave it for the express purpose of raising funds to free the men who were in the debtors' prison. The announcements for this performance of The Messiah are rather interesting. They requested that the ladies who were planning to attend should come

without hoop skirts as that "would make room for more people and so increase the charity." The ladies must have come in simple, hoopless dresses, for The Messiah brought in nearly two thousand dollars the very first day!

The Messiah was given innumerable times for charity. In fact, Handel gave it in London every year for twenty-eight years in succession for the benefit of the London Foundling Hospital, in which he was very much interested. Through these performances of The Messiah Handel contributed in all about fifty thousand dollars to the hospital. He also gave them an organ. They have another organ there now, but some of the original pipes of Handel's organ were built into this new one.

To Bach, the other of the "Siamese Twins," music was not an end in itself, but above all things, an adjunct to the service of God. And so he, too, did his greatest work in religious music. His Lutheran cantatas, the musical services that he wrote for use in the Lutheran Church have made his name immortal.

For twenty-seven years Bach had charge of the music in the four biggest churches in the city of Leipsic. For these churches he wrote one musical service after another. In fact, he wrote a series of complete sets of church music—a different set for every Sunday and every church holy day for a period of five years! The most famous of his sacred works is his St. Matthew Passion, in which he set to music the story of the sufferings and death of Jesus as told by St. Matthew. This service was written for Good Friday and is still performed in many churches. Although Bach wrote primarily for the Lutheran Church, of which he was a member, his music is used today by all Christian churches.

In Leipsic Bach was also the director of music at the famous Thomas School. As such he did considerable teaching. In instructing pupils to play instruments with keyboards, Bach introduced a new method which every music teacher since his time has used. Today, in playing the piano, every pianist uses all ten fingers. But in Bach's day only six fingers were used—the three middle ones on each hand. It was Bach who changed that by insisting on the use of the thumb and small finger too. His system of fingering is taken as a matter of course now but, when Bach introduced it more than 200 years ago, it was a much discussed innovation.

Both Bach and Handel were tireless and prodigious workers. Bach composed over one thousand instrumental numbers and nearly two thousand vocal numbers. Handel wrote more than fifty operas, twenty oratorios, and much instrumental music. Their hard work brought to Handel fame, wealth, the luxuries of life; to Bach fame, but little money and no luxuries. Handel gave generously of his money to his mother and to various charities. Bach, with a small income and a large family, had to struggle constantly to make both ends meet.

Bach, however, enjoyed an exceedingly happy home life, which Handel missed, for he never married. Bach

was married twice, the first time when he was twenty-two. He had just secured a position as organist that payed him thirty-five dollars—not for a week, not for a month, but—thirty-five dollars a year, plus a certain amount of corn, wood, and fish. That was considered a fairly good salary, so he and his second cousin, who was also a Bach and an organist, were married. They had seven children and were very happy for fourteen years. Then his wife died. About two years later he married again and this marriage, too, was a happy one. His second wife was a fine singer and helped him considerably with his work. This second marriage produced thirteen children. So Bach had twenty children in all.

As the two men grew older, their eyes grew weaker, until both went completely blind. Both underwent operations by the same surgeon, and in both cases the operations were unsuccessful. Nevertheless, neither man stopped working. Both continued to play in public and to compose, dictating their compositions to others. Bach died when he was sixty-five, Handel at the age of seventy-four.

Though there had been a number of similarities in their lives, their deaths were marked in entirely different ways. Handel died in London, where he was highly revered by the English people. They thought so much of him and his music they bestowed upon him a great honor—they buried him in Westminster Abbey, in the Poet's Corner. The place is marked with a statue of Handel, showing him leaning over a table in the act of writing that well known part of his greatest work, The Messiah, which begins with the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

The people of Leipsic, however, paid Bach no special honor. His family was so poor that they could buy only a four dollar oaken casket for him. They buried him in St. John's churchyard, with no cross nor monument to mark the spot. In 1900, one hunred and fifty years after his death, the people of Leipsic wished to make up for the honors that their ancestors had failed to give Bach. They looked up the church records and found the approximate place in the churchyard where had been buried. They found, too, that only two men had been buried in oaken caskets the year Bach died. With only these two facts to guide them, they searched in that section of the churchyard until they found some remains that corresponded to Bach's measurements. These were placed, during an elaborate memorial ceremony, in a crypt under the altar of the church. Thus belated honors were paid Bach.

Neither Bach nor Handel need a monument to keep their memories alive. Their music speaks for them. It made them famous in their own day and has kept their names before the world, as is evidenced by the many celebrations being held this year in honor of the 250th anniversary of their birth.

WHYS, WHEREFORES OF VIRGINIA'S NAMES

By Georgia Dickinson Wardlaw

Historic Alexandria, with its name conjuring up visions of the ancient Egyptian seaport, is so often the starting point of tourists entering the great boundaries of the old Dominion, that it seems altogether fitting that this last lap of the imaginary tour you have been making with me, in quest of the origin of names of Virginia's towns and cities—should start with this old town.

Originally known as Belhaven, land was first patented here in 1657, and in 1731 a warehouse was built on Hunting Creek about which grew up the first village. The town of Alexandria was established in 1749, and soon became one of the main Colonial trading centers in Virginia.

Long before Washington City was dreamed of, Alexandria was a flourishing town, acknowledging Boston as its only rival. When the time came for selecting a site for the Nation's Capital, the portion of land that Virginia ceded to the Government for the making of the District of Columbia included Alexandria. Not until 1846—less than 100 years ago—when by retrocession Virginia's territory was returned to her, did Alexandria again become a part of the Old Dominion.

Overshadowed from the first by the rapidly growig National Capital, Alexandria soon lost her claim to commercial prominence, and today is but a small city, where persistently and loyally the appearance and manners of pre-Revolutionary days have been preserved. Not unlike Baltimore's oldest examples of architecture, Alexandria leaves one with memories of Georgian red-brick houses, two-storied with white "stoops" and handsome doorways, redolent of the affluent and cultural period when the Washington's, Lees, Fairfaxes, Masons, Fitzhughs, Carlyles, Randolphs, Dulaneys and Ramseys "gave color to, and made famous Alexandria's social circle."

No town or city in Virginia has a more stirring history than that of Fredericksburg. Overlooking a picturesque stretch of the Rappahannock River, and in the very heart of the great battlefield area that witnessed the bloodiest and costliest warfare of the War Between the States, Fredericksburg has long laid claim to being America's most historic town.

The official beginning of Fredericksburg is commemorated by two markers, seen by thousands of visitors who flock to this quaint Virginia town annually. But its real history goes back farther than these denote, for Fredericksburg is old—much older than its legal birthday which was first celebrated on May 2, 1671, when the grant for the Leaslands (as Fredcricksburg was first called) was issuedby Sir William Berkely to Thomas Royston and John Buckner, and the town was recognized by the "Grande Assemblie at James Cittie."

Tradition tells that in 1571, the first Christian Shrine in America was erected here by Spanish missionaries, but it is a matter of record that Captain John Smith visited the site in 1608—one year after the settlement at Jamestown. Certainly there was a fort here as early as March, 1674, used as a defense against Indians—for at this time one Captain Lawrence Smith was made commander of a "fort or place of defense at or near the Falls of ye Rappahannock River"—and Fredericksburg's location was the foot of these falls.

In 1727, Fredericksburg was incorporated under its present name, honoring Frederick, Prince of Wales. Five years later, on October 3, 1732, the eminent William Byrd in "A Progress to the Mines" wrote "Besides Colonel Willis, who is the top man of the place, there are one merchant, a tailor, a smith and an ordinary keeper, though I must not forget Mrs. Levistone (known later as Sukey Livingston) who acts here in double capacity of a doctress and coffee woman."

This was the year that Washington—the greatest American was born—him who in later years called Fredericksburg "the place of my growing manhood." And small wonder, for in all Virginia, no one place is so intimately associated with the Washington family as is Fredericksburg. Here Washington, with his sister Betty, as children came to school to "Parson" Mayre—; here, at not quite 21 years of age, he received his first degree in Masonry—was raised to a Master Mason and remained a member of the historic old Lodge at Fredericksburg all of his life.

Here is the famous Mary Washington Cottage where Mary, the mother of of Washington lived during the harrowing years of the Revolution—, died, and is buried; here is "Kenmore" the stately Georgian mansion of Betty Washington, who at 17, became the bride of Colonel Fielding Lewis. Here stands the old Rising Sun Tavern, built by Charles Washington, a brother of George, and run by George Weedon, the two being partners in the enterprise. In this famous old hostelry some of the most famous men of Virginia gathered, and momentous decisions were made—decisions that were to change a Colony into a Nation.

But there are other places to which Fredericksburg points with pride—places assccciated with other immortal sons than The Father of our Country—the home of Matthew Fontaine Maury, "Pathfinder of the Seas"—the home of John Paul Jones—"Father of the American Navy—" the quaint law office of James Monroe, author of the Monroe Doctrine. These, and scores of others are the sites and hrines to which thousands have come, even from foreign countries. Little wonder that it has been said with authority, "No city of its size in the United States is so rich in places and objecs of historic interest."

Thirty milts below Fredericksburg, overlooking the widest stretch of the entire Rappahannock River, is the old town of Tappahannock, founded in 1680 under the name of Hobbs His Hole.. In 1682 a port was establish-

and endowed by the two sovereigns ed here and called New Plymouth, and for a time was one of the most important ports in this section.

In years, Tappahannock is older than Richmond for there are records proving that the place was first settled in 1656. Today, the old town is interesting and hospitable; one likes to tarry in it's mellow, genial atmosphere—browsing about in quest of the quaint. The once famous old Debtor's Prison still remains, and the ancient brick courthouse, which is well worth a visit, with it's mural tablets and excellent portraits of noted Esses men. Old Tappahannock points with pride to the fact that one of th fierst custom houses in the United States was established here, for, like Urbanna, 30 miles down the river, Tappahannock was "ordered" to be built by the General Assembly of Virginia, to be used as a place for the loading of vessels.

Perhaps fittingly (since the river gave Tappahannock its excuse for existence)—the town was ultimately named for the Indian tribe which was called Rappahannock, and sometimes Tappahannock—Hannock, or Hanna, meaning river in the tribal language.

Ashland, the largest town in historic Hanover County, came by its name in a rather unusual way, for it was neither named for Sovereigns or Indian Tribes, for English towns or seaports, or for any illustrious son. But rather for a famous Kentucky home, owned by Henry Clay.

In the early days of Hanover's history, along the streams were numerous mills, the most notable one being ing to county legend, there came riding to it "a small boy astride a bag of corn, on mule or horse, who at the time of his death was among the first citizens of the United States." The boy was Henry Clay—"Mill Boy of the Slashes," who was born a few miles east of Ashland, at "Slash Cottage." Years later, when fame and fortune had come to him, Henry Clay built Ashland, his beautiful home near Lexington, Ky. for which Virginia's Ashland was named.

Williamsburg, which has nobly come into "its own" once again, through the Rockefeller Restoration, has the distinction of being the oldest incorporated town in Virginia. Founded under the name of Middle Plantation, as an outpost of Jamestown in 1633, it continued under the name through the years of its gradual development, until it was made the seat of government by Governor Nicholson in 1699.

At this time the settlement underwent many changes in appearance, under Governor Nicholson's guidance, and was renamed by him Williamsburg, in honor of William III. In 1722 it was chartered as a city under this name—a name that has carried history overseas.

The new Capital of the Colony of Virginia was unprepared for the honor of being made the seat of government, for in 1676 Nathaniel Bacon and his followers had met here in convention; in 1677 Governor Jefreys had summoned Indian Chiefs here with the hope of a lasting peace, and in 1693 the College of William and Mary had been founded,

Lankfoot's on Stoney Run. Accordin whose honor it had been named. Here too was the Court Church of Virginia—beautiful old Bruton Parish one sees today, and perhaps the most famous holstelry in all Virginia—Raleigh Tavern which has been so amazingly restored to all of its former charm and Colonial atmosphere.

Before the restoration, Williamsburg was a quaint, sadly neglected old town. Today there is nothing comparable to it in the country. It is Colonial America personified—in the twentieth century.

"The best way to break a bad habit is to drop it."

LETTER WRITTEN IN 1813 WHEN THE BRITISH LAY AT GATES OF NORFOLK

(Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch)

While the thunders of the conflict in Ethiopia are reaching the ears of dwellers in this peaceful Tidewater section by no means faintly, thanks to the newspapers and the radio, it may prove of especial interest to read a letter written from Norfolk one hundred and twenty-two years ago, when this country and England were embroiled in what is known as "the War of 1812."

The writer of the letter was Mrs. Henrietta Louisa Hunter, wife of Major William Fraze Hunter, and great-grandmother of Aaron Milhado, one of Norfolk's best-known citizens. Her maiden name was Henrietta Louisa Andre, daughter of J. P. Andre, who died in 1809, and who sleeps in Old St. Paul's historic churchyard near the Holt Street gate.

Her letter was addressed to "Miss Agale Debadie, to the care of Mrs. John Debadie, corner of Market and Fifth streets, Philadelphia." Though every soul in the world who was living when this letter was penned has passed away, the original, which is in the possession of Mr. Milhado at his fine old home, 250 Bute street, is in almost as good a state of preservation as though it had been written yesterday. Read what it says of a time when the British forces had cut Norfolk off from the rest of the world by water and its inhabitants were living in constant fear that the town would be taken and destroyed.

My Dear Aglae: (Mrs. Hunter writes) In answer to your kind letter of the 17th which I received yesterday, I have to thank you and your Papa much for your kind invitations and concern, for myself and family, but hope from the present prospect we will be as safe here as in your City; but indeed by Dear Girl did I even wish to join you, I could not,

without taking a very round about way by land, (which would be very disagreeable with a family) for the British have completely stopped all intercourse by water, they now come within seven miles of our Town, and burned a schooner this morning within our sight. Our shores are pretty well reinforced, and I hope should they attempt a landing they would be repulsed. We have the Frigate Constellation laying in our Harbour, which they are very anxious to get, but fortuately our channel is so narrow and dangerous, that they are afraid to venture up, being quite unacquainted with it, but they take every opportunity of sounding it in the night.

Our Town is deserted, a great many have left the place and almost everybody that could, have sent their goods, Furniture &c. For my part not being much alarmed, and having no safe place to send them to, I contented myself by packing up what I could spare, and as we all live very near a Creek where we have some lighters and a Boat in readiness, I shall in case the Town is stormed or destroyed take to them and go wherever Providence directs.

There arrived here on Suday a Russian Minister with important dispatches, from our Goverment, to the British Admiral at this Station. He obtained a flag of truce from the General on Monday and proceeded on Board; it is said his mission is of a conciliatory nature an it is generally believed that it will procure us at least an Armistice, which has brightened our countenances greatly. But nothwithstanding this we are subject to alarms, for last night we were awake at half past eleven, by the firing of Alarm Guns and Drum, in consequence of an express coming from five miles in country, with information that some English Boats were coming up a Creek, which Branches in near the Town. The General went out in person to ascertain the truth of it, and it proved to be some boats from the Constellation, that were looking out for the English Barges; it being very dark they were mistaken by the Guard on the Beach; however our Troops were kept under Arms all night. Mr. Hunter did not get home until eight o'clock this morning, he says it is very poor fun to be marching all night, and I believe him, for I think it bad enough to sit up. But I hope the Russian Emperor will be the means of making peace; For we may say here, we only live by halves to what we have been used to. You appear to labour under no alarms although the Delaware is Blockaded, in truth I believe the Eglish have a great Grudge against this place, they have not forgotten the affair of the Chespaeake and many other little things that happened hereabouts. Could Mr. Hunter with Honour leave this place, I should rejoice as well as himself in being with you and your Family, but could not think of leaving him behind, for I should be quite miserable at such a distance. He joins me in thanking you for your kind and generous offer and hopes that he some day will have the Pleasure of seeing you all in Norfolk to thank you personally and that that day may not be far off is the fervent wish of

Your Affectianate Aunt,
Henrietta Louisa Hunter.

THE STUBBORN SUITCASE

By Elvira Pennell

Vera Stanton's step was so light along the flagged walk from her gate to the house, it seemed to her she could fly with no trouble at all. Vera had been to the post office, for there was no mail delivery in suburban Gatesville. She held an open letter.

Mrs. Stanton looked up from her sewing, a lively interest in her eyes, as Vera burst into the room. The very walls seemed to take on a brighter hue as a background for Vera's impetuosity, Mrs. Stanton thought. The sun always came out when Vera smiled and all disorder vanished nder a few minute's manipulation of her clever fingers.

This morning, in her blue sweater suit, the same tint as her eager, sparkling eyes, her brown hair blown into little wispy curls, she brought a whiff of the warm Indian summer day with her.

"Mother! You can't guess and I can't wait to tell you. It's from Miss Thomas. She says she has a place for me at last. The salary will be enough to pay a maid to help you. I am to live with Miss Thomas. Oh, I can't believe it!" Vera clapped her hands in ecstatic realization. The next minute she was on her knees beside her mother's chair.

"Oh, Mommie, don't look so downcast. You know I've always wanted to do welfare work. I thought I couldn't stand it when we moved out here. But I have. The chickens and the garden and the housework have been such fun, and I do like being with you and father and Ralph. But this is my chance. It's my reward for being half way patient, isn't it?"

She gave mother's shoulders a playful little shake and Mrs. Stanton answered with a faint smile. "I'm selfish, Vera. I was thinking of the long winter days. Of course we can get along, especially with a maid to help. And you do deserve your opportunity."

"Miss Thomas is coming tomorrow for over Sunday. She wants me to go back with her." Vera bent to give her mother a grateful kiss. "My, but I'll have a lot of things to do before I go." Humming a merry tune, she ran lightly up the stairs to Ralph's room. Just two days in which to get ready!

Only the day before, she had helped Ralph, her twelve-year-old brother, to fit a large packing box into the deep window recess in his room. It was to hold all of Ralph's special belongings, the things dearest to his heart and necessary to his existence, but which cluttered up the room so much. It had been a bargain between them. Ralph was to be very careful to keep his things in the box, Vera was to upholster it for him.

Already she had padded the top to make a comfortable seat. It only remained to tack on the turkey-red cretonne, box plaiting the sides and fastening with shining tacks. If she worked fast, she could get through by the time Mrs. Hanson, who lived down the road a way, would be expecting her.

"Say," a grieved boyish voice

greeted her from the doorway. "You don't need to bother fixing any window-seat for me."

Vera turned to see Ralph throw his football into the corner with a disgusted thud. "Why, Ralph! It was a bargain. I thought you wanted it."

"Well, I don't now. Mother says you are going to the city and some other girl will be taking care of my room. I don't care how much I scatter things if you aren't going to be here."

"But think how nice the window-seat will be. You can sit here evenings and—" Vera's voice trailed out faintly. A picture flashed before her. She and Ralph had planned it together when they brought the box upstairs, just how they would sit there winter evenings and watch the stars come out. It would be dark and scary in the room behind them. They would wrap a big blanket around them and huddle close together, while they made up stories. Perhaps they would bring their popcorn and apples up there and munch while they talked.

Ralph was fumbling away at his bureau drawer, hunting out a handkerchief, Vera guessed. He wouldn't let her see his face.

"Don't be so disappointed, dear," she said approaching him rather timidly. "We all have to grow up sometime and go away. Think of all those boys in the city who need a sister, too; boys that I want to help."

"How about me—and Tony Bronsky," Ralph broke out, his voice rising to a faint squeak.

"Oh," Vera stopped abruptly. "I —I forgot about Tony. But you will help Tony, won't you Ralph? The main thing is to keep him busy at his manual training and his drawing. Tony is all right if he can create something. If it isn't something good, it has to be some mischief. He hasn't broken his parole from the reform school since Mr. Raymond took him into his classes."

"But it was you got him there. And Tony is making you a cedar chest. He has been chopping wood for the Raymonds so he can buy the cedar for it. He won't care a bit about it if you go away."

Vera felt herself growing angry. "Tony must learn not to be a baby. He is a great big boy, three years older than you. I can't stand here talking. I mean to finish your box, but it will have to go until morning. I'm almost due at Mrs. Hanson's."

Vera hurried off, feeling rather abused. It did seem as if her family might be a ltitle better pleased that the opportunity for which she had waited so long had come to her.

All through her high school years in the city where they had lived before they came to Gatesville, she had kept to one purpose. Miss Thomas had helped her, giving her commissions for her leisure hours, letting her do extra clerical work for the welfare board of which Miss Thomas was the head. And then, shortly after Vera's graduation, Mr. Stanton's business slowed to the point where he found it necessary to move to the country, within easy commuting distance of his city store, where the family could have their own garden, cow, and chickens. The maid had been dismissed.

The place they had chosen was

anything but fashionable. Their neighbors were good kindly people, but Vera longed for the old home and friends and her chosen work. The year that had passed had been a busy one, she thought. She had learned to be her mother's right hand. There had been the housework, the garden and the chickens. Vera's heart skipped a beat when she thought of the last two. Who would cover her flower beds this fall? Who would plant the sweet peas in February? Who would worry over the downy yellow balls of chickens in the spring? No servant would take the trouble. Her mother wasn't strong. Ralph would not care.

Maybe Mrs Hanson would help. Vera quickened her steps and laughed a little as she did so. Mrs. Hanson would be watching for her at the window. Yes, there she was, her round, fair face puckering into an anxious frown that changed into a wide smile, white teeth flashing, as Vera waved to her from the gate.

"I've got the sixes, joost fine," Mrs. Hanson exclaimed as Vera came in. "I say them over, von time, two —six times seven are forty-two—six times eight are forty-eight—vile I work, joost like that." Mrs. Hanson beamed exultantly.

"That's good." Vera settled herself on one of Mrs. Hanson's painted chairs and gazed fondly about Mrs. Hanson's shining kitchen.

"I get you a cooky vile I talk, vonce." Mrs. Hanson waddled away and back again with a big, brown, scalloped cooky. "Now, I say them."

Vera munched and listened while Mrs. Hanson recited the sixes, read a chapter from a book, told Vera what state she lived in, located its capitol, and bounded it exactly by its several neighboring states.

"After vile, I be a smart lady," she finally giggled.

Vera felt a lump rising in her throat. It was going to be hard to tell Mrs. Hanson, but she had to do it. Mrs. Hanson's face fell when Vera concluded with "I'm sure my mother will be glad to go on with the lessons. There is no reason why you can't be as smart a lady as you wish to be."

"No. No. It not be the same," Mrs. Hanson answered. "Every lesson day, I watch and you come. I show you how mooch I learn. In between, I try hard, joost to make you smile."

Mrs. Hanson was blinking back the tears. "I think it is alvays so. Ve lost vat ve need most." She fumbled about on her sewing machine. "See, I make the little dresses. Now, the little girl you tell me about can go to school." A smile glimmered on her round face. It was like the sun coming out from a summer cloud.

Vera grabbed Mrs. Hanson about her large, comfortable waist and gave her a convulsive hug "You were a dear to do it. I hope you will go to see the Duncan family. They do need help so much. Mrs. Duncan is a wasteful housekeeper. She means well, but she doesnt' know how. You can teach her a great deal. I am glad you made the dresses for Mabel. She was such a ragged child."

Vera walked home slowly. Mrs. Hanson was truly a dear, and so eager to learn and be a "smart lady," among her American-born neighbors. She was eager, too, to help others,

when she knew where to begin. Doubtless she would go to see the Duncans, but Mrs. Hanson was a busy woman at home. Would she go back to the Duncans if there was no one to keep her interested? She would be sure to be disgusted and impatient with Mrs. Duncan's housekeeping, so much so that she might shake her skirts of their doorstep.

At dinner that night, Vera felt unusually tired. Of course she had helped prepare the dinner, but she always did that. Her father joked her abut the new work in the city, and said it would be fine to have her company in the suburban train when she elected to come home for a visit. But Vera thought he was trying to smile.

After dinner, he approached her ttentaively. "Vera, I know you are busy. Miss Thomas comes tomorrow, doesn't she?"

"Yes, tomorrow morning. I'm planning to go back with her. But what is it, Father?"

"I wondered if you would check some statements. I didn't know about your going when I brought them home. They should go out next week. I haven't time to do them, and it's certain I can't afford to hire any extra help. I'm going to miss you, Vera."

Vera gave one look at his tired, patient face. "Of course, Father. I'm glad to do it. And if you can leave them with me in the city, I'll keep on doing them."

Mr. Stanton smiled gratefully, but shook his head. "I'm afraid it's too much out of the way to get to Miss Thomas' place after work. We shall have to learn to depend on ourselves out here."

Vera attacked the statements gravely. They would take her the best part of the evening. She would have to get up early in order to do her packing before Miss Thomas came. Afterwards she would show Miss Thomas around a little; there would be all the neighbors to bid good-bye, and then church on Sunday. Surely it wasn't possible that it would all be for the last time. She mustn't think about it. She must work.

Vera got up at five Saturday morning. It was going to take her so long to pack. She went to her clothes closet and looked at the row of dresses. Her hand reached out to take one down, her blue voile. No she wouldn't need that. The warmest weather was over. No use to take anything she wouldn't need for another year. The brown flannel looked too warm. She wouldn't need that before cold weather. She would be home to visit them before then. She touched one dress after another and rejected them, one by one. At last, she took out a big suitcase. She had decided to pack that with her immediate necessities. She could get the rest of her things later.

But before she was fairly started, a pebble thrown to hit her screen brought her flying to the window to look laughingly down at Ralph. "Oh, what beauties!" she called. "I did not know you were going fishing. I'll be right down."

"I thought we would have them for breakfast," Ralph said proudly as Vera bent over his creel to examine

the three beautiful speckled trout that lay there.

"Of course," Vera agreed. "I'll start the fire while you clean them."

After breakfast there was just time to give the house a hasty going over before she met the train. No time at all for Ralph's box.

Vera blushed when Miss Thomas, tall, stately, and efficient looking, smiled and said, "I suppose you are all ready to go back with me. You can be depended on. That is why I am so anxious to have your help."

Vera looked up bravely. "No, I'm not ready. But it won't take me long. Somehow, it's the hardest thing I ever did. I didn't dream I could get so attached to everything in Gatesville."

They were approaching the house by the flagged walk. Mrs. Stanton stood at the window, watching for them. But Ralph was off the porch and down the steps at first sight of Vera. He didn't wait to greet Miss Thomas, but blurted out, "Vera, Tony's hurt! He cut his foot with the ax and they sent for Doctor Brown. His mother can't look after him and he ought to go to the hospital, but he says he doesn't care what happens to him. Dr. Brown says you can coax him to go."

Vera looked at Ralph in consternation, then, turning to Miss Thomas, apologetically, she said, "Oh, I'll have to go. Tony was chopping wood to buy cedar to make me a chest."

"There, there, child, of course you must go." Miss Thomas was already on the porch and greeting Mrs. Stanton. "When your mother tires of me, I'll entertain myself."

Vera sighed a little song of relief that Miss Thomas was so beautifully understanding, turned and ran back down the street to the little brown cottage where Toney lived with his mother and his father, Anton Bronsky, a fruit peddler.

Dr. Brown, still there, looked up with a frown that smoother itself out as Vera came into the room where Tony lay. It almost hurt her to see Tony's weak smile, to feel the grasp of his moher's hand on her arm. She listened to Dr. Brown's explanation.

"He can't have the proper care here. He must go to the hospital. That was a bad cut, but he will be all right if it is kept from infection."

"Why, Tony," Vera exclaimed, smiling down at the black-haired boy lying on the cot. "Of course you must go. I am—I mean Ralph is counting on you to go fishing with him."

"You going away." Tony's eyes accused her. "I not care any more."

Vera's heart sank. "Yes, I planned to go. But—well, I don't know. Anyway, Tony, you must mind Doctor Brown. I am looking forward to having my cedar chest for Christmas. I'll promise to be here then."

When Vera went home, she had accomplished her purpose, but she had to go with Tony to the hospital, and then see that Tony's mother, who seldom lef home got safely back to the cottage. She felt tired as she went up the flagged walk to the house. Somehow, it was all different than when she had passed this way yesterday morning. The joy of faring forth into a great adventure had left her. And she still had her

packing to do. Her feet dragged.

There, on the porch steps, waiting in the Indian summer twilight, sat Miss Thomas. "Sit down a minute, child," she said. "You look tired. What have you been doing?"

Vera told her, and when her story was over, she added, "I don't know what to do. Tony needs me."

"It seems to me many people here need you," Miss Thomas answered. "Your mother gave me a lovely lunch, but when she had to go back to some household duties, I thought I would stroll around the neighborhood. I stopped and talked to a Mrs. Hanson over her garden gate."

"Oh, dear Mrs. Hanson," Vera laughed. "You mustn't trust her. She's too partial."

"Maybe, but I don't think so. I had heard at lunch what your capable fingers mean to your mother. I heard Ralph fussing about your going away. Mrs. Hanson says she doesn't know who is going to teach her the sevens. She fears she will never be the smart lady she wants to be. She says Doctor Brown calls you his best visiting nurse. And Ralph told me about Tony's parole. Do you know, Vera, I have often wished I had assistants that I could send out to the suburban places. Girls who would do the work you are doing."

Vera's heart skipped a beat. It was as if a weight that had been growing heavier suddenly dropped away. "You mean that you think I should stay here?" she asked.

"That is for you to decide," Miss Thomas replied. "What more could you do in a larger field than you are doing here?"

Vera laughed light-heartedly. "I'm so glad, for I think I had already decided. I can usually do things that need to be done, but the suitacse simply refused to be packed."

So long as faith with freedom reigns
  And loyal hope survives,
And gracious charity remains
  To leaven lowly lives;
While there is one untrodden tract
  For intellect or will,
And men are free to think and act,
  Life is worth living still.

—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mrs. Harris and her group of sewing room boys have been very busy for the past ten days making a supply of nightshirts.

—o—

Our boys will be well protected from the wintry blasts as they go about their daily tasks during the cold weather as new jackets were issued to the entire group this week.

—o—

The cold weather of the past few days damaged our lettuce and other greens somewhat, but we still have a sufficient quantity to supply our tables until a more severe cold wave hits this section.

—o—

John Waddell, of Spencer, who left the institution about eighteen years ago, called on us last Monday. He has been doing a great many things since leaving the School, but is now employed as a painter. John has never settled down to steady employment in any line of work. He is now thirty-four years old and weighs 190 pounds. John is a jolly, easy-going sort of chap who means well but doesn't take life very seriously.

—o—

Miller Carter, formerly of Cottage No. 13, who was paroled about a year ago, visited the School the other day. He is now in the United States Army and is stationed at Fort Bragg, where he has done well, having been advanced to the rank of corporal. He always was a fine physical specimen but makes an unusually fine showing in his uniform. He told of several former Training School boys, also in service and stationed at Fort Bragg, who are making very good records.

—o—

We obtained the following items of interest from our farm manager the other day:

About 250 bushels of fine turnips have been stored away in hills for winter use.

Three hogs, total weight 1,365 pounds, were killed this week and the meat issued to the various cottages.

Our fall sowing, consisting of 150 acres of wheat, oats, and Austrian peas; 15 acres of alfalfa; and 25 acres of crimson clover, has been completed. The earlier part of this planting is already making a good showing.

During the past week our garden forces have transplanted 200,000 onion plants and 25,000 cabbage plants.

—o—

We recently received a letter from Marshall Hollifield, formerly of Cottage No. 2, who is now located at Fort Peck, Montana, in which he states that he is employed on the

largest earth filled dam in the world, now under construction at that place. He says 7,000 men are employed on this project, and that he likes his work very much.

Marshall says that he realizes more and more each day the value of the training he received at the School, and is very grateful for same.

He wished to be remembered to all his friends here and expressed the hope that he might be able to visit us some time next year.

—o—

The Training School football team, playing for the first time and with only two weeks' practice, went to Concord last Friday, where they played the Concord High School second team, which had little trouble defeating our lads by the score of 34 to 0.

The high school lads, all of them experienced players, showed plenty of speed, and kept the ball in our territory most of the time.

While coming out on the short end of the score, the Training School boys looked very promising. There is a lot of good material in the squad and with a little more experience the local eleven should give a good account of itself on the gridiron.

—o—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, boys' work secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., was in charge of the afternoon service at the School last Sunday. The speaker for this service was Rev. Palmer Steele, graduate of Erskine College, now assistant to Rev. C. C. Williams, pastor of Statesville Avenue A. R. P. Church, Charlotte. Rev. Mr. Steele was accompanied by Rev. P. H. Stroupe, pastor of Back Creek A. R. P. Church, located just a few miles from here.

Reading from Revelation 3: 15-22, the speaker took for his text, verse 20, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

In the course of his remarks Rev. Mr. Steele said that it was sad to see a church without God, and sadder still to see people close their hearts to God. He is knocking at the door of our hearts and is wanting to spend His time with us. Christ is constantly seeking admission into our lives. He stands and knocks at each heart time after time. There are many ways in which God comes to us, but the greatest and best way is through His Word—the Bible.

The speaker then told how Sir Walter Scott, when dying said to his son-in-law, "Get the Book and read to me." To be sure which of his many books he desired, the son-in-law inquired, "Which book?" Scott's reply was, "There is but one book, the Bible."

Do we hear God today, asked the speaker? We most assuredly do. Besides reading and hearing God's Word, we see His works of Provience daily. Rev. Mr. Steele then told of the time a would-be assassin attempted to take the life of Theodore Roosevelt. The bullet fired at the former President, struck a case containing his eye-glasses, carried in his vest pocket, causing it to glance in

another direction instead of penetrating the heort. Thus Roosevelt's poor eyesight which had seemed a handicap or burden to him, was a means of saving his life, and he realized that the affliction has proved a blessing in disguise. God is protecting us every day. He is walking along with us. Sometimes we feel we have great burdens to bear, but God knows and gives us strength to bear them.

The speaker then told how on one occasion the parents of a little child were saddened by its death, and they could not be comforted because they did not have God in their hearts. At last they attended a church service and heard a sermon on "God, the Comforter." They heard Jesus knocking for admission into their hearts. They accepted Him, and found peace and joy in their lives.

Instead of having Christ begging to come into our hearts, said the speaker, we should be begging Him to come into ours. He is generous and kind. He could force His way into our hearts, but He wants to persuade and deal gently with us. We cannot be really happy until we give ourselves to Him.

Rev. Mr. Steele then told several stories to drive home the important message. His talk was both helpful and interesting and was greatly appreciated by both boys and members of the School's staff.

DON'T GIVE UP

If you've tried and have not won,
  Never stop for crying;
All that's great and good is done
  Just by patient trying.

Though young birds in flying, fall,
  Still their wings grow stronger;
And the next time they can keep
  Up a little longer.

Though the sturdy oak has known
  Many a blast that bowed her;
She has risen again, and grown
  Loftier and prouder.

If by easy work you beat,
  Who the more will prize you?
Gaining victory from defeat,
  That's the test that tries you.

—Phoebe Cary.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since July 7, 1935.

Week Ending November 24, 1935

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Arthur Boyette 14
William Dillon 13
(6) Alden Jones 14
(3) Hansel Pate 3
(21) Earl Rogers 21
Richard Sullivan 19
(21) Ashley Thompson 21
Vermont Whitley 17

COTTAGE No. 1

Sam Batts 12
Robert Blevins 3
(8) Robert Cashwell 16
(5) William Goodson 18
(21) Millard Owenby 21
Charles Pepper 3
(2) William Pitts 4
Bunn Shoe 3
(6) Eugene Whitt 18
Preston Yarborough 13

COTTAGE No. 2

(3) James Boyce 13
(5) John Capps 8
(2) Frank Cobb 4
(2) Arthur Craft 7
(6) Leland Crosby 6
(3) Warren Godfrey 4
(3) Council Holden 4
(10) Thomas Horton 14
(2) Charles Lewis 5
Oscar Roland 5
(2) John Whitaker 3
(6) Myron Whitman 10
Newland Wilson 4

COTTAGE No. 3

Emerson Barnhill 9
(16) William Barber 17
Barney Caviness 9
Marcellus Gurganus 15
(2) Percy Gurganus 15
Claude Hicks 9
(2) Frank Hutchins 17
Charles Furchess 7
Thomas Reavis 6
Charles Vanhoy 4
(2) Harvey Watson 9
(2) Thomas C. Wilson 7
(8) Porter Willhite 17
(2) D. C. Winston 11
F. M. Younger

COTTAGE No. 4

Lindsay Chavis 7
(2) Roland Davis 6
Clyde Dixon 13
(2) Wayne Fowler 6
(2) William Hill 11
William Justice 14
(2) Thomas Little 13
Jack McRary 15
(2) Robert Penland 11
(7) Richard Sprinkle 13

COTTAGE No. 5

(2) Bert Ferguson 10
William Hare 6
Monroe Keith 6
George Kye 15
David Oldham 2
(4) Louis Tarkington 17
(6) Robert Worthington 14

COTTAGE No. 6

Columbus Hamilton 7
(3) Thomas Hamilton 11
Junius Holleman
Roscoe Honeycutt
Ray Laramore
(2) William Suite 4

COTTAGE No. 7

(2) Archie Castlebury 2
(21) Caleb Hill 21
(7) A. Ray Hudson 13
Ted Hicks 4
R. B. Norton 12
Lewis Parker 10

COTTAGE No. 8

Clyde Bolton 4
(2) Letcher Castlebury 2

George Chambers 11
Harry Flowe 12
James Ferrell 4
Haynes Hewitt 4
Wilfred Land 6
John Maxwell 9
Ernest Owens 12
Norman Pike 3
Ernest Rivenbark 8
Clay Smith

COTTAGE No. 9

Eugene Alexander 2
(3) Alvis Browning 5
(3) Charles Crotts 10
(3) William Craven 6
Woodfin Fowler 11
(2) Pearly Funderburk 16
C. D. Grooms 12
(20) Frank Hall 20
(6) Hoyette Hudson 15
(14) Ben Overby 18
Homer Smith 12

COTTAGE No. 10

(2) Harold Brown 12
Jack Carver 12
Norwood Cockerham 15
(11) J. B. Grooms 11
(2) Lewis Hanna 3
(5) David Kirksey 9
Walter Merritt 3
(3) Marvin Miller 11
(7) James Patterson 14
Charles Pollard 15

COTTAGE No. 11

(4) Charles Bowman 14
(5) Everett Bell 17
(2) Lewis Crawford 19
John Drum 4
(2) Robert Farmer 9
(4) Bennie Holland 18
William Kirk 11
(20) David Hodge 20
(2) Bennie Moore 17
(3) Norman McGee 10
Alton Morgan 4
James Montford 17
Theodore Rector 8
(13) Eldridge Ward 18
(2) Adolph Watson 4

COTTAGE No. 12

(11) Earl Atwood 16
(2) James Douglas 17
(13) Horace Faulkner 18
Bernard Griffin 9
Richard Honyecutt 2
(12) Edward Lockamy 17
June Malone
(5) Glenn O'Quinn 16
(9) Eli Philemon 17
William Stevens 11
(12) Lonnie Sloan 15
(3) Olive Weaver 14

COTTAGE No. 13

(5) Leon Burkhead 13
(3) Linwood Potter 11
(3) Warren Medlin 6
(21) Howard Wilson 21

COTTAGE No. 14

Clarence Ashburn 9
Curtis Coleman
(7) Allen Davis 8
Spurgeon Dowless 4
Hobart Johnson 5
(6) Hubert Jones 14
James Land 4
Stacy Long 7
J. C. Mobley 6
Berry Rogers 2

COTTAGE No. 15

Robert Alexander 16
Earl Chambers 12
(5) John Caddell 15
(3) Montford Glasgow 6
(2) George Hill 9
(3) Glenn Jenkins 6
William Moose 7
Marvin Malcom 7
George McManus 15
Marshall Scoggins 10
(5) Roy Wyrick 16
Frank Wakefield 12
(8) Richard Wilder 10

The emptier the pot, the quicker it boils—so watch your temper.—Exchange.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROO

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 7, 1935 No. 49

LET US BE HELPFUL

Live and let live was the cry of the old,
The cry of the world when the world was cold,
The call of men when they pulled apart,
The call of the world with a chill at its heart.

But live and help live is the cry of the new,
The cry of the world, with the dream shining through;
The call of the Brother-world coming to birth,
The call of the Christ for a Comrade-like earth.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
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MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

QUIET NECESSARY

Mayhap we see no need of doing it. Yet it is the one thing we most need to do—not that we may enjoy the quiet, but that we may return to our work with increased vigor and clearer purpose. So let's use some hour of each day for holy things—whether it be when dawn peers through the window-pane, or when the noon flames like a burnished topaz in the vault, or when the thrush pours in the ear of eve its plaintive melody; some little hour wherein to hold rapt converse with the soul from sordidness and self, a sanctuary swept by the winnowing of unseen wings, and touched by the White Light of Infinity.

—Selected.

A SPLENDID GESTURE

Since the Jackson Training School has been the recipient of many generous deeds of the Stonewall Jackson Circle of King's Daughters, Concord, we feel that we have a perfect right to give a gracious bow through the columns of The Uplift, for the circle in its entirety, for the kinds words of commendation upon the part of Editor William Sherrill of the Concord Tribune.

During the entire time the local circle, with a membership of a hundred of the finest women in the country, was active the former owner of the paper gave a most generous support to the King's Daughters in every way possible.

This tribute is highly appreciated by every King's Daughter who participated in this special piece of work:

The Tribune would make proper salutation to the King's Daughters for their generous offer of $2,200 to the Cabarrus general hospital.

For years members of the organization have been safeguarding their savings for such a project and with the goal in sight at last they come forward with a definite proposal to turn the funds over to the hosptial management as a gesture in behalf of the county's needy.

That's Christianity such as the world needs, practical, helpful, definite.

Better than a thousand high-sounding promises; more soul-satisfying than a hundred lukewarm sermons; more lasting than a year of back-slapping and pretended friendships.

'Hundreds will be touched by this concrete example of the Daughters' interest in their fellow-man, and that's more important in the Master's eyes than the building of huge edifices for matter-of-fact worship or a piety that extends no farther than the church door.

* * * * * * *

A CASE OF PITY

Public sentiment is divided as to the court and jury verdict of 25 years in prison in the case of the young school teacher, Miss Maxwell, of Wise, Virginia, who doubtless in a passion killed her father by striking him with the heel of her shoe because of a severe reprimand for staying out till the small hours of the night.

The father, from reports, was not in a normal condition, therefore, he possibly was too harsh in administering a reprimand. But he was standing within his rights to guide and to protect his daughter as long as she remained under his roof.

The case is too far removed to pass judgment, for there are two sides to every thing even if it is a piece of tissue paper. However, it is a tragic instance any way one looks at it,—let it be self defence or otherwise. This young woman will never remove from her mind the scene of the midnight tragedy. The case, even admitting the young woman is fully matured and quite sophisticated in the ways of the modern age, is not one of pathos alone but one of real pity.

There are some who will say there is nothing wrong about the

midnight rides, that are common at this time. The spirit prevailing is the whole program of pleasure for young people is accepted because we are living in a new age. The things that we were once taught as wrong are now accepted as permissable and correct.

* * * * * * *

HE BUILT HIS MONUMENT

Again death has claimed one of God's noblemen, "Bob" Babington, Gastonia, the moving spirit in the establishment of the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, the only state-owned and state-maintained institution of its kind south of the Mason and Dixon line.

Quite true is the terse statement "we know a tree by its fruits", so in this case the sentiment and spirit of R. B. Babington was exemplified in the erection of this "miracle-house" where the crippled children can be given the best surgical treatment and hospitalization with every hope of recovery.

When once obsessed with the vision of the needs of such a hospital for cripples, giving the indigent child an equal chance with others of means, he never ceased carrying his message to members of the General Assembly.

He began his appeals in 1909 and continued till receiving an appropriation of $25,000 in 1917. Since that date additional appro-

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CHRISTMAS SEAL SALE LIFE-SAVER

Counties and cities have just been assigned their quotas for the Christmas seal sale, an annual event in the national crusade against tuberculosis. Money secured in this simple manner, entailing practically no cost in the collection, goes largely to the relief of local sufferers. In many instances no other funds are available in localities for this purpose than those derived from sale of seals.

We should remember that every seal is working to seal the doom of one of the worst scourges to which flesh is heir. Day by day and year by year the malady that has claimed its millions is retreating farther and farther into oblivion. If the battle continues victory is sure.—Suffolk News-Herald.

SCHOOL BUSES AND DRIVERS

One of the Virginia papers takes note of the fact that near Thomasville, N. C., six persons were hurt when a heavy truck plowed into a school bus filled with fifty school children. The driver was a young fellow only seventeen years of age, and he is also in a hospital for treatment for injuries. The driver may have been a sturdy youth of average ability, and thoroughly qualified, but too young to be entrusted with such a valuable cargo.

From the comments made by the editor of the paper it is evident he does not believe it wisdom to have young boys hold such responsible positions, sitting at the steering wheel of a bus especially when filled with school children. The Virginia editor emphasizes that if that particular machine had been transporting fifty million dollars instead of fifty children the authorities would not have permitted one so young to have operated it.

We are quite confident that no railroad would put a young boy at the throttle of an engine if the train carried fifty passengers. Then why endanger the lives of our school children by having immature and impulsive young people drive the buses, knowing the danger of the highways. In the light of past experiences where fatal accidents have happened, snuffing out the lives of many school children, it is high time that a driver of a school bus should be required to have qualifications the equal of an engineer of any railroad.

Young boys are employed on the theory of economy, but it is sacrificial economy when scores of innocent wards of the state are killed or injured for life. It is high time for the tax payers to demand that responsible, well-seasoned drivers take charge of school buses, and eliminate all immature youths.

* * * * * * *

REPORT APPALLING

A recent survey made of the various correctional institutions in the United States for the past fiscal year shows that more men and women come out of prison every year than are graduated from our colleges and universities! It is a matter of vital importance to

the various communities they return to, whether they come out better or worse than when they went in.

In order to overcome these conditions, there must come a strict follow-up of all prisoners after parolment, and society should feel more kindly to this class,—give them recognition and a kind word at least.

* * * * * * *

CHRISTMAS CHEER FUND

For many years it has been the custom of this institution to give the people locally and throughout the state the privilege of contribuiting to a Christmas fund, specifically used to buy cheer at the yuletide season for our five hundred boys. As usuaal we follow the precedent set by our predecessors this Christmas.

The story in a nut-shell is that a small percentage of our boys receive boxes, but the majority of them come from indigent homes and many have not a soul to look to for any thing—not so much as a Christmas card.

It is understood by the public that there is no provision ade in the budget of the institution for the good things all normal boys enjoy at Christmas. So there is nothing to do but to let the conditions be known feeling sure an adequate fund for Christmas cheer will be made available by friends of the delinquents. The first to give to this fund is:

A Friend, Concord ..... $ 5.00

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

GOOD IN THE MOST OF US

"There is good in the man who is doing,
The best that he can right along;
There is good in the man who is sorry,
For things that he did that were wrong;
And the soul is not dead in the father,
Who brings home a toy to his child;
And the world still has faith in the fellow,
Who met the misfortune and smiled."

—o—

Money doesn't count for the fellow who hasn't any.

—o—

We need never doubt the patience of heaven when we behold the behavior of mankind in general to humanity in general.

—o—

Turn the shield around and be thankful for the things you haven't got, as well as those you do possess. It will give you a better feeling.

—o—

It makes no difference how little, or how much, we have, if we will only quit fretting about our misfortunes and start counting our blessings, most of us will find we have a good deal more to be thankful for than we had any idea.

—o—

They tell me—who "they" is I do not know—that California is such a fast state that century plants there bloom several times a century. And now they are trying to get a Republican candidate for the presidency to blossom out in that state and run a race with the century plant.

—o—

It is announced from Cornell university that chemical material for study and possible elimination of cancer has been discovered. A cancer cure would be most marvelous for man's physical being, but why can't some political science "Doc" discover how to eliminate graft from the "body politic?"

—o—

While Egypt riots, we have given the Philippines the freedom Egypt seeks. That's the difference between strife and peace. Manuel Quezon has recently been inaugurated as the first president of the Philippines. To the islands go our best wishes for a peaceful and successful regime under the new president, and under all the presidents to come.

—o—

Long names are a problem for the copy-readers, in newspaper offices, the men who write the headlines. Roosevelt was soon abbreviated to F. D. R., Hauptmann to Bruno, and now the Ethiopian has been restored to his antique name, Ethiop. Give the copy-readers a little more time and they may cheerfully cut the name down to Eth.

—o—

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!" The Atlantic ocean is deep, wide, and forbidding, and we

should be glad that so many miles of turbulent sea divides us from the present scenes of conflict in Africa. Yet mingled with our gratitude for the dividing ocean must be the cynical knowledge that the same breath of water was unable to keep us out of the last re-enactment of Armageddon.

—o—

Admittedly, our commerce is not yet being interfered with as it was during the World War, and we therefore have less to fear than we had at that time, Uncle Sam's proclamation of neutrality, if strictly adhered to, will insure our avoidance of hostilities. Secretary of State Hull warns industry that the administration disapproved export of copper, oil, steel, and scrap iron to the belligerents. This is decidedly a step in the right direction, evincing some co-operation plication of sanction.

—o—

There is no sure, concrete road to success. Improve on your education by thought and study. Keep up with the world. Make up your mind that if you want to win you must work, not occasionally, but till the end of your life. Don't be envious of another person's success. Don't think that the world is against you merely because somebody happens to get something you want. The job ahead of you isn't so difficult as you probably imagine. Other men have won their way. So can you, if you put your mind on it—and determine to do so.

—o—

A word of comfort is appreciated by a great many people. And there are many people in this world today who need all the comfort they can get. Some people are cruelly childish. Sorrow leads them to chide God and try to make others as miserable as they feel. They bruise themselves and hurt their fellows. Other evidence the childlike characteristics which the Master taught. While they do not minimize the depth and poignancy of their suffering, they trust the Father's love and ask Him for strength to carry them through. Their chief desire is to alleviate the sorrow and hardships of others and they are a benediction to their generation.

—o—

Taxation; You hear the word in ordinary conversation, in political speeches, newspapers and financial journals, on the streets, in congress and the legislatures, but the latest word on the Shylock function is from Hollywood, believe it or not. Our amiable English actor, Leslie Howard, says the thing most wrong about taxes is that they worry and bother one. He has a solution, too. Planning to give the government half of his salary, he asks only that he be relieved from all further taxation, since their half would cover federal and state income, personal and real property, gas and sales slices from the wallet. "Let the government worry, allow their agents to be accountable for mistakes," says Howard in presenting his plan for Taxopia.

—o—

Earth is the loser and Heaven the gainer, when in Raleigh, on the afternoon of November 25th, Miss Eliza Anne Pool, 86, heard the rustling wings of those angels of light, that

usher in the eternal morning, and her senses were electrified with the flashings of immortal splendor, and thrilled with the symphonies of entrancing raptures. A life well-spent gloriously entered the golden gate of Heaven. For forty-five years she gave her life to teaching the youth of Raleigh. Hers was a wonderful career for knowledge and how to impart it. She was one of the foremost teachers of the State. As a resident of Oxford, her ancestral home, back in the '70's she was one of my ardent friends in Oxford Torchlight, and gave me great forrd Torchlight, and gave me great inspiration in her timely suggestions, brilliant humor and spontaneous wit. I deeply morn her departure. She had not an unkind thought. Her heart held no bitterness. The noble traits of her character called forth the truest and deepest admiration. I can pay her memory no higher tribute than the testimony that she was a godly, lovely-charactered, Christian woman. Devoted as she was brave, noble as she was generous, true as she was ambitious, kind as she was determined, she enjoyed the smiles of all and a popularity seldom won. Generations will call her blessed. Peaceful and joyous be her eternal rest;

LOOKING PLEASANT

We cannot, of course, all be handsome,
And its hard for us all to be good;
We are sure now and then to be lonely,
And we don't always do as we should.

To be patient is not always easy,
To be cheerful is much harder still;
But at least we can always be pleasant
If we make up our minds that we will.

And it pays every time to be kindly,
Although you feel worried and blue;
If you smile at the world and look cheerful,
The world will smile back at you.

So try to brace up and look pleasant,
No matter how low you are down;
Good humor is always contagious,
But you banish your firends when you frown.

—Selected.

WILL ROGERS LIVES ON IN AMERICA'S HEART

By Edith Lindeman

With the release of the latest Will Rogers' photoplay, tht thoughts of America have turned once more toward the memory of that most beloved of Americans. All over the country typewriters are clicking out yarns and anecdotes about him. In every city and hamlet contributions are pouring in to form a Will Rogers Memorial Fund. In the heart of every man, woman and child burns a sense of personal loss.

The life story of Will Rogers has been told and retold. Almost every phase of his activity has been combed to find some new little act of kindness, some bit of dry humor, some fine philanthropy hitherto unheard of. And the material from which to draw has been boundless, for Rogers was widely known in practically every field of entertainment, in political circles, in sports, in international relationship.

It is doubtful if there was in the entire world a man so well known, yet so beloved. Mussolini and Ghandi and Hitler may be in big black letters in the headlines of the newspapers of the earth, but the name of Will Rogers is engraved in shining letters on the consciousness of every land.

He was born November 4, 1879. The day was a Tuesday, and election day. Superstitious folk have a habit of believing that the date of his birth was a forecast of the friendship that later existed between Will Rogers and most of the politically important men. Be that as it may, he was friend of President and bootblack as well. He poked good-natured fun at every man in a place of prominence. When visiting Egypt, he convulsed his readers by reporting, "I didn't stop off to see this here Sphinx. I had just seen Calvin Coolidge, anyway."

He was educated in the Willie Hassel School at Neosho, Mo., and later at the Kemper Military Academy at Booneville, Mo. His mother wanted him to become a Methodist minister but at the tender age of 8, he announced that he knew he'd never amount to anything. "It's because of my pony and my roping," explained the small Will. "My pony is so good and I like to do rope tricks so well, that I don't have any time for studying. I guess I'll never be famous."

In those days he was known as "Rabbit" Rogers, because he could run so fast and his ears stuck out so far. He literally grew up on horseback. He won a riding contest when he was 14, and became a cow puncher three years later.

He married in 1908, several years after he had worked his way through the wild West show route to featured spots in big time vaudeville and Ziegfeld's Follies. It was while he was with this latter show that he first introduced a line of patter with his rope and pony act. He changed his lines every night to conform with

whatever he had read in the papers during the day. His popularity, ever on the increase, took a tremendous leap to put him among the headliners of all times.

His three children, Will Jr., Mary and Jimmy, brought him untold happiness. Never trading on their father's fame, they learned to stand on their own merits. They liked the same sort of things that he did. Indeed, Will Rogers taught them all how to play polo, his favorite sport, and declared that the family had the makings of a good all-Rogers polo team, until Mary grew up and got interested in a movie career.

Stage and screen and radio were enriched by his humor. He wrote books,—a dozen or more; he did a daily column for more than 200 newspapers. He went on good will tours for the United States, and in 1931 was seriously mentioned as a candidate for President. But he laughed off the suggestion by saying:

> "A comedian can only last till he takes himself serious, or his audience takes him serious, and I don't want either one of those to happen to me till I'm dead (if then) so lets stop all this foolishness right now."

That remark seemed a bit significant today. If Will Rogers could communicate his wishes to a mourning nation, doubtless he would ask them to remember the fun they have had from his life among them, rather than the grief they have felt at his passing.

He always denied that he was an actor. "I'm not smart enough to act," he would say. "If they can find a role that's sort of like me, I'm all right. Otherwise I'm punk."

His employers at the studio never bothered to write dialog for his scenes. They just gave him the general idea of what it was all about, supplied certain cues as an accommodation for the others in the cast, and let Rogers do the rest. He always said just what seemed to be the right line at the right time, and there never was a complaint.

All the motion picture directors were his bosom friends, and the four he liked best were John Ford, David Butler, Henry King and George Marshall. Every picture has a "shooting schedule,"—an estimated time for production. To turn in a film under the deadline is a director's dream. Rogers use to prod himself to finish ahead of the scheduled time, thus bringing honor to the men responsible for his films. However, he had one objection to this plan.

"Whenever I do a picture under the limit," he said, "stage hands and mechanics and other helpers are deprived of the difference in days' work."

So Mr. Rogers, to appease his conscience on all sides, would dig into his bank roll, and pay off all the technical crew to the extent of what they would have earned had the picture gone the full time.

His studio prepared a grand place for him to occupy on the lot. It was a dressing room bungalow de luxe, an adobe hut surrounded by a fine cactus garden, equipped with electric kitchen and filled with Indian and Western trophies. Will thanked them, said the place was swell,—and never

went back until former President and Mrs. Coolidge came to call. Then he had the place dusted off, and ushered them in with great pomp, grinning as he explained that, "They had to set somewheres, didn't they?"

For the most part, he used the rumble seat of his car for a makeup table, and kept his makeup in a battered kit. When he had a chance to rest between scenes, he'd never retire to his bungalow, but would hitch his spectacles on the end of his nose, scrooge down in a convenient chair, and pretend to be reading a newspaper. Then he'd doze off a bit, and pop up, refreshed, for his next call.

His life was full of smiles, fame and friends. It was his boast that he had "never met anyone he didn't like." And it is safe to say that anyone fortunate enough to meet him, fell in love with the man at once. He could adapt himself to any condition, talk the language of any person who happened to be his companion of the moment. Will and Shirley Temple were great pals, They would sit on the studio curbstone and converse at length, not shop talk, and not politics or polo, and definitely not baby talk. But little-girl talk,—the sort that Shirley could understand and giggle over. She called him Uncle Will, and he was her best buddy. It is not odd that Will Rogers was the only actor that she was allowed to become chummy with, since every effort has been made to preserve her childish ways, and keep her from acquiring a professional attitude and sophistication.

It is of interest to Virginians to know that they have an intimate link in the life of the world's greatest humorist, more than one link for that matter. It was a Richmond woman who gave him the rudiments of reading, writing and arithmetic. She was Miss Anna Starke, and it was she who tutored him in the little school house in Neosho, Mo.

Years later Will Rogers became interested in aviation, an occupation that soon became his hobby. It was while one one of his frequent visits to Richmond that he met the then unknown Roscoe Turner who invited the humorist to fly with him.

"It was my privilege," said the flyer, "to start Will Rogers flying, back in Richmond, Va., in 1926. I have flown with him many times since."

From then on, Rogers never motored or went any place by train when there was a plane available. "Yes, flying is dangerous," he was often quoted as saying, "but man will overcome its dangers. When my time comes to die, I want it to be in a plane."

Will Rogers loved life, but he was not afraid of death. He had a very real conviction of the reality of after-life.

It is every man's business to know his business, and if he doesn't know his business, he has no business to be in business.—Selected.

CARELESS DRIVERS COURTING DEATH

By J. C. Furnas

The automobile is treacherous, just as a cat is. It is tragically difficult to realize that it can become the deadliest missile. As enthusiasts tell you, it makes 65 feel like nothing at all. But 65 an hour is 100 feet a second, a speed which puts a viciously unjustified responsibility on brakes and human reflexes, and can instantly turn this docile luxury into a mad bull elephant.

Collision, turnover or sideswipe, each type of accident produces either a shattering dead stop or a crashing change of direction—and, since the occupant—meaning you—continues in the old direction at the original speed, every surface and agle of the car's interior immediately becomes a battering, tearing projectile, aimed squarely at you—inescapable. There is no bracing yourself against these imperative laws of momentum.

It's like going over Nagara Falls in a steel barrel full of railroad spikes. The best thing that can happen to you—and one of the rarest things—is to be thrown out as the doors spring open, so you have only the ground to reckon with. True, you strike with as much force as if you had been thrown from the Twentieth Century at top speed. But at least you are spared the lehal array of gleaming metal knobs and edges and glass inside the car.

Anything can happen in that split second of crash, even those lucky escapes you hear about. People have dived through windshields and come out with only superficial scratches. They have run cars together head on, reducing both to twisted junk, and been found unhurt and arguing bitterly two minutes afterward. But death was there just the same—he was only exercising his privilege of being erratic. This spring a wrecking crew pried the door off a car which had been overtured down an embankment and out stepped the driver with only a scratch on his cheek. But his mother was still inside, a splinter of wood from the top driven four inches into her brain as a result of son's taking a greasy curve a little too fast. No blood—no horribly twisted bones—just a gray-haired corpse still clutching her pocketbook in her lap as she had clutched it when she felt the car leave the road.

On that same curve a month later, a light touring car crashed a tree. In the middle of the front seat they found a nine-months-old baby surrounded by broken glass and yet absolutely unhurt. A fine practical joke on death—but spoiled by the baby's parents, still sitting on each side of him, instantly killed by shattering their skulls on the dashboard.

If you customarily pass without clear vision a long way ahead, make sure that every member of the party carries identification papers—it's difcult to identify a body with its whole face bashed in or torn off. The driver is death's favorite target. If the steering wheel holds together it ruptures his liver or splen so he bleeds to death internally. Or, if the steer-

ing wheel breaks off, the matter is settled instantly by the steering column's plunging through his abdomen.

By no means do all head-on collisions occur on curves. The modern death-trap is likely to be a straight stretch with three lanes of traffic—like the notorious Astor Flats on the Albany Post Road where there have as many as 27 fatalities in one summer month. This sudden vision of broad, straight road tempts many an ordinarily sensible driver into passing the man ahead. Simultaneously a driver coming the other way swings out at high speed. At the last moment each tries to get into line again, but the gaps are closed. As the cars in line are forced into the ditch to capsize or crash fences, the passers meet, almost head on, in a swirling, grinding smash that sends them caroming obliquely into the others.

A trooper described such an accident—five cars in one mess, seven killed on the spot, two more dead in the long run. He remembered it far more vividly than he wanted to—the quick way the doctor turned away from a dead man to check up on a woman with a broken back; the three bodies out of the car so soaked with oil from the crank-case that they looked like wet brown cigars and not human at all; a man, walking around and babbling to himself, oblivious of the dead and dying, even oblivious of the dagger-like sliver of steel that stuck out of his streaming wrist; a pretty girl with her forehead laid open, trying hopelessly to crawl out of a ditch in spite of her smashed hip. A firstclass massacre of that sort is only a question of scale and numbers—seven corpses are no deader than one. Each shattered man, woman or child who went to make up the 36,000 corpses chalked up last year had to die a personal death.

A car careening and rolling down a bank, battering and smashing its occupants every inch of the way, can wrap itself so thoroughly around a tree that front and rear bumpers interlock, requiring an acetylene torch to cut them apart. In a recent case of that sort they found the old lady, who had been sitting in back, lying across the lap of her daughter, who was in front, each soaked in her own and the other's blood indistinguishably, each so shattered and broken that there was no point whatever in an autopsy to determine whether it was broken neck or ruptured heart that caused death.

Overturning cars specialize in certain injuries. Cracked pelvis, for nstance, guaranteeing agonizing months in bed, motionless, perhaps crippled for life—broken spine resulting from sheer sidewise twist—the minor details of smashed knees and splintered shoulder blades caused by crashing into the side of the car as she goes over with the swirl of an insane roller coaster—and the lethal consequences of broken ribs, which puncture hearts and lungs with their raw ends. The consequent internal hemorrhage is no less dangerous beecause it is the pleural instead of the abdominal cavity that is filling with blood.

Flying glass—safety glass is by no means universal yet—contributes much more than its share to the spectacular side of accidents. It doesn't merely cut—the fragmennts are driven in as if a cannon loaded with broken

bottles had been fired in your face, and a sliver in the eye, traveling with such force, means certain blindness. A leg or arm stuck through the windshield will cut clean to the bone through vein, artery and muscle like a piece of beef under the butcher's knife, and takes little time to lose a fatal amount of blood under such circumstances. Even safety glass may not be wholly safe when the car crashes something at high speed. You hear picturesque tales of how a flying human body will make a neat hole in the stuff with its head—the shoulders stick—the glass holds—and the raw, keen edge of the hole decapitates the body as a guillotine.

Or, to continue with the decapitation motif, going off the road into a post-and-rail fence can put you beyond worrying about other injuries immediately when a rail comes through the winshield and tears off your head with its splintery end—not as neat a job but thoroughly efficient. Bodies are often found with their shoes off and their feet all broken out of shape. The shoes are back on the floor of the car, empty and with their laces still neatly tied. That is the kind of impact produced by modern speeds.

But all that is routine in every American community. To be remembered individually by doctors and policemen, you have to do something as grotesque as the lady who burst the windshied with her head, splashing splinters all over the other occupants of the car, and then, as the car rolled over, rolled with it down the edge of the windshield frame and cut her throat from ear to ear. Or park on the pavement too near a curve at night and stand in front of the tail light as you take off the spare tire—which will immortalize you in somebody's memory as the fellow who was mashed three feet broad and two inches thick by the impact of a heavy duty truck against the rear of his own car. Or be as original as the pair of youths who were thrown out of an open roadster this spring—thrown clear—but each broke a windshield post with his head in passing and the whole top of each skull, down to the eyebrows, was missing. Or snap off a nine-inch tree and get yourself impaled by a ragged branch.

None of all that is scare-fiction; it is just the horrible raw material of the year's statistics as seen in the ordinary course of duty by policemen and doctors, picked at random. The suprising thing is that there is so little dissimilarity in the stories they tell.

It's hard to find a surviving accident victim who can bear to talk. After you come to, the gnawing, searing pain throughout your body is accounted for by learning that you have both collar bones smashed, both shoulder blades splintered, your right arm broken in three places and three ribs cracked, with every chance of bad internal ruptures. But the pain can't distract you, as the shock begins to wear off, from realizing that you are probably on your way out. You can't forget that, not even when they shift you from he ground to the stretcher and your broken ribs bite into your lungs and the sharp ends of your collarbones slide over to stab deep into each side of your scream-

ing throat. When you've stopped screaming, it all comes back—you're dying and you hate yourself for it. That isn't fiction either. It's what it acutally feels like to be one of that 36,000.

And every time you pass on a blind curve, every time you hit it up on a slippery road, every time you step on it harder than your reflexes will safely take, every time you drive with your reactions slowed down by a drink or two, every time you follow the man ahead too closely you're gambling a few seconds against this kind of blood agony and sudden death.

Take at look at yourself as the man in the white jacket shakes his head over you, and tells the boys with the stretcher not to bother and turns away to somebody else who isn't quite dead yet. And then take it easy.

THANKS FOR EVERYTHING

For all that God in mercy sends;
For health and children, home and friends,
For comfort in the time of need,
For every kindly word and deed,
For happy thoughts and holy talk,
For guidance in our daily walk,
For everything give thanks!

For beauty in this world of ours,
For verdant grass and lovely flowers,
For song of birds, for hum of bees,
For refreshing summer breeze,
For hill and plain, for streams and wood,
For the great ocean's mighty flood,
For everything give thanks!

For the sweet sleep which comes with night,
For the returning morning's light,
For the bright sun that shines on high,
For the stars glittering in the sky,
For these and everything we see,
O Lord, our hearts we lift to thee.
For everything give thanks!

—Helen Isabella Tupper.

AT DANGER REEF LIGHTSHIP

By Hope Daring

It was not until the end of Rolf Hunter's first fortnight as assistant keeper on the Danger Reef Lightship that his chief "Keeper Phil" Smith, asked, "How did it come my good luck to draw you, lad? I thought, once you had that year's training in a Detroit business college, you were sure of a place on the city's *Journal*."

The two were below at dinner. Jimsie, the negro cook, had placed the little table just below a high window. Rolf pushed back his plate, to look up to where, far across the water, a misty horizon line joined the blue of lake and sky.

"I thought so, too, Keeper Phil, but someone I counted a friend cheated me out of the place as the editor's stenographer. The *Journal* played fair. I could have gone on as a cub reporter and maybe lived on what I earned, but I had to have money for Lee, so I applied for this position."

"Eh? Your brother? He's had hard luck."

"He's a prince. Lee loaned me money to finish my course at business school. It was his savings, and when, the week after I finished, little Rosemary had to go to the hospital, I felt I must get busy at something that would pay Lee back. I couldn't wait to hunt up an office position but was glad to come out in the middle of the lake with you."

"I'm glad, too. The other will work out. Me and my wife was mighty proud, remembering your folks, when we read your historical stories in the *Journal's* Sunday paper. Rolf, you can keep on that work a bit out here. You planned the business training to help you earn money to fit you for real newspaper work. Now let's share the last piece of Jimsie's good lemon pie between us."

A little later Rolf was at work, coiling and putting away some ropes. As he worked, his mind went back to that morning, three weeks before, when he entered the *Journal* office, to be asked by the city editor, in the absence of Mitchell, the "Chief."

"Why, what do you mean, Hunter? Your roommate at business college came in a few days ago and said, as you had another job, you'd turned this one over to him. The Chief didn't like it any too well, but—"

"My roommate? Why, he—"

"None of us are in love with the cub, but he sure can rattle the typewriter keys. Sorry, Rolf, so long."

Rolf had gone out on the street, wild with rage. How could Jack Farley, his chum, his friend, tell such a lie? "I hate him! Some day I'll—What is it, Keeper Phil?"

"Supply boat coming. Cap'n Harris' first visit to us. He'll be our sole touch with the mainland, save as the fish and pleasure boats pay us an occasional visit."

Rolf watched the approach of the motor boat. The staunch lightship was securely anchored, out thirty miles from shore, its lights to warn passing ships of the cruel, jagged rocks of Danger Reef. There the two keepers would remain from the

cpening of navigation—that year in April—until its close, usually in December.

When the supply boat came along side, Captain Harris and his young helper clambered up on deck. The old main said, "Well, Phil, you and me sure drawed two fine ones. These are two of the best fellers in little old St. Denis? Eh? Why, don't you boys know each other?"

Rolf had drawn back; he was looking straight into the eyes of Jack Farley. There was a brief, tense silence. Then Rolf turned his back on the other even as Keeper Phil repeated the captain's question.

"Why, don't you lads know each other?"

"I know Farley by sight. Shall I rig the sling, Keeper Phil, to draw up the boxes?"

"Everybody in St. Denis knows everybody else in a way," Jack said, preparing to swing himself back into the supply boat.

The two older men eyed each other questioningly, but nothing more was said about the matter. Both men knew that, since early boyhood, the two had been fast friends, and that at business school they had been roommates.

The boat lingered a little after its cargo had been transferred to the lightship. Jimsie brewed a pot of coffee and brought up a heaping plate of the doughnuts he had fried that morning. When the supply boat was growing small in the distance, the keeper turned to Rolf with a look so questioning that the young man said:

"I hate him! He's my enemy!"

"Be careful, lad. Anger is a fearful thing. Besides all the Old Testament teachings about it, Matthew records Christ as bidding those who have anything against a brother as going to him, to seek reconciliation, before giving the sacrifice of service. And you are pledged to the Lord's service. Now let's get this stuff below, and then there will be our mail and the papers."

The days of spring merged into those of summer. Rolf had thought the days on the lightship would drag. In a strange way the old keeper taught him of the beauty and companionship of the far-reaching lake in its varying moods. Then there was the sky, mellow with the daffodil tints of sunrise, blazing with noon-day splendor, radiant with sunset's glory, or with its velvety blackness set with myriads of twinkling stars. The winds came also to be a vital part of his life. From the keeper he learned what their direction meant to the lake. One day he repeated to Smith Longfellow's version of the winds of that region.

The keeper chuckled. " 'Shawondasee, fat and lazy.' That's not the way I know the south wind. A little later, though, as you say, we will see the smoke from his pipe filling 'the sky with haze.' I say, Rolf?"

"Yes, Keeper Phil. Really I don't see how you have kept from writing stories of the lakes all these years."

"Me? Didn't know 'nough. And, as the good Lord never sent us a son, I reckon I've been waiting for you. Try it, lad. Already you've come to sense what the lights mean and the ships that pass us day and night, in safety because warned off Danger

Reef with its years-ago record of good ships broken and men sent to their death."

So it came about that Rolf sent out, copied on his portable typewriter, stories of the lakes. First was the story of the winds, then came the history of Danger Reef and its past. From the lightship there was still visible the remnant of a great lumber carrier, pounded to pieces years before. The *Journal,* the leading paper of the city nearest Rolf's village home, syndicated these, and they appeared in the Detroit, Cleveland, and Buffalo papers over the young author's signature. The *Journal* promised to take a half dozen stories of the storms of the past and the boats wrecked by them. For these last there had to be more accurate data than Phil Smith's recollections. From the state library, through the help of a librarian friend, there came to Rolf a box of books containing all the information needed.

There was the fortnightly visit of the supply boat, to thrill Rolf with sudden anger. No word ever passed between the two young men, although often their hands, working together, lifted a heavy box to the lightship's deck. Rolf wondered how Jack had come so soon to lose the position he had won so dishonorably, but he made no inquiry of anyone.

Of course there were days when Rolf was conscious of a great loneliness. There was never a day but a boat came in sight, but usually, in the daytime, they passed with only an exchange of signals. While the work did not crowd the two keepers, there was one point that both measured life by; never must the lights fail. They were gone over daily, and the lightship was kept clean and neat.

It was in late September, and the lake winds were beginning to blow with increasing force, when one morning a party out for a day's pleasure asked permission to come aboard the lightship. This was readily granted by the keeper.

"Not much to show you, ladies and gentlemen. But we are so much alone that company is mighty welcome."

Rolf was suprised and pleased to find one of the *Journal* men among the members of the party. Carl Leonard was the sporting editor, and he greeted Rolf with enthusiasm.

"That article on old Danger Reef was sure a good one; 'twas what brought us out here. At the office we were all sorry not to have you with us as the Chief's stenographer, but Mitchell says he must have you when you are through here. He's going to make a feature writer of you. That Ernest Gray you sent to take your place was sure a slum. He lasted just four weeks."

"Ernest Gray? He is a St. Denis fellow. But what do you mean by my sending him to take my place?"

"Sure you did. He turned up, saying he had been your roommate at business college, and, as you had foud something better, you had sent him to the *Journal.* It came near disrupting the office—his fool ways, I mean. When he left, the Chief threatened to kick him down the stairs." Then, after a minute's pause, Leonard asked, "What is it Rolf?"

That youg man looked off across

the lake to where, low down on the western horizon, a low bank of threatening gray clouds lay. He asked himself what it all meant. Jack had ever gone to the *Journal* office. Probably uable to find a desirable position he had gone on the supply boat. "I've been misjudging Jack. But why, when we had always been friends, did he turn his back upon me?"

By that time Leonard's friends were calling him. If they were to reach Cedar Inn in time for lunch they must be off. Rolf had only time to say that Ernest Gray had never been his roommate, and that he had never sent the fellow to the *Journal* office.

That was the day of the supply boat's visit. After the guests were gone, Jimsie soon served dinner. When the two keepers rose from the table both the supply boat and one of the sudden storms of that season were near at hand.

"And the storm is going to be a bouncing blow," Keeper Phil declared.

There was great haste in getting the motor boat's cargo on board the lightship. Then the stout boat was securely fastened to the rude wharf that was built against the rocks not far from the ship.

While they were working together Rolf found an opportunity to pour out to Jack the story of Ernest Gray's deceit. At first that young man declared he did not care to listen, but Rolf hurried on. Suddenly Jack understood.

"He stole your promised job by telling them he had been your roommate, and made you think that I did it? The rascal! Rolf, I thought I could never speak to you again, but if Ernest Gray did that, it may be he sent the typewritten note I received, telling me—"

"Step lively there, boys! No time for talking," Captain Harris called.

"What was the note?" Rolf demanded, even as he hurried his movements."

"I can give it to you, word for word. 'I never want to see your face or hear your voice, I despise you.' And your name was signed to it. He did it, to cover his tracks, Rolf. And I have a job, as secretary to one of the men in the county court house, beginning next month."

"Jack, didn't you know I'd not say a thing like that?"

"Didn't you know I'd not do a thing like you thought I had done?"

For a single moment they paused in their frenzied haste, to clasp hands. Then Rolf said:

"It's all right, all right. But Ernest? Wish I had a chance to pay him off. Here Keeper Phil, let me lift that."

Before they had all the stuff below, the storm broke. The wind came with terrific force, headed straight for Danger Reef. With it came a heavy downpour of rain. It was ten minutes before a gust of wind tore asunder the heavy curtain of the rainfall. The old keeper cried:

"There's a boat in trouble. See! What can—"

He broke off abruptly, to flash on the many lights all over the ship. The two younger men leaned over the railing, straining their eyes, to watch the light little craft that was sweep-

ing straight to destruction.

"It's a sailboat," Rolf leaned back, to report to the others. "The wind has blown the sail to tatters. There are two men, and I am sure there is something wrong with the rudder; the boat is drifting. Ah!"

The five men were all crowded against the rail. While the wind had icreased, the rainfall had lessened, and they all saw the little craft go over. All on the lightship knew it would be useless to attempt to take out a boat. Instantly the two younger men donned life-preservers. Each with a coil of rope attached to his arm prepared to slip over the side of the lightship. Keeper Phil cried:

"Wait a second. See! One is swimming and letting himself drift to us. That's right, Cap'n Harris," as that man dropped overboard a life-preserver to which a long rope was attached. "We can bring him in. No, the other's not gone down; he's tangled in the sail and the overturned boat, keeping his head above water. Quick, lads, before he's beaten to death against the rocks."

Before he had finished speaking the two youg men were overboard. Having lived all their lives on the lake's shore they knew what precautions to take to safeguard themselves as well as to rescue the unfortunate man who was struggling and crying for help.

Swimming under the great breakers they were soon at the side of the dismantled boat. Rolf sent a glance backward, to see, through the air that was cleared of falling rain, that the other man was being helped on board the lightship. It was a hard struggle to free the man from the mass of wreckage. He was wild with fear, trying to get a firm hold upon his rescuers. At last, in desperation, Rolf hit him a blow that caused him to drop back, unconscious.

" 'Tis the only way," Rolf said to himself. "Now it will be easy to tow him in. He is—What irony of fate brought him here, to put his life in Jack's hands and mine."

At last the unconscious man was safely on board the lightship. His two rescuers made their way, hand over hand, up one of the cables let down the side of the craft. Once safe on deck they dropped down, utterly exhausted. After a minute Rolf put out his hand, to touch Jack's arm.

"It's Ernest Gray. I—I am glad we could do it. Somehow the waves washed away my hatred for him. But to have his ideal of life! Yes, I'm glad."

"So am I, but I wish I could have given him that blow that knocked him out. How do you suppose he will feel when he knows who saved him?"

MORAL COURAGE

Moral courage is obeying one's conscience and doing what one believes to be right, in face of a hostile majority; and moral cowardice is stifling one's conscience, and doing what is less than right in order to win other people's favor.

—Dr. John Watson.

EVER HAVE A FIRE?

(The Monroe Enquirer)

Have you ever had a serious fire on your property? The chances are that you haven't—and you are lucky.

But the fact that you haven't suffered directly from fire loss shouldn't give you a false sense of security. A fire, like anything else, has to happen a first time. And the property-owner who disregards warnings concerning fire hazards, thinking that such matters may affect others but not him, is all set for that "first time."

Unless your home is different from the average, it contains a long list of fire hazards. Remember that old furniture, those ancient magazines and clothes you've been putting in the attic little by little for many years? They offer a constant invitation to fire, no less than the nest of a real pack-rat. And the accumulations of greasy rags or refuse in the basement or garage—what more could the force of spontaneous combustion want to get in its work? And those electrical repairs you made yourself, in order to save the few dollars an expert electrician would have charged to do the job properly—perhaps you dont know that electrical hazards are one of the most prolific sources of fire. And that heating plant that is going full blast these first days of winter—unless it has been recently inspected and overhauled, it is one of the fire demon's best allies.

Almost every fire hazard can be eliminated—furthermore, it can be eliminated quickly, easily and cheaply. Some of the most dangerous hazards, such as improperly-stored inflammables and piles of rubbish, can be done away with entirely without cost. Doing that may save lives and irreplaceable property—is it worth the little work that is involved?

Once, by the mercy of God, a truth is born into the world, it can never be expelled. Nor can it be defeated. All who see it are thereafter conscripts in its service. We must have faith in truths, in ideas, in the finer forces that work quietly, as seeds grow, and never tire, never sleep. At the same time, we must use all means within our power to realize our ideals in practical life.—Dr. Joseph Fort Newton.

INSTITUTION NOTES

For several days past the boys on the farm forces have been busily engaged in baling hay and plowing..

—o—

With the continued cold weather, the hog-killing goes on each week. Three hogs, with a combined weight of 1,580 pounds, were killed this week. The largest weighed more than 700 pounds, dressed. As the result of this activity our boys are pretty well supplied with fresh sausage and other delicacies.

—o—

Robert H. Jernigan, one of our old boys, who was paroled August 16, 1933, called on friends at the School last Thursday. Robert enlisted in the United States Army just a few days after being paroled and was assigned to the 36th Field Artillery, Headquarters Battery, Fort Bragg, where he has been making a fine record. While at the School Robert was in Cottage No. 6 and was a member of the shoe shop force. We were glad to see him and to learn that he has been doing so well since leaving us.

—o—

Robert H. Kermon, 408 Botetourt St., Norfolk, Va., who was paroled eight years ago, called on friends at the School last Wednesday.

Since leaving us Robert has served a four-year enlistment in the United States Marine Corps, spending twenty-two months in Port Au Prince, Haiti, and made a good record while in this service. At the present time he is driving a transfer truck, making several trips between Norfolk and Charlotte each week. He has been engaged in this work about one and one-half years.

Robert, who is now a husky looking chap, 24 years old and weighing 225 pounds, seemed delighted to renew old acquaintances at the School, and had nothing but praise for the institution and the training he received while here.

—o—

Mr. Carl Goerch, editor of the "State," a magazine published in Raleigh, called at the School last Wednesday. He was on his way to attend the weekly meeting of the Rotary Club, Concord.

While his visit was very brief, Mr. Goerch took time to make a cursory survey of some of the departments here, visiting one of the cottages, the school building and printing office.

Many of the folks at the School read Mr. Goerch's fine magazine and thoroughly enjoy his feature articles and stories, also the practical jokes he is so fond of playing on people.

We were glad to see Mr. Goerch and learn to know him in person as well as through his literary efforts. It was a pleasure to have had him with us, and we wish to assure him that we would greatly appreciate a longer visit in the near future.

George Downes, formerly of Cottage No. 2, who was allowed to return to his home a little more than three years ago, recently wrote his brother, William, now at this institution.

The letter was post-marked "Liverpool, England," and in it George stated that he now holds a position as cook on a steamship, where he earns $85.00 per month and board.

While at the School, George was employed as house boy, and by the manner in which he responded to training in the cottage kitchen, we are of the opinion that he has developed into a pretty good cook.

In this letter George states that he will never be able to sufficiently thank the members of the staff who had any part in the training he received here. He also urges his brother to take advantages of the opportunities here so that he may live a clean life and develop into an upright citizen upon returning to his home.

We were very glad to hear from George and to learn that he is getting along so well.

—o—

THANKSGIVING DAY

Thanksgiving Day was fittingly observed here last Thursday, and at its clost another day of happiness for the boys of the Jackson Training School went into the records.

At eight o'clock in the morning the cottage lines assembled near the Cannon Memorial Building. Special groups of boys were detailed to attend to the necessary chores about the place while the rest returned to their respective cottages, there to listen to the radio, read favorite books or indulge in some form of indoor amusement.

As the cottage lines assembled we were greeted by Coach Woodall, Mr. H. P. Pierce, and the football squad from Eastern Carolina Training School, Rocky Mount, they having arrived the night before. Despite the fact that they had made the long trip of more than two hundred miles in a truck, the visiting lads informed us that they were feeling fit and just "a-rarin'" to go.

At 10:15 the entire student body and quite a number of visitors repaired to the athletic field to witness the football game which was won by the visitors by the score of 36 to 7.

In the first two periods the boys from Eastern Carolina School ran rough-shod over Coach Lawrence's charges, scoring almost at will by a whirlwind passing attack, and at the end of the first half they had piled up thirty points to none for the local lads.

A continual downpour of rain throughout the second half made the ball very slippery, causing the visitors to abandon their passes and play straight old-fashioned football. They were not so successful at this style of play and scored but once, making a touchdown in the third quarter.

In the last quarter the Jackson Training School boys made their only score of the game when Roy Wyrick, a husky lad substituting at fullback, crossed the visitors' goal line after a series of line smashes which

started on the 35-yard line. Wyrick also bucked the line for the extra point. The score:

J. T. S.		E. C. T. S.
Worthington	l e	Snipes
Tarkington	l t	DeBerry
Norris	l g	Cavanaugh
Hudson, T.	c	Hatcher
Justice	r g	Stansbury
Potter	r t	Wells
Cobb	r e	Jones
Daugherty	q b	Holmes
Miller	r h b	Russian
Philemon	l h b	Threatt
Hudson, A.	f b	Heifner

E. C. T. S.	14	16	6	0—36
J. T. S.	0	0	0	7— 7

Substitutions—J. T. S.: Saunders, Whitley, Farmer, Watson, Robertson, Seawell, McGee, Wilkes, Ellis, Williams, Merritt, Quick, Douglas, Wyrick. E. C. T. S.: Scoggins, Naode, Went, Hahn, Smith. Umpire: Earl Walters. Referee: Lawrence Verble. Timekeepers: Charles Cannon, Jr. and George Lee Simpson, Jr. Linesman: John D. Boger.

After the football game, the first one ever played on the local field, the boys returned to the cottages. Of course they would have been better pleased had their team won, but they are good losers, and then the aroma emanating from the various kitchens probably diverted their minds from the disappointment of defeat to the feast that was in store for them.

Promptly at one o'clock the Thanksgiving Dinner was served. The tables were laden with generous portions of

Turkey with Noodles
Cranberry Sauce Pickles
Rice with Giblet Gravy
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Cold Slaw
Home-Grown Lettuce Dressing
Buns Peaches
Potato Custard
Milk

Upon viewing such an array of good things to eat, one not familiar with a growing boy's capacity would think the supply far in excess of the demand, but in a short time the "eats" disappeared with amazing alacrity.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we assembled in the auditorium where the annual Thanksgiving service was held, conducted by Rev. G. W. Fink, pastor Westford M. E. Church, Concord.

The opening prayer, a special Thanksgiving supplication, was recited by the boys, Albert Silas, of Cottage No. 1, leading. For the Scripture Lesson Rev. Mr. Fink read the 103rd Psalm.

"Thanksgiving" was the subject of Rev. Mr. Fink's talk to the boys, and he explained the true meaning of the word in a most interesting and helpful manner.

The speaker began by saying that the words, thanksgiving, peace, bless, all have the same meaning under certain conditions. When we think of the many privileges we have and the many things we enjoy, said he, we

find ourselves at a loss to enumerate them.

Rev. Mr. Fink said we must first thank God for creation. Thank Him for creating so many things for the use of man. By so doing God must have considered the human family the greatest of all His creations. Man was created far above all the animal kingdom; he was given power to rule over things of the earth and enjoy them, therefore we should be very thankful.

God gave us the five senses, said the speaker, that we might use them in accordance with His word. He gave us sight, that we might use it to read His word, thereby learning how to care for ourselves and the welfare of those less fortunate than we.

God gave us hearing that we might protect ourselves and help others; that we might hear the voices of our friends; listen to beautiful music and enjoy many other pleasures.

He gave us taste that we might enjoy the delicacies of life for our physical benefit and enjoyment.

Rev. Mr. Fink continued by saying that people may think they make their own living but without God's help these material things would be impossible. It is through our own efforts that God provides these for us, but without His aid all would be lost.

Then we should thank God for the spiritual things of life, said the speaker, for the material things will some time pass away, but the spiritual things are eternal. God gave us a physical body, but into that body he placed a living soul, which is more valuable than anything else—it is worth far more than all the wealth of the world. God makes it possible for us to reason out things; he gives us power to decide to accept Him and attain eternal glory. We have the opportunity to choose that which will save us from sin.

The speaker then stated that we should thank God for the privilege of working in His kingdom, for we can help others to gain the crown of life. When we do this we are workers together with Christ, which is the greatest privilege we have, and for which we should be most thankful.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Fink said the glorious thing about the Christain religion is that we can have the assurance that God is with us. Without His presence it is impossible to endure our trials and burdens. If we so desire, God will stay with us to the end. If there is any dirifting apart, we will be the ones to leave God, for He will never leave us. So let us be thankful to Him for His blessings at all times; live according to His will; and finally, by so doing, we may enter in to a life of eternal glory.

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Rev. Walter L. Miller, pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Curch, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the seventh chapter of Matthew, and as the text for his talk to the boys he selected part of Matt. 7:2, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

At the beginning of his remarks Rev. Mr. Miller stated that it was always a pleasure for him to have the opportunity of talking to the Training School boys; that he knew of no other group he would rather speak to, because they were always so very attentive and seemed to appreciate the message he brought.

We learn very early in life that things do not just happen in the world, said the speaker, for there are certain fixed laws which operate in the material world. So it is in the spiritual world—we find here the same inimutable laws, namely, "As ye sow, so shall ye reap"; "The wages of sin is death"; "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God"; "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

The words we speak and the deeds we do, said Rev. Mr. Miller, come right back to us, just like a rubber ball bounces back to the one who throws it. He then told of the operation of this law with reference to kindness. If we act kindly toward people they will in turn, treat us kindly. A kind word comes back to bless us while an unkind expression comes back as unkindly as we sent it.

There is nothing that life needs more than kindness, continued the speaker. It is one of the marks of human greatness. Take the lives of all our great men and we will find that kindness was the foundation of their characters.

Rev. Mr. Miller then spoke of the operation of this law with reference to friendship, citing the story of two boys, attending the same school and playing on the same baseball team. One boy was very popular and the other had scarcely any friends among his schoolmates. The reason for this was that one was extremely selfish, while he other thought of others and never missed an opportunity to help them. If you treat those around you as true friends, you will have countless friends.

The speaker then told of the operation of this law with reference to service, saying that what we give to the world, the same comes back to us. If we put our best in our daily tasks we will be successful and good will come to us. The finest sort of reward that comes from doing our duty day by day is the satisfaction that we have done our best.

In speaking of the operation of this law with reference to eternity, Rev. Mr. Miller stated that Jesus says we are creatures of two worlds. At the end of life's journey He will place the good on one side and the bad on the other. Those who have followed Him shall be happy, while those who refused Him are doomed to spend eternity in sadness.

Rev. Mr. Miller concluded by saying that we shall live forever somewhere, and just how we mete in this life, will be measured to us in the life to come.

One man with courage and confidence can inspire an army of doubters and cowards to fight like heroes.—Selected.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR NOVEMBER

(Figure following name indicates number of times boy has been on Honor Roll since January 1, 1935.)

ROOM No. 1

—A—

Albert Silas 2

—B—

Sam Belk 3
J. B. Grooms
Jerome Warren
Vernon Hubbard 2

ROOM No. 2

—A—

Harold Brown 4
Ogburn Cason 2
William Goodson 4
Richard Wilder 2
Winston Strickland 3

—B—

Sam Batts
Marvin Edwards 2
Preston Yarborough 2
William Adkins
James Bell 3
William Craven
Homer Quick 2
Roy Wyrick
Cecil Webb 2
Douglas Wilkes

ROOM No. 3

—A—

Charles Pollard
Jack Carver 3
John Capps
Bennie Moore
Paul Mitchell
Luther Pierce

—B—

Wiley Willoughby 2
James Young 4
Morris Hicks
Alton Morgan
Louis Tarkington
Eldridge Ward

ROOM No. 4

—A—

Clinton Keen
Houston Howard 3

—B—

Glenn O'Quinn
Barney Caviness
Arthur Craft

ROOM No. 5

—A—

John Caddell
Norwood Cockerham 2
Lake Cooper 3
Frank Hall 2
Virgil Harvel 4
Claude Hicks 2
Carroll Hoyle

—B—

Harry Connell
Montford Glasgow
Coy Green
Clarence Lingerfelt
Warner Peach
Richard Sullivan 2

ROOM No. 6

—A—

William Kirk 4
Paul Rhodes 3

—B—

Oscar Roland
Robert Stephens 6
David Odham 5
Hubert Williams 2

ROOM No. 7

—A—

Earl Atwood 3
Lemon Finch 2
Bert Ferguson

—B—

Floyd Combs 2
George McManus 3
James Stepp 5
Lawrence Tew 3

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since July 7, 1935.

Week Ending December 1, 1935

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(2) Arthur Boyette 15
(2) William Dillon 14
(7) Alden Jones 15
(2) Richard Sullivan 20
(22) Ashley Thompson 22
(2) Vermont Whitley 18

COTTAGE No. 1

(2) Sam Batts 13
(9) Robert Cashwell 17
(6) William Goodson 19
(22) Millard Owenby 22
(2) Bunn Shoe 4
(7) Eugene Whitt 19
Wiley Willoughby 12
Harvard Winn 19
Junius Yarborough 7

COTTAGE No. 2

Virgil Cecil 5
(11) Thomas Horton 15
(3) Charles Lewis 6

COTTAGE No. 3

(17) William Barber 18
Jewell Barker 2
Robert Batson 5
James Dalton 2
(2) Marcellus Gurganus 16
(3) Percy Gurganus 16
(3) Frank Hutchins 18
Raymond Irvin 4
F. E. Mickle 6
William McRary 14
(2) Thomas Reavis 7
(9) Porter Willhite 18
(3) D. C. Winston 12

COTTAGE No. 4

Shelton Anderson 4
(2) Lindsay Chavis 8
(2) Clyde Dixon 14
Mathis Garrett 4
(3) William Hill 12
Ralph Johnson 18
(2) William Justice 15
(3) Thomas Little 14
Thomas Maness 7
(2) Jack McRary 16
(3) Robert Penland 12
Frank Raby
(8) Richard Sprinkle 14
Melvin Walters 15

COTTAGE No. 5

(3) Bert Ferguson 11
(2) William Hare 7
(2) George Kye 16
Randolph Miller 8
(2) David Odham 3
(5) Louis Tarkington 18
Walter Taylor
(7) Robert Worthington 15

COTTAGE No. 6

Earl Barnes 10
Fletcher Castlebury
Vernon Hubbard 5
(2) Ray Laramore 2
Joseph Sanford 6
James Stepp 11
(3) William Suite 5

COTTAGE No. 7

William Beach 9
(3) Archie Castlebury 3
Harold Gunter 3
(22) Caleb Hill 22
Theodore Nines 15
(2) Lewis Parker 11
Jack Pyatt 5
Cling Shelton 9

COTTAGE No. 8

Charles Banks 16
(3) Letcher Castlebury 3
(2) James Ferrell 5
(2) Harry Flowe 13
Morris Hicks 7
(2) Haynes Hewitt 5
Howard Key 2

(2) Wilfred Land 7
(2) Ernest Owens 13
(2) Norman Pike 4
(2) Clay Smith 2
Charles Webb 7

COTTAGE No. 9

(4) Charles Crotts 11
Randolph Davis 8
(4) William Craven 7
Charles Freeman 3
(3) Pearly Funderburk 17
(21) Frank Hall 21
James C. Hoyle 8
(7) Hoyette Hudson 16
Levi Merritt 7
Thomas McCausley 6
(15) Ben Overby 19
(2) Homer Smith 13

COTTAGE No. 10

James Bell 8
(2) Harold Brown 13
Floyd Combs 10
(2) Charles Pollard 16

COTTAGE No. 11

(5) Charles Bowman 15
(6) Everett Bell 18
Edward Carpenten 11
(3) Lewis Crawford 20
(2) John Drum 5
(5) Bennie Holland 19
James Hicks 5
(3) Bennie Moore 18
(4) Norman McGee 11
(2) James Montford 18
(2) Alton Morgan 5
James Rector 7
(14) Eldridge Ward 19
(3) Adolph Watson 5

COTTAGE No. 12

(12) Earl Atwood 17
(14) Horace Faulkner 19
(13) Edward Lockamy 18
Frank Lewis 6
(10) Eli Philemon 18
Andrew Powell 15
Homer Quick 16
(13) Lonnie Sloan 16
Thomas Welch 19

COTTAGE No. 13

(6) Leon Burkhead 14
(4) Warren Medlin 7
Jennings Norris 16
Claude Pickett 11
(4) Linwood Potter 12
(22) Howard Wilson 22

COTTAGE No. 14

(2) Clarence Ashburn 10
Bernice Baker 5
(2) Curtis Coleman 2
(2) Spurgeon Dowless 5
Lemon Finch 10
(2) Hobart Johnson 6
(7) Hubert Jones 15
(2) Stacy Long 8
(2) J. C. Mobley 7
Robert McKee 4
Troy Powell 10
(2) Berry Rogers 3
James Singleton 9

COTTAGE No. 15

Floyd Causey 11
(2) Earl Chambers 13
(6) John Caddell 16
(4) Montford Glasgow 7
(4) Glenn Jenkins 7
Caleb Jolly 3
Clarence King
Wilson Medlin 14
(2) Marvin Malcom 8
Walter Mitchell 8
(2) George McManus 16
Hansel Pate 4
Winfred Whitlock 17
(6) Roy Wyrick 17
(2) Frank Wakefield 13
(8) Richard Wilder 10

You can only obtain the exercise of your rights by deserving them through your own activity, and your own spirit of love and sacrifice.—Selected.

Cp 361

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 14, 1935 No. 50

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MY PRAYER

Oh, might I toiling morn till eve,
Some purpose in my life fulfill;
And ere I pass some work achieve,
To live and move when I am still.

I ask not with this work combined,
My name shall down the ages move;
But that my toil some end shall give,
That man may bless and God approve.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

GIVING OF MONEY

We should realize that "Giving of money" is only one subdivision of the great subject "Stewardship." However, this one subdivision should greatly concern each Christian, for money may say to man:

"Keep me, and I will dry up the fountain of sympathy and benevolence in your soul and leave your soul barren and destitute. Hoard me and I will change the heart of sympathy to a heart of stone.

"Grasp me more tightly and I will change your eyes that they will care to look upon nothing that does not contain my image."

Or may it say:

"Give me away, and I will return in streams of spiritual revenue to your soul. I will act and react: I will bless the one that receives and the one that gives me. I will send the Gospel to the benighted and at the same time purchase joy and peace for the soul that gives me and a larger heaven for both.

"The only way you can take me to heaven with you is to give me away in this world. He that keepeth me loseth me, and he that giveth me away to good use keepeth me into life eternal."—Selected.

ANDREW CARNEGIE—THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

For the inspiration of many who feel that life is one disappointment after another it is helpful to review the life of such men as Andrew Carnegie, born November 25, 1835, in Dumfermline, Scotland, who lived and grew up in the midst of hardships and privation.

His father was a linen-weaver, and when the home-loom was superceded by the steam looms, and the old looms were only suggestive of past exprieneces, the Carnegies were without work, therefore, they came to America, the land of continued opportunities in quest of a livelihood. This gives an instance of another economic change caused by the evolution of machinery about one hundred years ago in Scotland.

The Carnegies were evidently true to their Scotch heritage, thrift and economy; and lost no time establishing themselves in business, realizing fully that unemployment would eventually lead to the terror of poverty. The school of hard-knocks most frequently develops the finest elements in manhood with the resolve to do something to cure the laborer's ills. This, Andrew Carnegie, the American steel magnate, builder of libraries, and a friend to education, resolved to do.

The first job this youth of thirteen had when reaching this country was in a cotton factory for the small pittance of $1.20 per week, but within twenty years by using his time and means, not for self alone, he was an immensely wealthy man, and today is accepted as the potential world philanthropist, whose gifts are said to exceed those of any other man in the history of the world.

As a successful self made man his life is an inspiration, carrying with it an understanding as to the proper stewardship of wealth. In this short resume we emphasize the fact that opportunities await all of us, and at the same time hope to focus attention upon the accomplishments of Andrew Carnegie, also his generosity. If true that he said, it "would be a disgrace to die clutching undisturbed wealth" he knew that money was a means and not the end.

* * * * * * *

BOB BABINGTON

Again death has claimed one of God's noblemen, "Bob" Babington, Gastonia, the moving spirit in the establishment of the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, the only state-owned and state-maintained institution of its kkind south of the Mason and Dixon line.

Quite true is the terse statement "we know a tree by its fruits", so in this case the sentiment and spirit of R. B. Babington was exemplified in the erection of this "miracle-house" where the crippled children can be givn the best surgical treatment and hospitalization with every hope of recovery.

When once obsessed with the vision with the needs of such a hospital for cripples, giving the indigent child an equal chance with

others of means, he never ceased carrying his message to members of the General Assembly.

He began his appeals in 1909 and continued till receiving an appropriation of $25,000 in 1917. Since that date additional appropriations have been made till the dream of this choice, Christian spirit was realized in one of the most modernly equipped institutions of the whole country.

He did not build for personal glory, but to serve the helpless and bless society for ages to come.

May Bob Babington's spirit continue to live in the work he so nobly founded and fostered till passing to his reward on Thanksgiving Day.

From Editor William Sherrill's column in the Concord Daily Tribune we clip this sweet thought as to the last resting place of Robert B. Babington:

"He was buried Saturday on the grassy slope of the grounds of the North Carolina Hospital, in the establishment of which he was the moving figure.

"Watching from hospital windows were numerous crippled children who are among hundreds benefitted by Mr. Babington's long and strenuous service for others.

"Does more need be said?

"No need to build a marble shaft or an imposing monument for this man.

"His monument will be of human flesh; cripples who are restored to usefulness.

"And still there are those who go through life with their ideals hitched to a dollar-mark."

Ne'er was the sky so deep a hue
But that the sun came breaking through;
There never was a night so dark
But wakened to the singing lark;
Nor was there ever a lane so long
It had no turn for the weary throng;
No heart so sad that sometime after
There came no sound of lilting laughter;
And Death's not the end—neath the cold black sod—
'Tis the Inn by the Road on our way to God.

INTEREST IN SCHOOLS

The fathers, forty-five of them, of band members of the Alexander Graham Junior School, Charlotte, gave their sons uniforms costing in the aggregate from $400 to $500.

This act shows interest of fathers for sons and a distinctive pride in the work of the school.

Doubtless if more boys had some knowledge and appreciation of music there would be less crime. The comment of the Charlotte Observer is:

"Such demonstrations of co-operation on the part of parents with the extra-curricula activities of public school students is wholesome and points to a fine and cordial attitude generously prevailing here.

"Incidentally, it hardly needs to be said, or should not heed to be said, that the musical activities in connection with the schools are again in excellent hands this year and are adding a feature worthy of the high appraisement being given by those who are liberal enough to concede that education of the young is more than a matter of routine in texts."

* * * * * * *

I KEEP FAITH WITH YOUNG FOLKS

Would you taste the sweetest joy of Christmas . . . know it in all its fullness? Then make glad the heart of a child! For where the children are, there is the Spirit of Christmas!

For "such as these," Christmas is the very embodiment of all that "abideth." And he who keeps Christmas with childhood, walks with Faith, shares the expectancy of Hope . . . knows the fulfillment of love.

In Faith, "Dear Santa" is scrawled by tiny fingers. In Hope, little stockings are hung by the chimney with care. And Love makes childhood's dreams come true!

The magic touch of Christmas makes children of us all! It leads us to the very heart of the Day of Days! Through childhood's eyes alone do we behold its eternal beauty.

Whoever you are . . . wherever you be . . . yours may be the joy of making Christmas Merry for some child. Thereby you will find me.

For I keep Faith with young folks.

I am the Spirit of Christmas!

There is no sight so pitiful,
  Nor quite so sad—forlorn—
As children who have not a gift
  At break of Christmas Morn.

There's naught to bring joy more complete,
  Nor any higher pay
In dividends, than bringing cheer
  To tots on Christmas Day.

To hear their shouts of happy zest—
  To see their bright eyes shine,
Brings to one's mind in holy thought,
  The Christmas Child Divine.

For, does He not say to the world—
  So we may kindly be—
"As ye do to the least of these,
  So do you unto me?"

The following contributions to the Boys' Christmas Fund have been received to date:

A Friend, Concord	$ 5.00
Herman Cone, Greensboro	25.00
Davidson County Welfare Dept., Curry F. Lopp, Supt., Lexington	5.00
P. H. Fleming, Supt. Public Welfare, Burlington	5.00
Rowan County Charity Organization, Mrs. Mary O. Linton, Supt.	5.00
Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin	5.00

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

In the Heart of a Child

"In the breast of a bulb is the promise of Spring;
In a little blue egg there's a bird that will sing;
In the soul of a seed is the hope of the sod;
In the heart of a child is the kingdom of God."

—o—

Some men never attain unto wisdom until they are too old for it to be of any benefit to them.

—o—

The rummage sale is on again. I put my ties and pants under the mattress. It is a good place to press them.

—o—

The old question has again bobbed up: "What becomes of all the pins?" It is hard to say when their point is in one direction and their head points in another direction.

—o—

You will notice that when a man is running away from temptation, temptation very seldom overtakes him. But some men just run out and meet temptation half way.

—o—

How Some are Blinded

There is a story of a miserly old man who was visited by a Rabbi who called him to the window. "What do you see?" he asked. "I see men and women and children," the rich man replied. Then the Rabbi took him to a mirror. "What do you see now?" he inquired. "Now I see myself," the other replied. "Yes," said the Rabbi, "both the window and the mirror are made of glass, but no sooner does a little silver come between you and others than you cease to see others and see only yourself."

—o—

The peace committee, or commission, or whatever it is that has the matter in charge, has placed blanks at all drug stores throughout the nation for the people to sign declaring for peace always in this country. I was the first one to sign at Rogers Brothers drug store. I'm for peace, in the world, in this nation, in States, in counties—and in the homes.

—o—

Could You Tell?

On Christmas we celebrate Christ's birthday, the day when God became man. Would a visitor from Mars watching the usual observance of the day know that we celebrate the coming among men of the world's Saviour and King? As Christmas draws near, the pressure about shopping, packing and sending gifts becomes almost a panic, leaving many of us exhausted on the Day itself. Where is Christ? Where is our joy, our peace, our harmony and worship?

—o—

Be a "Good Neighbor"

"If thine enemy be hungry give him bread to eat." If his credit is suffering put in a good word for him. If you have a chance to send a little business his way do it. If it is in your power to save him from loss, warn him. Make up your mind that

one of the biggest things you have to fight is that mean, small self that is trying to pull you down to the level of the devil. Get square with that pin-headed adviser that is always trying to get you to "do up" your neighbor. If you want genuine fun just try "overcoming evil with good." Talk of coals of fire! Most men would rather be prodded with a red hot poker than have the man they have wronged go out of his way to do him a good turn. The next time you are tempted to roast your rival in print, or with your tongue, try the other tack, and as a matter of mere philosophical fact note the results.

—o—

Beautiful Achievements

Bouquets to Morganton! All honor, praise and glory to the woman's club of Morganton, lead by those women patriots, Mrs. T. G. Cobb and Miss Sue Tate, outstanding pioneer beautifiers and improvers of their lovely town, and every other one who assisted. The latest accomplishment to be added to the laurels of their home-town adornment is the completion and opening of Morganton's beautful and splendid Community building. It is of colonial style, situated in a choice spot in the down town area, handsomely constructed, and designed for permanence and utility. It is a monument of a lovely community spirit, and one the entire commnity will long enjoy. It adds another brilliant star to the crown of the Club's prowess in home-town improvement and beautification. No town in the State has made greater advancement along the lines of community improvements, and the Woman's Club has ever been blazing the way in these improvements. The whole State congratulates Morganton, and her home-loving, noble women!

—o—

Bright Eyes—Happy Hearts

The little tots throughout the nation are doing their window shopping these days, and they are all eyes and exclamations. With Tiny Tim I would say, "God bless 'em, every one!" The gay Christmas toys are dazzling their little eyes and are aglow with happy secrets the children would like to know. The hobby-horse rears on his wooden legs. The toy drum goes boompity-boom. The miniature automobiles, carts, wagons and electric trains just roll inspiringly before their staring eyes. The thing-a-me-gees and the humpty-dumpties cut up all sorts of capers. The talking, walking and sleeping dolls wink at the youngsters. The teddy bears and the calico cats, and stuffed dogs, that won't bite, are in a Christmas revelry. The little pewter soldiers are on dress parade. The gew-gaws fairly dance before their eyes. The big sticks of striped candy, and the other Christmas bonbons make their little mouths water, and their little tongues rattle. Christmas is glorious to the young tots. There is never a feeling of anger and strife that can live at Christmas when love is life.

—o—

The Christmas Spirit

Everybody should open their hearts to the spirit anl joy of Christmas. The laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred. Let your

love shine glamorous in the heaven of your being. Fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim. Talk of the purer and finer things until your silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves, and charm the fellowman wandering 'mid the vine-clad hills. We are all the blessed golden links between the hearts of men. It is your love, your golden heart, that glorifies all the tears of grief, and spreads the golden sunshine on fellowman and his loved ones.

Friendship, Charity and Benevolence—beween the three of them they reach up into the blue sky vaults of heaven, and pick the diadems from the crown of the universe, and lay them in graceful tribute at the feet of fellowman; and they dazzle the sun by their eloquence, and pay tribute to the splendid intellect of the Man who so loved his fellow creatures that he is striving all of his life to make man better, wiser and happier.

We can be our own best friend or we can be our own worst enemy. In the degree that we become friends to highest and best within us, we become friends of all; and in the degree we become enemies to the highest and best within us do we become enemies of all. In the degree that we open ourselves to the highest powers and let them manifest through us, then by the very inspiration we carry with us, do we become in a sense the saviours of our fellowmen.

THE TEST OF A MAN

The merest fool can be false at heart,
  But it takes a man to be true;
It requires no art to portray the part
  That the evil-hearted do.
It is better only a crust to get,
  Or to have no crust at all;
Than to live and fret with a vain regret
  And the heart beneath a pall.

The weakest spirit can stray and fail,
  But it takes a man to do right;
The seas to sail, and the heights to scale
  To the dwelling-place of light.
And the thing that counts when the night is near,
  When the long, long race is run,
Is a conscience clear, and devoid of fear,
  And a sense of duty done.

—Selected.

AN INDICTMENT AGAINST ADULT INTELLIGENCE

(Concord Daily Tribune)

Few children are lawless at heart. Most of them who turn to criminal activity do so through ignorance and neglect. They lack opportunities for wholesome recreation; no one displays any particular interest in them; they are made to shift for themselves.

Money invested in their well-being would be wisely invested. Better to reach them in the formative years than to have to chase and house them as adult criminals.

"The tough little neighborhood rowdy can be a great pain in the neck to his elders," as The Gastonia Gazette says, "but once in a while some grown-up with a little imagination comes along—and miraculously turns the little tough into a likable, well-behaved child." It then recites this story.

A New York City neighborhood near the Columbia University campus was troubled by a group of youthful hoodlums not long ago. These precious children went about smashing windows, swiping milk bottles, getting into street fights and raising so much cain generally that residents demanded an extra detail of police to squelch them.

It happened that are tired Columbia professor, Dr. Patty Smith Hill, interested herself in the situation. She asked the police to lay off and give her a chance at the kids and the police were very glad to consent. So Dr. Hill got busy.

She was devoting herself to a free nursery school for the children of relief clients, and she used this for her base of operations. First of all she called in the leaders of the youthful gang—they were about 12 years old—and asked them what was wrong. They told her: "We have nothing to do and no place to go after school is over."

So Dr. Hill opened a community center for these children in her nursery school building. The youngsters were suspicious, at first.

She assured them that the activities at the center would be of their own choosing; and then they said they'd like to be taught "all about gas," so that they could make tear-gas bombs and throw them at the tough gang in the next block.

Undaunted, Dr. Hill started a class in chemistry—and the children got so interested in it that they forgot all about tear-gas bombs.

She organized classes in music and art, in stenography and dramatics, had the children writing, staging,and costuming their own plays—and before anyone realized quite what was going on, these young rowdies had ceased to be rowdies and had turned into well-behaved, quiet and altogether likable boys and girls.

The moral to this little story couldnot be any more obvious if it were printed in letters a foot high. Children turn into neighborhood rowdies out of boredom, pure and simple.

They have to have an outlet for their energies. If none is provided, they'll make one—to the grief of the whole neighborhood, as like as not.

When the adult world is willing to spend just a little time and money providing an outlet, the neighborhood gang simply isn't a gang any longer. Where it exists, it indicts the intelligence of the grown-ups.

SERVICE

He has not served who gathers gold,
  Nor has he served whose life is told
In selfish battles he has won,
  Or deeds of skill that he has done,
But he has served who now and then
  Has helped along his fellowmen.

The world needs many men today,
  Red-blooded men along life's way,
With cheerful hearts and helping hands,
  And with a faith that understands
The value of the simple deed
  To serve another's hour of need.

Strong men to stand beside the weak,
  Kind men to hear when others speak,
True men to keep our country's laws
  And to protect its honor and its cause.
Men who bravely fight life's game,
  Nor seek reward of gold or fame.

Teach us do the best we can,
  To try and save our fellow man;
Teach us to lose the selfish need
  And glory in the higher deed,
That paves the road and lights the day
  For all who chance to come our way.

—Selected.

THE JEWS

By Julian S. Miller, in The Charlotte Observer

The Jews are compelled to keep their defense mechanisms in constant action.

One thought of that as one sat in on the convention of B'nai B'rith Sunday and listened to two classics in the way of addresses.

One by Rabbi Morris Lazaron of Baltimore, the other by Hon. Alfred M. Cohen, of Cincinnati, president of that National organization.

They represented defensive eloquence for their people, racially and religiously. And they were exciting to the sane sympathies of those who are heartful and the fair-minded.

Rabbi Lazaron abounded in the prophetic inspiration of an Isaiah and the wistful pleading of a Jeremiah as he related with dramatic intensity incidents having to do with the treatment of the Jewish people by the pig-headed imp now at the head of the German government.

Christians came away from his Sunday afternoon address with moist eyes and heavy laments. He had put their minds into action and made their hearts bleed.

They wish that they might join hands with international Jewry and wipe the soulless Hitler off the map.

When the age-old prejudices and some narrow, but persistent bigotries are swept away, this country moves in unity with the Jewish race in its resentment of the treatment of its people in Germany under the bloody reign of a modern Caligula.

Mr. Roosevelt so indicated when at the time that Germany's mad monarch was driving world-famous Jews from his country by the whip of his special program and persecution, the President appointed as ambassadors to both France and Sweden two great representatives of the Jewish people.

It was almost at the momnt that Hitler's offensive was instructing the great scientist, Einstein, to get his belongings together and get out of the country.

The American government has done nothing, of course, by way of intervention on behalf of this people against this wild and bloody Nero now in authority in Germany, but it has at least given them its hand, and that's more than any other government has done.

You wonder, no doubt, why it is that the Jews must be ever so alert on the defensive, why thy are a continuously hunted and hounded and haunted race, why that every time they step out of their door, a defamation dashes at them, that they are pursued and persecuted, rejected and denounced—victims of atrocious calumnies.

Zeb Vance, who North Carolina rhapsodized and all but immortalized, had no finer essay in all of his public ocuments than that of "The Scattered Nation."

I quote a line or so:

"The Jew is beyond doubt the most remarkable man of this world, past or present. Of all the stories of the sons of men, there is none so wild, so wonderful, so full of extreme mutation, so replete with suffering and

sorrow, so abounding in extraordinary provideces, so overflowing with scenic romance. His history is the history of civilization and progress in the world and our faith and hope in that which is to come. From him we have derived the form and pattern of all that is excellent on earth or in heaven.

"Palestine, his home, was the central chamber of God's administration. He was at once the grand usher in these glorious courts, the repository of the councils of the Almighty and the envoy of the divine mandates to the conscience of men."

And yet this race, this religion, this people who are coexistent with the dawn of the history of man, to whom God stooped in ancient ages to make His covenant with the sons of of men—this people in the enlightened and supposedly Christian 20th century, continue to be held in contemptuous scorn, and here and there crucified.

Gentiles—Christians—have a stake here!

What is the answer to the puzzle that they effect to hate the Jew and yet must take from him and reverence the God which the Jew interpreted to them.

The old Bible from which texts are taken every Lord's Day in the Christian communions of the World has been trasmitted to this good day through the hands of this people.

When Frederick the Great was asked by his monarch for a summarizing word that would validate in the King's mind the truth of the Scriptures, instantly answered:

"The Jews, your Majesty, the Jews."

JOY IN WORK

The idea of joy in one's work has long been ridiculed, but nevertheless it is fast taking root in the minds of many and proving its value and merit. Whether you work in an office or in a factory, you can take cheerfulness, willingness, and eagerness with you. The day's burdens are lightened, fatigue is kept away and depression is not given a chance to envelop you. Such an attitude not only makes you good company for yourself, but for others as well. It soon becomes contagious and your associates adopt the idea. Then it is that ideal working conditions are brought about.

Dissatisfaction is responsible for most aversion to work. When we drown this dissatisfaction in a determination to make our work pleasant by bringing it into an atmosphere of joy and happiness, then and only then can we expect to live life as it should be lived.—Selected.

SLAVE GIRL SPLITS METHODIST CHURCH

By Mrs. Wallace Rogers

In the town of Oxford, Ga., stands a little house known as "Kitty's Cottage," which is a monument to a disagreement, of almost 100 years' standing, between two great bodies of church people. Kitty was a slave girl, owned by Bishop James O. Andrew, ninth bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and it was the question of her ownership that brought about the 12-day debate in the General Conference of 1844, which resulted in the division of Methodism in America and the establishment of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Recently, in Chicago, a joint commission of Methodist leaders met to draft a plan for the reunion of Methodism in the United States; a plan involving more than 8,000,000 members of the new church. As a result of this meeting, union by 1940 is predicted by many.

Kitty's cottage stands today and it will be interesting to watch developments to see if Kitty herself stands in the memory of Southern Methodists sufficiently for them to reject this plan. The last plan offered met defeat in 1925 when more than one-fourth of the members of the M. E. Church, South, refused to approve it after the General Conference had accepted it and sent it down to the annual conferences.

In Amarillo Texas, on September 4, the Confederate veterans voted to meet the Union veterans at Gettysburg in 1938 for a reunion. In Grand Rapids Mich., on September 12, the Union veterans voted their willingness to enter into such a meeting and this reunion, when it is held, will give Methodist Christians something to think about.

The first Methodist society in America was formed in New York in 1766 and the first church was built in 1768. It was called Wesley Chapel as thousands of others have been since that time, honoring the founder of Methodism, John Wesley. In 1784 an item was written into the general rules of the society concerning the "evils of slavery" and for 60 years this question proved one to be debated year after year at every conference; feeling growing stronger and the situation more difficult with each debate. Finally, in the General Conference of 1844, the following resolution was offered:

> "Whereas, the Rev. James O. Andrew, one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church has become connected with slavery . . . and whereas, it has been from the origin of said church, a settled policy and invariable usage to elect no person to the office of bishop who was embarrassed with this 'great evil' as under such circumstances it would be impossible for a bishop to exercise the functions and perform the duties assigned to a

general superintent with acceptance in that large portion of his charge in which slavery does not exist . . . Resolves, That the Rev. James O. Andrew be and he is hereby affectionately requested to resign his office as one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

The 12-day debate followed.

In the meantime, Bishop Andrew had prepared a written statement explaining his position, as follows:

"I submit the following statement of all facts bearing on my conection with slavery. Several years since an old lady of Augusta, Ga., bequeathed to me a mulatto girl, in trust, that I should take care of her until she should be 19 years of age; that with her Liberia; and that in case of her consent, I should then send her to refusal, I should keep her and make her as free as the laws of the State of Georgia would permit. When the time arrived, she refused to go to Liberia, and of her own choice remains legally my slave, although I derive no pecuniary advantage from her, she continuing to live in her own home on my lot; and has been and still is at perfect liberty to go to a free State at her pleasure; but the laws of the State will not permit her emancipation, nor admit such deed of emancipation to record, and she refuses to leave the State. In her case, therefore, I have been made a slave holder legally, but not with my consent.

Secondly. About five years since the mother of my former wife left to her daughter, not to me, a negro boy; and as my wife died without a will more than two years since, by the laws of the State he becomes legally my property. In this case, as in the former, emancipation is impracticable in the State; but he shall be at liberty to leave the State whenever I shall be satisfied that he is prepared to provide for himself, or I can have sufficient security that he will be protected and provided for in the place to which he may go.

Thirdly. In the month of January last I married my present wife, she being at the time possessed of slaves, inherited from her former husband's estate, and belonging to her. ited from her former husband's estate, and belonging to her. Shortly after my marriage, being unwilling to become their owner, regarding them as strictly hers, and the law not permitting their emancipation, I secured them to her by deed of trust."

When the debate had gone on for one full week, Bishop Andrew rose and announced that, if he could secure the peace of the church by resigning, he would gladly do so and return home to labor among the slaves, as he had been doing, striving to save those "upon whom their pretended friends were inflicting suffering and ruin."

By this time, however, matters had

gone beyond the power of the bishop to prevent and agreement was impossible. So the debate went on for five days more, at which time the delegates from the slave-holding States made known their intention to withdraw and called a meeting of their own to be held immediately on adjournment of the larger body. Some writer has said that Bishop Andrew "was not the cause of separation but only its occasion."

Virginia delegates in this memorable conference were: John Early, W. A. Smith, Thomas Crowder and Leroy M. Lee. They remained for the smaller group meeting and helped make plans for a meeting of the Southern conferences to be held in Louisville, Ky., one year later.

On May 1, 1845, delegates came to Louisville from Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina, Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, Missouri, Texas and the Indian mission. It was in this conference that the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was fully organized and set up. After this organization meeting, the first regular session of the General Conference of the new church was held in the Union Street Church, Petersburg, Va., in May, 1846. Rev. John Early was elected president pro tem.

All of the bishops of the church were invited to attend the Louisville coference, but Bishop Joshua Soule, then senior bishop, was the only one who saw fit to accept the invitation. He had been severely criticized by his brethren of the episcopacy for having asked Bishop Andrew to assist him in his work, during the year that had elapsed since adjournment of the General Conference. Before the conference was over, he announced his desire to become a part of the Southern group and, even though he was a native of Maine, he became the first bishop of the newly organized Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Bishop Andrew was chosen as its second bishop.

Some months later, Bishop Soule attended a conference in Ohio where the presiding bishop extended him the courtesy of the chair for one session, by vote of 145 to 7, the members of the conference refused to allow him to preside.

By unanimous vote, the Louisville conference elected Lovick Pierce of Georgia, fraternal delegate to the general conference of the M. E. Church to be held in Pittsburgh in May, 1848, to "tender to that body the Christian regards and fraternal salutations of the general conference of the M. E. Church, South." The conference at Pittsburgh refused to receive the message or the messenger and Dr. Pierce returned, saying if ever fraternal relations were to be renewed, the M. E. Church would have to make the first proffer. A few years after the war, this very thing happened and the General Conference of 1874 received with great joy a fraternal messenger from the Northern group. In return the Southern conference again sent Dr. Lovick Pierce, who was then 94 years of age, to carry greetings to the same body that had refused him fellowship earlier.

HAVE IT YOUR WAY

By W. R. Van Meter

The coach of the freshman team, Tom Baker, nodded. Hugh Hersey obediently trotted across the dry turf toward him. Elsewhere on the field, little knots of hopefuls punted, passed and tackled. It was the beginning of another football season at State.

"You played backfield in high school, eh?" Tom asked, looking at a sheet of paper he held.

"That's right, sir. Three years," Hugh answered crisply.

"And you're out for halfback up here, eh?"

"Nothing else but!" Hugh said emphatically.

Tom pursed his lips meditatively. "Well, Hersey, in that case what I'm going to say will be unpleasant news. Starting Monday, I want you to try out for a tackle berth."

"Why?" Hugh asked, quick rebellion in his voice. "I'm not a lineman, I've never played there."

Tom nodded. "I know, but these scrimmages of the last few days have shown me a lot about the squad. I think you'd make a whale of a good tackle, Hersey."

"But I don't want to be a tackle, Coach," Hugh protested. "Why, I was a sensation in high school. They couldn't stop me. Listen, what are you going to bury me in the line for, Coach?"

"You won't be buried, Hersey," Tom said calmly. "If you turn out to be as good as I think you could be, you'll stick up like a sore thumb."

Hugh dug the toe of his cleated shoe into the turf angrily. For a second he weighed the chances of refusing to accept the change. But he dismissed the idea, knowing that if he were to have his way, he must go about getting it in more clever fashion.

"What's the answer, Hersey?" Tom asked, looking at Hugh keenly.

"All right, Coach," Hugh muttered resentfully. "If you say so, I'll try it."

There was no glory and very little praise to be won, Hugh felt, by playing in the line. That made it then, to his way of thinking, a kind of exile into which he was being sent.

"Coach has a grudge against me," he announced morosely to his roommate, Sid Lansing, that night.

"What?" Sid asked incredulously.

"That's right. He's trying to shove me into a line position. Me—a backfield star for three years!"

Sid looked over his book at him. Hugh was tall and well built, perhaps a trifle thickset for his height and, too, a bit slow moving.

"He's probably right," Sid argued.

"Listen, I know what I can do best, don't I I've played football before. And anyway, I've got a scheme to show him that he's altogether wrong."

"What is it?"

"Never mind," Hugh said mysteriously. "Just wait and see, that's all."

Monday Hugh began to learn the technique of playing in the line. Tom Baker observed that he had, seemingly, lost his rebelliousness against

making the change. Hugh intended the coach should get that impression.

Then he systematically proceeded to show that he had forgotten all he had ever learned of football. He was slow, clumsy, inept and without enthusiasm. All the while, however, his mouth was set in a self-satisfied grin. If Tom Baker thought he was good tackle material, he would just disillusion him. And the sooner that happened, the better for Hugh Hersey.

The next day and the next, he repeated the process, being even more awkward. Tom patiently corrected him, pointing out faults, just as he did with every other man on the squad. Hugh was dressing after the last practice of the week when Tom Baker stopped on his way out of the locker room. He came over and put an arm on Hugh's shoulder.

"Nice work, old man," he said with a serious air, and walked off.

Hugh stared after him, feeling cheap. If the coach had only gotten angry, or called him down, or thrown him off the team for not trying. That he could understand and fight against. But as it was, he just felt Tom was laughing at him.

To know that he was being laughed at hurt. His lips set tighter. There were still other ways to show the coach that he was not going to play the line.

The following Monday, Hugh was on the field early. He drew Barnett, another tackle candidate, aside.

"Say, Barney," Hugh began, "you have played this position before. Give me some real pointers about it, will you?"

Barnett looked surprised. "I thought you were just stalling, Hugh."

"Can't explain it now, Barney," Hugh said quickly. "I'm serious, though. Give me some help, will you?"

Hugh listened attentively as the other explained. In the following practice he tried to apply what Barnett had told him. Tom came over at the end of the session, his face lit up with pleasure.

"Nice work, old man," he said to Hugh, and this time it was plain he meant it.

Hugh flushed. Next day and the next he continued to improve. His build and his temperament were well suited to the position, though Hugh was too engrossed in his own plans to perceive those facts. He had no time to get a picture of the team as a whole; his concern was only with himself.

The squad was split up into two teams. Hugh was assigned a tackle position, opposing the backfield that Tom Baker seemed to favor. Hugh grinned. This was the opportunity for which he had been waiting. If all went well, he should leave the field reinstated as a backfield man, thought Hugh.

He glanced over at Tom as scrimmage started. For ten minutes Hugh played his head off, getting a fierce delight in breaking through the opposing line to nail a halfback for a sizeable loss, finding pleasure in making his side of the line an impenetrable wall against which the backs hurled themselves vainly. Tom Baker watched it with a quiet smile. Her-

sey had apparently gotten some sense after all.

During the rest period, as Hugh had expected, he came over. "You're catching on rapidly, Hersey," he said.

Hugh shook his head disgustedly. "No, Coach, it's those backs you've got. Anyone could stop them."

"So?" asked Tom quizzically.

Hugh was angelically guileless. "Put me in there at half, Coach," he begged. "Then I'll show you how that position should be played. Put me in, Coach. I belong in the backfield."

"Still got that idea in your head, eh?" Tom thought for a moment. Perhaps the line would hold without Hugh and in that way he might learn his lesson. "All right, go on in," Tom said.

Hugh thereupon ripped and tore the line to shreds with long runs. Tom watched the successive gains with a worried frown. He knew it was going to be hard to explain to Hugh that the sort of thing he was doing could only be done against a weak line, and that moreover, the line was weak because he was not in it. And still more, there was not another man on the State squad who could fill that gap at tackle the way Hugh Hersey could. As everyone connected with the squad knew, State had an abundance of good backfield men and a marked shortage of the line material.

Hugh trotted back with a broad grin on his face.

"Well, did that convince you?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, it did," Tom replied slowly, "Hugh, you must have seen how much the team needs you in the line. I'm more than ever convinced your place is at tackle."

Hugh flung his head gear angrily on the ground. "I'm not going to play too good for it. I'm—

in the line," he almost shouted. "I'm the arm. "Don't be a kid, Hersey,"

Tom jumped up and caught him by he snapped.

"I'm not," Hugh returned sullenly. "But I know what I can do best, don't I—"

"No, you don't!" Tom said. You're just looking for publicity. You want to play half because it means applause from spectators who don't know ennough to appreciate the fine points of the game, but can only see the obvious You want to score touchdowns when actually you would be better helping somebody else to do it. You're all for yourself and you don't give a rap for the team."

"Well, I'm not going to play tackle. That's one thing certain," Hugh said, his eyes smoldering. "I'll quit first," he challenged.

Tom looked at Hugh as though seeing him for the first time. "Have it your way," he snapped." Turn in your suit, Hersey."

Hugh strode away, not even bothering to retrive his helmet. He ripped off his suit, flung it into the locker and dressed hurriedly. Two spots of color flamed in his cheeks as he headed moodily for the dormitory.

"So you quit?" Sid asked.

"Yes, I quit," Hugh replied bitterly.

"Coach still want you to play the line?"

"Want me?" Hugh snorted. "Listen, Sid, he practically told me I could play the line or turn in my suit. I guess

he thought I'd knuckle down then, like those other freshmen of his, but I didn't do it."

"You really had a fight and quit, Hugh?" Sid asked, dropping his book.

"Sure I did," his roommate said brusquely, trying to hide his empty feeling. Tom's swift dismissal of him had been totally unexpected. In high school Hugh had usually gotten his way where football was concerned.

"Listen, Hugh, you're making a mistake," Sid begged. "A big mistake. Come on over with me and we'll talk to Baker about this thing."

"Talk to Coach? What for?" Hugh asked sullenly. "Let that slave driver stew a while. After we lose a few games he'll be coming over to talk to me," he boasted.

Sid looked at him pityingly, then got up and went out. He was fortunate enough to catch Tom Baker leaving the gym.

"Can't you do something about Hersey, sir?" he asked. "He's my roommate and I know how rotten he feels. He's just too stubborn to give in."

"Sorry, Lansing," Tom answered. "Hersey must fight this out by himself."

"Hugh is just a spoiled kid, you know," Sid begged.

"I already know that," Tom said gravely. "But you can't build a team out of spoiled kids."

Having done all that he could, Sid walked back. Things were more serious than they had at first seemed. He saw that Hugh was practically finished with football at State. For the rest of his time he would have the name of a man who had defied his coach. No, that was wrong; he would have the name of a man who sulked and quit unless he could have his way, regardless of the team's interest. Which was not a pleasant reputation to have.

State's freshman team lost the Elliot game, first of the season. Hugh sat in the stands and exulted as, time after time, State's backfield was stopped behind the line.

"There you are," he crowed to Sid, beside him. "Take a look at Alland and Blair, the pet halfbacks of Coach. Can't gain a yard! Now if I were in there—"

"Take another look, Hugh," Sid advised caustically. "Our backs are okay. The weak spot is the line."

Hugh said no more as Elliot went on to win the game by 18-6. State lost again the following week. Rather smugly, Hugh felt that Tom Baker would soon be begging him to come back to the team. But the days passed with no word from the coach. Hugh began to feel irritated and shut out and uncomfortably lonely. It was no good talking to his roommate, for Sid had an unpleasant way of making him feel that he was entirely to blame for the situation. Then State lost the third game, after holding the upper hand in a tense struggle through three quarters. The pace was too fast, however, and in the last fifteen minutes the line went to pieces.

"Feel pretty good, I guess?" Sid commented, with thinly veiled contempt.

"What do you mean?" Hugh asked defensively.

"This," Sid nodded toward the

field. "Showing Baker he can't get along without you and such childish rot. Are you satisfied? Do you want something more?

Hugh looked away. After all, what more did he want? A call from Tom Baker? Hugh realized that he would never get it. He knew too that he wanted to have a football in his hands again, to be out on the field with the team. State had already lost three games without him. That fact gave him a chance to make a truly dramatic gesture, to heap figurative coals of fire upon the coach's head. He turned to Sid.

"Yes, I'm satisfied," he said complacently. "I still think I'm right, but perhaps it's not fair to make the team suffer. I'll fix it up with Coach, Sid."

Then his roommate said something that was puzzling to the magnanimous Hugh. "I hope Coach throws you out on your ear, you swell-headed baboon!" Sid growled.

Eagerly, Hugh got into his suit. The interview with Tom Baker had gone more smoothly than he had expected. Tom had made it clear that his treatment would depend entirely upon his own action. The rest of the squad, also dressing, paid scant attention to him.

Baker put him on the second team —at tackle. Hugh took his place in the line grimly, having an idea of what would be forthcoming. As he expected, the regulars pounded tackle at every opportunity. It was their one way of showing what they thought of him. Hugh was bruised and weary when, at the end of the practice, he stumbled toward the showers.

Succeeding days were only repetitions of the first. The attitude of the squad changed slowly. He was not fully accepted, nor was he ignored completely. It was the very half way nature of his status that, most of all, galled Hugh. He was finding how bitterly hard it was to regain the respect of a group once that respect had been forfeited.

Hugh played five minutes in the Tech game, after State had piled up a commanding lead. Five minutes, he thought, disgruntled. Why, if he had been in the entire game, State would have won overwhelmingly. Tom Baker and the team, he thought, did not seem to care whether he played or not. Seem to? It was insultingly plain that they did not care in the least.

Still resentful, Hugh walked into the dormitory room. He was glad to see Sid there.

"Nice game," Sid commented, glancing up from his ever present book. Then he saw Hugh's face. "What's the matter, old man?"

"Nothing," Hugh growled and flung himself across the bed.

Sid waited for a few minutes, then went over to him. "Tell me."

Hugh avoided his eyes. "I'm going to quit football. And this time it'll be for good. Sid, they don't give a hoot whether I play or not."

"Who said so?" his roommate asked.

"No one needs to say it," Hugh retorted. "Look at what happened. You saw me forget my pride and go

square things with that slave driver, Baker. Then I take a beating at tackle all week long. And good old Baker used me five minutes in the game today. Five measly minutes!"

Sid jerked Hugh upright. He was a different Sid than the roommate Hugh was accustomed to. "Grow up!" he snapped. "You didn't go back to Baker because you acknowledged you were in the wrong. You went back thinking you were big hearted and noble, and doing the team a favor. In the back of your head you felt you deserved a lot of praise for playing again."

"Well, as a matter of fact, don't I?" Hugh demanded sullenly.

"Certainly not! You're still thinking just of yourself. Go ahead and quit, if you want to do the team a real favor!"

Hugh shook off the other's hand angrily. "You're supposed to be my friend, aren't you?" he growled. "Well, if you're the sort of friend that can say the things you've been saying, I don't want your friendship."

"Listen, Hugh," Sid begged; "don't you understand—"

"I understand entirely too well," Hugh retorted brusquely.

"Have it your way then," Sid answered, getting up.

But Hugh, though the coldness between himself and Sid was complete, did not quit football. A certain stubbornness kept him coming out, every afternoon. He was playing the full length of the games now. As Tom Baker had predicted, Hugh had the makings of a good tackle in him.

State went on the field for the Leland game without being conceded much chance by anyone who had followed football. For a good many years both schools had wound up their seasons playing each other. The rivalry was even keener than usual in the present case, for State had won for three successive years. However, both Tom Baker and the team were well aware of the imposing series of victories that Leland had rolled up during the season.

Hugh trotted out for the last game of his freshman year without enthusiasm. Everything seemed wrong. The quarrel with Sid was still unsettled and worried him more than he would admit. The team, even yet, did not completely accept him. Hugh tried to forget by centering all his thoughts on playing his position perfectly.

Leland unquestionably had the edge. It was apparent almost from the opening kickoff. They had a fast, well balanced team that functioned as one man. But for three quarters State fought them to a standstill. Hugh was playing as he had never played before. The game was a fire that softened the sharp edges of the whole State team. Tom Baker watched from the bench, wondering how much longer it could last.

Then State began to weaken. Alland went out with a twisted ankle. The line was tiring rapidly. Under the hammering of the Leland backs, State lost ground steadily. Leland, in possession of the ball with scant minutes left to play, resorted to a reckless passing attack. Twice State fought off the threats. Then a short pass was completed, bringing Leland within the twenty yard line.

"Time out," the State captain called to the referee.

The men huddled quickly. "They'll either pass or kick now," the captain said. "Either will give them the game if they can score. So be on your toes, backfield, for a pass. If it's a kick, then the line must block it."

Hugh thought quickly. It was a scoreless tie so far. With time left for only one play or so, it was unlikely that Leland's quarterback would risk everything on another pass. The ball was in an ideal position for a field goal attempt. Then State must block the kick. Hugh smiled grimly. If he could only be the man to do that, then everything would be right again. He would regain his standing with Tom Baker, with the team, even with Sid. No, it would not work. He knew Leland would be watching for him in particular if it was a kick; he had broken through their line too frequently that afternoon for it to be a surprise now Hugh turned and whispered tensely to State's right guard.

The whistle called them to position. Hugh dug his cleats into the turf. The ball spiraled swiftly from the hands of the Leland center. Hugh saw their half take a little step to one side, his hands sill outstretched for the ball. It meant a kick. In the same instant, Hugh threw his weight forward. The opposing guard and tackle, as he expected, were waiting for him. With all his force, he dove low at their legs. Like a flash, State's right guard streaked through the hole Hugh had opened in the Leland line. Then Hugh, at the bottom of the scrimmage pile, lost consciousness.

"Come out of it, old man," Sid murmured anxiously, as the trainer squeezed cold water from a sponge onto Hugh's face. "The game is over."

"Stop trying to drown me," Hugh growled, opening his eyes. "What happened?"

"It was a blocked kick," Tom Baker explained. "Smart thinking, Hersey." Hugh felt surprised that Tom understood. He would have been even more surprised had he known how completely the coach understood his action.

Hugh glanced at his roommate. "Listen, Sid, you were right. Everything you said about me. I should have not—"

"Friends again?" Sid interrupted.

"Have it your way," Hugh answered, smiling.

There is a way to get along without work in this world, but the trouble is that while you are getting along without work you are getting along without almost everything else that is worthwhile.—Exchange.

DON'T BE A QUITTER

By Sidney Arnold

So long as you won't acknowledge it, you haven't failed. Suppose one thing has gone wrong—make something else go right. This is such a busy world that we haven't time to recall unimportant things, and if you don't keep reminding us, we'll forget all about the incident.

But if you walk around with the badge of despair on your face and reference to the past in your talk, how can we help remembering? Your greatest trouble is your egotism. You overestimate your status in the scheme of life. You imagine that your misfortunes are just as fresh in everyone else's thoughts, but if you want the truth, we don't know that you are living except when you force us to realize that you are alive.

The fact that all creation has made up its mind that you are done for doesn't settle your fate one jot. You are the only one who can decide. The world does not condemn you when you fail trying, so long as you don't fail trying. It does hate a quitter.

A prize fight is not a pretty thing, but it is a man's lesson. No matter how many knock-downs a pugilist gets, he has not lost so long as he is not knocked out. If you want to know how folks judge you, watch them hiss the man who throws up the sponge while he has a chance.

We all fail, even those of us whose careers have seeemd to be unbroken successes, but we kept the secret tightly locked in our own bosoms and managed to laugh to the world until we had it laughing with us instead of at us.

OBEY THE RUDDER

To keep off the rocks, obey the rudder.

Obedience is not to slavishly obey this man or that, but it is that cheerful mental state which responds to the necessity of the case, and does the thing without any back talk—uttered or expressed.

Obedience to the institution—loyalty. The man who has not learned to obey has trouble ahead of him every step of the way. The world has it in for him continually because he has it in for the world.

The man who does not know how to receive orders is not fit to issue them to others. But the individual who knows how to execute the orders given him is preparing the way to issue orders, and better still—to have them obeyed.

—Elbert Hubbard.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The contractors who are to build the Indian Cottage at the institution began placing materials on the site last Wednesday. A force of workers will soon start grading and laying the new road leading to this cottage.

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The lake near our dairy barn is now completely filled. It has a capacity of nearly 700,000 gallons of water, all of which was pumped from deep wells located on the School property. The lake is also fed by several small springs, and now that it is filled, further pumping will not be necessary.

—o—

Our outside forces have been at work for some time preparing ground for starting a new orchard at the School. This orchard consists of about twelve acres in which will be set 1,000 peach trees, 400 apple trees, 40 plum trees, and 20 scuppernong vines

The new orchard will supplement the one destroyed by the storm in the early Spring of 1935. It is located on the farm land recently purchased from the Pharr estate.

—o—

We recently received the first Christmas card of the season. It came from C. Keith Hunt, a former member of our printing class. In addition to being a good printer, Clay is also quite a globe-trotter. A few months ago he wrote us from Antwerp, Belgium, saying he expected to return to the United States in a few weeks, but the call of the sea must have been more than he could stand, for he is now employed on another vessel, the "Challenger," and according to the return address on the Christmas greeting, Clay is now in Capetown, South Africa. The way this young man goes from place to place, we would not be surprised to receive a message stating that he is playing tag with polar bears up near the North Pole.

—o—

Rev. I. Harding Hughes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For The Scripture Lesson he read Luke 4:14-32, and for the text of his talk to the boys on "Bible Day," he used the 17th verse—"And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esais."

In the course of his remarks Rev. Mr. Hughes stated that all over the English world Christian people were celebrating on the second Sunday in December, a particular event called Bible Day.

Through all the ages, said the speaker, in spite of calamity and changes, the Bible has been preserved and handed down to us, and today, just as it was centuries ago, it is man's greatest source of comfort.

Rev. Mr. Hughes then gave the boys a brief history of the Bible. Until Gutenburg invented the printing press in Germany, the Bible was a rare piece of property in a home. Often in the churches one would find the Bible chained to the lectern, in order that people could come in and read it,

but could not carry it away.

Martin Luther's preaching stirred the people so much they wanted to know more about the Bible. Great leaders like William Tyndale and Miles Coverdale wanted the Bible printed in all languages. In 1525, at Cologne, Tyndale began the printing of his English version of the New Testament, and in 1535 Coverdale issued his translation. It was in this year that the first completed English Bible was produced. The Bible was first translated into the Hebrew, then Greek and Latin, and next into English.

It was four hundred years ago, continued the speaker, that the first English Bible was printed, and today we have the precious Book printed in 835 different languages and dialects. There are 108 of these languages and dialects right here in the United States.

Rev. Mr. Hughes then told of the Revised Version in 1885. It was printed in England. So anxious were the people in America to have this edition right off the press, that the New York Sunday Times cabled to England to send to America by cable the Acts of the Apostles, which consists of more than 114,000 words, which was done. This revised portion of the Bible was published in a Sunday edition of the Times, and sent to readers in all parts of the United States. The speaker stated that this story was told to him by Mr. D. B. Coltrane, venerable citizen of Concord, who remembers reading that particular issue of the Sunday paper.

The Bible, continued the speaker, is the most sacred book in the world, and we should reverence it so much that we would not even want to place another book on top of it. For 2,500 years parts of the Bible have been preserved and today it is as powerful and holy as it ever was.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Hughes said that when we read and study our Bibles we find we can get along much us. That was what Christ meant better with our neighbors. We are happier and mean more to those about when He said, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

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The following list shows names of all boys appearing on the weekly Cottage Honor Roll from July 7, 1935 to December 1, 1935, a period of twenty-two weeks, and the total number of times each one has been listed:

22—Ashley Thompson, Caleb Hill, Millard Owenby, Howard Wilson.

21—Earl Rogers.

20—Richard Sullivan, Lewis Crawford, David Hodge.

19—Harvard Winn, Eugene Whitt, William Goodson, Porter Willhite, Ben Overby, Bennie Holland, Horace Faulkner, Eldridge Ward, Thomas Welch.

18—Vermont Whitley, Louis Tarkington, William Barber, Everett Bell, Frank Hutchins, Ralph Johnson, Edward Lockamy, James Montford, Eli Philemon.

17—Robert Cashwell, Pearly Funderburk, Earl Atwood, James Douglas, Winfred Whitlock, Roy Wyrick.

16—Marcellus Gurganus, Jack McRary, Percy Gurganus, George Kye, Charles Banks, Hoyette Hudson,

Charles Pollard, Glenn O'Quinn, Lonnie Sloan, Homer Quick, Jennings Norris, Robert Alexander, John Caddell, George McManus.

15—Arthur Boyette, Alden Jones, Thomas Horton, William Justice, Melvin Walters, Robert Worthington, Thedore Nines, Thomas Hudson, Andrew Powell, Norwood Cockerham, Charles Bowman, Basil Johnson.

14—William Dillon, Everett Williamson, William McRary, Clyde Dixon, Thomas Little, Richard Sprinkle, James Patterson, Olive Weaver, Leon Burkhead, Hubert Jones, Wilson Medlin.

13—Sam Batts, Preston Yarborough, James Boyce, Clyde A. Kivett, Y. V. Spates, Earl Bass, Jesse Cleveland, A. Ray Hudson, Ernest Owens, Harry Flowe, Homer Smith, Harold Brown, Alfred Holleman, Earl Chambers, Richard Tysinger, Frank Wakefield.

12—Claude McLaughlin, William Hill, Wiley Willoughby, D. C. Winston, Robert Penland, R. B. Norton, Emerson Frazier, Sam Belk, C. D. Grooms, Richard Wrenn, Jack Carver, Linwood Potter.

11—Joseph McPherson, Paul Johnson, Thomas Hamilton, James Stepp, Lewis Parker, Douglas Wilkes, Luther Pierce, George Chambers, Woodfin Fowler, Charles Crotts, J. B. Grooms, Marvin Miller, Edward Carpenter, William Kirk, Bennie Moore, Norman McGee, William Stevens, Claude Pickett, Floyd Causey.

10—Myron Whitman, Bert Ferguson, Earl Barnes, Floyd Combs, Porter Stack, Clarence Ashburn, Lemon Finch, Troy Powell, George Gibson, Harley Pennell, Marshall Scoggins, Richard Wilder.

9—William Adkins, Lewis Janey, Emerson Barnhill, Barney Caviness, Claude Hicks, Harvey Watson, Vernon Bass, Hubert Williams, William Beach, Cling Shelton, Floyd Watkins, John Maxwell, David Kirksey, Edwin Shuler, Robert Farmer, Frank Dickens, Bernard Griffin, James Singleton, George Hill, Edward Martin.

8—James Bartlett, Lindsay Chavis, Robert Orrell, Clyde Reece, Jack Freeman, Randolph Miller, Kenneth Messick, Guy Lewis, Ernest Rivenbark, Randolph Davis, James C. Hoyle, James Bell, Dewey Freeman, Theodore Rector, Cecil Webb, James Reavis, Allen Davis, Stacy Long, Marvin Malcom, Walter Mitchell.

7—Joseph Johnson, John Kellam, Jerome Warren, James White, Junius Yarborough, Arthur Craft, Cleatus Daugherty, Fred Seibert, Charles Furchess, Thomas Reavis, Thomas C. Wilson, Thomas Maness, Elmo Parrish, William Hare, Leo Forrester, Columbus Hamilton, Robert Keith, Leonard Melton, James Corn, John Elliott, Paul Saunders, Morris Hicks, Wilfred Land, Charles Webb, William Craven, Levi Merritt, James Rector, Boyd Baker, Warren Medlin, J. C. Mobley, Montford Glasgow, Glenn Jenkins.

6—Roscoe Ashburn, Leland Crosby, Charles Lewis, F. E. Mickle, Roland Davis. Carlton Calloway, Wayne Fowler, Monroe Keith, Perry Russ, Clinton Keen, Joseph Sanford, Fred Dysen, John Penninger, Thomas McCarter, Joseph Brooks, Thomas McCausley, James Hodge, William Mar-

tin, Frank Lewis, Hubert Hooks, Hobart Johnson, Paul Rhodes.

5—Virgil Cecil, Wilson Myrick, Oscar Roland, Robert Batson, Elbert Bryant, Jesse Holleman, Wiley Crawford, Connie Dickens, Vernon Hubbard, William Suite, Houston Howard, Jack Pyatt, Thurman Robertson, James Ferrell, Haynes Hewitt, Alvis Browning, Winston Strickland, Charles Bryant, John Drum, James Hicks, Alton Morgan, Adolph Watson, Burl Allen, Alphus Bowman, Joseph Cox, Bernice Baker, Spurgeon Dowless.

4—William Anders, William Pitts, Bunn Shoe, Frank Cobb, Warren Godfrey, Council Holden, Newland Wilson, Raymond Irwin, Charles Vanhoy, Shelton Anderson, Mathis Garrett, William Corn, Thomas Doby, Charlton Henry, George Speer, Ted Hicks, Clyde Bolton, Norman Pike, Lake Cooper, Robert Ellis, William Knight, John House, Troy Reynolds, Maurice Staley, Charles Womble, Joseph Brown, Marvin Edwards, James Land, Robert McKee, Marvin Ashe, Claibourne McKee, Hansel Pate.

3—Robert Blevins, Glenn Hines, Anderson Payne, Charles Pepper, John Capps, Lemuel Murphy, Lawrence Tew, Barney Watson, Arthur Greer, John Whitaker, Percy Newsome, Edgar Merritt, David Odham, Junius Holleman, John Uptegrove, Archie Castlebury, Harold Gunter, Ralph McCracken, Letcher Castlebury, Lonnie Holleman, Chas. Freeman, Lewis Hanna, Walter Merritt, James Penland, Clayton Watts, Ira Grogan, William Tobar, Charles Lloyd, Hilliard Ruff, Eugene Tollie, Lee Dowless, Berry Rogers, Caleb Jolly, Gilbert Murray, Charles Pennell.

2—J. D. Ashe, Latha Warren, Iva Gregory, Grover Duncan, John Mecum, Jewell Barker, James Cooper, James Dalton, Eugene Green, Edgar Hatley, Max Hedrick, Ogburn Cason, John Green, McCree Mabe, Jas. Seawell, Burl Rash, James Harvel, Ray Laramore, Jordan McIver, Fred May, Jack Turner, Howard Key, Warner Peach, Paul Mitchell, Nathan Shelton, Clay Smith, Eugene Alexander, Esker Childress, Luther Landrum, William Peedin, James L. Singleton, Patton Capps, Grady Shields, Richard Honeycutt, Leonard Watson, Clarence Douglas, Merrit Gibson, Richard Baumgarner, Curtis Coleman, Nelson Daubenmeyer, Wilburn Suite, Henry Abernathy, James McCracken.

1—Albert Silas, William Byrd, F. M. Younger, George Shaver, Horace Bates, Ernest Hudspeth, Joel Moore, Frank Raby, Ernest Beach, Sanford Collins, Walter Taylor, Fletcher Castlebury, Roscoe Honeycutt, Marvin King, Clarence Mayton, John Robbins, Robert Stephens, Blaine Griffin, William Young, Clarence Ivester, Ernest Mobley, Percy Sanford, Boyce Watts, J. D. Burrow, Jack Livesay, Ralph Carver, Vernon Lamb, Franklin Hensley, Thelbert Poole, Clarence Anderson, S. E. Jones, June Malone, Arthur Ashley, Aaron Holder, Arlon Jones, Claude Ashe, Fred Clark, Clarence Lingerfelt, Clarence King.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending December 8, 1935

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Arthur Boyette
William Dillon
Alden Jones
Richard Sullivan
Ashley Thompson
Vermont Whitley

COTTAGE No. 1

Roscoe Ashburn
William Goodson
John Kellam
Millard Owenby
Charles Pepper
William Pitts
Bunn Shoe
James White
Eugene Whitt
Everett Williamson
Harvard Winn

COTTAGE No. 2

Arthur Craft
Leland Crosby
Warren Godfrey
Thomas Horton
Lewis Janey
Clyde A. Kivett
Wilson Myrick
Myron Whitman
Newland Wilson

COTTAGE No. 3

Robert Batson
William Barber
Elbert Bryant
Barney Caviness
Jesse Holleman
Claude Hicks
Frank Hutchins
F. E. Mickle
Thomas Reavis
Charles Vanhoy
D. C. Winston
Thomas C. Wilson

COTTAGE No. 4

Shelton Anderson
Carlton Calloway
Lindsay Chavis
William Hill
Ernest Hudspeth
Ralph Johnson
William Justice
Thomas Little
Joseph McPherson
Jack McRary
Percy Newsome
Robert Orrell
Frank Raby
Richard Sprinkle

COTTAGE No. 5

Connie Dickens
Bert Ferguson
William Hare
Monroe Keith
Randolph Miller
David Odham
Walter Taylor
Robert Worthington

COTTAGE No. 6

Fletcher Castlebury
Talmage Daughtry
James Harvel
Ray Laramore
James Stepp
William Young

COTTAGE No. 7

William Beach
James Corn
Archie Castlebury
Fred Dysen
Charles Griffin
Blaine Griffin
Caleb Hill
N. B. Johnson
Lewis Parker
Cling Shelton
Douglas Wilkes

COTTAGE No. 8

Charles Banks
Clyde Bolton
J. B. Burrow
Letcher Castlebury
Duke Davis
James Ferrell

Morris Hicks
Thomas Hudson
Haynes Hewitt
Howard Key
Wilfred Land
John Maxwell
Ernest Owens
Luther Pierce
Ernest Rivenbark

COTTAGE No. 9

Eugene Alexander
Alvis Browning
Thomas Brooks
Charles Crotts
William Craven
Woodfin Fowler
Pearly Funderburk
John Hildreth
Hoyette Hudson
Thomas McCarter
Ben Overby
Homer Smith

COTTAGE No. 10

Harold Brown
Floyd Combs
Lake Cooper
Robert Ellis
J. B. Grooms
David Kirksey
William Knight
Walter Merritt
Marvin Miller
James Patterson
Charles Pollard
James L. Singleton
Edwin Shuler

COTTAGE No. 11

Everett Bell
Lewis Crawford
John Drum
Bennie Holland
James Hicks
David Hodge
Norman McGee
Alton Morgan
James Montford
James Rector
Adolph Watson
Eldridge Ward

COTTAGE No. 12

Earl Atwood
Alphus Bowman
James Douglas
Horace Faulkner
Bernard Griffin
Alfred Holleman
Frank Lewis
Glenn O'Quinn
Eli Philemon
Andrew Powell
Homer Quick
Lonnie Sloan
Thomas Welch
Olive Weaver

COTTAGE No. 13

Charles Lloyd
Jennings Norris
Claudius Pickett
Linwood Potter
Howard Wilson

COTTAGE No. 14

Clarence Ashburn
Bernice Baker
Lemon Finch
Hubert Jones
J. C. Mobley
Robert McKee
Troy Powell

COTTAGE No. 15

Robert Alexander
Henry Abernathy
John Caddell
Montford Glasgow
George Gibson
George Hill
Caleb Jolly
Clarence King
Wilson Medlin
George McManus
Edward Martin
Hansel Pate
Paul Rhodes
Marshall Scoggins
Winfred Whitlock
Richard Wilder
Roy Wyrick

Brains have never been known to swell a head.—Selected.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIII CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 21, 1935 No. 51

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

CHRISTMAS

Christmas marks the coming into the world of a new force whose beneficience has never ceased; a force so human and compassionate that little children sing of it with glee, and yet a force so god-like that angels sounded its marching music to the world.

The fires that burn on happy hearthstones are its altar fires, the cherishing of children's joys its alms, the loyalties of friendship its shining ritual. And its sacraments are Christmas cheer, Christmas charity, Christmas hope.—Selected.

——PUBLISHED BY——
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON
MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE PRINCE OF PEACE

In the silence of the night as shepherds watched their flocks, in the brilliant radiance of the Bethlehem Star, in the glory of the Lord the angels brought the eternal message. Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

In the silence of the night came the eternal message as angels herald the birth of the new born King praising God. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. In the silence of the night heaven was filled with sweet melody praising God. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace. In the silence of tonight let Christ the Prince of Peace, and heaven be in our hearts. In the silence of tonight let Christ in, and heaven will ring in sweet melody praising God and all His work on earth as in Heaven.—Selected.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

In a recent issule of the Liberty magazine, the editor proposes a creed for the average American Business man. "Realizing that I came here bringing nothing and that I can take nothing away and feeling the responsibility of stewardship over those things which I have accumulated I desire that they shall be used to improve the condition of my fellowmen—by giving happiness to others my own cup of joy may be full."

What a splendid condition of affairs would be brought about if

men generally would make this their creed and incorporate it into their last will and testament.

The Christmas spirit is everywhere in evidence—the message of peace on Earth and Good Will to Men, will be proclaimed from pulpit and platform, men at this season of the year will go out of their way in order to spread a little Christmas cheer. Thousands of homes will be visited by Santa Claus because charitable men and organizations will make his visit possible.

As long as love and generosity and devotion exist, so long will men share with the less fortunate and for a short season at least usher in a world-brotherhood.

If only the Christmas season were not so short, if only this Christmas spirit could be spread out over the succeeding months, if men would only feel the responsibility of stewardship over those things which they have accumulated and use them, day by day, to improve the condition of their fellowmen, then truly by giving happiness to others their own cup of joy would be full.

* * * * * * *

R. R. CLARK

The sudden death of R. R. Clark, an editor of recognized ability and influence, has removed from our midst a stalwart character who will be missed not alone by close and intimate friends of his community, but by scores who admired him throughout the state.

His wide experience in the affairs of the state gave him an assurance to discriminate between the principles of right and wrong, therefore, his position in all public issues was one taken from the viewpoint of right and not because the idea was popular.

In his writings he inspired confidence in those who differed with him in opinion, realizing that his editorial comments were given with a hope of creating a high sense of justice to all concerned. He loved his fellowman and every public trust committed to his care was given the same attention as if the commission was his own personal affair. This discharge of duty was exemplified by the attention he gave as a member of governing body of State Hospit-

al, of which he was a faithful member for a number of years.

He advocated with his facile pen a square and fair deal in all public issues, and demanded the same from his co-workers. He will be missed in the state, and his place will be hard to fill, if at all. He was a fine friend to all public institutions, and we will miss him as a sympathetic friend and wise counselor.

* * * * * * *

THE HERMITAGE—A SHRINE

Andrew Jackson, the seventh president of the United States, had a humble but gentle birth. His father was a Scotchman, emigrated to America in 1765, settling in North Carolina near Waxhaw, S. C., but soon after died, leaving to his widow a half-cleared farm in a new settlement. Andrew Jackson was known by his constituents as "Old Hickory", due to his toughness in meeting emergencies and each time rising stronger and more courageous to battle with conditions as presented before and during the Revolutionary War.

He enlisted in the Revolution when but thirteen years of age; his encounters with the Indians were outstanding for his strategy; he was known by the Indians as "Sharp Knife" and his victory at the famous "Battle of New Orleans" January 8th, 1815, in repulsing the British, was a most remarkable achievement both for strategy and bravery.

In the new state of Tennessee Jackson was soon recognized for his rugged honesty, courage and untiring leadership, therefore, he forged to the front both as a statesman and politician of unusual chicanery.

Just lately, the ladies comprising the "Hermitage Association", of Tennessee with the aid of federal funds, are restoring Jackson's home, the Hermitage with its five hundred acreage including the cabins for its trusted slaves, in its 19th century likeness. The statement is voiced from this organization of women, having the sentiment and ambition of all southern women to keep history straight that "everything will be done to place this shrine before the public in the best condition and give it its original appearance."

A CUSTOM

It is the custom of this institution to take a week's vacation, and Christmas week has been the accepted time for this annual event.

The activities of every department of the Jackson Training School will be discontinued, the holiday beginning with Christmas Eve.

Therefore, we bid our friends adieu, with hopes of a happy Christmas and New Year radiant with peace and good will.

* * * * * * *

I KEEP FAITH WITH YOUNG FOLKS

Would you taste the sweetest joy of Christmas . . . know it in all its fullness? Then make glad the heart of a child! For where the children are, there is the Spirit of Christmas!

For "such as these," Christmas is the very embodiment of all that "abideth." And he who keeps Christmas with childhood, walks with Faith, shares the expectancy of Hope . . . knows the fulfillment of love.

In Faith, "Dear Santa" is scrawled by tiny fingers. In Hope, little stockings are hung by the chimney with care. And Love makes childhood's dreams come true!

The magic touch of Christmas makes children of us all! It leads us to the very heart of the Day of Days! Through childhood's eyes alone do we behold its eternal beauty.

Whoever you are . . . wherever you be . . . yours may be the joy of making Christmas Merry for some child. Thereby you will find me.

For I keep Faith with young folks.

I am the Spirit of Christmas!

There is no sight so pitiful,
  Nor quite so sad—forlorn—
As children who have not a gift
  At break of Christmas Morn.

There's naught to bring joy more complete,
  Nor any higher pay
In dividends, than bringing cheer
  To tots on Christmas Day.

To hear their shouts of happy zest—
  To see their bright eyes shine,
Brings to one's mind in holy thought,
  The Christmas Child Divine.

For, does He not say to the world—
  So we may kindly be—
"As ye do to the least of these,
  So do you unto me?"

The following contributions to the Boys' Christmas Fund have been received to date:

A Friend, Concord	$ 5.00
Herman Cone, Greensboro	25.00
Davidson County Welfare Dept., Curry F. Lopp, Supt., Lexington	5.00
P. H. Fleming, Supt. Public Welfare, Burlington	5.00
Rowan County Charity Organization, Mrs. Mary O. Linton, Supt.	5.00
Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin	5.00
Mrs. Walter Davidson, Charlotte	5.00
W. M. Newton, Pasadena, California	2.50
Mrs. Cameron Morrison, Charlotte	50.00
Rotary Club, High Point	15.00
A Friend, South Carolina	5.00
Forsyth County, (General Fund)	10.00
Bernard M. Cone, Greensboro	10.00
Iredell County Welfare Department, Statesville, Mrs. R. M. Rickert, Supt.	5.00
L. D. Coltrane, Concord	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Gregory and Friend, Cooleemee	7.00
Spartan Grain & Mill Co., Spartanburg, S. C.	5.00
O. G. Reynolds, Supt., Public Welfare, Rockingham	6.00
Judge W. M. Yorke, Greensboro	5.00
Juvenile Commission, Greensboro	4.00
Mrs. J. S. Myers, Charlotte	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Boger, Concord	5.00
Mecklenburg County	40.00

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

When Angels Sing

"The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young,
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul, full of music, breaks forth on the air,
When the song of the angels is sung."

—o—

Happy America

The belfries of all Christendom now roll along the unbroken song of peace on earth, good will to men. But Italy and other foreign nations of the earth are too busy seeking to kill human beings to hear the message of peace. The trumpet blasts of war profane this blessed season in several foreign lands. Thrice happy is America, because it is at peace with all the world. But is it at peace with its God? The biblical admonition is that "They who take the sword shall perish by the sword."

—o—

Universal Joy

The universal joy of Christmas is certainly wonderful. No other joy on earth takes such a gripping hold on the hearts of the people. We ring the bells when princes are born, or toll a mournful dirge when great men pass away. Nations have their red-letter days, their carnivals and festivals, but once in the year, and only once, the whole world stands still to celebrate the advent of a life. Only Jesus of Nazareth claims this world-wide, undying remembrance. You cannot cut Christmas out of the calendar, nor out of the heart of the world.

—o—

Some Victories are Defeats

It is very generally accepted that wars are made by the rulers and are fought by the popele. Typical of the selfishness and ruthlessness of many men in high places is the famous utterance of Napoleon. When Prince Metternich told him that a certain plan of his would cost the lives of a hundred thousand men, Napoleon haughtily answered: "A 100,000 men! What is a 100,000 men to me?" And Metternich walked to the window and threw it open and said. "Let all Europe hear that atrocious sentiment." But Europe has not learned the lesson, nor has the rest of the world. When force meets force, death falls upon all. There are victories that are defeats. How can a war-riven world and human hearts filled with hatred to their fellowman welcome the coming of the Prince of Peace? We have failed to enter into the spirit of true Christianity when we carry bitterness in our hearts towards our fellowmen, no matter what their race or color.

—o—

Dissatisfaction Rife

There is excessive striving and unrest in the world today. It gives evidence of an unsatisfied universe. Men are searching for happiness and contentment. The search, in most instances, is in the wrong direction.

Some think the government can give them support and happiness. The poor ask for money; the rich seek to be richer still, never satisfied; the ambitious look for fame, for power, position; the politicians seek to remain in office, and, in most cases, look more to their own selfish ends than to the welfare of the masses. There was a ship-wrecked crew, drifting for days in a small boat and suffered the agonies of thirst under a tropical sun. When all hope had been abanboned they saw a ship bearing towards them. They called out as loud as their parched throats would let them, "Water! water!" The answer came, "Dip your buckets ov-the side." Without knowing it, they had drifted where the mighy Amazon carries its fresh water far out to sea. They were floating on an ocean of plenty though they knew it not. Even so, all about us is the ocean of God's grace and love ready to fill your soul with satisfaction and joy.

—o—

Farmers of Tomorrow

One of the most interesting phases of farm co-operative work lies in the encouragement and knowledge given young farm people. Contests are held for livestock and crops raised by these budding farmers. Instruction is given them in scientific farming, marketing and distribution. Theirs is an opportunity that few of their forbears had. The result of this is to better the outlook for the agriculture of the future—and to make it inevitable that the farmer of tomorrow will be a better crop scientist, a better business man, and more valuable citizen, than the farmer of yesterday. Mr. McClure, head of the Western North Carolina Co-Operative organization of farmers, with his fiddling band of three musicians, (who, by the way, made splendid mountain music,) in Durham a few days ago, gave an intensely interesting account of the wonderful achievements of that organization, and what it is doing for the farmers and their wives in Western North Carolina. It gave one a thrill to hear of the many avenues that are being opened for new endeavors among the sturdy mountaineers, and with what enthusiasm they are prosecuting the projects with ever increasing success. This columnist wishes them god speed in their laudable work of finding new avenues out of old ruts and creating new industries!

—o—

Destroying War-Like Toys

Chicago has begun among its 60 schools a crusade against war-like toys and destroyed over two bushel basketfuls of guns and the like of playthings regarded as accident and crime breeders. It strikes me it is a good move to eliminate accidents and war trend ideas. Safety first, and this should be inculcated in the young down to the smallest tot. There are too many toys suggestive of war, and many of them are dangerous in the hands of children. Then, too, there is too much war talk abroad in the land. With people, papers and radios all busy on the same subject is making war impressions on young minds, and keeping alive the coals of conflict and bloodshed, which may grow into a flame, in growing young

minds, beyond control. Seems to me parents would rather tell their children about geese going south, field mice in the corn shocks, and popcorn balls and molasses candy, than about children killed by the Italian bombers and white soldiers mutilated by Ethiopians. Give the children something pleasing to think about and make their lives sweeter, and not blot their vision with the horrors of war, and not give them miniature imitative weapons of war, which frequently do much damage, and at the same time cause sorrow in the family. Let's get away from war, and everything that is suggestive of war, whether in stories of the foreign conflicts, or toys that suggest war ideas. "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined."

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Christmas is one day of the year
When all the world should be of good cheer.
Everyone should show their friendship
On this sabbath day of worship.

As church bells are merrily ringing
Many little children carols are singing.
What does it mean to you when
They sing "peace on earth good will toward men?"

There are many very happy greetings
At many large, long-sought meetings.
With each of the different gifts sent
A hearty token of friendship is meant.

Think of the missionaries and Red Cross association
With their good will posts in every foreign nation,
Making possible good will toward men and peace on earth,
As every one joins in celebrating Christ's birth.

So let's make it a season of the year when
Everyone tries to make happy his fellow men.
May the whole world ever so full of cheer
Enjoy a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

—Walter E. Watters.

THE TWELFTH DAY

(Young Folks)

Epiphany is sometimes called the Twelfth Day, because it is observed twelve days after Christmas. It is the time we celebrate the manifestation of our Lord to the Wise men when they came from the East to worship Him. But, as a matter of fact, the element of time means little. We do not know, and we probably never shall know, when these ancient students of the stars made their journey to Bethlehem to do honor to the new-born-King. It is not without point, however, that Epiphany falls so soon after we celebrate the coming of Jesus. On Christmas He manifested Himself to the shepherds who were Jews, and at Epiphany to the Wise-men who were Gentiles, which can mean nothing else than that His great heart is open to both. At the beginning He was sought out and visited by men regardless of race or tongue, and at the end of His life He commanded His Church to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. The attempt to limit His will and purpose to any race or class is deliberately to misread His life story and to limit what He clearly intended for all men to a favorite few.

It would be possible to spend a long time in showing how Christianity has taken over many words and forms of heathenism and given them a Christian meaning. This is true of the word Epiphany. It was in use particularly among the pagan Greeks, who had a festival they observed in commemoration of the manifestation of one of their deities in any particular place. We need not be in the least disturbed because the Church has appropriated forms of pagan thought and custom, for if it has it has first emptied them of their heathen meaning and given them a strictly Christian content. This practice shows how negligible forms in themselves are. What matters is that they be given the right meaning. The very term carries with it the conviction among us that our Lord has manifested Himself; but it goes beyond that and declares that He manifested Himself to others as well as to ourselves. The same law that makes Him the Saviour of all.

BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
It is really come again,
With its memories and greetings,
With its joy and with its pain.

—Selected.

THE FIRTS CHRISTMAS GIFTS

By Vesta P. Crawford

Gold and frankincense and myrrh were the world's first Christmas gifts. Over mountains and plains, by lonely valleys and swift rivers, the Wise Men of old traveled for weeks guided by a new light in the heavens. There is no story more beautiful than the journey of the Magi of the East—how they came "with speed" to a town of Judea enthroned on the everlasting hills. And these travelers from afar brought with them precious treasures.

It is said that the name of the oldest Wise Man was Melchior, and he brought his gold in a box shaped like a shrine and inlaid with Oriental jewels. Before the Christ Child Melchior bowed his head and presented a gift of great value—gold, a treasure of the ages, desired by all nations in every century. Men used gold as a means of wealth and exchange long before definite money systems were established. It was easily beaten and shaped into any desirable form, and gold was coin of the realm in any land. A little gold in the purse would buy fleet Arabian horses and camels of the desert. It would buy spices from India and silks from China; it would buy herds of sheep and golden fields of grain. A man who traveled with gold in his possession could buy what he wanted of material commodities. And so, to the humble babe, who was to grow to be a man knowing true values and teaching real worth, was given gold. A great gift and precious, thought the Wise Men, for their experience had taught them that gold opened the doors of the world.

Perhaps Melchior's gold came from Ophir, that strange mysterious land from whence came "golden wedges," pieces of shining yellow metal, thick at one end and thin at the other. In the Arabic language Ophir is a general term meaning rich land, and hence the Ophir referred to in the Bible may have been on the eastern coast of Africa or on the western edge of the Arabian peninsula in that far-famed land of Sheba. Or perhaps from the distant shores of Malabar came the yellow gold that Melchior carried in a jewelled box to Him who was to say: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth."

Balthasar, supposed to have been a man of middle age and of great learning, brought also his gift, a commodity of great value to men of his time. In a covered horn Balthasar brought myrrh, a precious eastern incense. For ages before the birth of Christ Asiatic and African peoples had used incense in their religious ceremonies and to do honor to guests and to the nobility. Houses were perfumed with incense and it was burned in the streets where kings passed. In a special spice mixture, containing four ingredients, myrrh was one of the essentials.

This famous myrrh of ancient commerce was bought in pieces one to three inches in diametre, and of a reddish brown color streaked with white. The flavor, bitter but extremely aromatic, was due to the

presence of a certain oil called myrrhol. It is believed that the name myrrh comes from the Arabian word *marra*, meaning to be bitter. But other traditions relate that Myrrha, the daughter of Cinyras, King of Cyprus, fled to Arabia and was there changed into a myrrh tree.

But the myrrh producing plant was not really tree-like in height, at least not like a tall tree. Bushy in proportions and ragged in appearance, the spiny myrrh shrub *Balsamodendron myrrha* clung to the hillsides of the most moist ranges of Arabia and Africa. The sparse leaves were bright green, oval in shape, and definitely veined. The gum or resin exuded from the bark just above the roots of the plant. These viscous drops, upon emergence, were light and golden in color like honey, but exposure to the air and amalgamation with many other drops transformed them into darker and harder lumps. In the Song of Solomon, the great king mentions myrrh as one of the "powders of the merchant," and refers to a person coming out of the wilderness "perfumed with myrrh." And it was, in all probability, myrrh of this same variety that Balthasar brought to the Babe of Bethlehem.

Caspar, who, it was said, was only twenty when he journeyed into the land of Judea, carried with him frankincense, a resin much like myrrh but even more valued. This useful and even luxurious product came from a variety of the trees of the genus *Boswellia*. Five species, and perhaps more, of this tree grew wild in parts of Abyssinia, East Africa, Central India, and Arabia. From these countries came caravans bearing the precious frankincense to the Egyptians, to the Persians, to the Babylonians, to the Hebrews, and to many other Eastern peoples. The Hebrews, alone, used 368 pounds of frankincense yearly in making a holy ointment for use in church ritual. Furthermore, this incense burned with such a brilliant flame that the material was much in demand for this purpose. Also, it was of great medicinal value for use as a powerful disinfectant.

The tree from which the gum was gathered attained various heights according to its type and the conditions of elevation, moisture, and richness of soil. In Bible times occasional trees grew to be forty feet tall, but a far greater number were only shrubs, sometimes thickly matted on the hillsides. The trees that grew on the Arabian mountains were better than the plains variety and in some respects resembled vigorous pear trees. Other types were branched like the hawthorn.

May to September was the gathering season in which the bark of the tree was cut to permit the emergence of a milky juice, which, upon exposure to the air, hardened into resinous lumps, white to yellow brown in color. The purest kind of frankincense, however, was composed of colorless lumps covered with a powdery substance. The franincense gum of Arabia was called *luban*, but the desert tribes named the African product *asli*.

Precious gifts of earthly use and benefit were the first Christmas pres-

ents. And yet attached to them were certain spiritual and symbolic attributes. For instance, it has been said that the gold represented the kingship of Jesus; the myrrh foretold his tragic death; and the frankincense was evidence of the godhehad. Perhaps the Wise Men did not think of these later implications, but certainly their hearts were filled with love and worship as they presented their treasure to the newborn King at Bethlehem.

THE BOY OF NAZARETH

Whenever Christmas anthems ring
  And Christmas lights are gay,
I seem to see the manger bed
  In which the Savior lay;
But, looking down the later years
  Of mingled tears and joy
I wish that I could picture him
  An eager, laughing boy.

Through skill of artists' brush and pen
  The Holy Infant's face
Is known to all—its beauty rare,
  Its innocence and grace.
But once he was a restless lad
  With many a simple toy,
I'd like a picture of him then—
  When Jesus was a boy.

We have no words of how he grew
  Or of his mother's care;
Of Joseph teaching him the trade
  The carpenter would share.
I would that I might know his way
  My hours to employ;
I would that I could see the Christ
  When he was just a boy.

—L. Mitchell Thornton.

THE WORLD'S NIGHT OF WONDER

(Rochester Democrat and Chronicle)

Darkness was falling over Bethlehem. Upon the mountains rising high above the little village of Judea careful shepherds brought their flocks togteher that they might find repose in safety while watch was kept against marauding wolves. It was a pastoral of peaceful life that centuries of repetition had made commonplace, yet it was the one scene of them all predestined to become immortal. It was the culmination of the centuries; it was the climax of he tworld's great pastorals.

Down in Bethlehem the scene was different. There was crowding and confusion, though even there were found the elements of peace. Among the throng drawn to its streets from many places by the dreaded power of Rome were two late comers. They were a young man and his youthful wife who must have reached the town at just about the time the shepherds on the hills were gathering their flocks for restful sleep. They, too, sought rest, for they had traveled far; but though the man was of the lineage of David, the great Shepherd King, there was no room for him nor his wife in all the homes of Bethlehem.

The only place available for these road-weary travelers was in a stable; and there among the cattle and the implements of husbandry, like homeless vagrants, they made their bed of straw. There was feasting in the inn where shelter was denied them. There were rejoicings and many happy reunitings of separated families among the homes where rooms could not be found for them. There were amid the throng some who were counted in their day as persons of importance, but their remembrance and their names have long since vanished from all human knowledge, and the fact that Bethlehem was filled to overflowing on that night would have been forgotten centuries ago but for the man and woman whose only place of rest was in a stable.

Then came the moment of the one Event that made the night immortal. Upon the hills the drowsy shepherds kept their age-old watch, silently and half asleep, but sure to spring alertly to the rescue if danger threatened any of their flock. Through all the town the sound of feasting died away and silence, broken only by some barking dog or by the gentle wind of night enveloped town and hill. Within the stable sleep had come, but it was not to last the night.

The woman stirred uneasily upon her low, hard bed of straw, and then awoke. Her hour had come. The thin shrill cry of life's first breath stirred through the quiet of the cattle stall. Where two had been there now were three.

Nor were the loneliness and silence of the hills to be unbroken till the dawn. The heaven flamed with sudden and unwonted light, and there appeared before the shepherds, startled into wakefulness such as no wolf's attack could bring, celestial messengers with songs of praise that have never yet been stilled, and will

not be until they merge into the mighty anthem of the world's complete redemption.

All through the silent early hours of this most wonderful of nights, still following the flashing star of mankind's highest destiny, men of the East wise with a wisdom passing all our understanding, measured off the last leagues of their weary journey. From lands beyond the knowledge of the flock of Bethlehem they came to pay their homage to the Infant who, as their deep lore had taught them, was destined to appear in later days as Master of the later truths. They came and worshipped and withdrew into that obscurity from whence they had appeared for one brief hour to take their part in the sublime reception to the new-born King of Truth.

Almost two thousand years have run their courses since that night when Christ was born. Today we celebrate that far-off and divine event which has transformed the world. The Infant cradled then so meanly in a manger has become mankind's supreme ideal. The vision of the Wise Men has been vindicated. So long as that prophetic vision, symboled by a star, is not forgotten by the souls of men, so long as that rare chorus of the angels holds its charm to thrill the hearts of men, so long as that immortal life retains its power to guide the lives of men, all will be well on earth and peace will dwell with man.

A NEGRO WAITER AND AN ENGLISH LORD

Lord Balfour in praising waiters that served him in Washington tells a story that any southern man who knows and appreciates the negro will enjoy and stamp as the real article. Here is Lord Balfour's story:

"I was at a hotel where all the waiters were colored men. On the first evening I pushed away the menu and gave the waiter a coin.

" 'Just bring me a good dinner,' I said. He brought me an excellent dinner. I continued this plan a fortnight.

"When I left my waiter said to me, 'Goodbye, sah, an' good luck, and when yoh or any of yoh frien's come here what can't read the menu, jes ax foh Calhoun Clay.' "

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN A MINING CAMP

(Selected)

The mines had been shut down for six weeks, and money had been very scarce. Bad weather had set in early, and the continued rain found its way through the roof of many cabins. There was beginning to be sickness. In the cabin of Sandy Carson there was a little girl—the only little girl in the camp—very ill. A cold at first, then a fever had come, and day after day little, sunny-haired Nellie Carson, whom the miners had loved and petted since the first day of her arrival, steadily grew worse until the whole camp spoke in whispers, even up at the Red Light, where they were gambling.

To Dr. Dick, who hung over the little sufferer's bed and watched the fluttering breath, it seemed that the course of the fever was about to run. She had been delirious at times; as he leaned over her she began muttering: "Is it Christmas yet, mama? You said I could have a doll when Christmas came, and I want it so bad, mama; isn't it Christmas yet?" The sick child in her unconsciousness had somehow remembered, and though the burning tide of fever held fast to promise of weeks before.

"Have you the doll, Mrs. Carson?"

"I have never bought it. I have promised it to her for a year. I told her when Christmas came she would surely have it, then she was taken ill, and I did not remember, and oh, Dr. Dick, we have scarcely enough money for food!"

Half an hour later Dr. Dick went over to the Red Light Hotel. Lounging about the office was the usual crowd. Every other occupation abruptly ceased when the doctor entered.

"How is she? How is she tonight, Doc?"

"There'll be a change by morning or before. I can't tell you till then. Boys, is there anybody here that will ride over to Green Valley tonight?" There was a moment of silence. Green Valley, the nearest town of any size, was a good twenty miles away, and the roads were believed to be impassable. The stage had missed two trips. Creeks were swollen and the mud in places would be to the horse's knees. A gang of outlaws infested one part of the road, and the stage had been fired upon. Preesently one of the men spoke: "Any of us would go, but I don't believe there's a single horse in the camp that would carry a grown man there and back tonight, and the Kid here wouldn't care to risk it, I reckon."

"Let the kid talk for himself!" And a boyish figure stepped out facing Dr. Dick. "What's wanted at Green Valley?"

The doctor looked at his questioner. The boy could not be more than seventeen, and, was slight for his age. He had drifted into camp one day from nobody knew where. Since then he had been mining and gambling, and seemed to be expert at both. The men had christened him the Kid, and when little Nell came he had for some reason become her slave. Since her illness he had gambled very little, during the last few days, none at all.

" Well," said Dr. Dick, " perhaps it is nothing that will do any good but tomorrow will be Christmas and the little girl has been promised a doll. She is talking and raving about it, and when the change comes, if she is conscious, any disappointment would be bad, and I thought maybe if we had a doll—a big doll—to put right before her that—perhaps—" The boy faced the listening men and said: "Who's got a horse? Get me a good horse and I'll be out of here in three minutes.

"I have got the best horse in the camp," said a man named Slag. "I'll have her here by the time you're ready."

"The Kid will need money—chip in boys," said one of the men, holding out his hat. The coins rattled into it, and when the hat, heavy with silver, was handed to the boy he passed it over to Dr. Dick, saying, "Give that to her father; they need it. I'll pay for the doll myself." And he hurried out to where Slag was waiting with a large, handsome mare. "She'll take you there and back, if any horse can tonight," said Slag. The miners crowded out to see him off. It was already dark and the rain falling heavily.

"Hold her up stream, Kid, when you ford," called one.

"Goodbye, boys. I'll be back by daylight if I come at all," and with a signal to the restless mare, the boy bounded away in the night and rain.

The last clerk in the big general store at Green Valley was just getting ready to close for the night. It was past eleven, and the final straggling Christmas Eve customers were gone. He stood in the door for a moment looking out into the darkness and rain and muttering to himself: "I hate these kinds of Christmases. The rain, rain, mud and slop knocks trade silly." He was about to turn back when a sound came to him from far down the street. It was the splash of horses's hoofs. The horseman came directly toward the store, dismounted and flung the bridle over the hitching rack as he called out to the staring clerk: "Git me the biggest and finest doll you've got, quick!"

The clerk hastened to obey. The Kid was a man of mud from head to foot, and he staggered as he walked. "I rode over from camp," he said. "It is not very fast riding, but the roads are pretty soft and I suppose I am some muddy!"

"From the Camp! Muddy!"

"Yes, and I have got to get back by daylight with that doll. Hurry up with it. The biggest and highest priced you've got. It's for a little girl that's about to die! And Dr. Dick thinks it may save her if we get there in time. You can tie it up good, and fasten it to me under my slicker. Here! I'll take this one. Put it up in thick paper and use a lot of big strong string. Tie it around me, high up as you can; little more to the right; there, that'll stay, I guess."

"Now take out your money and tie that sack to my belt. That'll do; good night."

He hurried out to where the big mare was standing: "We've got to try it again, Nance, old girl. We had a hard pull coming over, and it

will be worse going back, but we've got to get there."

The noble mare whinnied a little and seemed to understand. A moment later he was dashing down the street into the blackness that lay between him and the little girl who was battling with death in Sandy Carson's cabin. As he sped along he could see beside it another face—the face, another Nellie—his little sister back in the East, whom he had not seen for ten years. He had idolized her, but he remembered bitterly how even his love for her had not been strong enough to keep him out of bad company; and how when his father had reproved him he had fled from his home in anger and never returned. But the memory of his little sister Nellie had never dimmed. It was for this reason that Nellie Carson had become his pet, and because of this that during her illness he had led a better life. He could not bear the thought of her dying, and he shuddered to think that even if he did reach the camp safely he might not be in time. He urged the mare forward; there was a fairly good stretch of road for some distance out of the town of Green Valley where they made good headway. Then they entered the heavy woods and the road became slippery. He was obliged to go slower here, and let the mare pick her way. A mile further on there was a swift stream that they had forded with difficulty. He knew that it was still rising, and he was anxious to get there as soon as possible. He could hear the stream roaring before they got to it.

"It will be a long pull, Nance, but we've got to make it."

He could not tell in the darkness, when they reached the brink, until he felt the mare plunge forward and the water rise about his legs. "Head up stream, Nance! Head up stream!"

He felt her struggling powerfully under him, but he had no means of knowing when they were near the other bank. Suddenly it seemed to him that they had drifted down out of the open road, and thick woods were on both sides. If they were between steep banks they were lost. He leaned forward, striving to pierce a little way in the blackness. At this moment the mare stopped swimming. She had given up the struggle. But now he felt her plunging and battling for a foothold on solid ground. They had climbed the other bank, and she was climbing where it was steep and slippery. He gave her free rein and all at once he found himself saying a prayer: "God help me to reach the Camp! God help me to reach the Camp in time!" He clung to the struggling mare's mane and after what seemed an eternity to the boy he felt they had reached level ground. "Good Nance! Good Nance!"

Just beyond was a stretch of hilly, rough road, and it was here that the mare toiled slowly from side to side among the boulders. As they gained a more level stretch of road, he noticed the rain had well nigh ceased and that there seemed to be a breaking in the sky. Perhaps it would be clear and sunny for Christmas. For a moment he forgot that darkness and danger shut him in, when sud-

denly the mare gave a snort and plunged so quickly to one side that the Kid was almost unseated. Then his heart stood still, for he heard men's muffled voices, and then a quick call "Halt!" The Kid imagined he saw the outline of a man's face at Nance's head.

"Let go of that you scoundrel!" he shouted, and drove his heels against the mare's sides. There was a smothered curse as Nance tore her head free and dashed forward. The Kid saw the dark outline go down as he passed and then heard horses' hoofbeats behind him in pursuit.

"Good Nance, beautiful Nance," he whispered. "We must beat these cutthroats; we must get to the Camp with Nellie's doll. You can do it, Nance! You can do it; God will help you do it, Nance! O God, if you will help Nance to get there in time with Nellie's doll!"

It was no more than a mile now to the last ford. If he could beat them there he did not believe they would dare cross,

"We are going to do it, Nance!" and then suddenly from behind came two sharp reports on the night. The Kid felt his right shoulder shrink with a fierce pain for a moment and grow numb. "Nance! O, Nance, they have shot me! The cowards have shot me!" The mare had bounded forward at the shots and was running wildly. "Keep it up, Nance; Keep it up; I'll hang on if I can. O God, help me to hang on!"

He wound his hands to the saddle with the bridle rein and pulled the end through the tight with his teeth. Then he leaned forward and closed his eyes, for he felt a growing faint. Presently he felt the mare's forefeet plunge downward and a moment later the cold water was once more about his legs. They had reached the last ford: "Head up stream, Nance, head up stream, old girl," and the night and the roar of water, and sound of distant hoofbeats whirled and mingled and blended in blackness and silence.

A group of men were gathered at the humble door of the Carson cabin, watching, waiting for dawn, waiting for the word that came now and then from the little fevered girl within, waiting for the splash of hoofs that would announce the Kid's return.

"He ought to be coming now," said Slag, who had scarcely spoken before. "It's a mighty bad road, but Nance could get over it by this time if—if the cricks wasn't too high so's they couldn't get across, though o' course they'd try it. That Kid and Nance 'ul try anything."

This was the first suggestion that anyone had made aloud that perhaps the Kid might not return, and it cast an added gloom over the silent group around the cabin. Dr. Dick came to the door just then and stood outside listening, anxiously.

"She is waking. If the boy does not come now it will be too late." He peered down the dim road, listening intently.

All at once from the edge of the woods there came a call. It was from the two men who had walked down the road to listen. "He's coming! We can hear the hoofs!"

The men leaped to their feet and listened. Far down the road, they

could hear the sound, too. Slag ran a few steps forward. "That's Nance! I know her gait!" They saw the two men returning on the run, and then, out of the woods came the horse.

She passed them and came straight to Slag. She was a mass of mud, and upon her back there hung another mud-covered object that made no movement or sound.

"Kid! Kid!" shouted Slag, shaking him, "Are you asleep? Did you bring the doll?"

There was no answer, then they saw that his hands were bound to the saddle. In a second they had lifted him down and stripped the slicker. They saw a package containing the doll, and cutting it from him, handed it to Dr. Dick who went to the cabin with it, and a moment later returned and said: "The boy was hurt; there was blood on the package!"

He kneeled down in the dim light and laid his ear to the Kid's heart. "Carry him over to the Red Light! Quick!"

Three hours later the sweet Christmas sunlight was shining in a room of the Red Light where the Kid was lying. Dr. Dick was bending over him, and a silent group of men was gathered in the hallway, peering in at the open door. The boy, opening his eyes, did not realize where he was. Then he said: "Did I make it in time, Doc? Was the doll all right, and—and will she—will she live?"

"Yes, my boy, you saved her. She will get well. And you wiil get well, too, Kid, God bless you!" And there was not one of the silent, listening group outside but that repeated reverently "God bless the Kid!"

FOLLOWING THE STAR

A new star gleamed upon that night,
  The night the Christ Child came,
And faces shone with inward light,
  Lit by its glowing flame.
For love had come into the world,
  And love will ne'er depart.

O blessed Truth, your tendrils curled
  Around each beating heart,
Yours is the hope that bears us far
  To where the Christ light gleams;
And men still seek, beneath His star,
  The bright goal of their dreams.

—Elizabeth B. Haas.

LOCATION SELECTED FOR HUGE TELESCOPE

By Harry Namuth

Scientific men throughout the world, especially astronomers, are keenly interested in what the new 200-inch telescope will bring forth when it is set up on Mt. Palomar, in southern California. In fact, they are fairly agog at what the huge glass may contribute to man's knowlerge of the vast universe about him. By ten times, it will increase the power of the 100-chin Hooker telescope now located on Mt. Wilson, California. Its tremendous eye will maginfy by 700,000 times, the power of the human eye, and will push back the known bounds of creation by millions of light years. The light that a glass gathers determines its power and efficiency. This gigantic glass will measure over sixteen feet in diameter, and gather light such as Galileo never dreamed of when he built his telescope. It will weigh more than twenty tons when cast, and its operation will bring into play some of the most ingenious and scientific machinery known to man's inventive mind.

Mt. Palomar, the northern end of San Diego County, Califronia was selected only after intensive observation had been carried on at fifteen different points in southern California, New Mexico and Arizona for years. Weather conditions have a marked effect upon the efficiency of a telescope. Such matters as artificial light, general visibility, steady temperatures and freedom from fog and severe storms play important parts in the choice of a location. Mt. Palomar is 6,100 feet above sea level, free from artificial light, fog and storms, and has a comparatively even temperature throughout the entire year. Final arrangements for the placing of this gigantic glass were made by lamplight in a little old-fashioned farmhouse on the lofty slopes of Mt. Palomar.

Astronomy is one of the oldest of sciences, dating back to the days when primitive man first regarded the rising and setting of the sun, and the passing of the seasons. He ordered his life by them. The terrifying darkness of the eclipses, the majesty of the heavens on clear nights, the shooting of comets and meteors all were an unending source of wonder and awe to him. Early systematic observation of the heavens is proven by the fact that one of the earliest fairly reliable dates, the beginning of the year 4241 B. C., was definitely ascertained by the heliacal rising of Sothis, now known as Sirius, brightest star in the sky. As early as the year 3000 B. C. the Egyptians and Chaldeans were wont to make astronomical observations with the "Merknet" from the top of temples, pyramids and natural buttes.

To the Greeks, however, belongs the credit for putting astronomy on a sound working basis. True they builded upon what had been handed on to them by the Egyptians and Chaldeans, but with the aid of math-

ematics they quickly developed astronomy to where it became one of the exact sciences. While Pythagoras and Euclid were developing mathematics and geometry, rapid advances in astronomy were being made by Hipparchus and others. They used odd instruments to arrive at their conclusions and deductions, but they succeeded in evolving the twelve hour day which Europe later used.

Tycho Brahe, a Dane, stands as the last great observer prior to the dawn of the telescope, invented by the Italian, Galileo, in the year 1609. It was due to the discoveries and perseverance of Brahe that Kepler, the German, was later able to formulate the celebrated laws of planetary motion. But even the great Brahe was limited in his labors even as were the earliest observers, for the reach of his naked eye marked the limits of his observations.

In the year 1609 Galileo, with his knowledge of optics, grasped the idea of combining two lenses to achieve the tremendous power characteristic of the telescope. And with the aid of the telescope, methods of observation departed from the old perfected Alexandrian School of which Tycho Brahe was a pupil, paving the way for rapid advancement in the unlocking of some of the profoundest mysteries of our universe. From that day to this, progress has been constant. At the Paris Exposition in the year 1900, a 50-inch telescope was exhibited which had been built for the occasion. The telescope given to the Chicago University by C. T. Yerkes at that time measures forty inches, while the glass at the Lick Observatory measures thirty-six inches. The largest glass in the world today is the 100-inch Hooker telescope on Mt. Wilson, California.

For a number of years builders of telescopes were confronted with a serious problem in their art. It so happened that in the larger instruments a purple halo would surround and dim the object, caused by the refusal of the extreme rays—the red and violet rays—to coincide with the others. This was not perceptible in small instruments, but seemed to definitely preclude the construction of large lenses. This defect was possible of correction, but only at the cost of unfitting the instrument for photographic work. However, extensive tests by the German government carried on at Jenna, under the direction of Professor Abbe overcame this problem, paving the way for the giant glass now being made at the Corning Glass Works.

In astronomy, as in other sciences, the flaming torch of knowledge has been handed on from man to man until we stand today face to face with possibility of tremendous advances, involving the proof or disproof of theories advanced by Einstein and others concerning the structure of our universe. It was the great philosopher Kant who said that the two things which most impressed him in this life were the starry void without, and the moral law within.

The work involved in the construction of a glass such as will be placed in this huge telescope provokes sober thought when we consider the great care which must attend it until the day it is safely housed atop Mt. Pa-

lomar. About one year's time is required to cool the huge disk after it is cast. The grinding will take about three year's time, due to the fact the temperature of the glass may not be raised above a certain point while being worked upon from day to day. The glass will be ground at the California Institute of Technology under the direction of Dr. Walter S. Adams, director of the Mt. Wilson Observatory. It is anticipated that the huge eye will be ready for use in 1938.

Interest in the findings of the huge glass are profound in the scientific world. The huge eye will penetrate 400,000,000 light-years into the enormous depths of space and reveal 135,000,000 nebulæ or island universes like our own. While the human eye can see some two thousand stars from a given point on the earth, this mighty mirror will at once reflect the light of 1,500,000,000 stars. It will catch the light from stars so remote that their light has taken millions of light-years to reach our earth, traveling at the rate of 186,000 miles per second. When we contemplate the wonders of our universe we are prone to feel as did the psalmist when he wrote, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou visitest him? . . . Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet."

MAKE SOMEONE HAPPY

How little it costs, if we give it a thought,
  To make happy some heart each day;
Just one kind word, or a tender smile,
  As we go on our daily way.

Perchance a look will suffice to clear
  The cloud from a neighbor's face,
And the press of a hand in sympathy,
  A sorrowful tear efface.

It costs so little, I wonder why
  We give so little thought;
A smile, kind words, a place, a touch,
  What magic with them is wrought.

—Selected.

THE CURRIER AND IVES PRINTS

By Julia W. Wolfe

If you have a Currier and Ives print hanging on your living room wall, cherish it, for it may be worth its weight in gold. These old prints depict pictorial America. They were sold originally for fifty cents and now bring hundreds of dollars each, and some a thousand or more.

About thirty years after the process of lithography was invented—that is, printing pictures engraved on a flat stone—a boy of fourteen, named Nathaniel Currier, was apprenticed to learn the craft in Boston. Five years later, when he was only nineteen, he went to New York, and started a business with a partner. That was in 1832. The venture failed, but in 1835 he was back again, for himself, at Number 1, Wall Street. From that time on he produced in increasing numbers a long series which depicted American scenes, customs and events, and sold mostly for a small price, many of them for a few pennies. This was before the days of Sunday newspapers, popular illustrated magazines or photographs of painting, and the "N. Currier" lithographs supplied popular art as well as pictorial news to the nation. In 1850 Currier took as partner James Merritt Ives, and the firm became known as Currier and Ives. Currier retired in 1880, but Ives carried on the business until 1901. In these later years, however, the firm did a different sort of business, mostly comic prints. It was the work produced between 1835 and about 1870 or 1875 which is known to all collectors, and which has in recent years been fetching higher and higher prices. Many artists drew on the stones for Currier and then for Currier and Ives. One of the most frequent was Mrs. F. F. Palmer, depicter of rural scenes. Another was A. F. Tait, an English painter. He excelled in outdoor scenes and animals. Charles Parsons was another. He made some of the best clipper ship pictures. Mr. Ives himself was also an artist. It was a day when all painting was full of detail, and this detail was characteristic of the lithographs. The color of the prints was always alive—spring green for all foliage, blue for all water, slate gray for all rocks; and in the cheaper prints color was often crude and badly applied. Thousands of these prints were issued, and were hung framed or merely pinned on the walls of American homes from Eastport, Maine, to San Francisco. Thirty years ago most of them had been discarded in homes into which sophistication had entered. They remained in the rural regions, in country hotels, in barber shops, sometimes in the offices of old-time shipping firms, valued only for their associations.

And today? When one print collection of a man in Baltimore was sold at auction, the "American National Game of Baseball—Grand Match for the Championship at the Elysian Fields, Hoboken," dated 1866, brought $1,500. It was, to be sure, the first copy of the subject to come up for auction, and is one of

the earliest pictures of baseball. The pitcher is throwing underhand, the players have no gloves, and the spectators are massed in an outfield. But even so, $1,500 is a high price for a lithograph with no artistic merit. At this same sale the N. Currier lithograph of the clipper ship *Racer* (1854), a fine print, brought $1,200.

Still more surprising are the prices recorded for some of the rural pictures drawn directly for the stone, and once a main stock in trade of Currier and Ives. The "American Winter Scene, Cold Morning", brought $420 at a sale, and the "Home to Thanksgiving," dated 1867, a large folio and not often seen, brought $975. There, in seventy years, is an apreciation that ought to satisfy even a modern stock speculator. The initial price may have been fifty cents, or even less than that.

It must not be supposed, of course, that all Currier and Ives prints are worth such prices today. But a thing is worth what you can get for it, if collectors are after it. The new and widespread interest now shown all over America in our past has brought about the present desire of collectors to acquire Currier and Ives prints, and the prices are determined by (1) rarity, (2) subject matter, (3) size, quality of pictorial art and engraving. The innumerable small prints labeled "Lucy" or "Isabell" or "General Jackson", the sentimental pictures and presidential deathbeds, crude and ugly and of no historical value, are worth little or nothing—a couple of dollars at most. The large folio prints of clipper ships are in great demand. Many of them are well drawn, carefully engraved and nicely colored, and in the absence of photographs, are a valuable record of a great and vanished era in our mercantile life. The larger and better drawn prints of local scenes, from skating in Central Park to washing gold in California or hunting buffalo on the plains, are likewise valuable historical records and will continue to bring high prices. Here we see the great value of the minute detail in these pictures, which makes them naive as art but doubly interesting historically.

Of all Currier and Ives prints, probably those most prized in their own day, over the country at large, were the rural scenes, showing the old farm in winter, spring, summer, autumn; depicting the simple pleasures and the hard toil of country people in terms of homely detail and naive color, but somehow with a warm sympathy and quaint charm that captured the imagination of our great grandparents, and still exert a spell over us after all the changing years.

What reason would grope for in vain, spontaneous impulse ofttimes achieves at a stroke, with light and pleasurable guidance.—Goethe.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The excavation for the Indian Cottage has been completed and work on the foundation started. Materials for both the building and road leading to it are arriving daily.

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The School is always interested in keeping the strain of its flock of turkeys up to the highest possible mark, and our poultryman recently purchased a fine gobbler weighing about thirty-five pounds.

—o—

Mrs. George H. Richmond, of Concord, recently sent quite a number of magazines to the School. The boys will appreciate this fine reading material, and we wish to take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Richmond for he kindly interest in their welfare.

—o—

Howard Baynes and Harry Smith visited us last week. Howard has been working on a farm for the past three years, and Harry, who has only been away from the School about five months, has been engaged in part time work on one of the FERA projects.

—o—

Clyde Small, formery of Cottage No. 10, who was paroled nearly five years ago, visited the School recently. Clyde is now nineteen years old, and lives in Valdese, where he attends high school, being a member of the graduating class. In addition to making a good record in his studies, Clyde is a member of the football team, playing at right end.

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We were mighty glad to receive a contribution to the Boys' Christmas Fund from one of our old boys who now resides in Pasadena, California. He expressed his pleasure in being able to help the boys of the Training School to have a little fuller Christmas by this contribution. This is the second boy making such a contribution in the history of the School, and we can truly say there are none more loyal than our Pasadena friend.

—o—

Harrison Call, formerly of Cottage No. 2, who left here in April 1933, called on friends at the School last Saturday. He is now driving a transfer truck from Winston-Salem to New York City, making one trip weekly. His loads consist largely of furniture. Harrison is now nineteen years old and weighs 170 pounds.

He stayed at the School two years, entering the second grade upon admission and completing the fifth before leaving. After returning home he attended school until he had com-

pleted the seventh grade.

Harrison says that he has been most everywhere since leaving the School except in jail. He has not been in any kind of trouble whatsoever since being paroled. This is a fine record for Harrison and we are all glad to learn that he is getting along so well.

—o—

"Buck" Winkler, former house boy at the Administration Building, who was paroled about four years ago, called on us the other day. Buck is now working on a large fruit truck. Since leaving the School he has spent two years in a C. C. Camp, and the tough outside work there must have agreed with him, for he has developed wonderfully. At the present time he seems to be getting along well, and we were all glad to see him.

—o—

Hon. Frank L. Dunlap, of Raleigh, assistant director of the budget, visited the School last Tuesday. He had been making a tour of some of the institutions of the State, having visited the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, the day before. He arrived here just in time for lunch which he ate with the boys and officers of the Receiving Cottage.

After dinner Mr. Dunlap visited practically all of the departments, both vocational and educational, and took a drive over our farm, getting a view of the entire farm, especially the land recently purchased. The site for the Indian Cottage and preparations for its erection were other interesting features, and brought out quite a number of important questions relative to its operation.

Many of the School's needs were discussed, Mr. Dunlap displaying a keen interest and insight in the work the instituion is endeavoring to carry on.

This being Mr. Dunlap's first visit to the School we were agreeably surprised at his knowledge of its operations. We were delighted to have him know us in our every day life, and shall look forward to future visits with pleasure.

—o—

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read St. John 3: 3-18, and in his talk to the boys he selected as his text, the sixteenth verse of that chapter: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life."

Said Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, the greatest gift ever made to man was that made by God, the Father, who gave Jesus, his only Son. Would that we might realize in this day and time the significance of this great gift.

The speaker then asked how we might best celebrate the anniversary of this gift. Do we, at this time of the year, think most of this gift or are we more interested in material things.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner then stated that the text was the basis of Christian religion, and one that we can all understand and appreciate. It was made years ago in Jesus' talk to Nicodemus, and since that time the whole world has been willing to listen to the words that fell from the lips of the lowly Nazarene on that occasion.

He then called attention to several words in that verse: "God gave his Son." We we think of that we should realize what a great gift it was, and especially at Christmas time it should be uppermost in our thoughts. All of God's gifts to man are good, but this was greatest of all.

At this season of the year, continued the speaker, we receive and send out many gifts, but in the midst of it all, let us not forget the greatest giver—God; and the greatest gift—Christ. Material gifts are for sale, but God's great gift, that of his Son, Jesus Christ, is free to all who will accept Him.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner then called attention to the proper way to celebrate Christmas. While it should be a season of happiness, it should not be a time of noisy rowdism. The ideas some people have of celebrating this season would cause a real Christian to shudder. That beautiful old hymn, "Silent Night," certainly can have no connection with the evil celebrations indulged in by some people.

We are not worthy of this gift, said the speaker, but because of this fact it becomes a gift of love. Since love and grace are two words which should not be separated, it is also a gift of grace. If we accept this great gift of God, it is all we need for time and eternity. When we realize the greatness of His gift to us, we need nothing else, but the sinner who refuses this matchless gift will suffer unspeakable loss.

The speaker then asked how are we to show our appreciation of this gift? By ministering unto others—helping people with whom we come in contact who are less fortunate than we. Christmas is a joyful day and we should get our joy from helping others.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Baumgarner urged the boys to get as much joy out of the happy Christmas season, as possible, but at the same time not to lose sight of the significance of the greatest gift the world has ever known, as we celebrate the natal day of the Christ-Child.

This life here is a part; not a whole. It is worth while to struggle, however shapeless and crude the work is, when we have to lay it down at night; for there is a tomorrow coming.

—Phillips Brooks.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

The figure preceeding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times he has been on Honor Roll since December 8, 1935.

Week Ending Dember 15, 1935

RECEIVING COTTAGE

(2) Arthur Boyette 2
(2) Alden Jones 2
Earl Rogers
(2) Richard Sullivan 2
(2) Ashley Thompson 2
(2) Vermont Whitley 2

COTTAGE No. 1

(2) Roscoe Ashburn 2
(2) William Goodson 2
Claude McLaughlin
(2) Millard Owenby 2
(2) Bunn Shoe 2
(2) Eugene Whitt 2
(2) Everett Williamson 2
Wiley Willoughby
(2) Harvard Winn 2
Preston Yarborough

COTTAGE No. 2

Virgil Cecil
Cleatus Daugherty
Council Holden
(2) Lewis Janey 2
(2) Clyde A. Kivett 2
Y. V. Spates

COTTAGE No. 3

(2) William Barber 2
(2) Elbert Bryant 2
James Dalton
Charles Furchess
(2) Frank Hutchins 2
Porter Willhite
(2) D. C. Winston 2

COTTAGE No. 4

Vernon Bass
Horace Bates
(2) Carlton Calloway 2
(2) Lindsay Chavis 2
(2) William Hill 2
(2) Ernest Hudspeth 2
(2) William Justice 2
(2) Thomas Little 2
Thomas Maness
(2) Jack McRary 2
(2) Percy Newsome 2
(2) Robert Orrell 2
Robert Penland
(2) Frank Raby 2
(2) Richard Sprinkle 2
Melvin Walters
Hubert Williams

COTTAGE No. 5

Ernest Beach
Sam Everett
Perry Russ

COTTAGE No. 6

Earl Barnes
Earl Bass
(2) Fletcher Castlebury 2
Charlton Henry
Robert Keith
Joseph Sanford
(2) James Stepp 2

COTTAGE No. 7

(2) James Corn 2
(2) William Beach 2
(2) Archie Castlebury 2
Emerson Frazier
(2) Charles Griffin 2
Harold Gunter
(2) Caleb Hill 2
A. Ray Hudson
R. B. Norton
Theodore Nines
Paul Saunders
(2) Douglas Wilkes 2

COTTAGE No. 8

(2) Charles Banks 2
Sam Belk
(2) Clyde Bolton 2
(2) Letcher Castlebury 2
Harry Flowe
Lonnie Holleman
(2) Morris Hicks 2
(2) Haynes Hewitt 2
(2) Wilfred Land 2

Microfilmed

(2) John Maxwell 2
(2) Ernest Owens 2
(2) Luther Pierce 2

COTTAGE No. 9

(2) Eugene Alexander 2
(2) Thomas Brooks 2
Wilson Bowman
Esker Childress
(2) Charles Crotts 2
(2) William Craven 2
Randolph Davis
Charles Freeman
(2) Pearly Funderburk 2
C. D. Grooms
(2) John Hildreth 2
Frank Hall
(2) Hoyette Hudson 2
Reuben Land
Levi Merritt
(2) Thomas McCarter 2
Thomas McCausley
(2) Ben Overby 2
(2) Homer Smith 2
Richard Wrenn

COTTAGE No. 10

James Bell
(2) Harold Brown 2
Jack Carver
Norwood Cockerham
(2) Floyd Combs 2
(2) Lake Cooper 2
(2) Robert Ellis 2
(2) J. B Grooms 2
(2) Marvin Miller 2
(2) James Patterson 2
(2) Charles Pollard 2
(2) James L. Singleton 2
Winston Strickland

COTTAGE No. 11

Charles Bowman
Edward Carpenter
(2) John Drum 2
Robert Farmer
(2) Bennie Holland 2
(2) James Hicks 2
(2) David Hodge 2
Bennie Moore
(2) Norman McGee 2
(2) Alton Morgan 2
(2) James Montford 2
(2) James Rector 2
(2) Eldridge Ward 2
(2) Adolph Watson 2

COTTAGE No. 12

(2) Earl Atwood 2
Frank Dickens
(2) Horace Faulkner 2
Basil Johnson
(2) Andrew Powell 2
(2) Homer Quick 2

COTTAGE No. 13

Warren Medlin
(2) Jennings Norris 2
(2) Claudius Pickett 2
(2) Linwood Potter 2
(2) Howard Wilson 2

COTTAGE No. 14

(2) Clarence Ashburn 2
Allen Davis
(2) Hubert Jones 2
James Land
(2) J. C. Mobley 2

COTTAGE No. 15

(2) John Caddell 2
(2) George Gibson 2
(2) Caleb Jolly 2
(2) Wilson Medlin 2
Walter Mitchell
(2) George McManus 2
(2) Marshall Scoggins 2
Frank Wakefield
(2) Roy Wyrick 2

Your duty as a friend will not ask how much you should do for a friend, but at what point you can afford to stop.

—Selected.

No [illegible] particular
(Mr. [illegible])